

Anne Hasseltine Judson

by Frank B. Goodrich

An American Heroine—Birth and early Life of Anne Hasseltine—Her Youthful Gaieties—Her Conversion—She teaches School at Salem—The General Association of Congregationalist Clergymen—The Importance of Foreign Missions urged—Adoniram Judson—His offer of Marriage to Miss Hasseltine, together with a Proposal to accompany him to India—Her Earnest Consideration of the Project—Her Consent—Mr. Judson's Letter to her Parents—Her Marriage and Departure for Calcutta—The Voyage—The Arrival—The English Mission at Serampore—Vexatious Persecution by the Police—Mr. and Mrs. Judson are compelled to leave for the Isle of France—Mrs. Judson in quest of missing Baggage—The Death of Harriet Newell—The Missionaries arrive at Rangoon—Their study of the Language—Difficulties—Mrs. Judson visits Madras for her Health—Her Return—Birth and Death of her first Child—Arrival of a Printing Press—Two Tracts are published—Mrs. Judson reads the Scriptures to Burmese Women—Erection of a Zayat—The first Convert—The Sacrament administered in two Languages—A Solemn Baptism—The King of Burmah rejects the Bible—Mrs. Judson visits England and America—She finds the Mission prospering on her Return—They ascend the Irrawaddy to Ava—War between Burmah and England—Arrest of Mr. Judson as a Spy—His Sufferings—The Efforts of his Wife to obtain his Release—Her Silver confiscated—Mr. Judson in the Death Prison—A Mince Pie far from Home—Devotion of Mrs. Judson—Birth of her second Child, a Daughter—Affecting Scene in the Prison Yard—Poetry composed by the chained Father—The English advance toward Ava—Mr. Judson is secretly removed—Agony of the Wife—Oung-pen-la, the "Never-to-be-Forgotten"—A Filthy Receptacle for Grain Mrs. Judson's only Home—The Small Pox and Famine—Unparalleled Misery—Mr. Judson allowed to beg Nourishment from compassionate Mothers for his starving Infant—Mr. Judson sent, as Interpreter, to Maloun—Mrs. Judson attacked with Spotted Fever—The Burmese assemble to see her die—Her Recovery—Release of the Missionaries at the Behest of the English Commander—A Thrill of Delight—The Whirligig of Time, and one of its Revenges—Mrs. Judson and a wounded Officer—Her failing Health—Her Last Illness and Death—Her Grave beneath the Hope Tree—Conclusion.

We turn with unaffected pleasure to the inspiring life of the American missionary, whose most affecting story we have now to chronicle, pursuing its wondrous vicissitudes from the school-house of Massachusetts to the jungles of Rangoon.



Anne [Ann] Hasseltine was born in the village of Bradford, Massachusetts, on the 22d of December, 1789. Of her infancy we know nothing, and but little of her youth. At the age when her character began to develop itself, she manifested great activity of mind, a lively and restless disposition, and an eager relish for amusement and recreation. With all this, she was fond of books and was an

assiduous student. She was educated at the Academy of her native town. Here she first displayed those qualities which so distinguished her in later life—strength of mind, precision of thought, and indefatigable perseverance. Her memory was retentive, her disposition ardent, her resolution unconquerable. Her schoolmates regarded her as their superior, while her preceptors believed her destined to attain unusual excellence, and perhaps achieve some enviable renown.

The momentous change in her character which led her towards the path in life she ultimately chose, took place in her fifteenth year. She was then engaged in a round of the pleasures natural to her age, in frequent attendance at balls and assemblies, and neglecting even the commonest duties of that religion in which she had been brought up. A casual glance at a book upon female education, in which the terrible denunciation, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth," was the first sentence which met her eye, amazed her by the applicability of the passage to herself. She became serious and made good resolutions for the future. But an invitation to a First of January ball drove her scruples from her mind, and she was one of the gayest of the party who danced the New Year in. Her conscience reproached her, but she quieted the officious monitor by the reflection that as she had broken her resolutions, it was evident she could not keep them, and that therefore it was useless to make others. During the first four months of 1806, according to her own account, she scarcely spent a rational hour. The time set apart for study was spent in preparing the evening's toilet and in devising games and frolics of which she was to be the heroine and the queen. Her gaiety so far surpassed that of her friends, as to suggest a vague apprehension that she had but a short time in which to pursue her career of folly, and would be suddenly cut off.

A revival of religion now drew the attention of the village to serious affairs. Miss Hasseltine attended a course of conference meetings, and under their influence, realized the importance of leading a religious life. She lost all relish for amusement, became melancholy and dejected, and often wept in secret over her deplorable condition. She felt that she was led captive by Satan at his will. She sought counsel at the hands of her preceptor, and received from him encouragement to persevere. Her conversion seems to have been an arduous one, her soul often rising in rebellion, and, as she deemed, her worldly

aspirations requiring the mortification of the flesh by a rigidly sparing diet. She shut herself up in her room and longed for annihilation; could she have destroyed the existence of her soul with as much ease as that of her body, she asserts that she should quickly have done it. But she was not long left in this distressing state. Her prayers were at length answered; her pride was humbled in the dust, and in sorrow and contrition she laid her soul at the feet of Christ, pleading his merits alone as the ground of her acceptance. This beneficent change was thorough and permanent. She at once entered zealously upon the duties of religion, and with the exception of one or two fluctuations in the ardor of her devotion, due to her natural susceptibility and to her extreme youth, she never gave her friends reason to reproach her with indifference, though she often accused herself of unfaithfulness and hardness of heart. She publicly professed herself a disciple of Christ, in September, 1806, becoming a member of the Congregational church in Bradford. "I am now," she wrote in her journal, "renewedly bound to keep His commandments and walk in His steps. Oh, may this solemn covenant never be broken!"

The following passage, written upon her seventeenth birthday, is remarkable, not only as a clear and concise statement of her feelings on that anniversary, but as a specimen of her powers of composition:

"Dec. 22—I am this day seventeen years old. What an important year has the past been to me! Either I have been made, through the mercy of God, a partaker of divine grace, or I have been fatally deceiving myself, and building upon a sandy foundation. Either I have, in sincerity and truth, renounced the vanities of this world, and entered the narrow path which leads to life, or I have been refraining from them for a time only, to turn again and relish them more than ever. God grant that the latter may never be my unhappy case! Though I feel myself to be full of sin and destitute of all strength to persevere, yet if I know anything, I do desire to lead a life of strict religion, to enjoy the presence of God and honor the cause to which I have professedly devoted myself. I do not desire my portion in this world. I find more real enjoyment in contrition for sin, excited by a view of the adorable moral perfections of God, than in all earthly joys. I find more solid happiness in one evening meeting, where

divine truths are impressed upon my heart by the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, than I ever enjoyed in all the balls and assemblies I have attended during the seventeen years of my life. Thus, when I compare my present views of divine things with what they were, at this time last year, I cannot but hope I am a new creature, and have begun to live a new life."

Early in the following year, yielding to the request of several of her townsmen and to her own desire to be useful to others, she took charge of a few scholars. She opened the first day's exercises with prayer, "astonishing the little creatures by such a beginning, as probably some of them had never heard a prayer before." She was thus engaged, at intervals, in various towns, at Salem, Haverhill, Newbury. Though always anxious to enlighten the minds and form the manners of her pupils, her first desire was to plant in their infant souls the seeds of a religious life, and this portion of her duty she executed with the zeal and fidelity of one who must give an account of her stewardship.

In the month of June, 1810, a general association of the Congregationalist clergymen of Massachusetts was held at Bradford. A paper, urging the importance of establishing, in the United States, a mission to the heathen, and signed by four young clergymen anxious personally to engage in the arduous work, Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott, Samuel J. Mills, and Samuel Newell, was presented to the association. A special committee, directed to report upon the document, recognized the imperative obligation and importance of missions, and suggested the appointment of a board of commissioners for foreign missions, for the purpose of devising the ways and means of promoting the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. Mr. Judson made the acquaintance of Miss Hasseltine during the session of the association, and soon afterwards made her an offer of marriage, including, of course, a proposition to accompany him upon the mission to India to which he expected to be speedily appointed.

Miss Hasseltine felt deeply the difficulty and delicacy of her situation. On the one hand, her affection for her parents, the ties of home and country, the general opposition of public opinion to the enlistment of women in the missionary cause—one universally deemed wild and romantic and altogether inconsistent

with prudence—and her natural hesitation to assume an office so responsible, combined to deter her from accepting the commission; while, on the other, her attachment to Mr. Judson, her desire to follow his fortunes whatever they might be, her adventurous and intrepid spirit, all operated to induce her to consent. The question of duty was independent of these considerations, and she gave it a long and prayerful consideration. "An opportunity has been presented to me," she writes in her journal, "of spending my days among the heathen, in attempting to persuade them to receive the Gospel. Were I convinced of its being a call from God, and that it would be more pleasing to Him for me to spend my life in this way than in any other, I think I should be willing to relinquish every earthly object, and in full view of dangers and hardships, give myself up to the great work." In October, she wrote thus:

"I have at length come to the conclusion that if nothing in Providence appears to prevent, I must spend my days in a heathen land. I am a creature of God, and He has an undoubted right to do with me as seemeth good in His sight. Jesus is faithful: His promises are precious. Were it not for these considerations, I should, with my present prospects, sink down in despair, especially as no female has to my knowledge ever left the shores of America to spend her life among the heathen; nor do I yet know that I shall have a single female companion. But God is my witness that I have not dared to decline the offer that has been made me, though so many are ready to call it a wild, romantic undertaking. If I have been deceived in thinking it my duty to go to the heathen, I humbly pray that I may be undeceived and prevented from going. But whether I spend my days in India or America, I desire to spend them in the service of God, and be prepared to pass an eternity in His presence."

Miss Hasseltine's determination was strongly disapproved by many whose opinions she had been accustomed to respect. Some doubted her capacity, some criticised her motives. "I hear," said a lady whose conscience was evidently under easy control, "that Anne Hasseltine is going to India. What for, may I ask?" "Because she thinks it her duty," was the reply; "would not you go, if you thought it your duty?" "Perhaps I might," responded the lady, "but then I should not think it my duty."

The consent of Mr. and Mrs. Hasseltine was now to be obtained. The letter of Mr. Judson to them upon this subject is, perhaps, the most remarkable application ever addressed to parents in reference to parting with a beloved daughter. After stating that he had been referred by her to them, he proceeds thus:

"I have now to ask whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world; whether you can consent to her departure for a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life; whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India to every kind of want and distress; to degradation, insult, persecution, and, perhaps, a violent death? Can you consent to all this for the sake of Him who left His heavenly home, and died for her and for you; for the sake of perishing immortal souls; for the sake of Zion, and the glory of God?"

It has been truly said that a man capable of writing thus, under such circumstances, could be actuated by none of the ordinary motives which govern human actions, and that a father giving up a daughter to such an alliance and such a destiny, could be moved by no impulse inferior to the constraining love of Christ. In fact, nine-tenths of mankind are totally incompetent to appreciate, or even to comprehend, the sacrifices and submission of the Hasseltines, parents and daughter, in this painful conjuncture.

The Board of Commissioners met at Worcester in September, 1811, and Mr. Judson and several others earnestly solicited an immediate appointment. Notwithstanding the insufficiency of its funds, the Board resolved to establish a mission in Burmah, and accordingly commissioned Mr. Judson and four of his associates. The marriage of Mr. Judson and Miss Hasseltine took place in the Congregational church of Bradford, on the 5th of February, 1812. The next day, Mr. Judson and his partners in the enterprise were ordained as missionaries in the Tabernacle church in Salem; and on the 19th of the same month, Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed from Salem, in the brig *Caravan*, for Calcutta. "O America!" exclaims the departing exile, "my native land, must I leave thee! Must I leave thee, Bradford, my dear native town! Must I leave my parents, my sisters and brothers,

my friends beloved and all the scenes of my early youth! Yes, I must leave you all, for a heathen land, an uncongenial clime. Farewell, happy, happy home, but never, no, never to be forgotten!"

It may be well to state here the reason why Mrs. Judson is regarded as the first American female missionary, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Newell accompanied her. It is that Mrs. Judson resolved to devote herself to the cause at a period earlier than that at which Mrs. Newell came to a similar determination. Mrs. Newell's journal shows this; after mentioning Anne Hasseltine's resolve, she wrote: "How did this news affect my heart! Is she willing to do all this for God; and shall I refuse to lend my little aid, in a land where divine revelation has shed its clearest rays? Great God, direct me, and make me in some way beneficial to immortal souls!" We shall have occasion to mention, incidentally, the dispensation which rendered Harriet Newell the proto-martyr of American missions.

The passage was attended by no incidents other than those usual in a voyage to the tropics. The 27th of February having been appointed by the well-wishers of the mission on land as a day of fasting and prayer for its prosperity, the day was kept as such by the missionaries at sea. The captain, a young man, placed all the resources of the ship unreservedly at their disposal. Divine service was held regularly in the cabin on Sundays. Out of deference, perhaps, to the character and errand of their passengers, the officers and seamen refrained from the use of profane language. The sudden change of the climate as the vessel approached the torrid zone, produced a debilitating effect upon the health and spirits of Mrs. Judson. Want of exercise was assigned as the direct cause of this depression, and jumping the rope suggested as the most efficient cure. This animating remedy was tried with success, and during the remainder of the voyage Mrs. Judson enjoyed perfect and unremitting health.

On the one hundred and twelfth day, the *Caravan* came in sight of land, the towering mountains of Golconda being just discernible in the distance. The ship at last entered the river Hoogly, a branch of the Ganges. Here Mrs. Judson seems to have been truly enraptured at the lavish prodigality of nature. The tropical odor rising from the islands is described as fragrant beyond description; the palm groves, the bowers of mango trees,

the Hindoo cottages built in the form of hay-stacks beneath overshadowing trees, the brilliant green rice fields, the neat English country-seats, the indolent, half-clad natives—all these striking features of the land which she was now to call home, passed successively before her wondering gaze. On the 18th of June, the missionaries landed at Calcutta. They proceeded the next day to Serampore, fifteen miles up the river, the seat of the English mission, where they were invited to stay till their associates in the ship *Harmony*, now due from Philadelphia, should arrive. They were welcomed to India by the venerable Dr. Carey, then engaged in translating the Scriptures into the Bengalee dialect. The Serampore Baptist mission, under his care and that of Messrs. Marshman and Ward and their wives, was in as flourishing a state as the bare toleration afforded it by the East India Company would allow.

Ten days after the arrival of the *Caravan*, Messrs. Judson and Newell were summoned to Calcutta and ordered to quit the country without delay. The government had resolved to permit no further extension of a system which had already taken deeper root than they desired. Vexatious as this order was, it was impossible to avoid compliance, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed on the 1st of August for the Isle of France. As the vessel could accommodate but two passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were allowed to remain two months longer in Calcutta. During this interval, they became convinced that their former sentiments upon the subject of Baptism were unscriptural, and after a long and conscientious examination of the subject [Note: which began during their voyage over on the *Caravan*], adopted Baptist principles [i.e. water baptism for believers by immersion] and were baptized on the 6th of September, in the British chapel. This change of opinion greatly enhanced the difficulties of their situation. It sundered their connection with the Congregationalist Board upon which they were dependent, while it offered no guaranty that the Baptist societies at home, which had yet made no provision for the maintenance of missionaries, would decide to afford them aid. They were, moreover, undetermined in what locality to fix their permanent abode; they could not stay in Hindostan, and the Burman Empire, where they had originally intended to settle, was now the seat of war between the English and Burman governments. Should these difficulties be arranged, it was the desire of Mr. Judson to establish himself at Rangoon,

the capital of a kingdom of seventeen millions of inhabitants, and where there was but one solitary missionary, Mr. Felix Carey.

While they were deliberating, the Bengal government sent them a peremptory order to depart, and to embark on board a vessel bound to England. Preferring to follow Mr. and Mrs. Newell to the Isle of France, they found a captain just weighing anchor for that place, and courageous enough to give them passage, though without a permit from the police. They embarked with Mr. Rice, who had arrived in the *Harmony*, at the dead of night, and dropped down the river for two days, when a government dispatch arrived, forbidding the pilot to proceed further, as passengers were on board who had been ordered to England. A succession of adventures now kept the missionaries in constant anxiety. On one occasion, Mrs. Judson was compelled to take a boat, rowed by six natives, and proceed in search of their baggage. The river was rough, the sun scorching hot, and Mrs. Judson entirely alone, in the midst of men who could administer no other comfort than might be contained in the words, "Cutcha pho annah, sahib." The whirligig of time, which may reasonably be supposed to be a kaleidoscope capable of producing the most amazing combinations, has brought about few changes more striking than are embodied in the dissolving views of Mrs. Judson's career. The daughter of New England parents, the pupil and preceptress of a Massachusetts seminary, afloat, at the age of twenty-three years, upon a Hindoo river, in a Calcutta boat manned by Hoogly watermen, and proceeding in quest of baggage which the authorities might have confiscated or an alarmed captain thrown overboard—such a picture of the vicissitudes of life certainly belongs to that volume which treats of the truth that is stranger than fiction.

The police of Calcutta finally relented, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice were furnished with a pass to the Isle of France, on board the vessel they had quitted, the *Creole*. They embarked, and prepared for a residence upon the island by studying the French language, which still prevailed there, notwithstanding its capture by the English. The few passengers besides themselves proved totally uncongenial, and spent their Sundays in playing cards and chess on deck, while the missionaries held worship in the cabin. Distressing news awaited them on their arrival; Harriet Newell, who had given birth to an infant during her passage from Calcutta, had died shortly after reaching land. "O Death," writes

Mrs. Judson, "could not this infant mission be shielded from thy shafts!" Mrs. Newell had died happy and composed, the first American to perish in the discharge of what she felt to be a duty towards the heathen. She had received her physician's condemnation with uplifted hands, exclaiming: "O, glorious intelligence!" Her remains were buried in a solitary patch of ground in the environs of Port Louis, and at a later period a monument was erected over her grave, by the American Board of Commissioners.

Mr. Judson and Mr. Rice now endeavored to render themselves useful in the land where accident had brought them—the former by preaching to the English garrison, the latter by conducting worship in the hospital. Early in March, 1813, Mr. Rice sailed for the United States for the purpose of awakening an interest in foreign missions among the Baptist churches; his success was such that in a little over a year, the Baptist General Convention was formed in Philadelphia. One of the first acts of this body was to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Judson as their missionaries, leaving it to them, however, to select the field of their labors. But long before this intelligence reached them, they had determined to attempt a mission at Penang, a Malay island on the coast of Malacca. Unable to procure a passage thither, they sailed in May for Madras. There, but one vessel, the *Georgiana*, was advertised as about to sail, and that one bound to Rangoon, whither it had been their intention to proceed when they first left America. They embarked on board of this vessel on the 22d of June. Mrs. Judson, knowing that there was not a single European female in all Burmah, engaged an Englishwoman at Madras to accompany her. By a strange fatality, and as if Mrs. Judson was providentially destined to share alone with her husband the glories and perils of the Burman mission, this woman fell dead upon the deck as the vessel weighed anchor.

They arrived in July, after a perilous passage. Nothing remained of the numerous English attempts to establish a mission at Rangoon, with the exception of the teak-wood mission house in the environs, then inhabited by Mrs. Carey, the native wife of the last incumbent of the station. Mrs. Judson was sick, and was carried, seated in an arm-chair, from the ship to the house, by four natives, who supported the chair by means of bamboo poles borne upon their shoulders. Mr. Judson walked by her side. On reaching the mission house, she was hospitably cared for, and

speedily restored to health. Her first aim, as well as that of Mr. Judson, was to acquire the language. This she found extremely difficult, having none of the usual aids except a fragment of a manuscript grammar, begun by Mr. Carey, and six chapters of Matthew, likewise translated by him. They hired a teacher, whose duty, at first, as he did not understand English, was to pronounce the Burman names of such objects as his pupils pointed out. To acquire the names was in this way comparatively easy, but to familiarize themselves with the verbs and with the structure of the language was a labor requiring the utmost diligence and perseverance.

The studies which it was thus necessary to pursue before they could attempt any communication with the natives, were from time to time agreeably varied. In September, the devoted couple commemorated the Saviour's death by communing at his table; and on the 11th of December, Mrs. Judson visited, for the first time, the wife of the Viceroy. While waiting for this lady, the favorite of his highness, his inferior wives examined her gloves, bonnet and ribbons in mute curiosity. When the vicereine appeared, smoking a long silver pipe, they withdrew to a distance and crouched upon the ground. Her highness was affable and polite. She inquired if Mrs. Judson was her husband's favorite, that is, if she was one of many, and the sultana of his harem. At last the viceroy himself came in, clad in a long robe and carrying an enormous spear. He, too, was courteous, and carried his condescension so far as to ask Mrs. Judson to join him in a glass of rum. In April, 1814, Mr. [Felix] Carey returned from Calcutta, bringing with him letters from home. Mrs. [Felix] Carey was drowned in August of the same year, and Mr. [Felix] Carey left Rangoon for Ava. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were therefore once more alone. The latter wrote thus to a friend at this period:

"Could you look into a large open room which we call a verandah, you would see Mr. Judson bent over his table covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable looking man in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle and a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long with hardly any cessation. My own teacher comes at ten, when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room, at one side of my study table, and my teacher the other, reading Burman, writing, talking, etc. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson, as I have

the entire management of the family and servants. This I took upon myself, for the sake of Mr. Judson's attending more closely to the study of the language; yet I have found by a year's experience, that it was the most direct way that I could have taken to acquire the language. As I am frequently obliged to speak Burman all day, I can talk and understand others better than Mr. Judson, though he knows more about the nature and construction of the language."

Of the difficulties which they had to encounter, Mr. Judson thus writes:

"When we take up a western language, the similarity in the characters, in very many terms, in many modes of expression, and in the general structure of the sentences, its being in fair print—a circumstance we hardly think of—and the assistance of grammars, dictionaries and instructors, render the work comparatively easy. But when we take up a language spoken by a people on the other side of the earth, whose very thoughts run in channels diverse from ours, and whose modes of expression are, consequently, all new and uncouth; when we find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any language we had ever met with, and these words not fairly divided and distinguished, as in western writing, by breaks and points and capitals, but run together in one continuous line, a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word; when, instead of characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on dried palm leaves, and called a book; when we have no dictionary and no interpreter to explain a single word, and must get something of the language before we can avail ourselves of the assistance of a native teacher, 'hie opus, hie labor est.'"

Another difficulty which they experienced in this early stage of their mission, was the impossibility of finding synonyms in the Burmese dialect for many of the words and ideas which form the very basis of the Christian religion, such as God, heaven, eternity, etc. The Burman idols pass through various gradations of existence, from a fowl to a deity, and arrive at perfection and happiness upon ceasing to exist. In Mrs. Judson's time, Gaudama, their last deity, had been in bliss, that is, in a state of annihilation, for about two thousand years. His believers, however, with a wonderful inconsistency, still worshipped a hair

of his head, for which purpose they repaired to an enormous pagoda, in which it was enshrined, every eighth day. Mrs. Judson avers, and it will easily be believed, that it was exceedingly difficult to convey to such people any idea of the true God and the way of salvation by Christ. The people often said to her, after an effort to understand her teachings—"Your religion is good for you, ours for us."

In January, 1815, Mrs. Judson, being in somewhat feeble health, embarked for Madras, hoping to profit by a change of air. She would not allow Mr. Judson to leave the studies and labors of his mission. The viceroy permitted her to take a native woman with her, thus violating, in her behalf, the strict law which forbids Burmese females to quit the country. The captain of the ship refused to accept any remuneration for her passage, and the English physician at Madras declined, with courteous wishes for her welfare, the seventy rupees which she sent him upon her restoration to health. She returned to Rangoon in the summer, and in September, gave birth to her first child, a son. She had no physician nor attendant whatever, except Mr. Judson. With that fervor of devotion to the cause which characterized her, she consecrated her infant to the service in which its parents were engaged. "May his life be spared," she wrote, "and his heart sanctified, that he may become a missionary among the Burmans." Her prayer was not answered; the child died at the age of eight months, and was buried in the mission garden. The afflicted mother, seeking to know with what end the dispensation was sent, found it in the consciousness that her heart was too much bound up in her child, as she felt him to be her only source of innocent recreation in that heathen land. She bowed to the stroke, but prayed that the lesson might be so improved that God would stay His hand, saying, "It is enough."

The prospects of the missionaries now perceptibly brightened. Mr. and Mrs. Hough arrived at Rangoon in October, bringing with them a printing press and types. Two tracts, in Burmese, were published; one containing a view of the Christian religion; the other being a catechism for children. Of the former, one thousand copies were printed, and of the latter three thousand. An edition of eight hundred copies of Mr. Judson's translation of the Gospel of Matthew was commenced. In March, 1817, Mr. Judson was visited by the first inquirer after divine truth that he had yet seen in Burmah—for he could not conscientiously apply

that epithet to the many indifferent persons who, from curiosity or other motives, had casually conversed with him upon the subject. By August, Mrs. Judson had collected a little society of females, to whom she read the Scriptures on the Sabbath. One of these pupils declared her belief in Christ, asserting that she prayed to him every day. It appeared, subsequently, that this woman, being of a prudent turn of mind, and wishing to be prepared for any emergency, also believed in Gaudama, whose hair, enshrined in the pagoda, she continued to worship with fervor. A few children committed the catechism to memory, and amused themselves by frequently repeating it to each other.

Mr. Judson now felt himself qualified to enter upon a more extended sphere of exertion, by publicly preaching to the natives in their own idiom. He set sail, in December, for Chittagong, in Arracan, for the purpose of obtaining the aid of one of the native Christians residing there. An accident to the vessel compelled her to change her course—a disaster which subjected Mr. Judson to the most annoying delays, prevented him from accomplishing the object he had in view, and kept him seven months from the scene of his labors. On his return, in July, 1818, he learned that events of an alarming nature had occurred at Rangoon, and that the preservation of the mission had been due to the firmness and fearlessness of his wife. We return to the period of his departure, the previous December.

Mrs. Judson lived without molestation for some weeks, being an especial favorite of the viceroy and his family. The vicereine frequently sent her an elephant, upon which she accompanied her on her excursions. On these occasions Mrs. Judson conversed with her principally on the subject of religion, and, at parting, gave her translations, tracts and catechisms. When Mr. Judson had been gone three months, a native boat arrived, twelve days out from Chittagong, bringing the intelligence that Mr. Judson's ship had not arrived there. Upon the heels of this distressing information, the viceroy and his friendly family were summoned to Ava, the capital, leaving Mrs. Judson absolutely without friends in the government of Rangoon. A menacing order was now sent to Mr. Hough, requiring him to appear at the courthouse and give an account of himself. The teachers, domestics and adherents of the mission were thrown into consternation by this message, so unlike any they had ever received from the authorities. Mr. Hough was subjected to a most

frivolous examination, the scribes of the court registering, with the utmost formality, his answers to inquiries as to the names of his parents and the number of his suits of clothes. This was kept up for two days, but when he was again summoned on the third day, Sunday, Mrs. Judson resolved to appeal to the newly appointed viceroy. Her teacher drew up a petition, and Mrs. Judson, gaining access to his highness, boldly presented it to him. The viceroy at once commanded that the American Christians should be no more molested, and it appeared that Mr. Hough's examination was owing to a suspicion that he was a Portuguese Catholic, three of whom were known to inhabit Rangoon, and whose expulsion from the country had been ordered by the king. Though the mission was thus preserved, its influence was greatly impaired, only twelve of Mr. Judson's thirty Sunday listeners daring to return to the mission house again. The cholera commenced to rage at this period, and as the season was unusually hot, its ravages were correspondingly violent. The natives, attributing the infection to evil spirits, endeavored to expel them by firing cannon in the streets and beating their houses with clubs. Through the exertions of Mrs. Judson, however, not an individual among the adherents of the mission succumbed to the epidemic.

Mr. Judson had now been absent nearly seven months, and no tidings whatever had been received from him since his departure. Rumors of war between England and Burmah now compelled such British ships as lay at anchor at Rangoon to leave the harbor, while the imminence of an embargo rendered it impossible that others should arrive, thus destroying the only chance of Mr. Judson's return. But one ship remained, and in this, Mrs. Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Hough embarked for Bengal. A defect in the stowage of the cargo resulted in their detention, and Mrs. Judson, regarding this interruption of her voyage as providential, revived once more to confront the perils which beset the mission, and, though ignorant whether her husband were alive or dead, disembarked and returned to her abandoned home. Her courage and constancy were rewarded by the safe return of Mr. Judson within the ensuing fortnight. The prospects of the mission were further brightened by the arrival, the following year, of Messrs. Coleman and Wheelock with their wives, from Boston, bearing credentials from the Baptist Commissioners.

Mr. Judson, believing himself now qualified to preach in public, and being furnished with sufficient tracts and translations, resolved to erect a small chapel or zayat, in which to preach and to converse with all comers upon religious subjects. It was located near the mission, and upon a road much frequented by the worshippers in a neighboring pagoda, and hence known as Pagoda Street. This attempt was a hazardous one, inasmuch as the tranquility the missionaries had hitherto enjoyed was owing to the retirement in which they had lived, and as this favor would in all probability be withdrawn, should they enter upon a more ambitious career. The zayat, built of bamboo and thatch, was nevertheless opened in April, 1819, and the first public exhortation was delivered to an inattentive and disorderly audience of fifteen persons. Following the custom of the native preachers of the country, Mr. Judson sat upon the floor, speaking and distributing tracts in that posture. From time to time, an inquirer would come and spend the greater part of the day, promising to return, but usually failing to do so. Mrs. Judson presided, on these occasions, at the female school in an interior apartment. On the 30th of April, a man named MOUNG NAU, or Nau the middle-aged, and destined to be the first Burman convert to Christianity, visited the zayat. He paid but little attention and excited no hope. But upon a subsequent visit, he expressed sentiments of repentance for his sins and faith in the Saviour, to whom he proposed to adhere forever and worship all his life long. He was baptized on the 19th of June, the event causing the most heartfelt joy to all interested in the mission. On the following Sunday, they sat for the first time at the Lord's table with a converted Burman; and Mr. Judson enjoyed a privilege to which he had been looking forward for years—that of administering the sacrament in two languages. From this time forward, the zayat was constantly attended by throngs of visitors, many impelled by idle curiosity, a few by a spirit of serious inquiry. Mr. Judson was often advised to obtain the patronage of the king—the Lord of Life and Death—the Owner of the Sword; as the new religion, if approved by him, would spread with rapidity through the realm; but if, as at present, it remained in open hostility to the established faith, converts could not hope to escape persecution and might reasonably expect death.

In October, two other Burmans presented themselves at the zayat, professing their faith in Christ, and requesting to be baptized, but

in private. Mr. Judson advised them, as they had so little faith as not to be willing, if necessary, to die in the cause, to wait and reconsider the matter. They came again, earnestly requesting baptism, not absolutely in private, but at least after sunset and in a retired spot. Mr. Judson felt that he could not conscientiously decline the request, and appointed the morrow for the ceremony. "The sun," he writes, "was not allowed to look upon the timid, humble profession. No wondering crowd crowned the overshadowing hill. No hymn of praise expressed the exulting feeling of joyous hearts. Stillness and solemnity pervaded the scene. We felt, on the banks of the water, as a little, feeble, solitary band. But, perhaps, some hovering angels took note of the event with more interest than they witnessed the late coronation."

It now seemed evident, that for a vigorous and effectual prosecution of their labors, the favor of the monarch must be obtained. Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman procured a boat and started in December, 1819, upon their voyage of five hundred miles up the Irrawaddy to Ava, the seat of government. Aware of the necessity of accompanying their petition with an offer of presents, they took with them a fine edition of the Bible in six volumes, each volume being covered with gold leaf and inclosed in a rich wrapper. They obtained access to his Burmese majesty, who listened with apparent interest to the reading of the petition. His answer, delivered through an interpreter, was as follows: "In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them ; take them away." Thus repulsed and discouraged, the missionaries returned to Rangoon.

Mr. Judson now continued his labors with success, and in July, the number of baptized converts amounted to ten, only one of whom was a woman. Mrs. Judson was suffering from a severe attack of liver complaint, and her husband accompanied her to Calcutta, and from thence to Serampore; the appearance of favorable symptoms induced them to return to the scene of their usefulness in January, 1821. But a dangerous relapse convinced Mrs. Judson that recovery was impossible beneath a tropical sun, and induced her to embark in August for America, by way of Calcutta and Great Britain. She arrived in New York in September, 1822. Her Indian constitution could not bear the extreme contrast presented by a New England winter, and she

was compelled to forego the delightful intercourse with her parents and sisters in which she had hoped to spend the few months of her sojourn, and to seek the more temperate meridian of Baltimore. The Rev. Dr. Wayland, who at this period became intimately acquainted with her, thus speaks of her in his Memoir of her husband:

"I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension, and intuitive female sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. These elements, however, were all held in reserve, and were hidden from public view by a veil of unusual feminine delicacy. To an ordinary observer she would have appeared simply a self-possessed, well-bred and very intelligent gentlewoman. A more intimate acquaintance would soon discover her to be a person of profound religious feeling, which was ever manifesting itself in efforts to impress upon others the importance of personal piety. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded delicate tact, unflinching courage, and a power of resolute endurance even unto death. When I saw her, her complexion bore that sallow hue which commonly follows residence in the East Indies. Her countenance at first seemed, when in repose, deficient in expression. As she found herself among friends who were interested in the Burman mission, her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature was lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women."

In spite of the opinion of her London physicians, that she could not live if she returned to the East, Mrs. Judson, somewhat improved in health, embarked at Boston, in June, 1823, for Calcutta. The voyage was propitious, and at the close of the year she rejoined Mr. Judson at Rangoon. She found the mission at the height of its prosperity—Mr., now, by the action of Brown University, Dr. Judson, having completed the translation of the New Testament, having gathered a church of eighteen native members, and having been strengthened by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and the return of Mr. and Mrs. Hough. More than all, the "religion-propagating teachers," as they were called, had

been left unmolested, and their efforts had not as yet, at least, awakened the spirit of persecution.

Dr. Price, a newly arrived member of the mission, having been summoned, in his medical character, to the capital, Dr. Judson accompanied him, and having found favor with the emperor, resolved to leave the church at Rangoon under the care of his associates, and attempt the establishment of a station at Ava. He felt impelled to this step not only by the natural desire of bearing the message of salvation to "the regions beyond," but by the conviction that the principle of toleration, exhibited in the sufferance of a Christian church in the metropolis, would thus be established for the whole empire. While awaiting the return of Mrs. Judson to Rangoon, he made the necessary preparations for their passage up the river, and on her arrival these were so far completed that her baggage was taken from the ship to the Irrawaddy boat. The ascent of this noble stream through the heart of a region consecrated to the worship of idols, was at once interesting and painful to Mrs. Judson. Their progress was slow, as the current ran rapidly; but the season was cool and the weather delightful, and they suffered no great discomfort during their six weeks' voyage. On arriving at Ava, they resolved to remain in the boat till a house could be built upon the land which the king had given Dr. Judson upon his previous visit. One fortnight sufficed for the erection of a building, which, though affording them shelter, was no protection against the heat, constructed entirely, as it was, of boards. Dr. Judson at once commenced his evening and Sabbath services, while his wife proceeded successfully with her domestic arrangements and her infant school.

War now broke out between the Burman government and the East India Company of Bengal. Rangoon was attacked in May, 1824, by an army of 6,000 English and native troops, and surrendered without resistance. The American missionaries there underwent many perils, and finally escaped to Bengal. The missionaries at Ava at once fell under suspicion. Three Englishmen residing there were arrested, examined and confined. Dr. Judson was arrested on the 8th of June by a posse of a dozen men, one of whom wore the garb of an executioner. "Where is the teacher?" was the first inquiry. Dr. Judson stood forth. The executioner at once seized him, threw him on the ground, and bound him with a slight, though tenacious whipcord. In spite of

the entreaties of Mrs. Judson, and of her offers of money to the executioner, they dragged him off to the court-house, where the king's order concerning him was read. He was thrown into the death-prison, there to await his fate. Mrs. Judson, in this terrible emergency, did not suffer her presence of mind to desert her. Before submitting to the examination which she knew she would be called upon to undergo, she destroyed all her letters and the minute record of daily occurrences it had been her habit to keep. Otherwise, they would have been exposed to an accusation of maintaining a correspondence with the enemy, and of furnishing them with regular bulletins of the state of the country and the progress of events. A guard of ten ruffians was posted before the house; the servants were placed in the stocks, and Mrs. Judson, with four of her Burman pupils, was barred up in an inner room. The guard passed the night in carousings and indecent revelry.

Mrs. Judson ascertained the next morning that her husband and the other white foreigners were confined in the death-prison, and were manacled with three pairs of iron fetters each. Her activity, invention and resources, under these harassing circumstances, display her character in glowing colors. She besought a magistrate, to whom she gained access, to allow her to appeal to some responsible member of the government; she caused a letter to be conveyed to the king's sister, in which, with unavailing eloquence, she begged her to sue for the release of the teachers. With presents of tea and cigars, she softened the hearts of her guards, and with the promise of a rich offering to the governor of the city, she obtained permission to speak to her husband through the bars of the grating. Dr. Judson, heavily ironed and stretched upon the bare floor, crawled to the half-open door, and hastily gave her some directions relative to his release. She was dragged away before any plan of action had been concerted between them. Milder councils seem now to have prevailed in the bosoms of the officials, for the foreign prisoners were removed that same evening to an open shed in the prison inclosure, where Mrs. Judson, who was not admitted to see them, was allowed to send them food and mats to sleep upon.

The mission house was now visited by the fiscal officers for the purpose of confiscating any articles of value they might find. "Where are your gold and jewels?" asked the royal treasurer. "I have no gold or jewels," Mrs. Judson replied, "but here is the key of the trunk containing the silver; do with it as you please.

But remember, this money was collected in America, by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a house for the teacher, and for our support while teaching the new religion. Do you think it right to take it?" She made this inquiry, well aware that the Burmans scrupulously avoid diverting from its destination money devoted to a religious object. The matter was laid before the king, who ordered the silver to be set apart, that it might be restored to the teacher, if, upon due examination, he were found innocent of the charge of espionage.

For seven months the situation of the missionaries remained unchanged. The keepers of the prison were all branded criminals, and bore the name of their offence burned into the flesh of their foreheads, cheeks or breasts. The chief jailer was familiarly called the tiger cat; and he strove to deserve the hideous designation by the playful ferocity with which he would ply his hammer while fastening manacles, or affectionately clasp his victims in his arms in order to get a better opportunity to prick or pinch them. Mrs. Judson, on one occasion, "made a great effort to surprise her husband with something that should remind him of home. She planned and labored, till, by the aid of buffalo beef and plantains, she actually concocted a mince pie. Unfortunately, as she thought, she could not go in person to the prison that day ; and the dinner was brought by smiling Moug Ing, who seemed aware that some mystery must be wrapped up in that peculiar preparation of meat and fruit, though he had never seen the well-spread boards of Plymouth and Bradford. But the pretty little artifice only added another pang to a heart whose susceptibilities were as quick and deep, as, in the light of the world, they were silent. He bowed his head upon his knees, and the tears flowed down to the chains about his ankles. He thrust the carefully-prepared dinner into the hands of his associate, and as fast as his fetters would permit, hurried to his own little shed."

There was hardly a single member of the government, of high or low degree, to whom Mrs. Judson did not gain admittance and whom she did not beseech, in winning or despairing accents, to intercede in her behalf. From stores which seemed inexhaustible, she provided gifts with which to meet the rapacious extortions of jailers, governors, servants, and even of the royal family. The only European female in the place and the only foreigner suffered to remain at liberty, she seems to have been providentially designed as the ministering angel of the Burman

prison. Dr. Wayland offers the following tribute to her character and services:

"Perfectly familiar with the Burman language, of a presence which commanded respect even from savage barbarians, and encircled her with a moral atmosphere in which she walked unharmed in the midst of a hostile city, with no earthly protector, she was universally spoken of as the guardian angel of that band of sufferers. Fertile in resources, and wholly regardless of her own privations or exposure, she was incessantly occupied in alleviating the pain or ministering to the wants of those who had no other friends.

"Rarely does it happen that the moral extremes of which our nature is susceptible are brought into so striking contrast as in the present instance. On the one hand might here have been seen the most degraded of mankind inflicting in sport the most horrid cruelties month after month upon their fellow men, some of whom had sacrificed every earthly comfort for the good of their tormentors ; and on the other hand there was seen, in the midst of this horde of ruffians, a lady whose intelligence and refinement had lately won the admiration of the highest circles of the British metropolis, soothing the sorrows of the captive, providing and preparing food for the starving, consoling the dying with words of heavenly peace; heedless of meridian suns and midnight dews, though surrounded by infection, devoting herself with prodigal disinterestedness to the practice of heavenly charity, and sustaining the courage of men inured to danger and familiar with death by the example of her own dauntless resolution."

From an obituary poem written some years later by Mrs. Sigourney, we quote the following lines:

"Stern sickness smote her, but she felt it not,
Heeded it not, and still with tireless zeal
Carried the hoarded morsel to her love;
Dared the rude arrogance of savage power
To plead for him, and bade his dungeon glow
With her fair brow, as erst the angel's smile
Arous'd imprisoned Peter, when his hands,
Loos'd from their chains, were lifted high in praise!"

The war still continued, and was prosecuted on the part of the Burmans with commendable energy but with unvarying insuccess. Mrs. Judson abandoned all hope of escape before a cessation of hostilities. She spent several hours of every day at the house of the governor, giving him all information in her power, and asking in return some slight alleviation of the prisoners' situation. At last, as a great favor, she was permitted to build a bamboo hovel in the prison inclosure, and here Dr. Judson passed the two cold months of the winter. For three weeks Mrs. Judson was now absent from the dungeon, and when she returned, it was to bring a pale and puny infant of twenty days to its father in the prison yard. "No person," says an eye-witness, "not thoroughly conversant with the secret springs of feeling which made his the richest heart that ever beat in human bosom, would be at all able to appreciate the scene. His first child slept beneath the waters of the Bay of Bengal, a baby-martyr, without the martyr's conflict [Note: We find no authority for this statement whatever; it is doubtless incorrect]; the second, his 'meek, blue-eyed Roger,' had his bed in the jungle graveyard at Rangoon; and here came the third little wan stranger, to claim the first parental kiss from the midst of felon chains.

"Mrs. Judson had long previous to this adopted the Burmese style of dress. Her rich Spanish complexion could never be mistaken for the tawny hue of the natives; and her figure of full medium height, appeared much taller and more commanding in a costume usually worn by women of inferior size. But her friend, the governor's wife, who presented her with the dress, recommended the measure as a concession which would be sure to conciliate the people, and win them to a kindlier treatment of her. Behold her, then, her dark curls, carefully straightened, drawn back from her forehead, and a fragrant cocoa-blossom, drooping like a white plume from the knot upon the crown ; her saffron vest thrown open to display the folds of crimson beneath; and a rich silken skirt, wrapped closely about her fine figure, parting at the ankle, and sloping back upon the floor. The clothing of the feet was not Burman, for the native sandal could not be worn except upon a bare foot. Behold her standing in the doorway—for she was never permitted to enter the prison—her little blue-eyed blossom wailing, as it almost always did, upon her bosom, and the chained father crawling forth to the meeting!"

Dr. Judson whiled away a portion of his prison hours in

composing a poetical address to the daughter born under such distressing auspices. These he committed to memory and afterwards to paper.

The defeat of the Burman army, and the advance of the English from Rangoon up the Irrawaddy towards Prome, threw the court at Ava into the utmost consternation. The prisoners were treated with renewed severity, being loaded with additional fetters and crowded like sheep into close and unwholesome pens. The governor wept at the appeal which Mrs. Judson in this darkening hour addressed him, but reiterated his inability to aid her. Indeed he had received, he said, orders to assassinate the foreigners privately, and the most he could do, in endeavoring to avoid the execution of the order, was to put them out of sight. The death of Bandoola, the leader of the army, plunged the city into deeper anxiety than ever: one of its immediate effects was the removal of the prisoners—a measure which was announced to Mrs. Judson by one of her attached servants, who came running to her with a ghastly countenance, and, in trembling accents, gave her the direful information. She hurried into the streets, and interrogated the passers-by; she hastened to the river and scanned its descending course; she sent to the place of execution—that being an errand she could not perform herself. Her tried and faithful friend, the governor, condemned her to despair by the last words he uttered: "You can do nothing more for your husband; take care of yourself." The heroic woman returned mechanically home, and for a time her heart sank beneath this accumulation of sorrows.

Gathering her courage once more, she packed up the few articles of value she possessed, and deposited them at the governor's house. Then committing her own cottage to the care of two servants whose wages, in this extremity, she was unable to pay, and taking with her her daughter, now three months old, her two adopted children, Mary and Abby Hasseltine, and her Bengalee cook, she set off in the direction of the river's course. She obtained a covered boat, in which she accomplished two miles, or half the distance to Amarapura. She then procured a cart, in which, through the blinding glare of the sun and dust, she performed the rest of the weary road. She now learned that the prisoners had been sent on two hours before, and though literally exhausted by fatigue, she resolutely pursued her way towards that "never-to-be-forgotten place, Oung-pen-la." Here, beneath a low

projection in front of a shattered, roofless building, which was called the prison, sat the foreigners, more dead than alive, chained together, two by two. They had been driven barefoot, beneath a mid-day midsummer sun; over eight miles of blistering sand, from Ava to Oung-pen-la. The agony of Dr. Judson was such—for his feet were cut to the bone—that he longed to throw himself into the river; his horror of suicide alone prevented him. One of their number had succumbed upon the road. They expected to be burned alive, a report to that effect having been in circulation at Ava; the view of a dozen Burmans attempting to form a thatch of leaves for the prison, was the first intimation they had that the building was intended for their permanent confinement. It was at this juncture that Mrs. Judson arrived. "Why have you come?" were her husband's first words; "I had hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here." She had no food either for herself, her children, or the prisoners; the jailer, however, took her to his house, and established her in one of the two rooms which it contained—a mere receptacle for grain, of which it was nearly full. Here, in the midst of filth and misery, she was destined to spend the six next wretched months.

Another sore trial speedily came to aggravate her already desperate situation: Mary Hasseltine, the eldest of her adopted children, was taken with the small pox the day after their arrival. In the prison lay Dr. Judson, his feet so dreadfully mangled that he could not move; at home, pillowed amongst the grain, lay little Mary, a Burman orphan, tended by a Christian nurse, delirious with fever, and so horribly disfigured that her face became one festering scar. Backwards and forwards from the pen to the prison went Mrs. Judson, carrying food to the one and comfort to the other, bearing her infant in her arms from morn to eve, and sleeping at night upon a bamboo mat. She inoculated Abby Hasseltine and the jailer's children, whose play was hardly interrupted by the scourge thus modified. Her fame spread, and all the children in the village, big and little, came to her for inoculation. In spite of previous vaccination, she herself caught the contagion; and her baby, exposed at the same moment to infection and to the effects of inoculation, took the disease in its severer form, and was for three months a sufferer.

At last the children recovered and Dr. Judson revived; and then Mrs. Judson sank. Fatigue, anxiety, miserable and insufficient food, broken and comfortless rest, had borne their inevitable

fruits. Her constitution seemed destroyed, and she could no longer go upon her daily errand of mercy to the prison. She obtained an ox-cart and set off for Ava; there, with some difficulty, she procured the medicine-chest she had left with the governor. By repeated doses of laudanum she checked the immediate progress of the disease; but feeling herself past recovery, she returned to Oung-pen-la, to die near the prison. The Bengalee cook burst into tears as he saw her wasted form. She crawled on to the mat in the grain-room, and there, in a situation shocking to humanity and sickening to the soul, she remained for seven weeks, her iron constitution battling with a disease which rarely spared the native and showed no mercy to the foreigner. During this illness occurred an affecting incident, to parallel which one might ransack the history of mankind in vain.

Mrs. Judson's illness deprived her little Maria, who was still a nursing infant, of her usual nourishment, and neither nurse nor milk were to be procured in the village. The jailer, whether touched by the utter misery of the family, or moved by the offer of presents which the mother made him, suffered Dr. Judson, whom he released for an hour or two from prison upon a Christian parole, to take the emaciated child in his arms and carry her from house to house, though still with a few inches of chain between his shackled feet, begging a little nourishment from compassionate mothers who had children at the breast! The annals of Rome and Lacedaemon furnish no such harrowing picture as this missionary sketch from Oung-pen-la.

The Burmese government experiencing great inconvenience from the want of a reliable interpreter and translator in their negotiations with the victorious troops of Sir Archibald Campbell, resolved to employ Dr. Judson in that capacity, and summoned him to Ava. His family followed him, as a matter of course. He was sent to Maloun, where, though very ill of fever and suffering every conceivable torture, he spent six weeks in translating, and rendering other similar services to the army. Mrs. Judson, during his absence, was seized with that fearful tropical disease, the spotted fever; knowing that her constitution was shattered, and that she could expect no proper medical assistance, she made up her mind that the attack would be fatal. The release of Dr. Price, however, from prison, at this juncture, and his presence at her bedside, doubtless aided her recovery. Her hair

was shaven; her head and feet were covered with blisters; she lost her reason and refused nourishment. Her Burmese neighbors gathered around her, that they might see a Christian die; "she is dead," they said, in their hyperbolic language; "and if the King of Angels should come in, he could not recover her."

Nevertheless, the fever turned, and in a month Mrs. Judson was again able to walk. Dr. Judson was now sent back from Maloun to Ava, the officer who conducted him bearing the following communication respecting him from the camp to the court: "We have no further use for Yoodthan; we therefore return him to the Golden City." The functionary before whom he was brought was upon the point of dispatching him to Oung-pen-la, when the governor of the north gate, wrought upon by Mrs. Judson's tearful entreaties, offered himself as his security, obtained his release, and received both him and Mrs. Judson as guests beneath his roof. We have now arrived at the close of this long catalogue of persecutions and calamities.

The triumphant advance of the English compelled the Burmese government to treat with the enemy in order to save the city. Dr. Price and Dr. Judson were both made to act as commissioners on behalf of the King of Ava, and returned with the conditions which Sir Archibald Campbell attached to his promise to leave the capital unharmed. One of these was the release of all the foreigners in the city; and in virtue of this clause, Dr. and Mrs. Judson and their daughter took an affectionate leave of the governor, who had so often befriended them, and bade farewell forever to the banks of Ava. "It was on a cool, moonlight evening, in the month of March, that with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats and accompanied by all we had on earth. We now, for the first time for more than a year and a half, felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the oppressive yoke of the Burmese. And with what sensations of delight, on the next morning, did I behold the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life!" Some months later, Dr. Judson, after listening to a series of anecdotes of what different men in different ages had regarded as examples of the highest possible sensuous enjoyment, said: "Pooh! these men were not qualified to judge. I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you think of floating down the Irrawaddy on a cool,

moonlit evening, with your wife by your side and your baby in your arms, free, all free? But you cannot understand it either; it needs a twenty-one months' qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery, when I recall that one delicious thrill. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

Mrs. Judson, whose fame had preceded her to the English camp of Yandabo, was received with parental kindness by Sir Archibald, and with military honors by his officers. She was furnished with a tent larger and more commodious than that of the general, with the delightful addition of a verandah. She felt that her obligations towards him could never be cancelled, and presumed that no persons on earth were ever happier than she and her husband during the fortnight which followed. A remarkable exemplification of the vicissitudes of life might have been witnessed at a dinner given some days afterwards to the Burman Commissioners. At sight of Mrs. Judson, seated at the general's right hand, and evidently an honored and influential guest, they shrunk into their seats with faces blank with consternation. "What is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard?" asked Sir Archibald. "I do not know," she answered, "unless his memory may be too busy." Upon being urged to describe the circumstances which, doubtless, caused the ambassador's alarm, she related how she had once walked five miles to his house, to ask some favor for her husband, who was suffering with fever in prison, with five pairs of fetters about his ankles. He roughly refused her request, and at the same time, noticing her silk umbrella, seized upon it and snatched it from her hands. She begged him to give her in exchange at least a paper parasol, to protect her from the scorching heat. He jestingly replied that stout people alone were liable to sunstrokes, while she was so thin as hardly to cast a shadow! He then drove her from the door. The English officers did not attempt to restrain their indignation, at this narrative; the trembling subject of it, perfectly aware of what was passing and clammy with perspiration, sat in abject fear of immediate death. Mrs. Judson, after a mischievous, but momentary, enjoyment of his dismay, whispered to him, in Burmese, that she had forgiven him and that he had nothing to fear.

The Judsons soon descended the Irrawaddy to Rangoon, their former home, now in possession of the English. On their way

down the stream, they noticed a signal of distress from the shore. It proved to be Lieut. Campbell, who had been robbed, wounded and deserted by his own boatmen. He was taken on board and tenderly cared for. He afterwards wrote the following account of his sojourn upon the Irrawaddy boat:

"My eyes first rested on the thin, attenuated form of a lady—a white lady! the first I had seen for more than a year; and now the soothing accents of female words fell upon my ears like a household hymn of my youth. My wound was tenderly dressed, my head bound up, and I was laid upon a sofa bed. With what a thankful heart did I breathe forth a blessing on those good Samaritans! With what delight did I drink in the mild, gentle sounds of that sweet woman's voice, as she pressed me to recruit my strength with some of that beverage 'which cheers but not inebriates!' She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form appeared almost ethereal. Yet, with much of heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feeling about her; for at her feet rested a babe, a little, wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently upon her delicate features, with a fond, yet fearful glance, was that meek missionary, her husband. Her face was pale, very pale, with that expression of deep, sad, serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brown hair was braided over a placid and holy brow; but her hands—those small, lily hands—were quite beautiful; beautiful they were and very wan; for, ah! they told of disease, of death, death in all its transparent grace, when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass it is about to shatter.

"I remained two days with them; two delightful days they were to me. Mrs. Judson's powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage, their struggles in the cause of religion, and their adventures during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a heightened interest from the beautiful and energetic simplicity of her language, as well as from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower as she in very truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth. When I looked my

last on her mild, wan countenance, as she issued some instructions to my new set of boatmen, I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. They were not perceived. We never met again; nor is it likely that the wounded subaltern was ever thought of again by those who had succored him."

Upon their arrival at Rangoon, the Judsons found the city invested by the revolted Peguans, the mission house in ruins, and the converts scattered to the winds. It became necessary, therefore, to seek a new station for their labor of love. A site having been selected by the English civil commissioner as the capital of the provinces ceded to Great Britain, and having received the name of Amherst in compliment to the governor general of the East India Company, they determined to be its first settlers. They took down the zayat and sent the boards forward to be again put up in a similar form. On arriving at the station, Captain Fenwick, in command there, at once gave up his house to Mrs. Judson, and withdrew to a tent in the cantonment. They found several huts already built by the converts who had preceded them in colonizing the wildest of Burmah jungles. During the rainy season the infant settlement made steady progress, comprising fifty houses, exclusive of the barracks, by the end of July. Dr. Judson was now called away by business connected with the government. He seems to have left his home without prophetic intimation that he was bidding an eternal farewell to her who had preserved his days upon earth and had aided him in making his name immortal. They parted, indeed, confident of a speedy reunion, and looking upon the coming separation as a comparatively light trial, after their many dangers and vicissitudes.

She at once, upon his departure, commenced the construction of a permanent building for their residence. Into this she moved on the 14th of September, and on that day wrote to Dr. Judson the last letter he ever received from her. "For the first time since we were broken up at Ava," she said, "I feel myself at home. Poor little Maria is still feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I ask her where papa is, she always starts up and points towards the sea... May God preserve and bless you, is the prayer of your affectionate Anne." She was soon afterwards attacked by remittent fever. From the first she felt a strong presentiment that she should not recover. Captain Fenwick procured her a

physician and a European nurse from the forty-fifth regiment, and everything which it was possible to do in that savage wilderness, was readily and zealously done. From time to time the fever abated, but its last approach no medical skill could avert. She lay for two days, senseless and motionless, on one side, her head reclining on one arm, her eyes closed. Her last word was an exclamation of distress in the Burman language, and at eight o'clock on the evening of the 24th of October, she ceased to breathe. The assistant superintendent of Amherst placed her remains in the coffin prepared to receive them, and on the evening of the 25th, her funeral took place. It was attended by all the European officers of the station, and the first female American missionary went to her long home under a British military escort, but unaccompanied by a single friend born upon the same hemisphere with herself, and with perhaps not a professor of religion in the procession. She was buried beneath a hopia tree, about fifty rods from the house where she had resided; a small rude fence was erected around the grave, to protect it from incautious intrusion. Intelligence did not reach Mr. Judson of "the catastrophe which had deprived him of one of the first of women and the best of wives," till late in November, and shortly after his return to Amherst to weep over her grave, inexorable fate called upon him to consign to it the mortal remains of his last and still infant child. "Together," he wrote to Mrs. Hasseltine, at Bradford, "they rest in hope, under the hope tree, which stands at the head of their graves; and together, I trust, their spirits are rejoicing after a short separation of precisely six months."

The Board of Missions did not allow the grave of Mrs. Judson to remain without a proper tumular tribute to her worth. A marble tablet was procured and sent out to Amherst, where it was placed at the head of the Christian mound. One phrase of the brief biography carved upon it read thus: "She arrived, with her husband, at Rangoon, in July, 1813; and there commenced those missionary toils which she sustained with such Christian fortitude, decision and perseverance, amid scenes of civil commotion and personal affliction, as won for her universal respect and affection." In any other form than that of an inscription, where severity of style and a strict adherence to facts are essential to good taste, this language would have been totally inadequate.

The American reader will hardly need to be told, after perusing this succinct account of the character, achievements and sufferings of Mrs. Judson, that his country has never produced her superior. She was highly intellectual and yet delicately feminine; scrupulously religious, and yet free from asceticism or bigotry; chivalrous without temerity; of undaunted perseverance and heroic courage, rising superior, at the call of duty, to the fear of peril or the certainty of death, amidst dangers and perplexities unparalleled in the history of modern mission; she was a model of conjugal affection, maternal devotion, and missionary ardor. If the question were asked why, thirty years after her death, she does not enjoy that popular renown which has been the portion of many inferior women, we might answer that it is in a measure owing to the fact that her virtues were exhibited upon a field in which all mankind do not acknowledge the propriety or the necessity of laboring; partly to the fact that one religious denomination is not apt to herald and rejoice in the merits and successes of another, and that Mrs. Judson is thus, outside of her own church, represented, not as the heroine of Christianity, but as the enthusiast of a sect; not as the pioneer of a faith, but as the teacher of a creed; and again, to the indisputable fact that the mass of a nation are not easily wrought upon by influences gathered in lands so remote as Burmah, or in pursuits so seemingly illusory as the saving of heathen souls. The world has read with more emotion of the philanthropy of Florence Nightingale than of the martyrdom of Anne Hasseltine; she who nursed Caucasians at Scutari will be ever more familiarly famous than she who ransomed Malays at Rangoon; the Angelic Vestal of the hospitals upon the Bosphorus will enjoy more enduring honors than the Apostle of the zayat of Chin-India.

It has been eloquently said of the memory of Mrs. Judson, that "it will be cherished in the churches of Burmah, when the pagodas of Gaudama shall have fallen; when the spires of Christian temples shall gleam along the waters of the Irrawaddy and the Salwen; and when the Golden City shall have lifted up her gates to let the King of Glory in."