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Two Inmates of the Ex-Khedive's Harem Klope With Italians.

Naples letter: Everybody knows that his Highness Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive of Egypt, has been living here since his dethronement, having bought one of the most beautiful palaces in Italy, but very few know anything of his harem, which now and then causes no little amount of scandal by throwing off the Oriental yoke and adopting European habits with a vengeance.

When the Khedive first landed here from his famous yacht Mahroussa he brought with him only seventy-three wives, concubines, and Circassian slaves, or a little less than one-fifth of his Cairo harem, and upon finding that he could not keep even such a remnant of former grandeur in proper seclusion he sent forty-seven to Constantinople. The Sultan, however, refused to allow these ladies to land upon Turkish soil, and they were ordered to proceed to Egypt, where the new Khedive had not recognized them. Many Mohammedans blamed the Caliph for his harshness in refusing Moslem women asylum, but he had very good reasons for acting thus, as according to Turkish religious law a man must have access to his wife wherever she may be, and if the Khedive's wives were once allowed to remain in Turkey the Khedive himself would have followed them, knowing that the law would protect him, even against the Sultan's wishes, and nothing was more dangerous than to permit Ismail Pasha to live in Constantinople, as his intrigue knew no bounds, and having an immense fortune at his disposal he becomes really dangerous. These women, who had been brought up in the greatest luxury and idleness, finding that Tewfik Pasha neglected them, gave way to dissipation and immorality unknown even amongst the Turks.

The Khedive's Naples harem thus reduced to twenty-six members was organized on the old Cairo plan. The palace was divided into separate quarters for men (Sclamluk) and separate quarters for women (Harem), the latter being surrounded by a high wall which, being built close to the apartments, prevents the inmates from looking out and the curious Italian loungers from looking in. When the ladies were in they occupy seats in carriages the windows of which are stained glass, preventing anybody from seeing them, although they can easily see all that is without. For further security a cuneiform on the box by the coachman, and two or more of the same species follow the vehicle, and the dark, ominous faces of these men are to be seen gazing the harem gates night and day, smoking cigarettes and talking in their effeminate voices.

Only a few of the many Arab servants who accompanied the Khedive still remain here with him, the majority having returned to Egypt, but being unable to get acclimated to Italian weather and Gaiour habits. There are places here filled by European men and women, and the Viceroy's palace is now full of Christian grooms, coachmen, butlers, cooks, housemaids, and other servants, who have had anything but a beneficial effect upon the manners of the harem. The ladies commenced showing signs of civilization by lowering the windows of their carriages whenever the attention of the accompanying eunuchs was drawn elsewhere, uncovering their faces, dressing in a semi-European style, and flirting with the only too willing Italians. Their next step was to commence learning the native language, music and dancing, for which mistresses were engaged, and from these they evidently acquired other knowledge besides, as the Princess Hatty had not many months ago gave unmistakable proof of her complete civilization by eloping with the brother of her music mistress. This young lady is not more than 18 years old, although she has been an inmate of the Viceroy's harem for three years. When it first was announced that the Princess had taken French leave of the harem the Neapolitans could hardly believe it, but when it became known that she had eloped, they plied to the local authorities for their assistance in regaining possession of the lady, no doubt remained of the fact, and Sig. Nipote was looked upon as the happiest dog in Italy. The Neapolitans felt pleased that one of their fellow-citizens should have bearded the old Turk, and such a fuss was made over it that within a few hours the scandal was known all over Europe, and even beyond the seas.

It was admitted that the wives and other women of Ismail Pasha's harem were exceedingly beautiful, and the Neapolitans, encouraged by the elopement laid siege to the palace in earnest, but without success, as the ladies were strictly guarded and ceased from that time to drive out, and although rumors have often been afloat since then of little intrigues and escapades, nothing of a serious nature has been made public. Last Monday, however, the Khedive's attorney applied to the legal magistrates for a warrant for the arrest of Signor Giovanni Perini, a wealthy jeweler of this city, for violently assaulting and threatening to murder Salih Aga, one of the Vice-regal eunuchs. In the course of the afternoon it became known that the favorite Circassian slave of Ismail Pasha, named Elma Gium (apple-blossom), had eloped, and that Signor Perini had severely chastised the eunuch Salih Aga for attempting to stop the couple from leaving the palace. The Italian gentleman was not to be found, but day before yesterday he went to the Police Court in the Strada San Marco, and constituted himself a prisoner, after which he was liberated on bail, and yesterday afternoon the case was tried, resulting in Signor Perini being fined 50 lire, or \$10. From what transpired in court and from what I have gathered from other sources the facts of this case are as follows:

Previous to the first elopement from the harem, when the ladies used to drive

into town to do their shopping, "Apple-Blossom" had visited the shop of Signor Perini. They became enamored at first sight, and the Circassian beauty paid the jeweler many visits under the pretense of buying trinkets or having them repaired. Even at that time they were preparing for an elopement, but the disappearance of the Princess Hatty put a stop to their plans, as the ladies of the harem were kept securely under lock and key, and not allowed to leave the palace under any consideration. Matters were left in abeyance for some time, when the lovers continued to correspond through an Italian lady who gave lessons to some of the harem inmates. A great deal of jealousy exists between the many wives of Ismail Pasha, and it appears that one of these discovered that "Apple-Blossom" was carrying on a clandestine correspondence, and informed the Khedive, who set spies to watch her, which resulted in several letters being found, upon which the teacher was dismissed and "Apple-Blossom" ordered to hold herself in readiness to depart for Egypt by the Khedive's yacht, which was to have sailed the last week. The young lady found means of conveying this disagreeable news to her lover, who determined upon carrying her off before she would be sent on board the yacht. Disguised as a groom, he used to visit an Italian housemaid in the palace, and through her he made all the arrangements for the elopement. On Sunday afternoon the lady, dressed in the housemaid's clothes, descended to the yard where she was met by the pseudo groom, and putting her arm through his, the two advanced toward the gate before which Salih Aga, the eunuch, was seated, smoking a cigarette. The keen eye of the eunuch at once saw through the disguise, and jumping up, he seized the shrieking woman, whom, however, he was soon forced to abandon by Signor Perini. While the two men were at close quarters, an accomplice of the Italian named Rainoldi, presented himself at the gate, and according to a pre-arranged plan, "Apple-Blossom" followed this gentleman to a carozza, which drove off at full speed.

Aphorisms from the Quarters

De danger's ober when de Shanghai crowd.
De pig ain't much on 'rmetic, but he knows de vighes' way to de branch.
Heap o' good folks gits sassy in catfish time.

De veng' thing bout chills is dat too many folks knows how to catch 'em.
Better not try to out-jump a flyin' squirrel.
You can't clam to Heaben by de chut's steeple.

Settin' on a hornit is a poo' way to git 'ligion.
A man stan's a chance to ketch a 'possum while he's coon-huntin'.

De rabbit's mighty sorry for de neighbors when de turnup erap fail.
Nex' week is gintilly gwine to be mighty busy time.

De lead steer gits de mos' whippin'.
De June apple tree is mighty easy to climb de de right time o' year.

Old times was too good to be true.
When all de half-bushels gits de same size, you may look out for de Millennium.

You can't tell de weight ob a cotton-bale by lookin' at it.
If 'bry corn-stalk had a big ear, 't wouldn't be no rubbin' for de cat.

Folks ought to talk 'bout de neighbors like de tombstones.
You can't sell kerryens ile to a light-nin'-bug.

De morkin'-bird don't 'sturb hisse'f 'bout de price o' jumps.
De old cow dat jumps de draw-bars too much is praterin' for de tan yard.

Don't 'buse de jay-bird's chune, long as he don't brag on it.
A mule ain't plum broke tell he's been dead a whole day.

Somewh' it pears like de 'possum-dog ought to vote.
Las' year's sins wasn't killed by de frost.

Folks lub to run down dis 'ear's crap.
Old hen can't keep fum tellin' whar her nest is.

Old Satan nobber likes to miss a camp-meetin'.
Tain't no use o' tryin' to make yourself too comfortable in dis wul; you got to change cars at de grab-yard.

EXPENSIVE POSTERS.—Jacqueminot roses that sell for ten cents in June now cost \$2 and \$2.50, and many are sold at this rate, they being brought from New York and Philadelphia and ordered by telegraph when wanted. In a greenhouse of these roses, measuring 100 feet by 30 feet, the first crop only was recently sold in Paterson, N. J., for \$10,000. As these flowers have to be frozen before they will bloom, and bear flowers ordinarily in June only, a late fall carried the bearing of flowers in greenhouses over into early spring, at home the high price. Then their large circulars and muffs afford them chances to get away with things, and the opportunities are improved to such an extent that the storekeepers get fairly wild sometimes. It is true that in some cases they do not bother to let the shoplifters arrested, simply because of the excitement that might be caused and the inevitable loss of time and annoyance of prosecution. But you find that the majority of shopkeepers are opposed to such leniency as a matter of principle. I'm sure, however, that I cannot imagine why anybody would be afraid to catch a thief and let him go with his goods back. I have heard it said that one sharp chap on Sixth avenue makes quite a good thing out of well-dressed thieves by catching and then compromising with them. A woman who is fairly and squarely caught, and sees the dock of a police

General Sherman's Son.

Mr. Thomas E. Sherman, son of General Wm. T. Sherman, lectured last night at Loyola College before an intelligent audience, on "The Inquisition." Mr. Sherman is preparing for the priesthood at Woodstock College, and intends to become a Jesuit. Among his hearers were his mother, his sister Rachel, Mr. A. W. Thacker, of Philadelphia, his brother-in-law, and many of the Catholic clergy of the city. The speaker displayed a thorough knowledge of his subject, and for over an hour commanded the closest attention of the audience. He has an easy delivery and a pleasant address. His lecture last night was his first, and he displayed much natural power.

Mr. Sherman gave a sketch of the Inquisition, or the Court of Inquiry, established by the Catholic Church in Spain in the thirteenth century, for the suppression of heresies. The Courts of Inquiry were composed of clerics and laymen, whose duty it was to try offenses against the laws of the church. The principal offenders were the Albigenses and Manichaeans. The latter sectaries believed in two principles of good and evil—of equal power and sovereignty; hence, they worshipped Lucifer as well as the Lord, and yielded themselves to the most loathsome excesses. These heretical teachings were undermining the church, morality and social order. To arrest the evil the church instituted the Inquisition, and the third Council of Lateran issued a decree authorizing the clergy to assemble all the people within their districts, and, after preaching a sermon to them, to explain the powers of the priesthood. The faithful were ordered to confess within an allotted time if they held heretical principles, or knew others who did. All who failed to obey this precept were called to account.

The lecturer exemplified the right of the church to act in this manner by a parable, in which he portrayed a beautiful mansion ornamented with all that was precious in the sight of man. This sublime structure had a dark, damp and dismal cellar, in which some of the family persisted in living, while the others resided above. In course of time those in the cellar became sick and bread contagious diseases, which threatened the lives of the upper residents. The obnoxious creatures, to obtain light, picked holes in the wall, and threatened to crumble the mansion. The people above, to save themselves, cast out their brethren below. So it was with the Catholic Church. It had instituted the Inquisition to prevent the spread of heretical doctrine. In America, where there is so much said of the court of inquiry, the Puritans of New England burned people at the stake and indulged in other horrible butcheries, which the Inquisition did not.

The Catholic church did not sanction all the acts committed in that time, nor did the Inquisition order the executions. It simply tried the offenders, and not as they lived them to the civil authorities with their verdict. Every government has the right to defend itself. In this country the Inquisition should not be judged according to our views and beliefs, which are entirely different from those held in the thirteenth century. We should look at things as they existed, and not as they are now. Presently, we have a secular authority on the Inquisition, followed by Loreto, who was an apostate priest, expelled from Spain because of his immorality and crimes. To revenge himself and bring the Spanish Government into disrepute, he wrote his history of the Inquisition, and fabricated things which have since been disproved by many. Gibbon among the number. — Baltimore Sun.

Itching Palms.

A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that "shopkeepers complain of well-dressed people who purloin from the counters, and whom they dare not arrest. A saleslady, who had been open to dry goods store, to whom the statement was shown, shook his head very decidedly. "I don't think," he said, "there would be any squeamishness in this establishment about arresting a thief, no matter how well he might be dressed. And I tell you it takes a sharp lookout to catch them. Of course, we have detectives, both male and female, and floor-walkers who are supposed to have eyes in the backs of their heads, and the clerks keep the best lookout they can, but for all that the thieves get away with a good many things, especially in the holiday season, when we are all so busy and the throng of shop-goers so great. You would be astonished to see how easily a woman can find her pocket when she wants to slip into it some little thing that she happens to fancy. When a woman nips a pair of gloves or a piece of lace, or some little thing like that, her hand will dart into that mysteriously elusive pocket and out again like a flash. Then their large circulars and muffs afford them chances to get away with things, and the opportunities are improved to such an extent that the storekeepers get fairly wild sometimes. It is true that in some cases they do not bother to let the shoplifters arrested, simply because of the excitement that might be caused and the inevitable loss of time and annoyance of prosecution. But you find that the majority of shopkeepers are opposed to such leniency as a matter of principle. I'm sure, however, that I cannot imagine why anybody would be afraid to catch a thief and let him go with his goods back. I have heard it said that one sharp chap on Sixth avenue makes quite a good thing out of well-dressed thieves by catching and then compromising with them. A woman who is fairly and squarely caught, and sees the dock of a police

court and newspaper paragraphs and a prison all before her, will pay well to be let go."

"Dare not arrest! Well, I don't know about that," said a storekeeper in one of the avenue stores. "But it certainly is the fact that sometimes women are allowed to carry off without interference small articles that they have nipped from our counters. If you will examine you will find that in such cases the people so favored are persons who have running accounts with the stores where they perpetrate these little robberies, and that the storekeeper calmly puts the pilfered articles into the bill, which is all the more sure to be paid promptly for having them there. A few years ago there was quite an excitement about kleptomania, which was an insatiable desire to account for stealing on the part of well-to-do people. I had a case several years ago in which a rich woman used to steal at certain times, and could not help doing so. Her husband knew it, and by arrangement with me privately paid for all she took. She was clumsy in her thefts, was always seen at the store, and I don't think I lost a dollar by them, thanks to the husband, so I never told her that I knew anything about them, nor did my clerks. I should say from my experience that the number of thefts known to storekeepers in which the stolen articles are not returned or paid for is exceedingly small." — N.Y. Sun.

How Would You Like It?

Young man! How would you like it if you had to stay in the house nine days in the week and hear nothing but discourses on shirt buttons and historical reminiscences about busted suspender buttons?

How would you like it if every time your wife saved a few dollars she would come home at 19 o'clock in the morning with her back teeth afloat, and pulled every door-bell in the neighborhood out by the roots?

How would you like it if you met her on the street with her hat cocked on the back of her head, while she was doing her utmost to make sausage-meat of every ash-barrel on the sidewalk?

How would you like it if she stood on the street corners, or in front of theaters to make money, and winked at all the fellows as they came on?

How would you like it if she checked the handsome waiters under the chin and called them "dear?"

How would you like it if she went out to the club every night and came home with her breath smelling like a decayed skunk?

How would you like it if you had to have all the children of the household attend to all their wants, and then receive only looks blacker than a ton of coal for your pains?

How would you like it if you had to live all your life with such an amalgamated brute as yourself?

Young man, do you ever stop and think that your wife has a tender, loving heart right under the left wing of her corset that must have been terribly tender and loving and brave to have said "Yes" when the minister asked the fatal consummation?

Drop it, young man, or one of these days that tender, loving, brave heart will break, and then you'll have to take the children and go live with your mother-in-law.

That will help you!
We're safe. We have neither mother-in-law nor children.

The Danger of Cold Drinks.

There is a practice, says the London Lancet, again, which many persons need to be put on their guard—namely, drinking cold watery beverages in cold weather. Cold drinks are depressing in their influence, and the result of taking such draughts when performing more than common feats of strength and endurance, particularly in middle age and advanced life, is to lower the tone of the nerve centres at a time when it is most desirable that they should be in exceptionally good working order, so that they may retain the vitality necessary to meet unusual need. So far as we are aware, the physiological effect of iced potatoes eaten hastily when putting forth special strength, and making a peculiarly large demand on the vital force of the nervous system, is either not understood or is forgotten. For the sake of the many zealous statesmen and politicians who do not seem to have given the need of special precautions in this particular a single thought, it is desirable to point out that the worst illness may, and do, proceed apparently from insignificant causes. This is one of the petty causes which may lead to sad results.

Uncle Tom in the South.

A theatrical company playing Uncle Tom's Cabin is going through the South, and bloodhounds are introduced in the chase of Eliza, the fugitive slave. The play does not seem to excite much animosity among the people, but the dogs are objected to. In Norfolk the feeling ran so high that the canine feature was omitted from the performance. The hounds used for the purpose of tracing runaway slaves were not bloodhounds, according to the assertion of several old Virginians, but were common hounds, trained to follow anything, even a wagon. They were not used for hunting, but were kept only for the tracing fugitive slaves. They were harmless, as far as biting was concerned. A South Carolina man, who formerly owned a thousand negroes, declares that no genuine bloodhound was ever seen in that State.

A drunken man fell over a cliff thirty feet high at Salem, Alabama, alighting on his head, but escaped without serious injury.

Miss Emily Faithful on the Ladies of England and the United States.

In the course of a conversation with Miss Emily Faithful, recently, a reporter asked her if the ladies in England generally took as much interest in public matters as do the ladies here.

"No, I think not, generally speaking," she replied; "yet, since the establishment of the school boards in England, the ladies have begun to take considerable interest in such matters and have been able to do some very excellent and effective work."

"Are ladies eligible to positions in the boards?"

"Yes, they are elected by public vote. The school boards are composed of men and women subjected in the respective districts and there are usually more men than women in them; most of the boards have at least one or two lady members. The ladies are particularly valuable in this sphere, as they are able to deal more directly and intimately with girls' schools than boards composed entirely of men could do."

"Have you ever served in one of them?"

"No; I was proposed as a member of the first London school board, but was obliged to decline the honor, as I saw it would be impossible to combine that work with my other duties."

"When did ladies first become eligible for election?"

"When the boards were first instituted, a few years ago. Before the school boards were established the schools were under the direction of the clergymen of the Church of England of the respective parishes, and Dissenters, Roman Catholics and others not in accord with the Established Church, but who nevertheless paid taxes and had children to educate, had no voice in the administration of the schools whatever. A strong feeling upon the subject resulted in the establishment of the school boards, and these bodies, composed of persons elected in the various districts, examine the schools from time to time and keep a general oversight of them. But I believe you have almost similar boards here. When our boards were contemplated the Government considered that the experience of women would be invaluable in relation to the girls' schools. Mr. Forster, as a member of the Government at that time, strongly advocated these boards with the joint influence of women and men, and the London ratepayers indorsed his sentiment by returning a woman at the first election at the head of the poll for the whole board."

"Are there many ladies in England interested in the management of charities and charitable enterprises as there are here—that is, in proportion to the population?"

"Yes, I think there are; and to my mind charitable work seems to be truly a work for women. A right distinction in such things I believe to be the proper work for women at leisure, who are not obliged to work for their own subsistence."

"Does English 'society' recognize women who are obliged to work for a living?"

"Yes, those engaged in the higher pursuits of life, as arts, authorship, music, the drama, and the like, though, of course, 'society' no more recognizes women who devote their time to mechanical or common industrial work than it recognizes men who work in the same fields. England is essentially an aristocratic country, and trade is considered beneath the dignity of the upper classes. To be a 'gentleman' in England, a man must belong to the aristocracy, or be engaged in one of the learned professions, or have a place in the army. Fortunately, however, these considerations cannot remain for a long time. The better judgment which is coming in will incline to reward people more for what they are than for what their families have been or what their pursuits may be. At the present time many of the best families themselves are engaged in business, and that fact of itself will remove considerably of the stigma from the trades people."

"What is the feeling in regard to public singers and actresses in England?"

"Both are welcomed, honored, even sought after in the best society, provided their record is what a lady's ought to be. That is just the same as it is here. Within the past few years a great change has come over the feeling of the people with regard to the drama, and, provided its representatives are persons of character, they take the same standing as representatives of the other arts."

"Are there many lady lecturers in England?"

"No, there are very few; not nearly so many as there are here."

"Do you devote much of your time to lecturing?"

"During the winter I deliver a number of lectures at various literary and philosophical institutions. In Great Britain I have been favored with invitations to lecture from institutions where women have never lectured before, but I hope I have opened the way for other ladies to follow. The Glasgow Athenaeum was one of the places where I was the first lady lecturer."

Old Hickory's Wife.

When Gen. Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency, in 1828, not only did the party opposed him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunwoody.

"There is deep significance in silence. Were a man forced for a length of time to hold his peace, it were in most cases an incalculable benefit to his insight. Thought works in silence, so does virtue. What folly would one avoid did the tongue be quiet till the mind had finished and was calling for utterance." — Thomas Carlyle.

John Bright will deliver his rectorial address to the students of Glasgow University on March 12th, and on the following evening address a public meeting in that city.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him, in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before the horse, and cried out:

"Oh, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live."

"Let me alone," he replied; "how came you to know what I was going for?"

She answered: "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

He replied furiously: "But I will go—get out of my way."

Instead of this she grasped the bridle with both hands.

He cried to her: "I say let go my horse! The villain who reviles my wife shall not live."

She grasped the reins the tighter and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, General, you shall not take the life of my reviler—you dare not do it; for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

The iron nerved hero gave way before the pleading of his beloved wife, and replied:

"I yield to you; but had it not been for you and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

PEARLS FOR THE FAIR ONES.

A Manitoba man advertises: "Wife wanted—Must not be over 25; good cook, good housekeeper, and able to milk four cows. If lady means business send photo."

Life must be a perfect desert to the women of Salt Lake. What can they talk about? There's absolutely nothing a man of that city can do that is scandalous.

An article in an exchange is headed: "Kissed by her husband." Some mistakes will occur, and there should be some remedy devised to prevent their recurrence.

"I am trying to break myself of slang phrases," said the Centralville girl, "and have been for some time; but, actually, I used the word 'racket' to-day before I thought, and I am so ashamed of myself. You won't give it away, will you?"

A Boston woman received a telegram, and her face blanched and her hand trembled as she held the unopened envelope before her. Giving it to her daughter, she said: "Read it." The girl obeyed. "Papa has broken his leg and gone to the hospital," she said. The mother's face brightened. "Thank heaven it is no worse," she said; "I feared he might be going to bring somebody to dinner."

A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth, and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women" the bachelor replied: "Yes, Maria; for the last time we met we were each twenty-four years old; now I'm over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met again.

A gentleman who had been in town just three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows: "If I have made your acquaintance only three days ago, what would you say to it?" "Well, I should say never put off till to-morrow that which you should have done day before yesterday."

Clara had been practicing on one piece for at least a month, until mamma declared her perfect. When she was asked to play for the company, soon after, of course she had to be pressed a little before going to the piano, and of course, after playing her piece, she had to excuse herself, because she didn't read music very fast and had never tried it before; but she wasn't a bit pleased when Professor Fugue remarked in a sympathetic way: "So I perceive."

A gentleman at the theater sits behind a lady who wears a very large hat. "Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove your hat, I can see absolutely nothing." Lady ignores him. "Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove your hat, something unpleasant will happen." Lady ignores him again. Gentleman puts on his own hat. Loud cries from the audience: "Take off that hat! Take off that hat!" Lady thinks they mean her hat, and removes it. "Thank you, madam."

There is deep significance in silence. Were a man forced for a length of time to hold his peace, it were in most cases an incalculable benefit to his insight. Thought works in silence, so does virtue. What folly would one avoid did the tongue be quiet till the mind had finished and was calling for utterance. — Thomas Carlyle.

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