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ARTICLE I.

THE MORALITY OF ACTIONS, VOLITIONS, DESIRES, EMOTIONS, COGNITIONS, AND DISPOSITIONS.

1. According to Paley, in his Natural Theology, the best way to introduce a large subject is to propose an individual case. We will suppose, then, that a man takes from another, by force or by stealth, some article of food, not in order to preserve his life or health, but merely to gratify his palate. This is certainly a case of wrong doing; and two questions arise, viz.: What is wrong, and why is it wrong? The ancient mode of statement sounds rather scholastic, but it has the merit of being very precise. We may inquire, what is the material cause of sin, and what is its formal cause? The material cause of the pen with which we are writing, is the steel of which it is composed; and the formal cause is the shape into which the steel has been fashioned, and which makes it a pen instead of an amorphous lump of metal. The present article will be devoted to the former inquiry, namely, What that is in which the quality of morality inheres?

2. It is hardly necessary to prove that sin is a quality, not a substance. Indeed, this does not seem to admit of proof; it is an intuitive conviction. The Gnostics and the Manichæans, according to Hodge—Theol., Vol. II., p. 132—held that it was a substance, an eternal *ὕλη*, or matter. The same writer quotes Augustine as saying that “Manes, following other ancient here-

ARTICLE VII.

JEAN CALAS, THE MARTYR OF TOULOUSE.

Histoire des Eglises du Desert, par CHARLES COQUEREL.
Paris, 1841.

Histoire des Pasteurs des Desert, depuis la Revocation de l'Edit de Nantes jusqu'a la Revolution Francaise, 1685—1789.
Par NAP. PEYRAT. Paris, 1842.

Œuvres Complètes de Voltaire, en tomes 93, 1785. Tome trente-sixieme. Traite sur Tolerance, a la occasion de la mort de JEAN CALAS.

The story of the sufferings of the Huguenot ancestors of so many worthy families which now occupy this American soil is always interesting to their descendants, and indeed to the whole Church of God. For an entire century the proscription of two millions of the citizens of France had made no impression upon the public opinion that controlled its affairs. Their martyrs ascended funeral piles and scaffolds, and no voice of humanity was found pleading in their behalf. They died in the full blaze of day, in the presence of assembled crowds, at the most famous period in the history of France; or as prisoners immolated in silence, in darkness, or in the gloomy cells where they were confined. Their groans were held in remembrance only by their brethren of "the desert," their sacrifice was known only to God. This iron wall of prejudice must be thrown down. And he "who moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and chooses his instruments as he pleases, made use of the fanaticism of a persecuting Church and its terrible crimes, and of the infidel Voltaire,—of his natural sympathy for suffering humanity, and his hatred of priestly domination, and of religion itself—to bring about this result and to establish the toleration of the dissenting sects of Protestantism in Catholic France.

Jean Calas was a prosperous merchant, who had been engaged in the East India trade at Toulouse in the south of France for forty years, and had always enjoyed an unblemished reputation. He espoused in 1731 Anne Rose Cabibel, born in England, of

refugees of noble descent from Languedoc. He had six children, Mark Anthony, Jean Pierre, Louis, Louis-Donat, Anne Rose, and Anne Calas. The only domestic in the family was Jeanne Viguire, who had grown old in their service. She was a devoted Catholic, and had contributed much to the conversion of the third son to the Romish faith, without having lost by this in any degree the good will of the family she served. Mark Anthony, the eldest son, was a young man of excellent education, but high spirited, and at the same time of a moody and melancholy temperament. He was not contented to occupy a position behind the counter of his father, but had aspired to the bar, all access to which was closed against him, because he could not furnish a certificate of catholicity, which the requisitions of the laws and the fanaticism of the magistrates alike required. He could not bring himself to follow the example of his second brother and abjure a religion which stood in the way of his fortune, and furtively forsake the parental roof. This Louis Calas had done; the bishop had declared himself his protector and demanded of the outraged father a pension for his support, which was promptly and even cheerfully paid. The ungrateful conduct of Louis, who requited the kindness of his parents with the blackest ingratitude, filled the heart of Mark Anthony with the profoundest indignation. Far from following his example he formed the purpose of going to Geneva to study for the ministry, and on his return to exercise in France, the perilous functions of a "pastor of the desert." He communicated his project to his friend, Mr. Chalier, advocate of the parliament of Toulouse. This city had but recently witnessed the execution of the pastor Rochette, and the decapitation of Coummel, Sarradou, and of Lourmade, all in the prime of life. "My dear friend," says the advocate, "it is a bad business, one which leads only to the gallows." The project of the young man was abandoned. Every avenue to more congenial pursuits seemed to him closed. His melancholy increased upon him, and was nourished by the stoicism of Seneca, and the scepticism of Montaigne. He was heard while even at his father's counter rehearsing the monologue of Hamlet: "To be or not to be, that is the question." He had a glimpse, even then,

doubtless, of the abyss into which his fatal project was about to precipitate the worthy family to which he belonged.

On the evening of the 13th of October, 1761, Francis de Lavaïsse, a young man of about twenty years of age, son of a celebrated advocate of Toulouse, returning from Bordeaux whence he had been summoned by his father, to meet him at his country seat at Caraman, by chance passed by the store or shop of Calas, between whose family and his there had long been ties of friendship, and was invited by Calas, with whose children he was on terms of intimacy, to share with them their evening meal. The young man consented to do so. The company was composed of Mr. and Madam Calas, their two older sons and the young traveller. After the dessert was finished, Mark Anthony left the table, with a countenance and air which was profoundly pensive and sad. As he passed through the kitchen the aged servant said to him, "Monsieur come close to the fire." He replied: "Ah! je brûle," "I am on fire now." He descended the stairs. About 10 o'clock Lavaïsse retired and Jean Pierre Calas, lighted him down with a torch. What was their horror when passing before the inner door of the store, they found a corpse suspended between the two leaves of the folding door which was half opened. It was the body of the unfortunate Mark Anthony. "Oh, my God"! "Oh, my God"! they exclaimed. The father ran down and the mother, whom they had remanded back, and from whom they had attempted to hide the frightful scene. They threw themselves upon the body of their son, endeavored by all the means and appliances they could command to restore to him the breath of life, but their tender efforts and the skill of a surgeon whom Lavaïsse had called were fruitless. He had been hanging for two hours, and every spark of life was extinguished.* The unfortunate parents thought then only of

*"The two beams of the folding-doors were drawn towards each other, the bar used to secure them was placed on their top, a cord with a running-noose was around his neck, and my unhappy brother was hanging in his shirt only, his hair smoothed, his clothing folded up upon the counter. My father embraced his dead son; the cord yielded at the first effort; one end of the bar slipped from the valve of the door on which it rested, the body lifted by my *father*, no longer holding it secure." *Memoir of his brother, Donat Calas. Voltaire, Vol. 36, pp. 126, 127.*

preventing all suspicions of suicide, and of saving the family and their son from this stigma, and his body from being dragged on a hurdle, and treated with ignominy. A crowd attracted by their cries enhanced their distress, and a guard was stationed at the gate. The (capitouls,) magistrates, Lisle de Brive, and David de Baudrigue soon arrived and were convinced of the fact of suicide, and were about retiring, when suddenly a voice from the crowd cried out, "Calas has killed his son, out of hatred to the Catholic faith which he was to embrace to-morrow." This cruel conjecture was greedily caught up by the populace. passed with rage from mouth to mouth, and reached the ears of the magistrates. It was seized upon by the fanaticism of Baudrigue. He resisted the reasonings of his colleague saying, "I take it all upon myself." And without any of the usual formalities of an inquest, he caused the entire family of Calas, the young Lavaïsse, the servant, and the body to be transferred to the capitol. Pierre Calas left a light in the corridor. "Extinguish it," said the alderman with a bitter smile, "you will not return here soon." By a strange irregularity, he drew up the process-verbal, which ordinary good sense and the rules of procedure required to be done at the house without any displacement, and the accused were immediately thrown into prison.

Toulouse was largely peopled by a nobility and a magistracy, by monks and friars, and was still, by its fanaticism, a city of the middle ages. This dominican city was about to celebrate its second centennial festival, which had been instituted in commemoration of the massacre of 4,000 Protestants. In an instant Toulouse resounded with a thousand alarming conjectures, which circulated everywhere, and were received as indubitable facts. It was said that four heretics had assassinated their son, their brother, their friend, because he was about to abjure Calvinism on the next day. It was added that he was to enter the Society of the White Penitents, or of the Jesuits; the name of his catechist, his converter, was mentioned. It was affirmed that the Protestants were obliged, by their religious creeds, to put to death their unbelieving children. Fathers were to knock down the victims, and strangle them in the darkness. The murder of

Mark Anthony had been resolved upon the 13th of October, in a conventicle held in the parish of Daurade. Lavaïsse, who arrived that day from Bordeaux, was to be the executioner. These vague rumors took shape in the official publications of the aldermen. The Archbishop coming to the aid of the magistrates, issued a *monitoire*, or charge, summoning all Catholics to reveal to the courts of judicature what they knew of the guilt of Calas. Baudrigue appeared before them, accompanied by a hangman by profession, who, after an examination of the fatal doorway, gave his evidence as to the impossibility of a *felo de se*. The murder of Mark Anthony was then regarded as indubitable. The city council ordered the body to be provisionally interred in the cemetery of St. Stephens, in consecrated ground. The people received the decision of the magistrates with enthusiasm, and prepared for the body, which otherwise would have been thrown to the dogs, those funeral rites which are consecrated to martyrs. Forty priests, the White Penitents, the whole multitude, with wax tapers, banners, and hymns, escorted the remains with solemnity from the capitol to the cathedral.* The following days the cordeliers and the penitents renewed the funeral services in their chapels, to which deputations of all the monastic orders flocked. The nave was draped in white, the symbol of innocence. On a magnificent catafalque was seated a skeleton, procured from some surgeon, representing the victim, one of whose bony hands held an open scroll, on which were written the words, *Abjuration of heresy*, and the other a palm, the emblem of martyrdom. The priests pronounced his apotheosis, the people invoked it, and believed his miraculous virtue to be proved. These were the terrible preparations which preceded the sufferings of a virtuous and loving father, and one of the purest of men.

The council condemned Calas, his wife and son to the ordinary and extraordinary question, and Lavaïsse and the servant to be present at the torture on the 18th of November, 1761. Of

* There were at this time in Toulouse four fraternities of Penitents—the white, the blue, the grey, and the black. They wore a long hooded cloak, with a masque of the same color, pierced with holes for the eyes. *Volt.*, xxxvi., p. 131.

all the judges, one only declared them innocent; it was the assessor, Carbonnel.

The unfortunate sufferers took an appeal to the Parliament of the Tournelle. This arrested the sentence; but though ordering a new investigation, they adhered to the vicious procedure of the council. It ordered a new publication of the *monitoires*. This state of things endured for three months, the prisoners confined meanwhile in dungeons, loaded with irons and guarded by sentinels. This rigorous treatment did not alter the constancy of Calas, the resignation of his companion, the firmness of their son, the fidelity of their aged domestic. Lavaïsse showed throughout all a devotion truly sublime. His father conjured him to make avowals to save his own life, and to detach himself from the fate of a family condemned by the voice of the public. "My father," said the noble young man, "I will not betray the truth. The family of Calas is innocent. His virtue becomes more dear to me in his misfortune." The best advocates of Toulouse in vain analysed, destroyed, and showed the absurdity of the testimony of the physician, of the executioner, of the hearsay statements begotten of the fanaticism of the people. The court resisted the powerful and skilful argumentation of the eloquent advocate, Sudre, and the impassioned appeals of the two advocates, Lavaïsse, the father and brother of the young man accused. Sudre produced a document from the pastors and professors at Geneva, certified by baron de Montpeyrroux, resident of France for that city, to the effect that no Synod had ever approved the declaration that a father was bound to immolate his apostate son. Paul Rabaut raised his voice from the depths of "the desert," and put forth his "CALUMNY CONFOUNDED," with this epigraph: "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more they of his household." (Matt. x. 25.) It was uttered in tones of the most eloquent indignation against the false charges and cruel proceedings which were on foot.

This did but exasperate the judges. It injured Calas, and put in peril the life of the intrepid pastor of the desert. This document was ordered to be torn in pieces and publicly burned on the steps of the palace. This sentence was executed at the moment

when Calas, loaded with irons, was borne for the last time across the court which separated his prison from the tribunal. These archers, this registrar, this executioner, these flames, all this pomp of an *auto de fe*, troubled the old man, who, in his dismay, thought he saw his own funeral pile. In his emotion, he could only make to his judges this one response: "I am innocent." Everything demonstrated his innocence; his virtue, his reputation, his age, his infirmity of body, and the fidelity of his domestic, and the devotion of Lavaïsse, the victorious eloquence of Sudre, and the irresistible attestation of the Church of Geneva. What could they oppose, these judges, to this imposing accord of nature and reason, which pressed them with its hundred voices? A cry proceeding from the mob, the absurd report of a surgeon, the infamous opinion of a hangman. It was on this deplorable foundation that, after long debate, out of thirteen judges, the majority of eight voices against five, condemned John Calas, as convicted of homicide, to submit to the ordinary and extraordinary torture, to be broken alive, to expire, two hours after, upon the wheel, and then to be burned, on the 9th of March, 1762. This court could not render an impartial verdict. Two members had formally approved of the *glorification* of Mark Anthony; a third had expressed himself beforehand that Calas was guilty; a fourth, Laborde, who had retired during the trial to his house in the country, had returned purposely to condemn him. One judge alone, LaSalle, declared Calas to be innocent. He blamed the irregular proceeding of the *Monitory*, of the funeral pomp accorded to the dead. He alleged that it was contrary to every natural and moral presumption that a father should be the murderer of his children. "Ah, monsieur," said one of his colleagues, furiously, "you are all *Calas*." Ah, monsieur, replied LaSalle, you are all over *people*. It is much to be regretted that by false delicacy he thought it his duty to excuse himself. He might perhaps have restrained his colleagues, and justice, blinded by fanaticism, might not have had to groan over one of its gravest errors.

On hearing the horrible sentence, the old man nerved himself for death. They had hoped that the torture would extort from

him the avowal of his crime and the names of his accomplices. "Where there is no crime there are no accomplices!" he answered. "I have never put my son to death, nor caused him to be put to death. I am innocent of this abominable and unheard of crime; the others are equally innocent." Bourges and Caldaques, two worthy dominicans, ascended with him the fatal cart. That he should make the *amende honorable*, they conducted him for a long time, candle in hand, and half-stripped of his vestments, from street to street and church to church, and at last to the scaffold. The serene old man saluted those of his acquaintance whom he recognised, and waved them his adieus, saying constantly to the people, "*Je suis innocent*," "I am innocent." At the foot of the scaffold, Bourges pressing him in his arms, conjured him to avow his crime. "How, then!" he cried, "can *you* also believe that a father could put his son to death!" Till that moment, the crowd were cold and sullen. But when they saw the noble countenance of the victim, his visage tranquil and venerable at the very sight of his suffering, when they saw the executioner making his preparations, all traces of hate and fanaticism disappeared, and tears, sincere though tardy, flowed down from all eyes. At the first blow of the massive iron he uttered a feeble cry, and received all the rest without breathing a sigh. Placed then upon the wheel to languish there till he should die, he shortened the eternal moments by throwing himself into the arms of God, praying for his judges, saying with enfeebled voice, "without doubt they have been deceived by false evidence." The second hour of his martyrdom had expired. Father Bourges addressed him these last words: "My dear brother, you have but a moment to live. By that God whom you invoke, in whom you hope, and who died for you, I conjure you to render glory to the truth." "I have said," answered Jean Calas, "I die innocent. Jesus Christ, innocence itself, was well content to die by a more cruel suffering. I have no regret for a life whose end has come. God is punishing in me the sin of my unhappy son. He is laying the punishment upon his brother and upon my wife. He is just, and I adore his chastisements. . . . But this young stranger, this child so well born, this son of M. Lavaïsse, to whom I thought to

show a kindness when I invited him to sup with me, how has Providence enveloped him in my disaster!" Then the ferocious alderman, ("*capitoul*"), David Baudrigue, one of the chief actors in this scene, springing upon the scaffold, cried out, "Unhappy man! you see the funeral pile which is about to reduce your body to ashes. Speak the truth." The martyr turned away his head, the executioner gave the last blow, and he expired.* The dominicans withdrew, murmuring, "It is the death of a righteous man! It is so our first martyrs died."

Thus perished, at the age of 68 years, the unfortunate Calas. At the sublime spectacle of a righteous man dying, the populace forgot its fanaticism and lost its ferocity; it was dissolved in grief; it proclaimed the martyr's innocence. A terrible judge, in his turn, he condemned these barbarous judges, and these judges, almost distracted, recognised his innocence, and condemning themselves, abandoned their other victims. They released the unfortunate widow, her faithful domestic, and the generous Lavaïsse. Pierre Calas was condemned to perpetual banishment, as a screen to their own malfeasance in office. But scarcely had he left the city, than he was seized again and conveyed to the convent of the Jacobins, where he was told by the same Father Bourges, *if he would consent to become a Catholic*, his sentence of banishment would be recalled. After a captivity of four months, he succeeded in escaping to Geneva. His two sisters were retained in a convent, but imitated him in his fidelity. The generous brother, Donat Calas, having heard at Nismes of the disaster of his family, had already taken refuge in Switzerland.

* *Breaking on the wheel* was thus practised in France: The criminal was laid upon a frame of wood, in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross, with grooves cut transversely in it, above and below the knees and elbows; and the executioner struck eight blows with an iron bar, so as to break the limbs in those places. He was then unbound and laid upon a small carriage wheel, with his face upwards, and his arms and legs doubled under him, there to expire if still alive. When the time of his torture expired, the executioner *finished* these "eternal moments" of suffering by two or three blows on the chest or stomach, thence called *coups de grace*. This punishment was abolished in France at the revolution.

In that hospitable land, among men of their own faith, this afflicted family sought and found sympathy and protection. It was there that they came in contact with Voltaire. He was greatly moved at the horrible tragedies which had been transacted at Toulouse. He called into his presence the two orphans, whom the historian represents as falling sobbing at his feet, and demanding the rehabilitation of the memory of their unfortunate father, from him who controlled, to so great an extent, the opinions of the age. Partly from motives of humanity, and partly from hatred of the clergy, and partly because the tide was now turning, and he could add thereby to his own renown, he undertook their cause with untiring zeal. He proclaimed and demonstrated the innocence of Calas; he confounded his judges; he appealed to the royal council. He committed this great cause to the celebrated advocates, Mariette, Elie de Beaumont, and Laiseau de Monléon. Madam Calas visited Paris, and the Church, interested like himself in the justification of the martyr, aided the widow, by their contributions, to obtain that reparation, which was after all but a small expiation for what had been inflicted upon her. At the signal which Voltaire gave, magistrates, philosophers, men of letters, became as it were the echoes to his voice. Toleration was the word which was everywhere heard. It was uttered by statesmen in Parliament, by Turgot and d'Alembert in journals. The sufferings of the persecuted Protestants were dramatised and represented with great effect on the stage. But it was not so much the writings of Voltaire and the philosophy of Helvetius and Rosseau, as it was the real drama of Calas, the old Huguenot of Toulouse, which effected these changes. It was this great and crying iniquity which the Allwise allowed to be perpetrated, that brought men to their senses, and gave to the persecuted Protestants the measure of religious freedom they enjoyed. The churches of the desert hardly dared to receive so great a boon from so determined an enemy of Christ as Voltaire, but they adored that God who maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of that wrath doth restrain. On the 9th of March, 1765, the royal council unanimously declared Calas innocent; his name was rehabilitated, his sentence annulled, his

goods restored. Louis XV. even imitated the munificence of a great number of men of noble rank of all nations, who rivaled each other in kindness toward the sad family whose misfortune had at least the consolation of exciting an interest well-nigh universal. Madam Calas survived for thirty years the catastrophe which attached to her name a celebrity so sad and so romantic. She died at Paris in 1792, more than eighty years of age. The volume of Voltaire on Toleration contains the original papers of the family of Calas.

The Rev. Jean Louis Gibert, the founder of the French colony of New Bordeaux in the State of South Carolina, had already brought forward his scheme of colonisation in foreign Protestant countries as a relief for the sufferings of the French Protestants, and advocated it with much zeal, as early as this. He left France for England to negotiate with the English Government for the transportation of colonists to Carolina, in 1763, the year after the martyrdom of Calas. His scheme had attracted considerable attention, and it is probable that if the sad event we have described had not wrought a favorable change in the condition of the French Protestant people, through the over-ruling of Providence, a much larger emigration to these shores would have ensued. The colonists whom Jean Louis Gibert transported to Abbeville, S. C., were of the same people with Jean Calas; many of them were his neighbors. Bordeaux, whose name was perpetuated in the "New Bordeaux," in Abbeville, S. C., was washed by the same waters of the Garonne which, nearer their source, watered Toulouse, the city of Jean Calas. Instructive, too, is this history, as to the wrongs which may be judicially inflicted in courts civil or ecclesiastical, when passion and prejudice rule the mind and obscure the vision of the eye within. First impressions often decide even in cases of life and death. The mind is no longer held open and frank, and a judgment is rendered, the consequences of which can never be revoked.

But this spirit of fanaticism! Does it, in this nineteenth century, yet exist? Yes! "There sat next me," says Dr. L. W. Bacon, "at the family dinner-table, (of Father Hyacinthe,) a mild-spoken gentleman, with an expression of patient suffering

on his face, who looked as if he might be sixty years old; he is really forty-two. Persecution and imprisonment at the hands of the Holy Inquisition have consumed his strength and left lasting marks upon his person. And yet this man is in regular standing as a high prelate of the Church of Rome." "It gave me a strange feeling to hear such a story of suffering and cruelty from the lips of a meek Christian clergyman." "It seemed like a leaf out of an old chronicle of the cruel days before the Reformation, such as we see illustrated in the dungeons and *oubliettes* of many an old castle, and in the infernal torture-chambers of Nuremberg, and Ratisbon, and Venice. And yet this was in the year of grace, 1873." And this very year, 1874, John Luther Stephens, a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., at Ahualulco, in Mexico, at the instigation of the curate, who had preached against him the day before, and said, "The tree that bears bad fruit shall be cut down," was set upon by a mob on the 2d day of March last, who forced the doors of his house, destroying and stealing every thing they found, and was by them brutally assassinated, his body dreadfully mutilated, and his head severed into several parts! And this, on this continent of North America, one hundred and two years after the judicial martyrdom of Jean Calas, of Toulouse! Thus fell a young missionary, only four months ago, amidst high prospects of success, offered up as a sacrifice at the early age of 27 years, by this cruel demon of religious fanaticism.