

The Abbeville Banner.

"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

VOL. 4.

ABBEVILLE C. H., S. C., MAY 5, 1847.

NO. 10.

Published every Wednesday, by
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if paid within three months from the time of subscribing, or TWO DOLLARS if paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid until the end of the year. No subscription received for less than six months; and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid. Subscriptions will be continued unless notice be given otherwise, previous to the close of volume. No paper will be sent out of the State unless payment is made in advance.

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From the Sumter Banner.

The Huguenots.

Written with reference to their early settlement in South Carolina.

The improvement of man has been effected by a succession of Revolutions. Some have been mild, peaceable, the result of causes working for a long series of ages, others have burst forth on the "world's trembling multitude," sudden and powerful. Such was the reformation of Luther. Its great principle—its noble aim was civil and religious liberty. History records the struggles of the contest, rousing up all the energies of Europe. Foremost in this drama stand forth the Protestants of France,—a Spartan band in the great army of Reformers. Sympathy for their sufferings, reverence for their piety, admiration for their fortitude and perseverance, and gratitude to God for the preservation of a remnant of this afflicted people, affect us, when we think of the religious despotism which, for ages, warred against their souls.

The Huguenots were a people peculiar to France. Separated from their brethren of Switzerland by the vast mountain barriers of nature, removed from intercourse with the English by a great extent of land and water they formed a community among themselves, leagued together for the mutual defence of their country and religion. Animated by these high and noble principles, they faltered not in the hour of danger—when necessity called them to the field, they shrank not from the sword of persecution—when the fires of Romish bigotry kindled around them, they bore their martyrdom with that unflinching constancy so characteristic of their faith, and of their cause.—The love of religious liberty, arising from the conviction of duty, has, in all past time, given an undaunted spirit to its votaries.—Witness the zeal of the early Christian Church! Witness the firmness of our Pilgrim fathers! Witness the persecutions of the Huguenots!

Most prominent in the history of this people, is the tragedy of Saint Bartholemew. The Protestants of that time were considered too formidable a party to be any longer tolerated. As Cato continually said in the Roman Senate, "deleada est Carthago," so did the men in power of that time unceasingly shout, "Let the Huguenots be destroyed." And at length, their desire was well nigh accomplished. The night of St. Bartholemew glutted the all-devouring thirst of their enemies. During that terrific slaughter, the cry for mercy was drowned in the relentless shout of "Death to the Huguenots," and the light of day but added new horrors to the scene. The streets of Paris flowed with the blood of her murdered citizens; and from that city the massacre spread through all the provinces, bringing death and desolation to every part of the land. Thousands of useful and peaceable citizens were struck down by the demon of destruction, and one united cry for vengeance on such monstrous injustice arose to the throne of God, and will yet have to be silenced by the woes of coming ages. This dreadful instance of the barbarism of religious bigotry excites the indignation of the world. At that time it was eulogized, by many of the nations of Europe, as a glorious triumph—the cold-blooded murder of thousands, a glorious triumph—the triumph of religion!

But let us turn from such a scene, and contemplate the magnanimity of Henry, so worthily styled the Great. This Prince, ascending the throne at a time when faction had torn his kingdom for more than a century, had exhausted its resources, and impoverished his people, who had wrongs to revenge and crimes to punish, nobly buried them all in oblivion, and the world saw the proof of an exalted mind in the Edict of Nantes. What a contrast with the conduct of the guilty and execrated Charles, who, a century before, looked calmly on the murder of his subjects! This celebrated Edict placed the rights of the Huguenots on a basis, which the most flagrant violation of justice could alone overthrow; and it was to be hoped that no future Monarch of France

would have the rashness to annul it. And yet, not one century had passed before its revocation filled the whole land with the blood of her slaughtered citizens. The Edict of Nantes gave to the Protestants of France a distinct and separate existence as a political body, setting them in array against a government which recognized no such thing as religious liberty, and held to one principle alone of policy—"One God, one King, one Faith." During the reign of the Great Henry, the Huguenots exercised their rights and liberty of conscience as secured; his death was the death of order, of peace and of freedom.

From this time, the Huguenots, alarmed at the intrigues of the court, and the measures taken for their overthrow, were in arms; and when,

"The living cloud of war"

burst upon them from the north of France, their rights, their existence as a people, were swept away. For the next half a century, persecution followed persecution, until finally, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by depriving the Huguenots of all securities of life, and liberty—by annihilating their existence as subjects, compelled the emigration of this people. Thousands of industrious citizens left forever their native France, to seek in foreign lands the liberty denied them in their own. As their predecessors the Pilgrims, bade their native land good night and lay down to rest on the shores of New England, so did the Huguenots, driven across the western ocean by persecuting fanaticism, at length find a resting place on the shore of Carolina. The hand of welcome was held out to them—they were hailed as brothers. And noble sons of Carolina have they proved themselves! Braving the perils of savage warfare, they plunged into the wilderness; pioneers of the South, they strengthened the infant colony of Carolina by their religion and by their arms.

But to us, the settlement of the Huguenots though not followed by consequences of such import, as those succeeding the landing of the Pilgrims, was attended with the most important results. The addition of large bodies of men, virtuous, industrious, inured to peril and war, but, above all, martyrs of religious liberty, would be welcomed by any people; and peculiarly fortunate was it for a small colony, pressed on every side by a savage enemy, and but poorly assisted by the mother country.—Their singularity, elastic and cheerful temper of mind enabled them to endure the hardships necessarily attendant on a settlement in the country, new, surrounded by enemies, and exposed to an almost tropical sun. The same spirit, which made them prefer exile to slavery, sustained them in the long and arduous struggle of this Revolution.—Shoulder to shoulder with their brethren in the field, they met the invading foe, and the "plains of Carolina" became the altar on which they sacrificed their blood in defence of their common country. When the "black and smoking ruins," of desolation covered the land, the same firmness which upheld their fathers in the old world sustained their descendants in the new. The names of Horry, of Huger, and of Marion are coupled with those of Laurens, of Rutledge, of Pinckney, and of Sumter names dear to every American, the watch-words of liberty. Sustained by the example of these South Carolina proved the noble daring and heroic courage of her adopted people.—Thousands of their descendants at this time hail America as the land of their birth—the land of their fore-fathers' adoption—the asylum of their ancestors—land of civil and religious liberty. May its standard, reared on the solid foundation of virtue, ever wave over millions of the sons of freemen, until time shall be no more!

As we review these scenes, we cannot refrain from asking, what had the Huguenots done, that they should thus be?

"At the mercy of a mystery of tyranny?" what were their crimes that they should be deprived of all civil existence; that they should be hunted down like wild beasts—that their blood should stream under the sword? They worshipped God according to the dictates of their conscience. This was their crime—this their abomination. This doomed them to the sword, to the stake, and to exile. That they were a peaceable people, orderly, industrious, and well disposed, is acknowledged by the Romish historians. They were aroused to revolt, when the iron yoke of oppression became too grievous to be borne—when bigotry sent forth the destroying angel; when life and liberty were crushed by oppression. Their emigration furnished many nations with numbers of useful subjects, and France now deploras the unjust policy which banished her citizens, depopulated one-fourth of her commerce, and for many years placed her under martial law. To her, the result of such policy has been disastrous in the extreme—the despotism persecutions of centuries having ended in the dreadful catastrophe of the French Revolution.

The nineteenth century has brought to the Huguenots that toleration, which has

permitted them to rebuild their peaceful temples, and to worship God in their own way. The conflicts of centuries have taught both parties the necessity of mutual forbearance; and the religion of reason, and the religion of authority, have learned that they can exist in the same country without continual wars and fightings.—The severe blow which the Romish Church received, at the time of the Revolution, in the confiscation of its property, and in the prevention of ecclesiastical interference with the affairs of State, and the wise policy of the new movement, which grants religious liberty to the subject, conspire to root out from France a most fatal source of discord, destructive of the well-fare of any people.

The influence of the Reformed principles has delivered the human mind from the fetters which bound it during the middle ages. To them, Science, Literature, and the Arts own their development and progress; to them, we owe all which enables man to reach the true dignity of his nature. The mind is free from the apathy of a blind superstition. Freedom of conscience is the acknowledged right of every one. The lethargy of ages is shaken off. Shall we not honor those, who conferred this great good on mankind?—shall we not revere those, who periled all in the cause of religious liberty, and nobly resolved to do or die? Let us not forget that the Huguenots were the martyrs of Christianity, the sons of everlasting truth; and, while we regard them with veneration, let us cherish the feelings of brothers for their descendants in the far south—let us hail them as Americans—let us hail them as members of the same great and free people.

From the Picayune.

Later from Vera Cruz.

Important intelligence.—Advance of the American Army—Santa Anna's preparations for defence—Battle supposed to have been fought on the 15th inst.

The U. S. steamship Massachusetts arrived here last evening from Vera Cruz, which place she left on the evening of the 14th. Our correspondence is down to the latest hour. The news is of the most stirring interest. The best advices lead to the impression that a battle was fought at Cerro Gordo, nearly midway between the Puente Nacional and Jalapa, on Thursday or Friday last. We have heretofore announced the advance of Gen. Twiggs' division into the interior. When last heard from he was beyond the Puente Nacional and in close proximity to the Mexican army. Gen. Scott was expected to arrive at Gen. Twiggs' headquarters on the night of the 14th inst. General Worth left Vera Cruz with the last division of the army on the 13th and bivouacked that night at San Juan, about twelve miles in the interior. He probably joined the advance on the 15th. Santa Anna was said to be at Cerro Gordo, where La Vega and Canalizo were posted with a considerable command. The Mexican force at that point when joined by Santa Anna, was estimated at fifteen thousand strong—consisting of two thousand regular infantry, three thousand cavalry, and the remainder irregulars. The pass of Cerro Gordo is forty four miles from Vera Cruz, and is naturally a strong one, some difficulty is anticipated in forcing it. Rumors state that Santa Anna can obtain any amount of irregular force he may desire. Reconnoitering parties from the American army had been fired upon and several wounded, amongst them was Capt. (now Lieut. Col.) Johnson, of the Topographical Engineers, who was shot in the arm and hip whilst examining the Mexican works at Cerro Gordo. Intelligent officers who arrived in the Massachusetts, entertain very little doubt that a general engagement has taken place.

A number of soldiers have been shot in passing the road to and fro. All accounts represent the Americans as confident of victory, and the Mexicans as burning for revenge. Our next advices from Vera Cruz will we doubt not, bring us the details of an important engagement.

We subjoin the news from Vera Cruz papers and our correspondence. The letter from Mr. Kendall of the 14th, written at camp San Juan, is the very latest from the army. The soldiers were suffering at Vera Cruz from sickness, but the vomito had not appeared.

VERA CRUZ, April 14, 1847.

The Massachusetts sails in half an hour, and I hasten to send you the latest intelligence received from the advance of our army on its march towards Jalapa. Despatches were received here yesterday evening from General Twiggs stating that the enemy had been discovered, and that in a reconnoissance some eighteen miles beyond the National Bridge at a point called the Black Forrest Pass, Captain J. E. Johnson, of the Topographical Engineers—now Lieut. Col. of volunteers—was severely wounded with a shot through the arm and another in the thigh. It is more than probable that ere this Generals Twiggs and Pillow have had

something of a "brush" with the enemy. Santa Anna is known to have arrived at this pass with a force said to be about 15,000 strong, consisting of 2,000 regulars and the balance of irregular troops—of whom 3,000 are cavalry. The point above named is a very strong one, and naturally affords great advantages to the enemy; but, my word for it, they will not hold it long after our troops assail it.

Shut up as I am in my room I cannot know much of what is going on. Mr. Kendall started last evening on the way to the advance of the army; he will probably be in the camp sometime to-day. He wrote you a letter before starting, which goes with this. It is becoming quite sickly here, but as yet I hear nothing of the vomito amongst the soldiers. It is very healthy in the interior, and our army, excepting those who stay to garrison this city, will soon be beyond the influence of the impure and sickly air of the coast.

I am still slowly recovering from my accident, and hope to be with you ere many days. It is entirely out of the question to think of following the army in my condition, and I wouldn't stay in Vera Cruz a month for it. I learn that the steamship New Orleans, now here, is to make one more trip to Tampico for mules, which are much wanted here, and after that she goes to your city.

Yours, &c., F. A. L.
P. S.—When Captain Johnson was wounded in his reconnoissance, he was with an escort of the 2d Dragoons, under Capt. Hardie.

VERA CRUZ, April 13, 1847

So many vessels are leaving almost every day that it is hard keeping the run of them. I send a line by every one that I hear of.

A German gentleman has just told me—it is now 10 o'clock A. M.—that Santa Anna was at his old hacienda of Enceiro day before yesterday. This place is near Jalapa. Canalizo and La Vega are at Cerro Gordo, where no less than three heights have been fortified. Gen. Scott went out last night, Gen. Worth, with his division marched this morning, and will bivouac to-night at San Juan, on the other side of Santa Fe. Gen. Twiggs is at Plau del Rio, close by the Mexicans, and there are those who think it more than probable that he has already had a brush with them. It is thought the position at Cerro Gordo can be turned, and in case La Vega and Canalizo make good their retreat that they will make another stand at Los Dios. Time will show.

The hospitals are full, and the sickness is said to be on the increase. I still cannot learn that there has been any well authenticated case of vomito, although many have died of fever. I am off to-day for the headquarters of the army.

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

A Washington letter in the Boston post says:—

Nicholas P. Trist, Esq., former consul at Havana, and for the last eighteen months chief clerk in the department of state, left in the southern boat this evening, for Vera Cruz, in the capacity of a special bearer of despatches to Gen. Scott. The precise character of "the documents" is, of course, unknown, but it is rumored that Mr. Trist carries with him to our land and naval commanders in Mexico the definite and final purposes of our government, both in regard to the further prosecution of the war, and the prospective restoration of peace.

It is settled beyond all doubt or peradventure, that no new proposal to negotiate will be made by this government, and if diplomatic relations are to be restored, the advance must be made by Mexico. She has once, twice, thrice, rejected the propositions of our government to cease the bloody arbitrament of the sword, and if a more pacific mode of adjustment of our differences is to supervene, the initiatory step must be taken by her. Such, it is believed, is the settled policy of the administration, which every patriotic American will most heartily approve.

AN ANCIENT WITNESS.—A JUDGE RENOWNED FOR LIBERTY AND SAGACITY!—SIR Matthew Hale, in early life, was addicted to pleasure, and vain, not to say profligate, company. One of his companions, from drunkenness, became apparently dead, and this was one of the principal means of reclaiming Hale. His biographer states, in summing up his character, that, ever after the time he was started into this thoughtful-ness, he cherished the utmost dread of excess in drinking; and his testimony was thus solemnly recorded in the latter part of his life:

"The places of judicature, which I have long held in this Kingdom, have given me opportunity to observe the original cause of most of the enormities that have been committed for the space of near twenty years; and by a due observation, I have found, that four or five of them have been the issues and product of excessive drinking, at taverns or ale-house meetings."

This was said by Sir Matthew Hale nearly two-hundred years ago. Ever since that time, the uniform experience and observation of all Judges have been the same; and the investigations of political economists and philanthropists concur in establishing the same result.

GOD EVERYWHERE.—Lord Craven lived in London when the great plague raged.—His house was in that part of the town since called Craven Buildings. To avoid the threatened danger, his lordship resolved to retire to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, the luggage put up and all things ready for the journey. As he was walking along his hall, with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro, (who served him as postillion,) saying to another, "I suppose by my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of gods. The speech forcibly struck lord C., and made him pause—"My God," thought he, "lives evrywhere, and can preserve me in the town as well as in the country; I'll stay where I am. The ignorance of that poor fellow has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief and that distrust of thy Providence which made me think of running away from thy hand." Immediately he ordered the horses from the coach and the luggage to be brought in. He continued in London; and was remarkably useful among the neighbours' and never caught infection.

MAGNETIC CIRCUIT OF THE GLOBE.—An experiment with the sub-marine telegraph, at Portsmouth England, encourages the belief that the lightning news-conveyor will yet make the circuit of the globe. The accounts given of it states:

"The fact of the water acting as a ready return conductor was beyond question; for to test this most thoroughly, repeated experiments were made in the presence of some of the principal dock-yard authorities, including the heads of engineering departments. There can be no doubt, without reference to the distance the water will act as a return-conductor in completing the circuit. Independent of the simplicity of this sub-marine telegraph, it had an advantage which even the telegraphs on land do not possess. In the event of accident it can be replaced in ten minutes. The success of the trial here has, we understand, determined the inventors to lay down their contemplated line across the channel from England to France under the sanction of the respective governments."

GEN. TAYLOR'S PROFANITY.—We have frequently seen letter-writers' accounts of the battles of Gen. TAYLOR, in which writers, we thought, gratuitously introduced oaths as having been made use of them. We are happy to learn, that Lieut. CRITTENDEN, who served as one of his aids at the battle of Buena Vista, mortified to find that several of the incidents of this battle were erroneously narrated and ascribed to his authorship, and especially the profane language attributed to Gen. TAYLOR respecting the second Regiment of Kentucky infantry, has given it his positive denial.—The newspaper accounts of that incidents were correct, leaving off the profanity which was incorrectly put into the mouth of the General.

Southern Chroaicle.

THE GREAT DEVELOPMENT IN SCIENCE.—We cannot be indifferent to the wonderful developments in Science; the ever steady clear unfolding of laws of the Material Universe; transcripts of the Divine Power, Wisdom and Goodness. All these shall illustrate God's omnipotency; shall unfold clearer and brighter as the waves of salvation roll on; shall seal the lips of unbelievers; shall swell the triumphs of redeeming Love. The leaves of the great books of Nature, Providence and Revelation shall be unfolded together. For what purpose is the Earth now intersected with railroads, but to bring the distant ends of it together, the followers of Jesus with idolatrous heathen? And why, again, is the Earth being belted with wires, thereby being converted into a vast whispering gallery, by which the thoughts, purposes, actions, and words of men are instantaneously made omnipresent, but that the news of salvation may be borne with electric speed, that the dwellers on the mountains, and in the vales, on the sea and the land, East, West, North, and South, may catch the song of salvation, and shout, simultaneously together, *Jesus Christ is King! Jesus Christ is King!*

ANGELS.—These ministering spirits are ever near the Christian, and ever about the sanctuary. In the language of a beautiful writer, "they warn and guide youth they cheer our manhood, and wipe the sweat from our brow, and to the end they bring sweet messages from the home they are fast approaching."