

A LETTER FROM ROME.

One of our subscribers, who is a Protestant, but who has always had a deep interest in the "True Witness" and its prospects, has been travelling this winter in Italy, and on the 25th of April last, wrote a very interesting and graphic letter from Rome. It is a natural effusion, dashed off, in that hurry which during visits to great centres and historic places is always a matter of course. We are sure our readers will be pleased with its perusal.

Oh, such days as we are having! such rich full days, from early morning to six. There's too much to begin to tell you. It would be impossible in the whole of this blank of mine to tell you what we have seen to-day; but, at nine o'clock we took a small carriage, 1½ franc per hour (30c) and we drove down the Pincian Hill, into the Corso—that busy fine street—past the Borghese and Doria, and Orsini palaces; past Marcus Aurelius' column and Trajan's Forum; past Marcellus Theatre—older than the Coliseum; past temples, and fountains, and churches, and out of the St. Paul Gate to the Church of St. Paul—the most beautiful church in Rome—and rich inchoicest marbles and mosaics, restored by Pope Pius IX. It is on the spot of the death of St. Paul, and his body is buried there, under the high altar. Eighty enormous Corinthian columns divide the nave into five aisles. A frieze has miniatures of all the popes, from Peter to the present one, in finest mosaic, on ground of gold mosaic, all most finely done. Malachite, that greenest of stones, and Lapis lazuli, the richest blue, choice alabaster, so transparent that a match lighted and held back of a large column shows every vein through it; dark red porphyry and all the rarest marbles in Italy;—fancy—but you can not for you have not seen it; flooring of rich marbles, ceilings of rich work in gold, windows of colored glass, great, softly colored pictures and mosaics, and all set in these beautiful marbles. There was not one thing in that church which we would like better to see absent. So often a church here has only one or two fine pictures, or mosaics, and all the rest bare. A little church further on is erected on the spot where St. Paul and St. Peter met saying, "Quo vadis?" (whither gonest thou?) and St. Paul said, "I go to be beheaded; and St. Peter said, 'I go to be crucified.'" And St. Peter's Church, the largest in the world, contains the body of St. Peter. While Santa Maggiore, a small, but next to St. Paul's perhaps the finest church, contains the heads of both St. Paul and St. Peter. St. John Lateran is the next finest, and has been restored by the present Pope. The Scala Santa is near there; the grand stairway from Pontius Pilate's house brought from Jerusalem and set in this chapel, the steps down which Christ went condemned. All Catholics go up them up on their knees, while there are other stairs for Protestants! From St. Paul's we went by a dusty cross way to the Catacombs, past the great circus of Marcellus. A good Frate Angelo took us, with others, giving us small tapers, down into the Catacombs of St. Sebastian. We went down four storeys, dark, low passages filled with vaults—some with bones visible, many inscriptions, many arrows and crosses, signs of the martyred dead. I was glad to get up into the sunlight. There are eighty miles of catacomb passages under Rome, and many more miles probably unexplored. We drove home by the Appian way, into the city by the great Porta Constantine. At half past two we left again, and drove up the Janiculum Hill, with its public gardens and colossal statue of Garibaldi, and beautiful villas. From it we got a fine view of Rome, with the Sabine and Alban Hills beyond. We could see Tivoli and Frascati, the Campagna, and all Rome spread out before us. We went on to the Convent of St. Onofrio, where Tasso lived and died. We saw his rooms, as he lived in them; the chapel with the fine statues in marble by Fabrio. He died in 1595, but an old oak tree stands in the garden, propped up by masonry and iron bands, but thriving wonderfully, under which Tasso used to sit and write. Mezzofanti, the Cardinal who spoke seventy languages, and 300 dialects, is buried in the same chapel. A week was sufficient for him to speak a new tongue. We went down to Monte Mario, to a little village in the Campagna, a mile outside the walls, a little village on the hill having only four living houses (large and full)—a church, post-office and tiny hotel, and in the square a fountain where all the town washes clothes. A dozen women were there pounding out clothes on the marble slabs around the fountain; a little farther on the public fire and oven. Another small crowd stood around this, and pots were boiling around the huge fire, and bread baking. We went into the church, as Mass was being chanted. Then we drove home through the Campagna, across the Tiber, and in by the Porta del Popolo, up past the old Pincio palace and the beautiful Pincian gardens, to our hotel (highest of all.)—Saba.

It would be wrong to add one line to or change one word in this rapid account of a tourist's day in the Eternal City. Rarely is the reader carried more swiftly from point to point of interest. We leave the letter intact, and we merely express our thankfulness to the writer for having thought of us while in the "Eternal City."

IRISHMEN'S NOTABLE SHARE IN PUBLIC LIFE.

FROM THE DUBLIN IRISH DAILY INDEPENDENT

"Irishman are on their trial." This is a phrase which has been constantly on the lips of English people of late. The opinion has been called forth by the inauguration of local government in Ireland, and the new system has been described as "an experiment," "a leap in the dark," of which none can foretell the consequences.

Let us take a few typical examples of the typical Irishman. Let us glance at the careers of some compatriots who in modern times have proved the continuity of the national character, the character first exemplified in the ancient Brehon laws, one of the wisest, justest, and most elaborate code of laws drawn up in any age or country, the character which again asserted itself in 1782, the era of Irish legislative independence, when, in the words of Grattan, "public prosperity so crowded on the heel of the statute that the powers of nature seemed to stand at the right hand of Parliament."

Spain, France and Austria are the three countries in which Irishmen have chiefly attained renown, both as soldiers and statesmen, but their footprints may also be traced in the camps and Senates of Russia and Holland, Bavaria, Portugal and Poland. From the flight of the earls down to the present day the names of Irishmen have been entwined with the fortunes of Spain. O'Donel, dictator at Madrid; O'Reilly, Ambassador from Spain to the Court of Louis XIV.; Patrick Lawless, Ambassador from Portugal to the same court; O'Sullivan, grandee of Spain; O'Reilly, Kavanagh and Nugent, Austrian Marshals; Lacy and Browne, Russian Marshals, and these are a few of the names that spring to one's mind.

The O'Donels of Spain, the Taafes of Austria and the MacMahons of France are perhaps the foremost. O'Donel, Duke of Tetuan, is one of the most influential grandees of Spain, a position which he and his ancestors have gained in recognition of valuable services rendered to the State. The career of the Irish-Austrian Taafes is no less illustrious. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries their names have been blazoned on the roll of Imperial Austria. Nicholas Taaf, Field Marshal, who in 1738 won the famous victory of Belgrade over the Turks, and whose son succeeded him in turn to the post of Chamberlain to the Emperor, is a picturesque figure, but as an example of administrative genius, the late Prime Minister, Count Francis Taaf, is the most notable. He is recognized as one of the ablest of Austria's statesmen, and it is a significant fact that his policy always trended in the direction of extending powers of self-government to the various nationalities composing the empire. He was a Federalist. In 1870, the year in which Isaac Butt started his home rule movement, Count Taaf recommended the Austrian Emperor, as a member of his ministry, to grant autonomy to Bohemia.

The natural ability of the Irishman for ruling was strikingly recognized at the time of the American war of independence, when the French acted as allies of the new republic. The officers of the Irish Brigade under Lafayette, whose regiments engaged in the campaign, were appointed governors of the West Indian Islands, which they had previously conquered. O'Donnell became Governor of Granada, Dillon of St. Christopher, and Fitzmaurice of St. Eustache. The administrations of these Governors were equally praised by the English, French and American governments.

Of all countries the United States is that in which the Irish element is most prominent in public life. For the

purposes of our argument it, perhaps, affords a better illustration than the countries above referred to; for on the Continent of Europe the Irishmen who have distinguished themselves belong for the most part to the aristocracy, but in the republic of the west it is the masses, not the classes, who administer the public affairs, and the rank and file have acquitted themselves of the responsibility as creditably as have the nobility of their country elsewhere.

From the time when Dillon of the Irish Brigade eagerly demanded leave of Louis XVI to embark his regiment to join the American forces to the present day, when President McKinley, the grand-nephew of the Ulster Irishman, sits in the White House, Irishmen have been foremost in the civil and military affairs of the great republic.

The proportion of Irishmen occupying the post of Governor of British colonies and dependencies, or engaged in other administrative and legislative work throughout the empire, is

greatly in excess of their numbers and influence as citizens of the same empire. By sheer force of merit and talent they have forced their way to the front. The figures of the colonial Governors and the Premiers are perhaps more prosaic than those of the Continental statesmen. Carving out the careers of new countries in the backwoods of Canada or the bush of Australia may not be such 'dazzling' work, as presiding over the destinies of the old world powers; but the task may prove a more solid and enduring one when the history of the future comes to be written.

The governing Irishman is as active in Australia at present as in the early days of the colony. Byrnes, O'Loughlin and O'Shaughnessy being some of the leading names.

This glance at the careers of a few governing Irishmen may serve to remind some onlookers of the high traditions of the race. That Irishmen will act up to their traditions in future there is no reason to doubt.

IRISH WIT OF TO-DAY.

Our countryman, Boyle Roche, was fired with the silly ambition of earning a reputation for the making of bulls, and since then generations of insane people have devoted themselves to raising up a progeny to them, and therefrom deriving a theory that the Irish are famous for their bulls.

That Irishmen, as well as other people, have been guilty of bulls I do not seek to deny; even the other day I heard one Micky Martin complaining that, as he had not been allowed his natural share of sleep recently he was going to square matters by sleeping a whole week some day.

I say, then, I'll not deny that Irishmen have been guilty of bulls; but that we perpetrate more bulls than, say, the English or the Americans, I do emphatically deny. Many will be not a little surprised at this—all, in fact, who are addicted to accepting the traditions from which would-be jockists spin their alleged fun. To farther upon us the bulls of all nations may have been a huge enough joke once, but the freshness of youth has so long since worn off it that it would be an act of kindness to humanity at large to lay the ancient joke to rest, even now, and say, "Peace to the bones of the Irish bull. Now that it lieth here forever, it shall lie no more."

What our people have been justly reputed for—what they possess to-day as freshly and as plentifully as they did in days of tradition—is wit—wit, keen, crisp and sparkling. It is one heritage which remained when worldly heritages passed from them. And this patrimony Ireland's sons have borne unto the nations of the earth.

"Musha," said a beggar to his benefactor, "may the Lord grant that ye'll live till yer shin-bone is fit to ridd a pipe!" The "shrunk hose" of Shakespeare is not remotely suggestive of this age. "May ye live to see yer own funeral, an' dance at yer own wake," is a grim enough prayer to pray upon the alleged gallows-bound.

Our jarveys make wit a specialty. Take them all round, and I believe they are the wittiest class in the island.

"What do those figures represent, my man?" a Scotch tourist asked of Andy Cavanagh, as the latter was driving him, in a thunder-shower across Dublin.

Andy looked at the figures in question, namely, a group surrounding a public monument, but he knew not what they were, for Andy was but lately come to Dublin. "Them," said Andy, "represents the Twelve Apostles."

"But there's nae mair than ten there!" for with the Scotchman's craving for exactness he had counted them.

Andy Cavanagh was naturally irritated that his (a gentleman's) word should have been doubted. "Then," said he curtly, "I guess the other pair has gone in out of the shower."

It was a Dublin jarvey, too, who undertook to define the term lady for the edification of his brethren. "I'll tell yer what is a lady, an' what is not a lady. Wensday last I dhruv to the Park an' back again to the Gresham wan of the most grandly dressed, finest an' politest women ever sat in me cab. She axed me the fare, an' then beggin' me pardon, axed me table of fares to verify it. An' curseyed to me an' thanked me in the politest manner I ever experienced, an' accepted back the thruppence of change that was comin' to her. Now she was no lady."

"The same evenin' I dhruv Mrs. Linnane—ye know the great dash she is, the greatest hunter an' steeplechaser in all Waterford, though money they

say isn't just now as plentiful with her as it should be—I dhruv Mrs. Linnane only the len'th of O'Connell Street, an' when she tossed me a five-shillin' piece, an' I said, 'Houl' on, Mrs. Linnane, for yer change,' she says, back of her shoulder, 'To the devil with you an' the change, ye beggar.' Now, Mrs. Linnane was a lady."

Poor Charlie Kaidy was probably the wittiest of Donegal jarveys. The Bishop, stepping off the train one day was in the act of engaging Charlie to drive him to the rectory, when Father Ned's car just drove up to receive the Bishop. The Bishop tendered apologies to Charlie.

"Och, no apologies, me Lord, no apologies, I beg of ye. If I'd only known that Father Ned had taken to postin'" (driving for hire) "I wouldn't have expected yer Lordship's patronage."

His Lordship enjoyed the joke. "But Charlie," he said to smooth matters, "Father Ned did this only by way of courtesy—he did not think you would be offended."

"Didn't he, be me soul? Yer Lordship, if Father Ned was steppin' up on the altar to preach a sermon, I would count meself a very mane man if I stepped up before him an' tuk the words out of his mouth."

At another time Charlie had the honor of driving the Bishop to Father Ned's, and of waiting for him there several hours to carry him farther on his journey. The Bishop had had a repast in the meantime, but in the excitement consequent on the visit of a Bishop poor Charlie was left to hunger. When the Bishop, with Father Ned's help, was mounting the car, he missed his foot.

"Take care," Charlie said from the driver's seat, "take care, me Lord; it's a slier brakin' one's neck than brakin' one's fast in this neighborhood." And he got even with Father Ned.

Charlie, who had been used to driving priests, ministers, bishops and distinguished tourists, at length fell upon evil days, and had to consent to drive a baker with his cargo of bread around the country stores.

Some country wag twitted him: "Faith, Charlie Kaidy, it's a low come-down day with you that used to drive none but the clergy an' the highest-up swells." "In them days, sir," said Charlie in his very grimmest manner, "I was only the driver of bred jintlemen; now I'm a bread jintleman meself."

Our witty proverb, "A man with one eye is a king among blind men," reminds me that Martin Daly forfeited his employment for the sake of a joke upon his overseer's cross-eyes. The overseer was very, very far from popular, anyhow, and Martin's fellow-workmen so relished the rub that Martin's purse swelled comfortably within twelve hours after losing his job. "Daly!" said the martinet, "you limping scoundrel, go ahead with your work—I have an eye on you!" And Martin replied in his most leisurely tones, "Which eye, Misther Tuttle?"

The rarest wit that my part of the country knew was, I believe, Donal a-Theorisk, the fiddler. As they jogged back from a wedding together, Father John asked Donal how much money he had raised.

"Och, the devil a much," Donal sighed; "only two-an-twenty shillins."

"Only two-an-twenty shillings!" said Father John, "and you're a fiddler. I'm a priest, and I only got sixteen shillings!"

"Well," said Donal consolingly, "that's your poor father's fault (rest his soul!); why didn't he make a fiddler of ye?"

The story of the pilot is, perhaps, a manufactured one—but in that case it is of Irish manufacture. The cap-

tain knew it was a particularly dangerous bay—and he knew little of Denis' qualifications; but he had of necessity to intrust the ship to Denis. "Arrah, man, make yer mind aisy," Denis said as he handled the helm—make yer mind aisy; becase there isn't a rock, in the bay but I could tell ye with me eyes shut; an'—Denis continued calmly, as the ship grated over one, "there's wan of them now."—Philadelphia Saturday Post.

TO MANIPULATE THE DELICIOUS STRAWBERRY.

Strawberry Mousse—Pass one pound of ripe strawberries through a fine hair sieve into a saucepan. Mix with a few tablespoonfuls of sugar and set the pan on the stove, stirring constantly until the puree is well mixed. Move from the fire and set the pan on ice, stirring until the contents are cold. Flavor a pint and a half of cream with powdered sugar and a little essence of vanilla and whip it well. Mix the cream with the strawberries. Line a deep mould with white paper, fill with the mixture, put the lid on quickly and pack in pounded ice. When ready to serve turn the contents of the mould on to a folded napkin laid on a dish.

Strawberry Bavarois—Mash one quart of ripe strawberries with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and pass through a sieve. Dissolve an ounce and a half of fine isinglass in a little warm water, add half a pound of fine sugar, and when this is dissolved add the juice of an orange and twenty drops of essence of lemon. Pass through a sieve and stir in the strawberries by degrees. Place on ice, and as it thickens mix in four tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. Pack in a deep mould in ice. When ready to serve turn on to an inch-thick slice of Genoa cake. Decorate with whole strawberries.

Strawberry Blanc-Mange—Crush with a wooden spoon a quart of ripe strawberries, place in a basin and sprinkle with one-quarter of a pound of powdered sugar. Allow to stand for a few hours. Put into a saucepan a quarter of a pound of sugar and two ounces of isinglass with a pint of milk. Strain over the fire until dissolved. Stir through muslin, mix in a quarter of a pint of cream and stir until cold. Pour the cream and milk over the strawberries, beating at the same time; then squeeze in gradually the juice of a lemon. Pack in ice in a mould.

Strawberry Chartreuse—Cut in halves two pounds of ripe strawberries. Pour a thin layer of prepared calf's foot jelly in the bottom of a mould, cover the layer with strawberries, then pour on more jelly and leave to set. When the jelly is quite firm stand a small mould inside the larger one and fill the space between with strawberries and jelly. Set the mould on ice. Dissolve one-half ounce of isinglass in a little water, mix in one-half pint of strawberry juice, and sugar to taste. Beat one-half pint of cream to a froth and stir in slowly with the strawberry juice. When the jelly has set remove the smaller mould and fill the hollow with cream. Leave the mould in ice until the cream has set.

Strawberry Shortcakes—Prepare individual cakes as follows: One-half pound of butter, two heaping cups of sifted flour, two tablespoonfuls of brandy and half a cup of cold water. Wash the butter, dry it, and put on ice before using. After it is cold knead it with half of the flour to paste and roll into a thin sheet. Knead the remainder of the flour with the brandy and water and about two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Roll out the same as the other, place one sheet on top of the other, fold in from the corner, roll out again. Repeat this three times. Cut with a round cutter and bake on waxed tins in quick oven. Mash some strawberries slightly, mix with powdered sugar and place in little moulds on the biscuits. Pour over sweetened whipped cream and serve.

Strawberry Jelly—Put in one and one half pounds of strawberries in a basin, cover them with a quart of syrup that has cooled a little, and let them stand for an hour. Beat in a saucepan over the fire 8½ ounces of gelatine, the whites of three eggs, the juice of a lemon and a quart of water. When it boils remove it. Strain the strawberries and mix the syrup with the gelatine. Pour into a mould, pack in ice, and allow it to set for two hours.

Strawberry Meringue—Beat five eggs with one cupful of sugar, add ¼ pound of slightly warmed butter, and one cupful of milk. Mix one teaspoonful of baking powder with three cupfuls of flower, then sift into the first mixture, and stir until smooth.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier, Great Nerve Tonic, Stomach Regulator. To thousands its great merit is known.

Turn into a shallow baking-pan and bake. Cover with a layer of ripe strawberries and then a layer of meringue, and bake for a moment more. Strawberry Tarts—Boil to a syrup one pound of crushed loaf sugar and ¼ pint of water. Put into the syrup the whites of two eggs, and remove the scum as it arises. Put in a quart of strawberries and boil until they are clear. Line a tart dish with short paste and bake. When the paste is done pour in the stewed strawberries and serve.

Strawberry Ice-Cream—Sweeten one pound of strawberries to taste, and add the juice of two lemons and a little cochineal for coloring. Mix with two cups of cream and freeze.

THE MINISTER'S DILEMMA.

A minister married a young wife, with whom he received \$10,000 and a fair prospect of more, and while occupying the pulpit on the first occasion after the honeymoon, gave out a hymn. After reading the first four verses, he was proceeding to read the fifth beginning:—

"Forever let thy grateful heart," when he hesitated and exclaimed: "Amen! the choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. Attracted by their pastor's evident confusion, the congregation read the verse for themselves and smiled broadly as they read:—

"Forever let thy grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more."

A Bad Skull For Fair Day.

In Ireland recently a quarrel had taken place at a fair, and a culprit was being sentenced for manslaughter. The doctor, however, had given evidence to show that the victim's skull was abnormally thin. The prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say for himself, replied: "No yer Honor; but I would ask was that a skull for a man to go to a fair wid?"—Argonaut.

A SERIOUS TIME.

A QUEBEC FARMER SUFFERED FOR NEARLY TEN YEARS.

Had the Best of Medical Treatment, and Tried Hot Springs Without Receiving Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him.

Mr. John Story, of Maryland, Pontiac County, Que., is well known to all the residents of that section, and his cure from an unusually severe attack of rheumatism, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other remedies had failed, has, if possible, added to the popularity of this favorite medicine. Mr. Story gives the following statement of his suffering and cure. He says:—"Some ten years ago I was engaged in railroading on the Lake Superior Section of the C. P. R. I was exposed to all kinds of weather and as a result sustained a severe attack of rheumatism, which all but crippled me, and from which I suffered much agony. I spent more than a hundred dollars on doctors and for medicine, but was gradually getting worse and finally had to quit work. At this juncture the doctor told me that he did not think medicine could cure me, and advised me to go to some hot springs. I took his advice and went to the Harrison Hot Springs in British Columbia, where I remained for eight weeks under the care of the house physician, but experienced no benefit. I then went over to Tacoma, and took a course at the Green River Hot Springs, but with no better result. Completely discouraged I returned to my home in Quebec, and went to farming, but the rheumatism bothered me so much that I could scarcely do my work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me and I decided to give them a trial. After taking a few boxes I found they were helping me and I continued their use until I had taken six boxes, by which time every vestige of the trouble which had bothered me for years, and had cost me so much money had disappeared. It is now more than a year and a half since I discontinued the use of the pills and during that time I have not had the slightest symptom of the trouble, which I regard as the very best evidence that the cure is permanent."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box you purchase bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The experience of most men is like the people Dante saw in Malebolge, with heads so twisted that they could only see backward.