when, of course, the seasons and the roads were at their worst, and this especial piece of road, with the thick woods crowding close up to it on both sides, was so densely shaded that, once rain soaked, it became the terror of teamsters throughout the entire hauling season. Hence it was that when presently the sound of a fierce cracking and lashing of whips, coupled with every spieces of objurgation known to the teamster (except profanity, which is not the colored man's vice) came to Frederic's ears, he said, indifferently, "'Nother team bogged!" and walked on in the direction of the sound without hastening his footsteps. "It's ours, too," he said, with more interest in his voice, as a turn in the road gave to his view the wagon piled high with eight huge cotton-bales, the straining team of six mules, and "old man Ephe," the head teamster on his father's place, who at that moment was mopping his wrinkled forehead with his coat-sleeve, while he stared with weary anxiety at the back wheels of the wagon, stuck immovably in the stiff "buckshot" mud. The mules stood with having flanks and distended nostrils. The lash of the whip and the wordy exhortations of old Ephe had ceased of effect. It was an all day undertaking to get a load of cotton from the gin at Tievina to the landing out on the river, and back with the empty wagon. But at the present rate of progress it was impossible for Ephe to say when he would come into enjoyment of the hot coffee and cold bacon and greens his "old woman" would save for his supper.

"Stuck, Uncle Ephe?" asked Fred, coming abreast of the wagon in the road, and looking down from the altitude of the levee in helpless sympathy.

"Yes, chile, stuck!" said Uncle Ephe, hopelessly glancing up, and seeing it was nobody but Fred. "Ef yer hed enny mussil now in them air arms o' yo'n, yer might be some holp t' me," he added, ramming his hands far down into his pockets while he "studied" out what to try next.

"Stuck, old man?"

A second time the question was asked, and there, striding out of the woods on the opposite side, his feet and lower limbs incased in long rubber boots, a gray corduroy hunting suit protecting the rest of him from the clinging of cockleburrs and other woodland pests, came a young man whom Fred said, in a quick undertone to himself:

"The major! Must be! Great Scott, what shoulder!"

"Stuck boss, de wuss sort," said old Ephe, doffing his hat respectfully to this last arrival.

"Tievina team!" said the hunter, glancing at the foam-flecked mules. "It isn't often even these roads get the better of those mules."

"You ain' saying a word too much for dem mules nudder, boss, ef I does 'ten' 'em. En w'en dese mules stops jes' dead stiff in der tracks dey means business, dey does dat."

"Let them blow a little while, and we'll give them a lift. Any rails handy? We can show them that we mean business, too."

"I'll t'ar down a mile er fencin'," said Ephriam, energetically, "ef dat'll do any good, but who gwine to pry de wheels up while I starts de mules?"

"I am," said the hunter, laughing, as he stepped back to the nearest tree, deposited his gun and game-bag, and quietly divested himself of his coat and vest, revealing to Fred's admiring eyes, as he stood there in his dark blue flannel shirt and gray corduroy trowsers, the finest specimen of athletic manhood his boyish eyes had ever rested on.

"Bring good new rails, old man!" the major called after Ephe, who was plunging over the muddy road in reckless indifference to his own mud-bespattered condition, eager to be helped out of the bog, so that he might go his way.

"Pretty sort of work for me to stand here in Miss Nancy style, and let our mortal foe put his shoulder to our wheel to help us out of the bog!" Fred said to himself, taking a proprietary view of the situation: so, imitating the major's actions, he soon leaped down the sloping levee and stood by the wagon, slim and boyish, but girded for effort.

"You are very good, sir," he said, in what he meant to be extremely courteous terms, "but I can't think of such a thing as allowing you to exert yourself over that wagon. It is my concern."

"Mr. Southmead, I suppose," said the major, eyeing the boy pleasantly; "we had better shake hands before mine become too muddy to offer." He held out his hand, and, somewhat to his own surprise, Fred was either shaking or being shaken lustly by the hand the next second. "Do you think you are equal to a rail?" the major asked slowly, passing his hand down the boy's slender arm in search of muscle. "Ever used boxing glrves?"

"No, sir," said Fred, to the last question, quite unable to make up his mind as to whether he ought to be angry and resent as an impertinence what, done as it was, seemed a pleasant matter of course.

The large, clear gray eyes that were fixed pleasantly on his face were so sensible and amiable that he could not think this broad-shouldered atheletic wanted to chaff him.

"They've been the making of me," said the major, tapping his chest. "Ah! here comes our friend Ephe with the rails."

Ephraim threw a pile of new rails down at the major's feet. The young man selected one, and, walking around to the opposite side of the wagon, he forced one end of it into the soft mud under the hind wheel.

"Now, then, Mr. Southmead, if you will just take hold here on this side, and I on the other, and press downward with all your strength, I think we will soon send Ephraim on his way rejoicing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed."—T. P. Bonner, Chestor, Pa. Ayer's Pills are sold by all druggists.

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

MARIA MONK.

Columbus Catholic Columbian.

The vitality of a lie is appalling. It spreads from mind to mind until it counts its victims by the million, and is then handed down from father to sons in ever widening circles until it is almost beyond the reach of destruction. Here and there it may be exposed, refuted, killed, but if it have a fresh start elsewhere, be it ever so small, it will go on multiplying itself indefinitely from person to person and from place to place.

Lately, for instance, inquiries have come to this office from two such distant points as the heart of Florida and the center of Ohio about that forgotten falsehood called "The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk." Everybody, almost, had supposed that that book had run its evil course and was no longer in circulation, but those inquiries show that it still finds readers and believers.

Here are some facts concerning the wretched woman whose name was used in connection with that lying book:

1. Maria Monk was never a nun and never lived in a convent.

2. She was for a time an inmate of a house in Montreal that was an asylum for fallen women.

3. She was not the author of "The Awful Disclosures" but her name was used by a man who did write it, one Hoyte, with whom she cohabited, and who was a colporteur — or distributor of Bibles and tracts — discharged for his dishonesty.

4. The Protestants of Montreal, at a public meeting on April 3rd, 1837, passed this resolution: "That we have learned with astonishment the circulation and credit which these impostors have gained among the people of Great Britain and the United States, and consider such belief as the only reason why we should honor the stories of an abandoned prostitute even with a denial."

"William Walker, Esq., advocate, in proposing this resolution, spoke at some length on the piety and blameless lives of the clergy and nuns, and observed that the Protestant population of the place had been stigmatized as cognizant of offences the most revolting to religion and humanity, but all which was a calumny of the most infamous description, put forth by the abetters of a woman not untruly described as a harlot and impostor." (Extract from *Montreal Courier*, April 6th, 1837).

5. The Protestant editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, Mr. David Stone, went to Montreal and examined into the whole of the "disclosures," interviewed Maria Monk and her fellow witness, Francis Partridge, and gave the results of his inquiry in a full account which he concludes thus:

"I will, therefore, now close this protracted narrative, by expressing my deliberate and solemn opinion, formed not only upon my own careful examination, but on the firmest convictions of nearly the entire population of Montreal, embracing the great body of the most intelligent evangelical Christians, that Maria Monk is an arrant impostor, and her book in all its essential features a tissue of calumnies; that the evidence taken in Montreal, 1836, as to the character and history of Maria Monk was not of a private nature, but was sworn before magistrates; and, lastly, that this woman died in October, 1849, in prison where she was undergoing sentence for having picked the pocket of a paramour near a den she inhabited on the Five Points."

6. Maria Monk's daughter became a Catholic and married Mr. St. John, who was for a while editor of the New York *Tablet*, and she is, we believe, still living somewhere in the interior of New York State. She wrote a book called "Maria Monk's Daughter," which showed how her unfortunate mother had been used by "pious" rascals to do their dirty work, and which gave all the details of that poor woman's most unhappy career.

The mere statement of these facts will suffice to show how utterly discreditable "The Awful Disclosures" are; yet, it is most likely that the book will be printed as long as it commands any sale, and will find persons who will put faith in it until the world comes to an end, and the truth is finally and forever vindicated.

When you're languid and dull in the spring of the year,
When your stomach and liver are all out of gear,
When you're stupid at morn and feverish at night,
And nothing gives relish and nothing goes right,
Don't try any nostrum, elixir, or pill—
"Golden Medical Discovery" just fills the bill.

The surest and best of all remedies for all disorders of the liver, stomach and blood, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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Among the many foes to human health and happiness dyspepsia and constipation are twin enemies greatly to be feared. With B. B. B. to drive them out of the system, however, no danger need be anticipated, as every dose brings the sufferer a long step further on the road to perfect health and strength, and a permanent cure always results.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A CATHOLIC?

Interesting Lecture on the Important Subject.

Under the heading "Was Shakespeare a Catholic?" the Liverpool *Catholic Times* says: "This subject, upon which an elaborate monogram has been written by M. Rio, the historian of Christian art, has several times been discussed by eminent Catholic scholars in the *Rambler*, *Month* and the *Dublin Review*. Mr. Hand, whose lecture we publish to-day, is a poet, with a strong literary ardor. As a student, he thows his soul into every subject with a poetical complexion, and since he has now cast down the glove, we feel sure that for some time to come our columns will be occupied by friendly discussions between those who think with him and those who feel inclined to differ from the view he has taken."

This is the synopsis of

MR. HAND'S LECTURE:

The elucidation of the question "Was Shakespeare a Catholic" was undertaken on Tuesday evening by Mr. John Hand, of the Liverpool School Board, at a meeting of the Liverpool Catholic Literary Society. Mr. Hand remarked that there was no other writer of whom so much had been written as Shakespeare, and yet in the whole history of literature there was no one within even measurable distance in ability, excepting Homer, of whom so little was known. How to account for this has been the puzzle of all his commentators. There was one way to account for it, however; but, singular to relate, this way out of the *crux* had never seriously suggested itself to those sapient gentlemen who had burned the midnight oil so plentifully and wasted so much thought and ink anent the subject. Suppose Shakespeare to have been a Catholic and they had the whole *raison d'etre* accounted for to a tittle. Let them consider what to be a Catholic meant in the latter days of Elizabeth and in the reign of James I., and still further what it would undoubtedly mean were a Catholic to put himself prominently in evidence at that period. Shakespeare's father need not have been a Protestant to have held the positions he did at Stratford. He was chosen a burgess, and also one of the four constables in 1557 under Mary. The father of Shakespeare's mother was a Catholic of Catholics and it was fairly safe to credit her with remaining in the Church in which she was born and in which she had been married. The essayist detailed in the trials of the Ardens and Sommervilles, who were related to his mother, and pointed out that Shakespeare must have had ocular demonstration of what was being done to hound down Catholics, and to hunt up evidence against his relatives. At the school in Stratford-on-Avon, which Shakespeare may have attended from 1570 to 1578, the teachers included Walter Roche, a man with an unmistakable Irish name. Would the fact of his school-master being an Irishman account for the other fact that throughout his voluminous work not one word of disparagement of Ireland or of an Irishman was to be found? This was a point worthy of attention, and it did not seem to have presented itself to any editor or commentator of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson had two children, to one of whom Shakespeare stood godfather. Jonson was then a Catholic, as was also his wife. Was Jonson likely to have had a Protestant acting as godfather? In dealing with the sentiments in Shakespeare's works, Mr. Hand said there were innumerable passages throughout the works bearing on Catholic observances which only a writer imbued with the spirit of Catholic teaching could ever have penned. And then consider the risk he ran and what it would have gained him to have satirized and ridiculed Catholic teaching and worship. But this he never did. How dear to the heart of the great bard were nuns and friars? In "Measure for Measure" he introduces us to a nunnery; and how reverently he makes the Sisters speak! His reference to Catholic usage and prayers abounded in "Romeo and Juliet." He knew something of Confession evidently, for he made the friar Lawrence say to Romeo—

> Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
> Riddling confession gets but riddling shrift.

Was Purgatory, which Catholics believe in, not pointed to when the Ghost in Hamlet said—

> My hour is almost come
> When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
> Most render up myself.
> . . . . . .
> I am my father's spirit,
> Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
> And for the day confined to fast in fires
> Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
> Are burned and purged away.

Wheeler, who edited the edition of Spakespeare which was published about 1820, said this was a Romish Purgatory, and was rank Papistry. The Danes at the time, he adds, were pagans. But quotations innumerable might be adduced. Protestant writers had often pointed to Shakespeare as a product of the Reformation, and singled out for special reference his descriptions in "King John" of Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's legate, and his strong denunciation of Papal authority. It was true Shakespeare put into the mouths of his hearers speeches against the Pope and the legate which were from a historical point of view manifestly unjust. But though he did this it was no proof he was a Protestant—indeed, he might be a good Catholic and do so. At the time of the Catholic veto affair Daniel O'Connell, who was a Catholic of the Catholics, inveighed against the Pope interference, saying that they (the Irish people) would take their religion from Rome but not their politics, and in the last few years Mgr. Persico, a legate from the Pope was roundly abused in Ireland; and Leo XIII. came in for a good share of the invective. But would it be true to say that writers and speakers indulging in such language were not Catholics? Shakespeare, whatever he might have written of the Pope or Cardinals, never uttered one syllable that reflected in the slightest degree on Catholic doctrine. Nay, he had often gone out of his way to speak as he could of its sublime beauties. He might have been an indifferent Catholic, as indeed he likely was, but a Catholic they had every reason to believe he was, imbued with a true Catholic spirit and contemning in his heart the Puritanism then rampant. Most remarkable was it that on the death of Elizabeth the greatest poet of all, although publicly invited to do so, remained silent, and penned no tribute in prose or verse to the dead monarch, who was wont to patronize him. The Davies MSS., preserved at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, relating to Shakespeare, concluded thus: "From an actor of plays he became a composer. He died April 23, 1616, aged fifty-three years, probably, at Stratford, for there he is buried and hath a monument, on which he lays a heavy curse upon any who shall remove his bones. He died a Papist." So said they as Catholics.

A discussion followed the reading of the paper, and, on the motion of Mr. Charles M'Ardle, seconded by D. W. J. Sparrow, and supported by the Rev. Father Hughes, Mr. Whitty, and others, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Hand.

THE TRUE LIBERATOR OF MANKIND

IS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH — FATHER TOLTON'S ELOQUENT LECTURE BEFORE A LARGE AUDIENCE.

"The Catholic Church is the Only True Liberator of Mankind" was the subject of an eloquent lecture in the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, on Jan 5, by the colored priest, Rev. Augustus Tolton. Most of the delegates to the Third Colored Catholic Congress and many others were present, including Archbishop Ryan, Rev. D. J. McDermott, rector of St. Mary's Church, and Rev. Thomas Barry, rector of the Church of Our Lady of the Visitation.

Father Tolton said the Church recognized no color, as he could prove by his own experience. He then related the story of his life. Born a slave in 1854, he, when seven years old, escaped with his mother from their home in Missouri to Quincy, Illinois, although a reward of $200 was offered for their capture, dead or alive. He was taught the Ten Commandments by his Catholic mother, who had never learned to read or write. He was sent to a school conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame. The parents of the white pupils threatened to take their children away, and were told by the Sisters that the black boy would remain in any event.

He had the same experience when, some years afterwards, he was sent by Father McGurk to study for the priesthood at the Franciscan College. The students from Missouri rebelled against the admission of the dark skinned youth, but the college authorities declared that it was a Catholic institution, and, as such, it could make no distinction as to color. The students were told to return to Missouri if they desired, but the newcomer would stay.

The students did not leave, and at the next examination the colored youth headed his class.

From there he went to Rome and studied for six years in the College of the Propaganda among a large number of candidates for holy orders from every nation, and while there he received none but the most considerate treatment and encouragement until he was ordained a priest of the Church of Christ.

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