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REV. I. E. BILL,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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The Graves of a Household.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one house with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
O'er stream, and mount, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight;
Where are those dreamers now?

The sea, the lone blue sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his lone grave may weep.

One fell where Spanish vines are dressed
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his colors round his breast,
In a blood-red field of Spain.

On 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the forest shade.

And one o'er her the myrtle sheds
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that fair band!

Judson's Imprisonment at Ava.

[CONCLUDED.]

As soon as I had gone out at the call of the governor, one of the gaolers rushed into Mr. Judson's little room, roughly seized him by the arm, pulled him out, stripped him of all his clothes, excepting shirt and pantaloons, took his shoes, hat, and all his bedding, tore off his chains, tied a rope round his waist, and dragged him to the court-house, where the other prisoners had previously been taken. They were then tied two and two, and delivered into the hands of the laminewoon, who went on before them on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners, one of the slaves holding the rope which connected two of them together. It was in May, one of the hottest months in the year, and eleven o'clock in the day, so that the sun was intolerable indeed. They had proceeded only half a mile, when your brother's feet became blistered; and so great was his agony even at this early period, that as they were crossing the little river, he ardently longed to throw himself into the water to be free from misery. But the sin attached to such an act alone prevented. They had then eight miles to walk. The sand and gravel were like burning coals to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin; and in this terrible state they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers, Mr. Judson's debilitated state, in consequence of fever, and having taken no food that morning, rendered him less capable of bearing such hardships than the other prisoners. When about half way on their journey, as they stopped for water, your brother begged the laminewoon to allow him to ride his horse a mile or two, as he could proceed no farther in that dreadful state. But a scornful, malignant look was all the reply that was made. He then requested Captain Laird, who was tied with him, and who was a strong, healthy man, to allow him to take hold of his shoulder, as he was fast sinking. This the kind-hearted man granted for a mile or two, but then found the additional burden unsupportable. Just at that period, Mr. Gonger's Bengalee servant came up to them, and, seeing the distress of your brother, took off his head-dress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master, and half to Mr. Judson, which he instantly wrapped round his wounded feet, as they were not allowed to rest even for a moment. The servant then offered his shoulder to Mr. Judson, who was almost carried by him the re-

mainder of the way. Had it not been for the support and assistance of this man, your brother thinks he should have shared the fate of the poor Greek, who was one of their number, and, when taken out of prison that morning was in perfect health. But he was a corpulent man, and the sun affected him so much that he fell down on the way. His inhuman drivers beat and dragged him until they themselves were wearied, when they procured a cart, in which he was carried the remaining two miles. But the poor creature expired in an hour or two after their arrival at the court-house. The laminewoon, seeing the distressing state of the prisoners, and that one of their number was dead, concluded they should go no farther that night; otherwise they would have been driven on until they reached Oung-pen-la the same day. An old shed was appointed for their abode during the night, but without even a mat or pillow, or anything to cover them. The curiosity of the laminewoon's wife induced her to make a visit to the prisoners, whose wretchedness considerably excited her compassion, and she ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds for their refreshment; and the next morning rice was prepared for them, and, poor as it was, it was refreshing to the prisoners, who had been almost destitute of food the day before. Carts were also provided for their conveyance, as none of them were able to walk. All this time the foreigners were entirely ignorant of what was to become of them; and when they arrived at Oung-pen-la, and saw the dilapidated state of the prison, they immediately, all as one, concluded that they were there to be burned, agreeably to the report which had previously been in circulation at Ava. They all endeavored to prepare themselves for the awful scene anticipated; and it was not until they saw preparations making for repairing the prison, that they had the least doubt that a cruel lingering death awaited them. My arrival was in an hour or two after this.

The next morning I arose, and endeavored to find something like food. But there was no market, and nothing to be procured. One of Dr. Price's friends, however, brought some cold rice and vegetable curry from Amrapoora, which, together with a cup of tea from Mr. Lanciego, answered for the breakfast of the prisoners; and for dinner we made a curry of dried salt fish, which a servant of Mr. Gonger had brought. All the money I could command in the world I had brought with me, secreted about my person; so you may judge what our prospects were, in case the war should continue long. But our heavenly Father was better to us than our fears: or, notwithstanding the constant extortions of the gaolers during the whole six months we were at Oung-pen-la, and the frequent straits to which we were brought, we never really suffered for the want of money, though frequently for want of provisions, which were not procurable. Here at this place my personal bodily sufferings commenced. While your brother was confined in the city prison, I had been allowed to remain in our house, in which I had many conveniences left, and my health had continued good beyond all expectation. But now I had not a single article of convenience—not even a chair or seat of any kind, excepting a bamboo floor. The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the small-pox, the natural way. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson, whose fever still continued, in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled, that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighborhood, nor medicine for the sufferers, but was all day

long going backwards and forwards from the house to the prison with little Maria in my arms. Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her for an hour, when asleep by the side of her father while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. She was so completely covered with the small-pox, that there was no distinction in the pustules. As she was in the same little room with myself, I knew Maria would take it; I therefore inoculated her from another child, before Mary's had arrived at such a state as to be infectious. At the same time I inoculated Abby and the gaoler's children, who all had it so slightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation in the arm of my poor little Maria did not take; she caught it of Mary, and had it the natural way. She was then only three months and a half old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was above three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder."

After narrating many more distressing incidents, Mr. Judson adds, "The time at length arrived for our release from the dreary scenes of Oung-pen-la. A messenger from our friend, the governor of the north gate of the palace, informed us that an order had been given, the evening before, in the palace for Mr. Judson's release. On the same evening an official order arrived; and, with a joyful heart, I set about preparing for our departure early the following morning. But an unexpected obstacle occurred, which made us fear that I should still be retained as a prisoner. The avaricious gaolers, unwilling to lose their prey, insisted that, as my name was not included in the order, I should not go. In vain I urged that I was not sent there as a prisoner, and that they had no authority over me; they still determined I should not go, and forbade the villagers from letting me a cart. Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison, and brought to the gaoler's house, where, by promises and threatenings, he finally gained their consent on condition that we would leave the remaining part of our provisions we had recently received from Ava. It was noon before we were allowed to depart. When we reached Amrapoora, Mr. Judson was obliged to follow the guidance of the gaoler, who conducted him to the governor of the city. Having made all necessary inquiries, the governor appointed another guard, which conveyed Mr. Judson to the court-house in Ava, at which place he arrived some time in the night I took my own course, procured a boat, and reached our house before dark.

My first object, the next morning, was to go in search of your brother; and I had the mortification to meet him again in prison, though not the death-prison. I went immediately to my old friend, the governor of the city, who was now raised to the rank of a woongyee. He informed me that Mr. Judson was to be sent to the Burmese camp to act as translator and interpreter; and that he was put in confinement for a short time only till his affairs were settled. Early the following morning I went to this officer again, who told me that Mr. Judson had that moment received twenty ticals from government, with orders to go immediately on board a boat for Maloun, and that he had given him permission to stop a few moments at the house, it being on his way. I hastened back to the house, where Mr. Judson soon arrived, but was allowed to remain only a short time, while I could prepare food and clothing for future use. He was crowded into a little boat, where he had not room sufficient to lie down, and where his exposure to the cold damp nights threw him into a violent fever, which had nearly ended all his sufferings. He arrived at Maloun on the third day,

where, ill as he was, he was obliged to enter immediately on the work of translating. He remained at Maloun six weeks, suffering as much as he had at any time in prison, excepting he was not in irons, nor exposed to the insults of those cruel gaolers.

"For the first fortnight after his departure, my anxiety was less than it had been at any time previously since the commencement of our difficulties. I knew the Burmese officers at the camp would feel the value of Mr. Judson's services too much to allow their using any measures threatening his life. I thought his situation, also, would be much more comfortable than it really was; hence my anxiety was less. But my health, which had never been restored since that violent attack at Oung-pen-la, now daily declined, till I was seized with the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors. I knew the nature of the fever from its commencement; and, from the shattered state of my constitution, together with the want of medical attendants, I concluded it must be fatal. The day I was taken with the fever, a Burmese nurse came and offered her services for Maria. This circumstance filled me with gratitude and confidence in God; for, though I had so long and so constantly made efforts to obtain a person of this description, I had never been able; and at the very time I most needed one, and without any exertion, a voluntary offer was made. My fever raged violently, and without any intermission. I began to think of settling my worldly affairs, and of committing my dear little Maria to the care of a Portuguese woman, when I lost my reason, and was insensible to all around me. At this dreadful period, Dr. Price was released from prison, and hearing of my illness, obtained permission to come and see me. He has since told me that my situation was the most distressing he had ever witnessed, and that he did not then think I should survive many hours. My hair was shaved off, my head and feet covered with blisters, and Dr. Price ordered the Bengalee servant who took care of me to endeavor to persuade me to take a little nourishment, which I had obstinately refused for several days. One of the first things I recollect was seeing this faithful servant standing by me, trying to induce me to take a little wine and water. I was, in fact, so far gone that the Burmese neighbors, who had come in to see me expire, said, 'She is dead; and if the King of angels should come in, he could not recover her.'

"The fever, I afterwards understood, had run seventeen days when the blisters were applied. I now began to recover slowly, but it was more than a month after this before I had strength to stand. While in this weak, debilitated state, the servant who had followed your brother to the Burmese camp came in, and informed me that his master had arrived, and was conducted to the court-house in town. I sent off a Burman to watch the movements of government, and to ascertain, if possible, in what way Mr. Judson was to be disposed of. He soon returned with the sad intelligence that he saw Mr. Judson go out of the palace yard, accompanied by two or three Burmans, who conducted him to one of the prisons, and that it was reported in town that he was to be sent back to the Oung-pen-la prison. I was too weak to bear ill tidings of any kind; but a shock so dreadful as this almost annihilated me. For some time I could hardly breathe, but at last gained sufficient composure to despatch Mounng Ing to our friend, the governor of the north gate, and begged him to make one more effort for the release of Mr. Judson, and prevent his being sent back to the country prison, where I knew he must suffer much, as I could not follow. Mounng Ing then went in search of Mr. Judson; and it was nearly dark when he found him, in the interior of an ob-