

# THE ALTAR AND THE THRONE.

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## A LAMENTABLE CASE OF BROTHER JONATHAN.

I grieve for Brother Jonathan,  
A lad so nice and clever;  
The doctors say he's like to die  
Of Annexation Fever.

He met Miss Canada one day,  
With love at once smitten;  
Says he, "Dear Maid, give me your heart,"  
Poor lad, he got the mitten!

Then Jonathan's love to hatred grew,  
And, in his animosity,  
He cut his own poor fingers through,  
In cutting Reciprocity.

Miss Canada, she tossed her head,  
And cried "Poor silly brother,  
To think by such a foolish trick,  
To force me from my mother!"

Another card he then did play,  
And calling forth his minions,  
He hounded to the vile foray,  
His blacklegs, roughs and Fenians.

Miss Canada she met the lads,  
Beside the famed Trout River,  
And quickly proved that Yankee roughs,  
Are white about the liver.

Says Jonathan, "That northern maid  
Is surely quite an odd fish,  
She shoots our Fenians, scorns our trade—  
Well, next I'll steal her codfish!"

But Canada was on the watch,  
And caught each poaching noodle,  
And now within the prison walls  
They whistle "Yankee Doodle."

Then Butler drew his doughty blade,  
And raved in speech, "spread-angle,"  
And swore when Yankees went to fish,  
"That stealing must be legal."

But Jonathan heaved a deadly sigh,  
And blamed Miss O's old mamma;  
And now in raving fits he cries,  
"That cursed Alabama!"

## THE GUIBORD BURIAL CASE.

In fulfilment of the promise made in our first number, we now submit a short account of this *cause célèbre*, and in order that our readers may thoroughly understand the question, we have to go back to the year 1844, when the Roman Catholics of Montreal, whether Irish or French Canadian, had not a single library or reading room or place of meeting, for any purpose whatever, apart from their churches. The feeling that this want should be supplied induced a few French Canadian students to meet in that year and lay the foundation of *l'Institut Canadien*, a literary

society having for its object the mutual improvement and education of its members, through books, newspapers, and discussions or debates. For several years prosperity attended the undertaking, and the society obtained a special act of incorporation in 1853, (see Statutes of Canada, 16 vic., c. 261.) By this act of incorporation minors of 17 years of age were accorded all the rights pertaining to the exercise of membership. Such was the rapid progress of this *Institut Canadien*; that being a synonymous term for the library, reading room and debating society. The result of this was that the various faculties of the mind were aroused and light began to dawn on dark places. Protestants who enjoy from their very birth the exercise of the brain's functions can scarcely realize the astonishing effect thus produced on a class of men who had been trained to think that it was not within their province to see anything that was not exhibited to them by a "patented" divine in robes. The "why" and the "wherefore" began to be heard, and they threatened Roman Catholicism as the Guy Fawkes powder plot did the Parliament of England. About 1857 the Roman Catholic authorities realizing their position, decided upon the destruction of this dangerous focus, and began the attack under cover, and by raising side issues. The first gun fired at it was in the shape of a motion to exclude all religious papers, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. The object of this motion was to exclude the *Witness* and *Le Semeur Canadien* for there was not then any Roman Catholic religious paper properly speaking, if we except the *True Witness*, which was at that date of no more account than it is at the present. A fierce struggle ensued, discussion ran high, an amendment was made, and out of a meeting of 300 was thrown out early in the morning by a small majority. A second meeting was held, and an amendment was again put, and out of 300 votes there was a tie, when the casting vote was given in favor of the amendment. The enemies of free thought acknowledged their defeat; the ballot was then adopted when the advocates of education carried everything before them, and the *Institut* was triumphant. Jesuitical merchants were unable to induce their clerks to vote with them; and open warfare for the nonce was at an end. Up to this time the instigator of the oppressive opposition was unknown, but two days after the decisive vote referred to, bishop Bourget published a long and elaborate pastoral letter commanding every one to withdraw from the *Institut*, under pains said to have been decreed by the Council of Trent—Upwards of 150 members in conformity with this order, executed a solemn act of secession in writing.—This was in 1858.

Then indeed did the promoters of the scheme of infallibility, spread fanaticism amongst Roman Catholics, and the *Institut Canadien* was soon visited by this foul pestilence, for whenever a member found himself deprived of protection or of that strength of mind which animated the arch-angel, he would encounter the sweet face of a priest with the gratifying assurance that he could neither partake of the communion, nor be married by his church until he had withdrawn from *l'Institut Canadien*.

As long as a member was known to act uncompromisingly either by himself or by his immediate relatives or friends, every

thing connected with his church affairs was smooth and comfortable! and this brings us to the case of Guibord.

Guibord was a printer, a fellow apprentice with ex-mayor Workman and John Lovell, and although he did not ascend the ladder of wealth with them, he nevertheless possessed that strong will necessary to the acquisition of wealth, had ambition been associated with his unconquerable faculties of mind. Guibord was a printer! he lived a printer,—he died a printer, not a wealthy one indeed, for had wealth been his, the Roman Catholic Church never would have selected him as the victim of its unrelenting persecution. Guibord died in November 1869, at a time when the blasphemous thermometer of papal infallibility was indicating a temperature of clerical fever heat,—at a time in fact when every priest of Rome imagined that he was not without his share of infallibility. In selecting Guibord as its victim, the Church of Rome singled out one whom it knew to be poor, one who it knew, had no children, no brother not even a sister. It singled out as its victim a poor journeyman printer, believing that as he was poor his friends were also poor. But still in all his poverty Heaven had blessed him with a wife, one who had not forgotten her marriage vows—but loved her husband though he was only a poor journeyman printer. She, alas, had no brother, no friends but those of her poor husband, and it required very little power of ratio-cination on the part of the Romish priests to consider his case as one most admirably adapted for displaying their authority.

The Roman Catholic Cemetery of Montreal is on the slope of Mount Royal, is approached from the road leading to the picturesque village of Côte des Neiges, and consists of two parts, the one known as consecrated ground—the other as "the potter's field"—the latter mentioned being the final depository of drunkards whose corpses have been dragged from the gutter, and the spot where murderers and friendless suicides are thrown with disgust, in eternal oblivion—here the pious church of Rome was willing to bury Guibord the poor printer—here and here alone, and this, not, because he was a murderer, not because he was a drunkard, not because he was a criminal, not because he was a suicide, but BECAUSE GUIBORD, THE POOR, FRIENDLESS, JOURNEYMAN PRINTER, WAS A MEMBER OF L'INSTITUT CANADIEN. Yes! christian burial was refused him by his church and his poor bones the remnants of his mortality were obliged to be taken where? to a protestant cemetery whose doors were as wide open for their reception, as those of the Roman Catholic were closely barred. In that protestant cemetery those poor bones still remain a living, terrible protest against Rome's intolerance.

How striking the contrast between the poor friendless Printer, Guibord, and the rich suicide, Joseph Jodoin. The one was a criminal in the eyes of his church,—the potter's field was all that was open to him,—his crime was poverty! The other, who took that which none but God has a right to take,—his life,—was buried with all the pomp and show which wealth can procure in the romish church,—the wealthy suicide was buried midst the tolling of bells, the burning of tapers and incense,—was buried in consecrated ground,—while Guibord, who died a natural death, was considered a fit subject for the potter's field; but Guibord was a Printer, a poor but honest journeyman Printer, while

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