

will be the time for the meeting spoken of and it cannot be too large or too loud. The right peaceably to assemble and petition for a redress of grievances is still a part of the Constitution.

THE FRENCH SCANDAL.

Instead of reaching a conclusion by this time, as was generally supposed at the beginning of the proceedings would be the case, the great French scandal is becoming more intense and widespread. The scene in the court room when M. Bourgeois, late minister of justice, came in, is described as being reminiscent of the commune; and when we reflect how little it takes to precipitate the mercurial French populace from such a condition into an actual outbreak, the situation takes on the appearance of a really serious one.

The proneness of the people to disorder seems to manifest itself almost without restraint on all great occasions. The spectacle of a defendant arising in court and addressing himself personally and defiantly to a witness called to testify against him, is one that makes people in the newer world wonder; in no court, not even that of a justice of the peace, in this country would such a thing be tolerated and the offender escape with a mere reminder from the court that it was improper; and if it occurred in any court between the Mississippi river and the British channel the perpetrator would have been hushed into silence by such means as would have been effectual thereafter. It seems that of all the Latin races the French retain the greatest degree of ancient Roman turbulence and shiftiness.

KAIULANI BEING ADVERTISED.

The young lady who recently reached these shores from Albion and would like to go on as far as Hawaii, provided the United States will not consent to her "vineyard" being taken from her, has just received the reminder of her name, which came in the next ship after the one that brought her. When completely unwound the name is as follows: Princess Victoria Kawekiu Kalulani Lunailio Kalaninulani Palapa Cleghorn. It seems that the steamers only allow a certain amount of baggage to each individual, and traveling with so much of it suggests the theatrical profession. It does not, however, make it so strikingly suggestive as does the masterly management of Mr. Theophilus H. Davies, whose ward the lady with the fire-escape name is. The dispatches in the News convey the information to the hungry public that the party called at the White House yesterday, where they were received in the most approved fashion. It is thought worth telegraphing that the princess lost her heart to Mrs. Cleveland, a clear case of love's labor lost, a practical western person would say. But there was less of that certain quantity sometimes called "coufush" ceremony on this occasion than at a former one in Boston, which is thus humorously spoken of by the Springfield *Republican*:

On Monday afternoon the princess called on Mrs. Oliver Ames in Boston, and then, returning to the Brunswick, she "received a throng of callers" from 4 to 6 o'clock. Among the callers were Mrs. Oliver Ames and a lot of Howes, Peabodys, Brewers, Phillipses, Walkers, Chandlers, Wesselhoefes, Gilmans and Wellses—all belonging to the best Back-bay society. In thus obtaining social recognition for the Hawaiian princess from Boston's most aristocratic set, our astute friend, the Britisher, gave a display of managerial strategy upon which neither Maj. Pond nor the lamented Phineas Taylor Barnum could have improved a little bit. We are very far from offering flattery to Mr. Davies when we say: "Theophilus, thou art 'the stuff.'"

Kalulani is spoken of as making a very pretty picture—"this dear, charming girl with the large, dark eyes—sweetly asking bluff old Uncle Sam to give back her throne. And innocent as can be! We predict a large sale of the photographs for which Theophilus arranged a sitting on Monday forenoon—again the shrewd Theophilus! Let no one call that man a fool. Either he knows the great American people or Maj. Pond has been giving him points. Were it as easy to regain as to lose a throne, no one could doubt that Mr. Davies' efforts in behalf of his ward would be crowned with success."

Our cotemporary goes somewhat extensively into the visitor's pedigree, and shows that she has no "royal blood" to speak of, but even if she had that would give her no special claim to our consideration. It is shown, as suggested by the terminal point of the name above reeled off, that her father was a Mr. Cleghorn, the son of an obscure Scotchman or Englishman, who started from Australia to California during the early days of the gold fever, and got no farther than Honolulu. Kalulani's mother was a Hawaiian woman named Like-like Pakea, and when she married Cleghorn neither Like-like nor her husband anticipated that they would ever find a perch on the royal roost. But one day at Honolulu there died the last of the Kamehamehas, an ancient dynasty that had ruled over Hawaii and the neighboring islands for many generations. Who should be king, now that Lunailio was dead? They held an election, and he was chosen who was named Kalakaua, the son of Pakea. Who was Pakea? A Hawaiian who was descended from a native family having "chief" blood. But there was no "royal" blood in Pakea's veins, and his son and daughters and grandchildren, among whom must be numbered Kalulani, could not have had any. She is unquestionably pretty, however, which with many amounts to more than royal blood, and is well educated, which is better than a coronet.

A HISTORICAL LIFE ENDED.

A dispatch to the San Francisco *Chronicle* of the 9th from Pomona, Cal., announces the death at the latter place on the previous evening of Jonathan Dixon, a notable character in the early abolition days and after. He had moved from Chicago to the place of his death some years ago, because of failing health. He was born in 1809

and his early life was spent among such men as Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips and other great abolitionists with whose principles he was in full accord. He was reared as a neighbor of the former in New Hampshire, and always took pleasure in telling how he, as the older boy, used to draw little Greeley to school on a sled when they were lads. Dixon and Greeley were inseparable chums, and the latter induced the former to learn the printer's trade with him in the office of the *Spectator* at Poulitney, N. H. Dixon used to have in his possession a number of the first editorials that Horace Greeley wrote when about sixteen. Dixon was also associated with William Lloyd Garrison in the publication of the *Liberator*, a rankly abolition paper in Boston, and many times both had to bide to avoid dangerous collisions, but they lived long enough to see the new era—one in which they were not only not hunted, in hiding or even in danger, but honored and conspicuous citizens. It is an interesting story all the way through and it points a moral as well.

OUR MUMMIES.

And thou hast lived—how strange a story—
In Thebes' streets a thousand years ago!

Those who in their schoolhood ever had the good fortune to read in McGuffey's series of readers will remember the above lines as being addressed to a mummy. At the time they were written, and we may with reasonable safety say up to quite recent times, the supposition was general that the mummified remains of the world belonged in the orient, the region extending no further west than Egypt. This was of a piece with much else in the way of human "knowledge" of earlier days and greener years, when antiquity generally was located beyond the Atlantic. We have not only wrested from Asia the nativity of Noah and his ark and placed it upon our own soil, but have gathered up the cradle of civilization which reposed so tranquilly and so long in Greece and transported it across the intervening space; now we are engaged in a "tussle" with Egypt regarding the mummy interest.

Those who were present yesterday when our efficient World's Fair archaeologist Mr. Don Maguire was making an exhibit of some of his collections, had ocular demonstration of the fact that not only the extreme western part of the western world can and does produce mummies, but that as usual our own Utah is leading in the new field. The spectacle of a mummy, who in *propria persona* might have roamed over our plains, through our canyons and over our mountains a thousand or more years nearer the beginning than this year of grace, being on exhibition near a railway track, with the hiss of escape steam, the clangor of machinery and the prattle of the populace smiting his lifeless ears, the great developments of modern science standing forth and passing in review before his sightless eyes, and in the midst of a busy, bustling, living life such as he and his race neither realized nor thought of—is it not food for