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ARTICLE I.

## PURITANISM AND PRESBYTERIANISM.

Puritanism is one of those great historical facts about which men have differed ever since its rise, and will doubtless continue to differ for a long time to come. Some denounce it as the embodiment of all that is narrow, bigoted, and intolerant, whilst others exalt it as the source and champion of all true civil and religious liberty. These denunciations have acquired a fresh bitterness and frequency from the great events that are going on around us. Regarding, as many do, that form of Puritanism which is found in New England as the grand agency that has produced the terrible conflict through which we have just passed, there is no form of condemnation too severe to be applied by them to Puritanism in general, and to every thing that is supposed to have any affiliation with it. Hence the Puritan, without regard to past or present, is denounced, ridiculed, and condemned by orators, editors, preachers, and talkers, without stint and without discrimination, and in many cases without knowledge or reason. Nor is this all. Every thing that is

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gospel; that while they are entirely distinct, their harmonious action conduces to the same great end; that we must look to their united influence for the establishment of freedom and happiness; that there must be a reformation in both State and Church; and that to this end all Christians, good men and patriots, should pray and exert all their influence.

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ARTICLE IV.

LIFE AND TIMES OF BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN :  
A HISTORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

*By* D. F. JAMISON, *of South Carolina. In two volumes. Charleston* : JOHN RUSSELL : MDCCLXIV.

This beautifully printed and classical book is truly a cenotaph, alike of the lamented author and of the shortlived but noble country, in whose service, and for whose sake, he died. So long and closely associated was General Jamison in the minds of all his friends with the toils and hopes which culminated here, that one cannot name the work without calling into vivid remembrance that thoughtful, earnest face, whose habitually melancholy expression was as habitually penetrated by kindness, friendship, and domestic affections; that slender frame, somewhat bowed by feeble health for many years, and of late stooping under the burden of public responsibilities—a burden which could scarcely be borne, but which could not be shunned; that voice, pleasant when heard, but so subdued and unsonorous as to perpetuate the impression made by the reticence and abstraction whose place it took.

For a man so recluse in his temper, and even in his habits, Gen. Jamison's public influence was singularly large and permanent: to be accounted for only by the fact that his careful mind, and his comprehensive study of history and politics, had made

him the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of men more aggressive, more externally energetic than himself. Through them—until the few signal closing scenes—through them, rather than by his own voice or personal action, did his patriotism and sagacity make themselves felt. Then, indeed, in those last tragic years, the justness of his mind, and the eminent virtue of his political life, were every where acknowledged and incessantly employed. Great duties, in rapid succession, were thrust upon him. These were as diligently discharged as they were nobly accepted. The surge of the deadly epidemic, finding him at his post, swept him thence immediately to the grave—his last thoughts turning to the loved ones whose faces he was not permitted to behold again in the flesh.

Upon a mind, originally of considerable force, he conferred the habits and tastes of the scholar. Literary research was perhaps more entirely his delight, and brought him a more unalloyed satisfaction, than to any other man among us. His conversation was enriched with apt quotations from good books, including the best of Books; and imbued with a serious—often a religious—spirit. Though not a member of the Church—restrained from open profession by excessive sensitiveness to the responsibility involved, and by the shrinking of a timid conscience from the possibility of unworthy entrance there—there is little reason to doubt his genuine piety. They who knew him most intimately remit him to the heavenly rest with the most confident hope.

Of the book before us, it must be said that it was the pleasure and the toil of his maturer years. Every effort was cheerfully made to secure needful information from the highest sources. The libraries of both continents were diligently examined, and the facts obtained as nearly as possible at first hand. And we learn, with pleasure, that its claims to confidence and respect are frankly acknowledged in Europe already; and that it is admired and praised in France as an authority upon the subject whereof it treats.\*

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\* It is reported that the Emperor has ordered the work to be translated into his own tongue.

Besides the claims of its eminent author to our especial regard, the "Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin" has another impressive adventitious interest. It is the only solid literary production of the South during the memorable four years of the late war. Running the gauntlet of the blockade twice, it left these shores as the gloomy skies began to brighten, and returned to find the clouds of the last catastrophe already risen in the air. Truly an orphan child! it had gladdened but a moment the eyes of its author, when those eyes were closed on all things earthly: and the country of his love, to whose honor he offered it, a willing and precious tribute, outlived him but one little half year.

And it is a coincidence worthy of remark that the time of the book is one of the most memorable periods of civil war in Modern History. Features that recall our own annals meet us continually. Men of the same race, of the same language, even of the same name, were engaged on opposite sides. Men were held in cruel dilemmas, by reason of the penalties impending on either hand. Towns taken and retaken; country held and stripped by alternate armies—by the Black Prince or Bertrand—by Henry of Trastamara or Peter the Cruel—by Charles the Dauphin or Charles the Bad; sorrow, famine, and corroding fear; are the mournful outlines of the story here told.

We gratefully acknowledge the progress God has brought about for us, even as regards civil war, in one respect: the effusion of innocent and helpless blood. The atrocities of that age are almost incredible. The town of Quonquefon is "taken, pillaged, set on fire, and *the inhabitants put to the sword*," (p. 25, vol. i.) The history of the war of the succession to the Duchy of Brittany, "for the most part, is a painful record of towns and castles taken and retaken, of hamlets and villages pillaged, of churches burnt, of *men, women, and children slain without mercy*."

But passing over other and inferior enormities, and one that blackens the fair fame of Bertrand du Guesclin himself,\* the

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\* The massacre of Benon. Vol. ii., p. 194.

crowning horror is the sack of Limoges, the crime of Edward the Black Prince :

“As the besieged were taken completely by surprise, the Prince passed without resistance over the broken wall a portion of his troops, who immediately ran to the gate, cut the iron fastenings, and broke down all the barriers. Swollen with dropsy, but deaf to every sentiment of pity towards the inhabitants of the doomed city, Edward caused himself to be conveyed through the gates, accompanied by the Duke of Lancaster, the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke, the Lord d’Angle, and the great body of his army, who were instructed to spare neither life nor property within the walls of Limoges. This brutal order was carried out to all its fearful consequences before the eyes of the prince, who looked, unmoved by pity or remorse, on the awful spectacle of men, women, and children butchered in cold blood by his stern followers; and when the wretched victims, in their agony, threw themselves at his feet, crying out to him, ‘Mercy, gentle Sire!’ he turned a deaf ear to their prayers, and suffered the horrid butchery to go on unchecked. ‘I do not know,’ says Froissart, ‘how they could not have had pity on the poor people, who were guilty of no treason; but they paid more dearly for it than the great masters who had committed the offence. There is no one so hardhearted,’ he continues, with a just indignation, ‘who, if he had been in the city of Limoges, and been mindful of God, would not have wept tenderly at the great mischief which was done there: for more than three thousand persons—men, women and children,—were seized and put to death that day.’” Vol. ii., pp. 132, 133.

No work like this is found among the deeds of the late war; though even this concession awakens an indignant thought of cities shelled at night, (as Petersburg,) or on the Sabbath, (as Chattanooga,) without warning. But for the rest of the evil record—pillaging, burning, deliberate destruction of food,—it may be said in a word that the fourteenth century was born again in the nineteenth.

Not to dwell longer on these sore points, however, let us look a little more closely at the book itself. It is not a history, in the current modern sense of that term; and the tests which are justly applied to those statelier fabrics of modern philosophical thought, would be out of place here. It partakes more of the type of the chronicle—the class in which Froissart, Ayala, and Nangis are found: a species of dioramic writing, where minute

details are not impertinent, but appropriate. The various parties introduced, converse, exclaim, eat, drink, in your presence, without derogation from the proper dignity of the presenter; yet it is at his discretion to arrest the personal exhibition, and enrich his pages with reflections as profound and large as those to which history itself attains.

Thus we have frequent dialogues of dramatic force and vividness; incident as minute and picturesque as the Flemish painters affect. And again we pause, in the turbulent theory of wars, raids, deaths, victories, to gather wisdom, to compare the ages, to add ancient to "modern instances," and to collect, along the paths of history, the lessons of retribution or of mercy. Thus we have an interesting comparison of the English with the French, (vol. i., p. 123); a mournful but just reflection upon the fate of "insurrections of the populace," (*ibid.*, p. 130); a striking, though not entirely satisfactory view of duelling, viewed in its social, rather than its moral relations, (*ibid.*, p. 140); an account of the Art of War, as then known and practised, (*ibid.*, p. 209); and a rich series of ably drawn "characters" of the personages who take part in the drama—of which it will suffice to mention those of the Black Prince and his father, Edward III.; (vol. ii., pp. 261, 263.)

We know not where to find an equally large collection of such judgments, as just in thought, as candid and judicial in expression, as those which adorn these pages. They are not portraits, like Motley's, for the sufficient reason that the plan adopted involves the actors' drawing their own portraits; their words, whether hasty or measured, the expression flitting across their features, their deeds, good and bad, have been already set down; and now, at last, they come up simply for sentence. This is all these characters intend; and this they accomplish.

It is time, however, to say a word of the hero of the book. He is, indeed, the hero of his century, its most consummate production, the flower of that tough and thorny aloe. The memorials of its vices are in some measure visible there; but its best graces are seen as resplendent in no other man of that age, as they are seen in Bertrand du Guesclin.

He was "the son of a poor knight," as he sometimes said; his *banned* son; despised, humiliated, sneered down, denied even a seat with his father's other children at the table. With what a flavor of poetical justice we contrast the boy taking his lonely dinner on a stool, (i. p. 4,) with the Constable of France, risen above the heads of all his fellow-subjects, seated by the king's side, at his own table! (ii., p. 139.) True, he was fortunate in his foils. To have matched and baffled Prince Edward and the Duke of Lancaster in war; to have stood firm in his truth and chivalry, while opposed to such a bloody and treacherous creature as Peter the Cruel; to have been planted as the mighty pillar of the shaken State, on which King Charles should lean as his sole dependence: these are glories to which the circumstances were almost as necessary as his worth and his power. But these very combinations would have ruined him, had he been any less a man, and born king of men, than he was. And there is a thread of happy retribution running through his story that lights it up amid a thousand environing glooms of faithlessness and blood. His open-handed generosity, which bids fair, as it seems, to ruin him, finds its reward in the rush from every quarter to pay his ransom, when taken prisoner. From the landlord of the poor way-side inn to the King of France, and even the Princess of Wales, the wife of his enemy, and his jailor, every noble heart exults in adding what it can to heap up the wealth that shall deliver the deliverer. His unswerving loyalty won at last the absolute confidence of Charles the Wise, the most suspicious of kings—excepting only Louis XI., who trusted no man, because he was true to none; and who was duped, accordingly, from the beginning to the end of his reign. Nor must we fail to add, that having been a marvel of humanity through this long life of combats and violence, when compared with the kindest warriors of his age, it was his lot, appropriately, to die calmly in his bed, surrounded by his friends, and consoled by the offices of his religion. Yet was he a conqueror, even in his death; for "the garrison of Chateau-neuf-de-Randon, who had sworn to deliver up their fortress to him alone, hearing of his death, issued out of the castle, with the captain at their head, entered the tent where

the body of the late Constable was lying, and deposited the keys of the castle on his coffin." (Vol. ii., p. 312.)

"Thus," remarks his historian, "passed away the spirit of an earnest, loyal, and brave man, who found work for him to do in this world, and who did it with his might."

The eminent "*religiosity*"—to borrow Carlyle's word—which characterises that age of crimes, that wide welter of blasphemy, treachery, lust, and murder, suggests a closing remark. Kings "hear mass" and armies pray before battle; solemn oaths are sworn to enforce all sorts of engagements; religion, and its sacredest words, are in every man's mouth: and yet it is a horrible, godless, brutal age. As we contemplate it, we are constrained to feel that a religion cannot be spiritual and sensuous too.

It is a maxim among physicians that the blood cannot do its best work in more than one class of organs at once. If you demand its services in the brain, you must spare it from the stomach; and *vice versa*. And this rule of physical life seems to hold also with respect to the mental. The æsthetic and the spiritual powers are not only not the same, but they are vitally diverse; and to give supremacy to the one, is to wrest it from the other. Thus, a religion that speaks clamorously to the eye and to the ear, is, for that very reason, silent to the heart. It kindles into transient ecstasy the shallower emotions; but to do so, is to drain from the life-centre to the surface. It operates upon perception at the expense of reflection.

It follows, therefore, that the moral and religious standard of such a church must be low; must ever run lower. The sensuous is the parent of the sensual.

We are aware that these truths are not new. Vital truths, at this late day, can hardly be so. But they are ever newly needful; in this, as in the fourteenth century. How fearfully strong is the set of the tide, even now, from the spiritual to the sensuous, from the informal to the ritual! How great the craving, and with how many, for sounds and sights, in worship, that will arrest the attention and charm the sense; while the heart, if it could make itself heard, would whisper, as in ancient time,

“The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him!”

There is greatly needed a thorough dissection of that false philosophy of the religious life, by which the practices, the thoughts, the language, of mankind are so seriously affected; and this, not necessarily in any sectarian interest, but because of the incessant tendencies every where from the plain, arduous right to the showy, easy wrong. Isaac Taylor's "Natural History of Enthusiasm" opened the discussion; but he neither went deep enough at the beginning, nor came near enough to the surface at the conclusion, to do the work he undertook—to describe, and by describing effectually to discountenance, "fictitious piety."

This, however, is a digression. We return for a moment to the work before us. It would have been a great delight to render thanks to the author of this excellent book for the pleasure and instruction it has afforded us: but far better is he, as he is! He is gone, we will not doubt, into that realm where the offices of human friendship are unnecessary, and where the voice of human praise of a human brother, would be indeed a strange and unwelcome interruption. But to the living we gladly commend it, for its refined thought, its transparent diction, its stores of pleasant lore and judicious reflection. Even its hero, wild as are his ethics, and stormy as was his life, is not unworthy to furnish at least a point of departure for the purposes of aspiring and gallant youth to-day. Let such a man resolve within his heart, "I will be no less truthful, earnest, brave, than was he who thus glimmers out upon me from the darkness of five hundred years ago." But let him add a nobler covenant to this: "By the grace of God, the gospel light, which now irradiates the world, shall not be lost upon me. I will learn the power of gentleness and spiritual wisdom. I will seek a better work than steadying a tottering and wicked throne, or hurling a bloody tyrant, whose breath is in his nostrils, from his seat. Be it mine to serve the Immortal King; to breathe his spirit, and to advance his cause. Let me strive to put down wickedness within me and without; to bind up men's wounds, to comfort the sorrowing and broken-

hearted; to make ignorance, superstition, and vice spread their dusky wings, and vanish with the vanishing twilight of man's day. So shall my sleep be sweet, and my life fruitful; so shall my blessings be as royal as my Master is divine."

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ARTICLE V.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN VIEWS OF THE  
PROVINCE OF THE CHURCH.

The last time we had occasion to express ourselves in these pages on the subject of instructions from the courts of the Church to her members relative to their duty to the government, was when we took occasion to retract, in some sense, a previous utterance. In July, 1861, immediately after the breaking out of the war, we had maintained that the General Assembly, which met that spring in Philadelphia, was not only at liberty to speak of the war, but was bound to declare itself respecting such a great wrong, pregnant with so many and such sins and curses. The error of that body, we said, was not its speaking, but its speaking in the wrong way; for it condemned whom we judged it should have justified, and it justified whom we judged it should have condemned. But we insisted that it must justify and must condemn, when such appalling sin was in process of commission. Further reflection, however, carried on as best we might in the midst of all the excitements of that period, led us in the ensuing October number to modify this language, and we then confessed (using Calvin's expression regarding the doctrine of election,) how "involved and intricate" we found the question of the Church courts' power and duty in the premises.

There seems, indeed, some inherent perplexity in this subject,