Shall echo on forever until the end of time:

Echo on through other nations, bidding other hearts rejoice
And like it, in Freedom's honor, lifting up a people's voice.

This was followed by more music, and then the reading of Declaration of Independence by Mr. W. R. Austin, the "Red, White and Blue" sang by Mr. James T. White, and this splendid oration by Mr. Jay Green:

THE ORATION.

The following is an outline of Mr. Green's stirring oration. He said in effect:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I had the pleasure, many years ago, of listening to a venerable clergyman who had spent his life as a missionary among the Indians. Large assemblies met to hear an account of his experience and labors amnong the Redmen of the forest. On the occasion to which I allude, he began his address by saying that he was never much of a preacher, but he loved to have a bible open before him, and that he was careful to choose a large text, so that he might not wander away from his subject. He then proceeded to announce as his text for the evening these words: "From the rivers to the ends of the earth."

I have thought that as Americans we have a background of history which furnishes us with subject matter for thought and conversation, so broad, so varied and exciting that no native American, however humble his position in life, need be at a loss for something to say whenever his name was called, and especially on the anniversary of our National birthday. We may be allowed to-day to talk about ourselves, to praise ourselves, and to boast of our achievements as a nation. But while we do this, we do not forget that we are but one integral member of the great family of nations, and as respects age we are yet in our childhood. We do not forget that while our Mother Country looks back through nearly nineteen centuries of her history, we have but just passed our first Centennial Anniversary. We do not forget our indebtedness to old England for the language we speak, the experience, the wisdom and lore of all her ages, and the great part she has borne in the work of civilizing a world. And we should be ungrateful indeed, did we forget her great kindness to us when we started a little business for ourselves on the western shores of the Atlantic. Her generous gifts of ship-loads of tea, muskets, powder and bullets, and her profoundly maternal solicitude for our welfare which led her to watch over us by day and by night, through sunshine and by storm, for seven long years following our footsteps wherever we went about the Colonies, until at Yorktown, becoming satisfied that we could keep a hotel on other than the European plan, she gracefully shoved her boat from our shores, and returned to her home beyond the seas.

The average American has long been considered a very good musician—I refer, however, to that class of music called "chin music,"—but it would appear that the enervating influences of this tropical climate have somewhat impaired his vocal organs, for your committee have canvassed faithfully for more than two weeks in search of an orator for this occasion, but have failed utterly, notwithstanding they have had such a brilliant list of names to choose from. I believe the uniform excuse has been that they had served before. This would be a capital rule to apply to office-seekers, but I fear that the rule would be rejected by an immense majority, if they were allowed to vote for themselves. Your committee did, however, secure, as they thought, one whom we would all have been delighted to hear, but alas, the appointment proved, like so many other American enterprises, a "castle in the air."

The American has another characteristic, namely, love for traveling in foreign lands. Go where you will, and he is there before you.

Should a successful Arctic explorer reach the North Pole, and find a new world beyond, he will doubtless find some Yankee there starting a new ice, gas or telephone company, but at what time in the history he began to go abroad, I do not know; but I remember that in 1863 and 1864 it became quite fashionable in New England to visit foreign soil, and Canada was the objective point. Many left late at night or early in the morning, in order, I suppose, to avoid the pain of leave-taking. Now it was never thought that the climate of Canada possessed any advantage over that of the New England States, but these brave and patriotic men fancied that they would be less exposed to strong "drafts," which at that time were not uncommon. But these men were not the less Americans because they sought the sheltering arms of our Colonial neighbor. They would, I have no doubt, rather than see the great Republic destroyed, sacrificed all of their wife's relations. I do not know how many Americans emigrated to these beautiful islands in the Pacific during '63-'64, but if any did they found a more agreeable climate.

I doubt if there is a State or Territory in the American Union that is not represented here to-day, besides the District of Columbia and New Jersey. But our country has very wisely sent us a guardian to watch over us, lest we might carry off the Volcano, or fit out the Kapiolani and put to sea in search of some new field of operation. But we love this little Kingdom, its freedom, its charming days and more charming nights, its pebbled beach, its shady bowers and its peaks clad in eternal verdure. But as a people we have been taught from our birth to see God in history, to believe that He to Whom "the Nations are as a drop in the bucket," has raised up men for every great crisis in the history of a people, men trained and fitted to lead and guide the people upward and onward to a higher level of national life and prosperity.

If this faith be true, and we love to cherish it, then who shall call the roll of honored names of those who have fed the fire of Liberty and of Union for the past century. Our minds turn instinctively to our Washington and our Lincoln. Honored names, indeed! Names revered to-day wherever the sun shines on a civilized race of men. But the life and growth of the great Republic has not depended on the leader of her armies nor her Presidents. A brilliant host of others have wielded an influence, less felt in their day it may be, but not the less potent in developing and moulding the character of the Nation than the great work performed by him who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, or him by the stroke of whose pen the shackles of four millions of slaves fell to the earth. These men were but the servants of a people inspired by the principle of freedom. But whence came this inspiration, and how has it been transmitted?

Let us review briefly some of the influences which have served to keep alive the spirit of '76, and sink deeper the foundation pillars on which rests the Great Republic. Who shall estimate the influence of a single thought properly phrased and thrown upon the hearts of a thinking, free and enlighted people. That thought might contain in embryo, the armies and navies which shall overturn an Empire or plant a new Nation. Go with me back 109 years to the Convention of Delegates in Virginia. The great struggle for Independence had already begun in Boston. Virginia paused in doubt whether to cast her lot with the Colonies, or listen longer to the promises of the British Ministry. Patrick Henry stepped to the front at the critical period fraught with such vast interest to the world, and with heroic hand lifts the standard of liberty, where every man can see it and choose between it and slavery. Hear his words: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?" Forbid it, almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death"—a motto fixed upon the banner and stamped upon the hearts of three million lovers of freedom. History shows us the fruit. A land of the free, where the oppressed of every nation on earth have been welcomed; aye, more, raised to the highest type of citizenship known under heaven. Fifty years have passed. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, floats proudly over the great sea of national life. Twenty-four stars now deck the field. A bow watchman, looking southward, discovers a cloud, and, with ear prophetic, hears the low murmurings of the serf on the distant shores of disunion. Hear his note of warning on the floor of the Senate in 1830; "When my eyes shall be turned, to behold for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic—now known and honored throughout the earth—still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre; not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Another grand thought, framed and hung upon the walls of the Republic, as we hang mottoes upon the walls of our homes; read by millions, memorized and declaimed by the youth of the land by scholars, statesmen and divines. Meanwhile, other great sentinels guard the landmark of Liberty. Sumner, Phillips, Garrison, Smith, Seward and Douglas are sowing fresh seed on this rich, deep soil of free thought and free speech. Harriet Beecher Stowe, with bold but gentle hand, lifts the latch of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the world looks in to behold the hideousness of that disease which is sapping the life of the nation. Helper, seeing the rising tide of public sentiment, points to the impending crisis. But the hand of time on the dial plate of the century points to '61. The bow watchman sleeps his last sleep at Marshfield. The eyes of the loyal States are turned southward. The tiny cloud which Webster saw thirty years before, has thickened and spread out until the "Sunny South" is enveloped in the gloom of night. Fear and alarm broods over every household in the land. The old world looks over the sea and points to phantom ship, now about to be engulfed in the sea of discord and disunion. A peaceful nation, with no army, no navy, and untrained in the art of war. A flash! The voice of the nation is hushed. Then comes the deep-toned thunder of that report which is heard by the world. The loyal North and West receive the shock. The granite hills of New England give back the echo, which dies away only as it reaches the far-off shores of the the Pacific Ocean. We look! The smoke has lifted and we see the dear old flag—once the pride and glory of fifty millions of freemen—dishonored, insulted—trailed in the dust at Fort Sumter.

The loyal States are awake. Their Governors clasp the hand of their great leader, and bid him be firm and trust in the people. The offering is ready for the altar. The rugged Sierras and the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains are no barrier. The gallant sons of the Golden State have scaled the Alps, and stand shoulder to shoulder with the sons of New England. The Empire and the Keystone, supported by the West and the Northwest, present a solid phalanx; and, catching the watchword of the "Little Giant," "The Union must and shall be preserved," move on to the rescue. The world looks on in amazement to see an army born in a day. Their swords are a million, but their bosoms are one. The lines are drawn and the struggle begins. But this is nor our memorial day, but our day to rejoice. Then, let fall the curtain upon that night of conflict.

Morn came and went, and came again, but brought no day. But there is no fear. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." The eternal years of God are hers; but error, wounded, writhes in pain and dies amid its worshippers

Four years have passed. Again we lift the curtain. The winged angel af peace hovers over the broad land.

Yonder, beneath the shade trees of Appomatox sit the centuries—two great chieftains. The sword of slavery, of secession and disunion, is forever sheathed. Two million six hundred and fifty thousand have exchanged their peaceful homes for the tented field, and there faced those fearful storms of leaden rain and iron hail until the Stars and stripes float again on every flagstaff in the land, and there is no missing star, and with the blood of more than a quarter of a million of their comrades, have fixed eternal the decree that Liberty and Union must now and forever be one and inseparable. No more North; no more South, but one flag and one country.

But, fellow Americans, is our work done? Shall the fires of liberty smoulder while we rejoice? Our forefathers tended those fires by day and by night, through sunshine and storm, when all was not sunshine, as now. They gave all that they might fan into life the feeble, flickering spark of liberty, while ours is the more delightful task of casting our fagots upon that broad, deep, glorious flame, which is to-day the beacon light of the world.

THE BOAT RACE.

Two boats only, the Liliu and Puahaulani, competed for the prize offered by the Fourth of July Committee. The former was entered by Lieut. R. Fisher, and the latter by the Myrtle boat club. The Liliu was evidently no match for the Myrtle club's new boat, and the latter won easily under the direction of Mr. W. F. Love, the crew being composed of J. L. Talbot, A. Lyle, W. T. Monsarrat and C. H. Purdy (stroke.)

BASEBALL MATCH.

Immediately after luncheon several hundred people wended their way towards the Makiki Reserve, to witness the contest between the rival baseball clubs, the Honolulu and the Oceanic. The first named had the call in the betting, whilst a few firm friends of the Oceanics stood by the juveniles, and their faith was rewarded by the Oceanics obtaining a glorious victory. The game was admitted on all sides to be the best ever played on the ground. The pitching of Wall and Markham was extremely good, and would do credit to a professional. The following is the score:

OCEANICS.	Runs	Outs	Left on Base	Base Hits	Put Out	Assists	Errors
Scott, c	0	4	0	1	11	6	5
E. D. Baldwin, 2 b	1	2	0	2	1	1	0
W. Kinney, 1 b	0	3	1	1	14	0	1
C. W. Baldwin c. f	1	3	0	2	1	0	0
E. Jones r. f	0	3	1	1	0	1	0
L. A. Thurston l. f	0	3	0	1	0	0	0
W. Wall, p	1	2	0	0	0	20	2
B. Baldwin, 3 b	0	2	1	1	0	1	0
Gartenberg, s. s	0	2	1	0	0	0	1
Total	3	24	4	9	27	29	9

HONOLULU.	Runs	Outs	Left on Base	Base Hits	Put Out	Assists	Errors
Swan, 3 b	1	3	0	0	2	2	1
Sharrett, 1 b	0	4	0	0	9	0	0
F. Oat, s. s	0	3	1	1	0	1	0
H. Whitney, 2 b	0	2	2	2	4	1	0
H. Wodehouse, c	0	4	0	0	7	7	1
J. Dowsett, r. f	1	3	0	0	0	0	0
G. Wodehouse, c. f	0	2	2	0	1	1	1
G. Markham, p	0	4	0	0	1	9	1
F. Winter, l. f	0	2	1	1	0	0	0
Total	2	27	6	4	24	21	4

Runs Oceanic.....2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3
Runs Honolulu .....1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
Runs Earned, Oceanic, 1: Honolulu, 0.
First Base on Balls - Oceanic, 1: Honolulu, 1.
Struck Out—By Wall, 17; by Markham, 8.
J. B. CASTLE, Umpire.
W. D. ALEXANDER, JR., E. LOW. } Scorers.

FIREWORKS.

On the evening of the 4th quite a number of invited guests assembled on the spacious veranda of the Spreckels' mansion to witness a magnificent display of fireworks.

The entertainment lasted over two hours, rocket after rocket soaring skyward, roman candles shooting many colored stars, and pin-wheels whirling, sizzling or taking headers into the ground according to their disposition.

Mr. John Spreckles was indefatigable and evidently enjoyed sending off the fireworks almost as much as the noisy and delighted group of children on the second story veranda enjoyed seeing them.

Judge Widemann's active figure was seen alternately lighted by green, red and yellow lights, energetically waving Roman candles or stamping the grass that was on fire.

The audience on the balcony were refreshed with cake and wine, and many left at ten o'clock to attend the ball at the Music Hall.

Among those present were His Excellency W. M. Gibson, His Excellency and Mrs. Paul Neumann, His Excellency and Mrs. Gulick, Governor and Mrs. Dominis Colonel Judd, Mr. and Mrs. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. Glade, Mr. and Mrs. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Forman and others.

THE BALL.

This year's ball was a grand success, well arranged, the hall beautifully decorated, and the floor managers knew just how to put the whole thing through without a hitch.

Though a public ball, most of our best people attended, irrespective of nationality, and with Minister Daggett's charming wife to receive, the whole affair was as quiet and delightful as a private reception.

His Majesty the King was present, accompanied by Col. Judd, Prince Giovanni del Drago and the officers of the Vettor Pisani, also Commodore, Captain and officers of the Vanadis, His Majesty's Ministers and the Consuls of nearly all the nationalities represented in Honolulu.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the statements made, or opinions expressed by our correspondents.

MR. EDITOR,—Is it true that the editor of a weekly newspaper in this town was lowered over the side of a man-of-war in this harbor in a hopeless state of intoxication?

Is it true that the same man was seen hanging to a lamp post outside a saloon in this town, with a yearning desire to enter, but with legs too unstable to move hissotten carcas?

Is it true this is forgotten? Is it true this man dares to set himself up as a critic? XXX.

KOHALA, HAWAII, June 21, 1884.

Judge Hart has been on a trip to Hamakua to hold Court.

Raffle at Kaiopihi Hall for a breach-loading rifle resulted in Mr. Harry Rickard shouldering the article.

Kohala didn't "snap" everything at the races, as it expected to, but we ought not to expect all the good things.

We hear that Akiona has sued the R. S. Co. for $5,000 damages for forcible removal from property he claims to own. It seemed a little hard to turn a man's family into the street in the absence of the head of a family, but if it was done on the order of the Judge it would seem that he and not the R. S. Co. should be held responsible.

The Lock Chin Tong Society formed a regular organization by the election of Asen President, Lung He, Vice-President; Ah Mo, Secretary, and Ah Fer, Treasurer. We think the society will prove of much value to the planters of the district, as it is comprised of the best Chinamen we have here.

When was the petition against a bank charter, and said to contain seventy names, circulated? Kohala petitions are very quietly gotten up, and generally contain the names of those of least importance in the district. Paper money backed by gold is all right.

Several of the Kohala people go to Honolulu next week to give evidence in the Kianu murder trial. They hate to go so bad that they almost wish there had been no murder.

Hamakua drops wages of field laborers from $20 to $18 per month on the first of July, and requests Kohala to sustain them by doing the same. We certainly ought to do so, but, as every planter pulls for himself alone in this district, we can hardly expect much unanimity, even in so important a move.

Business Cards.

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McAllister, W B, office and res, cor of Fort and Hotel sts (upstairs)
Thatcher, E H, 104½ Fort st, res 208 King st

MAUI.

Sheldon, C E, High st, Wailuku

Druggists and Apothecaries.

HONOLULU—Oahu.

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Hollister & Co, 59 Nuuanu st (main store)
McKibbin, see "physicians and surgeons"

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Hung Tcheng Tong, 71 Maunakea st
Pau Oh Tong, 38 Hotel st, res, rear
Chong Chin, 41 Maunakea st, res, rear
Guan Yick Chong & Co, 30 Hotel st
Wan Chin Tung, 64 Nuuanu st
Wong Yuen Ching, 26 Hotel st, res, rear
You Hop, 4 Hotel st, res, rear

HAWAII.

Thompson, Miss Nellie, res, Kahopihi, North Kohala

CHINESE—Maui.

Che Saa, res, Paia, Makawao district
Man Chin Tong, Market Place, Wailuku
a n Sing Tong, Market Place, Wailuku

Physicians and Surgeons.

HONOLULU.—Oahu.

Arning, Ed, physician (engaged in scientific investigations), res, Punchbowl st
Baldwin, Dwight, M.D, res, 219 Nuuanu st
Brodie, J, physician and surgeon, office and res, 129 Fort st
Chen Dim San, Chinese doctor and druggist, office and res, (?)
Emerson, N B, physician and surgeon, office and res, 2 Kukui st
Fitch, G L, Government physician, office 65 Maunakea st, res, 129 Fort st
Hagan, M, physician and surgeon, office 123 Fort st, res, 132 Fort st
Hoffmann, Ed, physician and surgeon, res, Wyllie lane
Martin, G H, physician and surgeon, boards at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel
McGrew, Henri G, and McGrew, J S, physicians and surgeons, office and res, 94 Hotel st
McKibbin, R, physician and druggist, 37 Queen st, cor Beretannia and Miller's lane
Mouritz, A, Government physician, for districts of Waialua and Waianae, res Waialua
Parker, G W, Secretary to the Board of Health, res, Lunalilo, near Pensacola st
Pierce, Miss Sarah E, physician, office and res, 5 School st
Rodgers, C T, physician, Hotel and Alakea st,
Stangenwald, Hugo, physician and surgeon, res, 186 Nuuanu st
Trousseau, G, physician, office and res, 73 Punchbowl st
Tucker, S G, physician and surgeon, office and res, 17 Emma st
Wong Yuen Ching, Chinese doctor and druggist, 26 Hotel st, res, in rear

HAWAII.

Bond, Benj D, physician and surgeon, North Kohala
Greenfield, C B, Government physician, for Hamakua district, res, Honokaa
Kimball, J H, Government physician, for Hilo district, res, Laupahoehoe
Oliver R, Government physician, for district of Kau, res, Waiohinu
Thompson, L S, Government physician, for Kohala district, res, Kohala, on Thomp-Bro.'s plantation
Thompson, Jas W, (with L S Thompson
Wetmore, Chas H, physician and surgeon, 38 Front st, Hilo

MAUI.

Bailey, A H, physician and surgeon, office and res, Kahului
Bailey, F E, Government physician, for Makawao district, res, Kahului
Carpenter F B, Government physician for Lahaina district, res, Lahaina
Enders, F H, Government physician for Wailuku district, office Maui, res High st, Wailuku. President of the Alden Fruit and Taro Co.
Rawson, G A, Government physician for Hana district, res Hana

KAUAI.

Borland, J, Government physician for Northern district of Kauai, res, Kilauea, Hanalei
Smith, J K, Government physician for Waimea and Koloa districts and island of Niihau, res, Koloa
Smith, J W, Rev, pastor Koloa church and physician, res, Koloa. (A H Smith & Co, planters)
Walters, St D G, Government physician for Lihue district, res, Lihue

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