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BIOGRAPHY.

DEATH OF LADY ARROWSMITH.

The *Arethusa* sailed from Calcutta on the following week, taking on board as a passenger, Lady Arrowsmith, the widow of the brave Colonel Arrowsmith, a gallant and accomplished soldier, who fell in a battle with the natives. His death was deplored by all classes of people in India, and in England, as he was known to possess every honorable feeling. His lovely wife had shared his fortunes in that sickly climate, and had supported her privations with that greatness of soul that a soldier's wife should, when once she has united her fortunes with an officer's fate. She had witnessed her husband's valor, and at the same time his magnanimity and generosity; and her affections increased with every vicissitude, until at length, she received him a corsu from the field of glory—having fallen, with numerous wounds at the head of his regiment. She did not rave nor fall into fits at this calamity, but seemed prepared for the shock. Soon, however, the pale cheek and the supernatural lustre of her eye, told her near friends that the dart had flown, and the flush of health was never again to re-visit her face. She had been highly educated, and had moved, from the circumstances of her birth, fortune and accomplishments, in the first circles of fashion.—Her face was one of those full of beauty and genius. Her large blue eye beamed a divine radiance on every thing of taste or virtue. Her form was tall and commanding, and every grace gave ease, dignity, and loveliness, to her person. She once had something of that sweet fulness so charming in an English lady, but the climate and her course of life had reduced her form to something so airy, that at times she seemed almost a being of another world. In the moments when she was the most thoughtful and abstract there was a composure and serenity about her which at once overawed the proud and ambitious votaries of fashion.—The charms of the world had done their influence, and passed away. In the lovely and romantic nights of that climate she was in, when exhilarated by a sea breeze, she walked the quarter deck, looking at all things around her with overflowing tenderness, and at the heavens above with ecstasy. The summer skies in all countries are lovely, but near "Araby the blest," the stars seem lit up with new glory. She viewed them as kindred existences, favored by a proximity to Deity; as fields of light, so far off, and yet so near, by the power of mind, and still stronger power of devotion. Religion has the effect of giving to the soul something of the image of its Maker, of annihilating distances, and of making a conquest over time. The enemy of human life was still going on with his power, quickening the pulse of her beating heart, and wasting the vital flame. She had loved her husband with all the ardor of pure affection, and had left kindred and home to follow his fortunes in the East, and his death was felt by her as a shock from which she should never recover, and she hardly wished to live. Sometimes the thought of leaving her children was painful indeed, and the tear was now and then seen in her eye; but it was only for a moment—then all was serene.

As the quarter gunner had been recommended to her as a faithful and affectionate fellow, she suffered her boys, one of six and the other of eight years of age to be often with the honest tar, and she always treated him as a friend. The boys were delighted with all the ships, and other play things Jones made for them. And Lady Jane showed how much she was pleased with all this, by making many enquires of him of the use of this and that part of the little ship for the boys to play with. The little fellows could hardly be persuaded to leave their good friend for a moment.—Jones had an ill turn, and was quite indisposed in his hammock, when Lady Arrowsmith brought him medicine and cordials, and gave them to him with her own hand. The big tear would trickle down the sun burnt cheek

of the hardy sailor, when he found a high born lady so attentive to him who had known but little of the kindness of his fellow men, but had always been ready to bestow the best exertions upon others. The little boys would wipe his face and tell him that he would soon be able to play with them, and Billy really began to feel that he was of some importance in this world.

Lady Arrowsmith grew weaker every day, and more ethereal as the hour of dissolution approached. At times she would call the chaplain of the *Arethusa*, to come and read the church service to her. He always obeyed her summons, but at the same time seemed under great restraint, and hastened away as soon as the reading was at an end. The chaplain, the Rev. Edward Pemberton, was a scholar and a gentleman, and also much a man of the world. He had taken orders to please his friends, for his person and his elocution were fine, and from these, united to great patronage, his success was viewed as certain. He was not a bad man, but he loved the world better than his profession, and was much more at ease in a ball room than at a death bed. He knew nothing of that warmth and happiness which attends the good man breaking the bread of life to hungry souls. Pemberton had known Lady Jane in India, for he had met her in the circles of taste and fashion, and he felt that respect for her character which her conduct had inspired among his associates; but when she came to request him to join her in her devotion, he felt himself in the presence of one so much superior to himself in the sight of Heaven, that he could not give the consolations of religion, but shrunk from the interview like one who had himself felt little of the divine influences of the gospel. Lady Jane saw at a glance the emotion of a generous heart, and without one particle of vanity or enthusiastic fervor, she wished to teach him how a Christian should die; for she was every hour strengthened in her presentiment that she should never reach the shores of her happy country, nor again visit her delightful home, from which she had been so long an exile. She often in the sweetest manner conversed with the chaplain upon disputed points in divinity; not that she thought them of any vital importance, but simply to bring him out, and make him at ease with himself; for he was well read in controversial divinity and ecclesiastical history; and with great adroitness, and indescribable sweetness she turned to the lovelier features of the divine precepts, and taught him in turn to extract the spirit of religion from its defences.—The chaplain had been in schools, and had contended with fine debaters on disputed points, but he had never seen the effects of faith on the affections nor been taught to feel that spirit of religion which sparkles in the eye of hope, and strengthens the mind it illumines. The uneasiness which the reverend gentlemen at first discovered passed away, and he was as desirous of these religious conferences, as he was before anxious to avoid them. His whole conduct was changed; he left the table at which he was formerly disposed to linger as long as any one of his companions, as soon as the cloth was removed, and never again joined the merry song or wild tale, as he had been in the habit of doing before his acquaintance with Lady Jane. The influence of amenity and virtue are great in every walk of life, and the sailors themselves never uttered an oath before the *good lady* as they called her, nor ever discovered a disposition to indulge in any boisterous or rude jests which sailors are in the habit of doing. Bill Jones would listen for hours to hear Lady Jane instruct her children or sing hymns of comfort and consolation. Bill would hug the little wretches in his care, and tell them how good a mother they had; but the little fellows could not fully understand why their mother talked to them so much about their conduct when she should leave them, and they would be in the care of strangers.

On a very fine evening, after a day of more than common heat, Lady Jane called Captain Dalrymple, and requested the honor of a short conversation

with him. "I am soon to leave you, Capt. Dalrymple," said Lady Jane. "I am well acquainted with your character, and I know you will do whatever I ask of you, if it be reasonable and proper." The Captain bowed, and was much affected; she proceeded in a calm tone: "I know that I am soon to die; my time is nearly come—but I am prepared for the event. It is indeed hard to leave my infant children, but I must not repine at the will of Heaven. In truth, the agony is past. In that trunk my women will find my shroud, and it is my request that you bury me in the deep, and not attempt to convey my body to England. It would perhaps, seem to many, that I ought to prefer to rest in the tomb of my ancestors than to choose my grave in the ocean. The deep will give up its dead: the ocean has no terrors for me. I make this request, not to show any harshness or difference; but I think such an example, if it has its proper influence, might take away some of that dread, women have to a voyage. The chance of finding a grave in the deep ocean, often makes up no small part of their terror at embarking on a voyage. In the eye of philosophy it can make no difference where the dissolution of nature is effected; in the view of religion it is of less consequence. The believer goes down to the chambers of death in the glorious hope of a resurrection to life eternal. I entreat you to suffer Jones the faithful friend of my little children, to be with them after he reaches England, as long as he wishes to stay with them. I have recommended him to my family, and provided for him in my will." Capt. Dalrymple was quite overcome, and stammered out his hopes that she would get well soon, but promised, if she should not, to do all she required. She cast on him a heavenly smile, but again said all hopes of life were over with her.

Several times after this she came on deck to gaze upon the heavens, and to watch the motion of those bodies of light among them, and leave all things beneath the sun.

For several evenings as she retired, she caressed her children as if it were her last opportunity. The chaplain now visited her to learn lessons of wisdom and resignation, and began to feel a delight in discoursing upon the believer's hopes. He was with her often, and the last time lingered longer than any previous visit. She was recounting to him a dream which was so distinctly fixed on her mind, that it seemed like reality. She said, that it did not seem a dream—it could not be a dream; and yet it could be nothing but a dream. It was of heaven, and the joys of the blessed, and the songs of angels. The stars were under her feet, and over head was the glory of her Maker and her Saviour. The world she had left was seen also, far, very far below her, and all the busy beings were as insects on the wing, crossing each other for a moment, and then sinking to the dust. As she went on, her countenance seemed to shine, as it were, with the glories of a transfiguration. She paused for breath—and the pause was eternal. The chaplain listened with painful anxiety. No sound was uttered—her pure spirit had passed away. The smile was still on her lips, and more than mortal loveliness still in every feature. The alabaster brow, the pencilled eyelash, and all the charms the painter ever gave, could not reach the heaven of face, as she appeared that moment. As the fact of her death was made known on board the ship, there was one general burst of grief, and all night nothing could be heard but the moan's of the ships crew, so much was she loved by all of them; and the sound of the carpenter's hammer, as he drove a nail into her coffin, which made the interval more solemn and impressive. At the going down of the next days sun all things were prepared for the funeral ceremonies. A strong box, or rather an oak sarcophagus, was made in such a manner as to contain the body with several large cannon balls to sink the body into the sea, within its narrow house. The armorer had prepared a silver plate, with the name and age of the deceased; for the sailors, who are naturally