

The Family.

EDITED BY MRS. HARRIS.

THE HUGUENOT SWORD.

Extract from Antebellum Papers and Tradition.

THEIR OWN RESERVES.

Fantomas pushed his horse to full gallop, at the side of the flying carriage; and the carriage travelled at this rapid rate throughout the night.

At dawn, as Dupuy had predicted, they reached Tremblade, and were soon at Masser Belhomme's. This man was to act as their pilot to the Porthsmouth, which lay outside the harbour; he had been selected for this duty because he spoke English.

The captain at first thought that he would sail very early on the next day, and would pass between the isles of Oleron and the main land. If the fugitives arrived here, he would send the fleet of Arvert, he would call a sloop ashore and take them off.

At the appointed time Fantomas loaded two horses with his effects and repaired to the spot designated. But there was delay at the Custom-house, and the brig could not sail. Meanwhile the fugitives waited in a state of unceasable suspense, and the entire day was passed.

The Catholic priests of Tremblade heard that some Protestants were about to escape, and hurried to the port. Two Huguenot fishermen, however, missed him and he returned, thinking the report unfounded.

At eight all they were forced to return to Tremblade, where they were harbored in the house of a citizen. He entertained them for the whole of the next day, but growing terribly frightened, at nightfall turned them all out, saying, "I have damaged my own soul to save my property, and I am not going to pay the 1000 crowns for harboring you. Take your clothes elsewhere, or sit here like me."

Half an hour after they had left this man a horse a troop of soldiers went to it and examined it; they had received information.

The captain of the Portsmouth sent word at this crisis that he was wounded, and could not assist them. Fantomas did not suspect, however, on the same evening, that a small sloop, embarked his party, and safely passed the pirates who had guarded the port, and the fort of Oleron.

At ten o'clock next morning they dropped anchor to wait for the Portsmouth, the boatmen being instructed, in case of pursuit, to cross the leet-shore, when Sante and friend would be the course of proceeding.

The agreement with Captain Johnson had been that, when they saw him, they were to make themselves known by hailing a sloop, and waiting till three times. About three o'clock in the afternoon the Portsmouth came in sight, and the custom-house officers and gild were still on board. Soon, however, those officials left her in their boat, and the brig here drove straight toward them.

Fantomas' heart beat with joy and gratitude, but his pleasure was short duration. A royal figure of the French navy appeared, and with all sails set, made straight toward them. This was one of the vessels constantly kept on the coast to prevent the escape of Protestants; when such were taken, the women were sent in convents, and the men down straight to hell.

The French to give orders to the English ship to cast anchor, hauled her, and searched every rock and corner for fugitives. Not finding any, the French captain ordered the Englishman to sell instantly, which order was obeyed, leaving the departing documents behind.

Fantomas almost yielded to despair, but he knelt and prayed, and was strengthened. Suddenly as the French frigates bore down upon them, a faint suggestion itself.

Over all the squalor in the bottom of the boat with old men, "We told to the boatman," Then hasten your sail and go right toward the frigate, pretending to endeavor to gain Tremblade. If they hold you, say you are from Rochechouart. If they ask what you have on board, say nothing but ballast; and it would be well for you and your son to counterfeit drunkenness, toddling about in the boat, and then you can, if by God's grace, let the sail fall three times, and so inform the English captain who we are."

The order was instantly obeyed, the fugitives covered with an old sail, and the boat passed with plauds out of the frigates, which hailed her. The reply was as Fantomas had directed.

"But what canst thou do?"

"I hoped the wind would change, and we could make Tremblade, but it's still too strong for us."

As he spoke the boatman cursed his son, who had dropped the sail, as had been agreed. The father left the helm and pretended to strike him with a rope end. The son cried out loudly, and the people on the frigates uttered the older to dash, or they would curse and treat him likewise."

The son let it fall twice in succession, as he pretended to cry.

"Harken to Rochechouart—the wind is too rough!" came from the frigates.

"Yes, Captain," said the boatman, joyfully, "for that was sent by the direction of the English ship and the boat left before the wind, toward the Englishman, through the yawning waves of the rising storm. They got safe on board, while the frigate was still in sight, and the brig instantly put to sea."

Kneeling upon the spray-swept deck, with his arms around his mate and his husband, Fantomas returned double thanks to God, as he rose from his knees, the coast of France was disappearing in the darkness.

"Adieu!" he said, sadly, extending his hand toward his native soil. "Adieu, forever!"

On the morning of the 30th Nov., Minister Barthélémy Dupuy was informed that the cure of the neighbouring village wished to see him. This worthy man was sincerely attached to Dupuy, who had befriended him in former years, and he now came to endeavor to make his friend abjure and become a Catholic.

For two hours the worthy man continued his arguments on the Protestant convictions of Dupuy, with no opposition from that gentleman, who was silent of a moment. At last he ceased, and said if he could still remain a Catholic, and undergo the terrible punishment of death in the world, in consequence, and even in the present world!

"My good sir," said Dupuy, coolly, "I have listened to you, with great attention, and have大力ly appreciated your arguments. I have been much struck with their force, especially that one in the last clause of your discourse."

The future punishment, chid sighed the worthy man.

"No, remember, the punishment my heresy will entail upon me, 'even in the present world,' as you say. How that is talking to the point! In other words, if I do not abjure, I shall be tortured, shot, or burnt—*is it not so?*"

The curé shook his head, sadly.

"Very much fear that it will be so much!" said the curé, and called "Suzanne! Suzanne!"

The lovely woman appeared so suddenly, that it was plain she had been listening and watching.

"There is no time to be lost," said Dupuy, hurriedly; "put on this page's costume; take all y^e jewels, your Bible, and psalm book, and bring both bread and wine; while I put on my uniform and arm myself. Quick! There is not a moment to lose! It is growing dark, and before morning we must be far away. If we could escape the frigates, there are many ships which do not deprive us of friends; there are many virtues which prevent our having any."

opposing banner. You will excuse me but this seems to me reasonable."

"Here I have given you good reason, my son! Have I not?"

"Talk about the Devil! You, a good deal, my worthy cure. But I have not yet made up my mind to believe in them. I even do the devils of Purgatory, Indulgences, Absolution, and the Immortal's Champion."

The curé shook his head as if these words both pained and shocked him.

"But how is it possible for you to doubt these teachings of the Holy Church, my son?" he said. "You cause me very great suffering."

"I am truly sorry; but I can not say otherwise than I fully appreciate the kindness of your visit."

"Wrong idea!"

"Well, others we'd have considered it different. They would have endeavored to convert me by holding up a picture of the fagot or the halter."

"Now 'tis probable that it will come to that, is it not?"

The curé heaved a deep sigh.

"Fear it not," he said.

"And you would be compelled to inform upon me?"

"A terrible duty again," sighed the poor curé.

"Yet the Holy Father uniculates the necessity."

There has been an instance of a declaration of a minister which has not been preceded by too much of social festivity.—J. Campbell.

"The heart of Dr. W. George was so much in his work, that it is often said to Lord Coventry, then keeper of the great seal, that he envied his situation.—L.F.

Obstinacy in the discourse, is an argument of ignorance in the mind.—Bishop Wilkins.

The chief characteristic of the eloquent suited to the pulpit, as distinguished from the other kinds of public speaking, appears to be these two—gravity and warmth.—Blair.

An eager desire to say what is curious and uncommon, is a dangerous turn of mind in a teacher of Christianity.—Dr. Erskine.

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"The Lord would be with me, for the prophet without him was a terror.—Boston."

To get a good portion of time may be spent, even in innocent society.—Dr. Murgat.

Ministers are under strong temptations when called to preach on special occasions, to consult human authorities instead of the word of God!

J. Cook.

The divine who spends all his time in study and contemplation, on subjects over so sublime and glorious, while his people are left uninstructed, acts the same part the eagle would do, that should sit all day staring at the sun, while her young ones were starving in the nest.—Horace.

Gems for Christian Ministers.

Have a care that you lose not what you have to say, while you are wholly taken up with considering how to say it artfully.—Austin.

Take heed to ourselves, my dearest brethren; many ministers, who opened the way to heaven for others, are now in hell for want of humility.—Knox.

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His little daughter Nancy died in about a week after her, and doubles joined him in glory.

Brother Williams leaves a faithful wife and two little children, together with numerous brethren and friends, to mourn his loss. But we mourn not without hope.

R. M. T.

Texas Baptist please copy.

Adeline Bettie.

Died, at Cold Water Depot, DeSoto County, Miss., on the 10th of April, 1857, ADELINE, wife of Bro. A. R. Williams. Her disease was measles.

She said but little about death, but said she was not afraid to die. Although she did not belong to any church, she had made a profession of religion.

She has left a large circle of relatives to mourn her loss. In the morning of life she was called to go.

The following brethren were requested to write essays for criticism:

J. J. James—Final Perseverance of the Saints.

S. L. Summers—Christian Baptism in its mode, subject and design.

L. H. Bennet—Faith.

J. C. Brian—Prayer.

F. N. Patterson—Apostasy.

L. Dies—Duty of Clerks to their Pastors.

D. H. Morgan—Repentance.

John Stark—The obligation of parents to educate their children.

J. G. Judd—The Deaconship.

At the last session of the Association, the Trustees, previously appointed, to establish Male and Female schools, were requested to meet on Friday before the Ministers' and Deacons' meeting to convene.

Dr. J. Bassett is an ardent propagator of the cause of Education.

It is not a Shylock stipulation.

It is a true saying, "He who gives up his school, loses his school."

It is a wise maxim, "He who gives up his school, loses his school."

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