

BANGKOK RECORDER.

A Semi-monthly Journal

RES POLITICAE, LITERATURA, SCIENTIA, COMMERCII, RES LOCI, ET IN OMNIBUS VERITAS

VOL. I.

BANGKOK WEDNESDAY AUGUST 16TH 1865.

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The Bangkok Recorder.

A Semi-monthly journal will be issued from the printing office of the American Missionary Association, at the mouth of the Canal, "*Kiaseng Bangkok Tai*" about the 1st and 15th of every month. It will contain such Political, Literary, Scientific, Commercial, and Local intelligence, as shall render it worthy of the general patronage.

The Recorder will be open to Correspondents subject to the usual restrictions.

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N. A. Mc. DONALD, EDITOR
D. B. BRADLEY, PUBLISHER

Bangkok August 16th.

It appears that an incipient rebellion has really been quelled in this place. To what extent this had gone, and what proportions it had assumed is difficult to find out, as there is evidently a disposition on the part of those who know, to keep the matter quiet. There are also any amount of ru-

mours afloat among the natives, so that it is impossible to get any thing reliable. Some rumours also implicate many of the principle Siamese noblemen, and leading Chinamen of the place. It is certain however that a combination of Chinamen, but perhaps nothing more than a secret society, has been discovered which was assuming rather alarming proportions. They also evidently had in contemplation a *strike* of some kind as a number of badges &c. has been discovered, and are in the hands of the authorities. The leader of the concern has been disposed of in some way. The impression is sent abroad that he has been banished to China, but he has in all probability been banished in such a way, that there is no possibility of his ever returning to give any further trouble.

Since our last issue the mail by the French line has been received here per Pontianak but we have not been able to find any later items of European news than those already published.

In the United States the result of the trial of the conspirators which has been absorbing the attention of the country, had not yet been published. Evidence sufficient to implicate Jeff. Davis to some extent in the conspiracy had been adduced.

A scheme has also been set afloat to pay off the national debt by subscriptions in shares of \$10,000 each. The renowned James Gordon Bennet, Editor and proprietor of the New York Herald, claims to be the originator of the scheme, and has himself subscribed four shares (\$40,000). Some of the other papers however deny that

Mr. Bennet is the originator of the plan, and quote from the Springfield (Mass.) Republican showing that the scheme originated with some of the merchant princes New York, some four months previous. Cornelius Vanderbilt has headed the list with \$500,000. Bonnar of the New York Ledger and G. W. Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger give also each \$40,000.

Arrangements are also being made by which men of small capital can also contribute. The affair once started must be carried right through before it becomes a *drag*. It is still however a matter of doubt if the whole amount can be raised, the national debt is nearly \$3,000,000,000, and the amount subscribed is not quite \$2,000,000. Should the scheme succeed there has been nothing in the history of the world to equal it. Some of the leading papers however object to paying off the debt speedily, either by subscription, or direct taxation. It is contended that the present system of taxation will liquidate the debt in twenty years, those objecting to the speedy liquidation of the debt say, that the next generation have a right to pay some of it, that the present generation have borne their share and as the next will reap the principle benefits of the war, they should also bear some of the burden.

New Canal.

It appears that the new canal to the sugar districts of Nakawn-cheiséé has really been commenced. We believe it is the first great internal improvement undertaken in Siam wholly for the purpose of facilitating trade. One or two other important canals how been dug during the present

reign, but they appear to have been undertaken more for the purpose of gratifying the lovers of pleasure than for the purpose of facilitating the internal trade of the country. It appears also, that the present year has been rather a hard one upon the royal treasury as well as upon the merchants. In consequence of a deficiency in the treasury the government has found it necessary, to devise other means to obtain funds for the completion of the canal just commenced. Two plans were suggested for that purpose. The one was to grant the contractor the privilege of imposing for a certain length of time, say ten years, a tax upon boats passing through the canal. The only objection to this plan is that the petty officers in charge of such things are so accustomed to extort from the people, for the purpose of replenishing their own pockets and for which those imposed upon can seldom if ever obtain redress. The other plan was to pay the expenses by a gambling scheme of some kind. Considering the propensities of the people for gambling it was to be feared that they would prefer this plan, but we are happy to learn that the former plan has been adopted. The work has been given by contract to *Poh Yim*, which will insure its more speedy completion than if done by government directly. If the work is properly carried on it may be completed, at least, by the commencement of the next rainy season. It will also open up a great section of country which has hitherto been comparatively useless to any one for want of proper means of communication.

These internal improvements once commenced, it is to be hoped they will be carried on to a considerable extent. The canals leading from here to Mahachei on the Tachin and thence to the Meklong need widening and deepening very much in some places. Especially is this the case at *Ban Bon* and *Ma hon* where the tides meet. During certain seasons of the years boats are often obliged to wait for days, and even weeks for a tide sufficient to carry them over the top of the hill. Often-times, too, besides the loss of time in waiting, the whole cargo is also spoiled, which is not very encouraging to traders. With a good dredging machine, (and we believe there is one coming,) it would require but little expense to make those places passable at any time. If it can't be done otherwise, let it be done by taxing the boats. Of course the new canal now constructing will draw off some of the trade from these canals but they must still remain a great thoroughfare.

A canal is also needed to connect the *Meklong* with the *Bankaboon* river so that small boats from Petchaburee and other places might avoid crossing the gulf which is oftentimes dangerous. We learn that a private individual has offered to undertake

the work upon the same plan of the *Nakawcheisee* canal, but has received no response. The sooner government wakes up to the importance of these things the better.

Tuileries

(Continued from page 115)

The 20th of June was the forerunner of a much more terrific day the famous 10th of August. The interval between these two periods was marked by a succession of minor events, indicating by their contradictory character the feverish and uneasy state of the body politic.

On the 9th July the two conflicting parties in the Assembly, the Constitutionalists and the Republicans, agreed in a moment of enthusiasm to forget their past differences, and embracing, swore for the future to labor together in harmony for the benefit of their common country. This reconciliation hardly lasted beyond the day on which it was pronounced. On the 11th the Assembly declared the country in danger, and restored Petion, who had been suspended from his functions as Mayor, by the departmental Directory of Paris, for his conduct on the occasion of the attack on the Tuileries. On the following day, the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, both he and the King appeared at the Fête in the Champ de Mars,—the one for the moment the triumphing idol, the other the already bound and all but sacrificed victim of that tyrannizing populace, whose insatiable appetite for blood was within a few months to destroy both. It is said that in one of the speeches Petion delivered on this occasion, the orator boldly invited his auditors to join him in swearing destruction to all Kings.

A circumstance which took place about this time led to a curious and characteristic display of the temper of the times. The garden of the Tuileries after being opened on the 8th was closed again in a few days; but on the 25th the Assembly decreed that the terrace des Tuileries, should be considered as comprehended within the precincts of their Hall and hence accessible to the people. To prevent persons who might assemble on this national ground from trespassing upon the garden, which was divided from it only by a small low wall, with a flight of steps at one end, it was ordered that a tricolored ribbon should be suspended among the trees around the boundaries of the terrace. No instance occurred of any one violating this barrier, so weak in itself and yet so strong in its appeal to the pride and patriotism of the people. But M. d'Eprenesnil, who, although one of the most conspicuous popular favorites in the early days of the revolution, was now regarded as an aristocrat, having made his appearance on the Terrace, the rabble of armed Sans Culottes fell upon and severely wounded him,

and would have massacred him on the spot, had not some members of the Assembly come up on hearing his cries, and with much difficulty rescued him from their hands. "Comme vous êtes à présent J'étais aussi l'idol de ce gens ce." Even as you are now I also was the idol of the people, said Eprenesnil to Petion who approached him as he lay bleeding and exhausted immediately after his escape.

On the 25th July a band of twelve hundred men arrived in Paris from Britany, and on the 30th five hundred more from Marsailles. The professed object of these strangers, afterwards generally known by the name of the *Fédérés*, was to aid the citizens of Paris in their contest with the Court. And in this they did good service. The *Fédérés* had in fact been invited to Paris by the Girondists, and to that party they continued to adhere during their stay, protecting them from the mob when they lost their short lived ascendancy, as zealously as they at first performed their part in the popular insurrection which was put in motion by their leaders. And their presence undoubtedly contributed in no small degree to embolden the friends of republicanism and to precipitate the overthrow of monarchy.

On the 10th of August a mob of twelve thousand men and women, all armed and desperate, surrounded and partially invested the Tuileries where Louis and his family were lodged rather as prisoners than sovereigns. The Royal family escaped by taking refuge in the Assembly. A general massacre soon commenced which lasted for nearly four hours. To use the words of Barbareux who was present at the head of a band of Marsillais, "they slew in the rooms, on the roofs, and in the cellars the Swiss who were found either with or without arms, the chevaliers and the valets." "Our devotedness" Says Madam Campan "could do nothing. We addressed ourselves to men and women who did not know us." The whole number of Swiss who perished on this day was 666, besides chevaliers and domestics who were also ruthlessly massacred. The fullest and most minutely particular picture of this day is contained in the narrative of a person belonging to the Bureau of one of the sections, which has been recently published for the first time by M. Dulaure in his "Exquises Historiques."

"Scarcely" says this writer, "had we entered the Place du Carrousel when our eyes were met by strange and horrible sights. On our right lay many heaps each about twenty feet in height composed of dead bodies entirely naked. I saw a great number lying on the terrace of the Palace already stripped. The garden and adjacent court were crowded with spectators, of whom the greater number were women whose curiosity it was evident was at least

equal to their modesty. The bodies of the National guard, of the citizens, and of the *Fédérés*, had been removed by their friends, only those of the Swiss guard lay exposed in this shocking manner." The narrative goes on to say "that the whole of the front of the Tuileries was bordered with naked dead bodies frightfully disfigured, so that they could not pass the staircase leading to the chapel and private apartments, as the passages were filled with dead carcasses, and streams of blood still flowed from them on all sides." During the whole of this memorable day the Assembly had continued their sitting, the King and his family, who had taken refuge in the Legislative Assembly while the attack was going on at the Palace, occupied the seats reserved for the reporters. On that day it was ordered that all the royal statutes in Paris and throughout France, should be thrown down, and in the capital, at least, the mob lost no time in carrying it into execution.

The Cradle of Treason.

Our first sight of Charleston was a disappointment. We did not expect to see such terrible desolation, and we wondered how the rebel newspapers could have kept back a knowledge of their sufferings.

One-third of the city, and perhaps the best third, is utterly destroyed. If New York city extended only to Canal street, and a fire, three blocks wide, should burn its way from Fulton Ferry to the foot of Barclay street, it would be something like what has befallen Charleston.

Then, what is untouched by the fire is pierced and torn and shattered by our shells. Every second building, at least, is injured by them. The Mills House, an imposing structure resembling the Sherman House in Chicago, was hit eighteen times. We gathered some blooming white clover from the grass that grew thickly at its closed doorway.

The Charleston Hotel, the banks, the court house, Hibernian and Secession Halls, all bore the marks of Gillmore's stern compliments.

Nor did the churches fare much better—some of them, indeed, far worse. We counted five burnt churches, the Catholic cathedral, the finest in the South, and the Circular, among the number.

In the quaint old church of St. Michael's, built of materials brought from England long ago, and in the pretty little, aristocratic Huguenot church, which was filled with tablets to the memory of the Sassures, Porchers, and Gaussons, who fled to the Carolinas after the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, the work of destruction had been complete. It looked as if some of Cromwell's iconoclasts had been despoiling the temples of the Malignants.

Shells had burst in these buildings and

theives had burst in after them, and seized the cushions, torn out the pew-linings, carried off reading-desk, communion-table, and church ornaments, and left not a vestige of the organs for our busy relic-hunters.

Mr. John Phillips, a lawyer, and one of the few respectable white inhabitants left, told us that, when the city was abandoned by the rebel troops, the rogues entered churches and houses, and carried off what they wanted; that the negroes had no hand in this plundering; that the newspapers, in telling us that the city was but slightly damaged by our shells, told us "*infernal lies*;" that, at first, no one believed Gillmore could throw a ball into the city—a distance of six miles, and when the shells did come there was a great deal of terror. "It was sad work for us," said Mr. Phillips, "but"—with a grim smile—"we heard it was great fun for your soldiers."

Of course many lives were lost. We heard of a brother and sister who were torn to pieces as they stood talking by their fire-side; and of fifteen negroes who were killed by the bursting of a single shell.

There are no white Union men in Charleston. "There was not a white man in the city that I dared to trust," said Robert Small. There are some who call themselves loyal, but such loyalty would be a Copperhead's delight in Brooklyn.

Of this latter class is Governor Aiken, a complaining, dissatisfied old gentleman, vexed at the Proclamation of Emancipation, vexed at the loss of his wine and the plunder of his plate by Sherman's "Bummers," and altogether "a lone, lorn creature"—like Mrs. Gummidge.

The poor whites with whom we talked are bitter rebels and did not think their cause yet lost, although they willingly sold us fifty dollars in Confederate money for a dollar greenback.

A beautiful girl, scarce fifteen years old, came out to unfasten a garden-gate for us, and was very graciously trying to do so when her mother appeared and said, with a haughty air that could not brook our presence, "Come away, child." This was the only fine lady rebel visible to us during our stay in Charleston.

We asked Robert Small where all the grand dames—the wives and daughters of the leading men, were. "I hope they are all in their graves," was his savage answer.

There were many glad faces in the city, but they were all black ones. The negroes were in a strange state of delight; they danced for us, they sung for us, they brought us flowers in profusion, and refused our proffered money—"No; you have done enough for us already; I spoke of Lee's surrender to an old negro woman, the sole occupant of a marble mansion. She did not understand its full meaning, but felt it must be something good, and so lifted her hands and shouted: "Mighty King!"

Fort Sumter is much larger than we expected. At the flag-raising there were about four thousand people in the space enclosed by its battered ramparts, and yet it was not more than half-filled. Sumter, with all its bruising and pounding, is still impregnable. Five hundred men, with communication open to Charleston, could hold it against all comers.

An attacking force would have to disembark at the base of a hill of crumbling brick, broken shells, and loose sand, against which the sea beats: then climb a chain fence at the very edge of the water, and, before the top of this hill could be gained, two rows of sharpened wooden stakes, firmly imbedded in the earth and pointing outward, must also be surmounted. It did not seem as if this could be done in the face of a determined enemy; our boys tried it once, and failed.

As the hour passed for opening the ceremonies we heard them ask impatiently, "Where's Beecher?" "Where's Beecher?" At length some one shouted, "There he is in the white hat." We looked, and lo! the great expected came looming over the top of the parapet, in full view of the crowd below, and descended to the center of the fort amid great cheering. He was the favorite by all odds; the best-loved man in Sumter that day.

Magnolia Cemetery, two miles from the city, is a somber, mossy place, sadly neglected, except one little spot where rests the wife of an English sailor, who has erected a monument to her memory which is perfectly unique. It is like a very elegant doll's house, or a confectioner's model of a mausoleum. There is a miniature ship chained to a capstan, on which is written in gold letters, "The Promise, June, 1822." Then a pair of scales, evenly balanced, and hanging from the center of a triumphal arch, holds his heart in one scale, hers in the other. There are two lace handkerchiefs, with the words on glass, "I had your first and last dear kiss." There are turtle-doves, and love-mottoes, and mosaic and shell-work; then another little ship, then an American flag and a British union jack, then a plaster cast of a little boy, then ever-so-many other things, and at last a head-stone with this epitaph:

"She was—but words are wanting
To say what. Say what
A wife should be,
And that she was."

All this is protected by a gilt and gayly-colored roof, and the whole affair might be covered by a good sized table-cloth. Through the kindness of General Hatch and Captain Hunt, all the ambulances, old stage-coaches, one-horse shays, pneumatic baggies, bony Rosinantes, and architectural steeds in the place were impressed for our use. They were the best the city afforded; what more could we ask? One of our party, a grave and reverend seignior, but un-

used to these chariots of the sun, confiscated a horse and buggy for his own sole use, and drove, not through Charleston, as he certainly intended, but straight into the dock—a depth of over twenty feet. The buggy was lost for ever; the horse, after immense difficulties and to our great surprise, was fished out alive. The company on the Oceanus came away loaded with relics. We had stiff leather-bound books from the sacked City Library, magnolia leaves from Calhoun's grave and Memminger's residence, papers from the banks, records from the court-house, gilded cherubs' heads from the churches, manacles from the slave-marts, soldiers' breast plates and epaulets, and a new, neatly-finished rebel flag, which was presented to the Sumter Club by its finder.

We found letters dated July and August, 1861, from the Bank of Liverpool to the Bank of Charleston, "under cover to the Bank of the State of New York," which explains how some rebels found means to communicate with their friends in England.

The slave-marts were easily discovered; and very airy, convenient shambles they were; but the little dens in which the creatures were penned till brought out for sale were dark, filthy, and horrible. And the darkest and filthiest of all was a row of cells, on an upper floor, where the negroes were placed who went crazy at being parted from their children. Over the door of one of these prisons was the sign, "Clinkseales and Boozer. Auctionneers." Phœbus! what a name. Well, they will cliuk no more the dollar that has blood upon it, and booze no longer on the money that made mad a slave mother.

Just before we left the city we stood at the corner of the battery, and, looking across the harbor, saw the old flag over Sumter again, and traced its crimson stripes on the eastern sky. It meant more than ever before, and we loved it more than ever, for it had been insulted for our sakes, and we had suffered with it. And when we turned and saw the ruined city—saw its silent homes and desolate hearth-stones, the wild grass in its streets, and the unpruned rose tree choke its door-ways—we thought of the words, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword," and we felt something of the pity which filled the bosom of the Master as, bending long ago above another rebellious place, "he beheld the city and wept over it."

Independent May 4th.

The Brothers Leinhardt.

On the borders of a pretty Swedish lake lies the village of Lundkolping. Lake and village are each so tiny I doubt if you would deem them worthy of the name; but the lake, pure, deep, and cool, is the prettiest and clearest of all lakes. The old forest

trees (clustering to the very brink, till the long grey moss from their branches' trails in the quiet water.) wreath around it a rich emerald garland, and numberless fishes sport in its calm depths. The huge mountain, sheltering it from boisterous winds, casts its rugged shadow on the mirroring surface, and down its steep sides, dashing and foaming—down, down from the far region where the untrodden snow lies under an ever-cloudless sky, dashes a mountain brooklet, bearing to the lake its tribute of limpid waters; and the lake, taking the sparkling treasure to its deep bosom, sends it forth again in a tiny stream, winding its quiet way through the village to gladden the hearts of weary-footed housewives. On either side of the public road clusters the village, with its quaint little houses of squared pine logs, painted a dull red, and covered with mossy thatch. The grey old church stands just at the mountain's foot, and many an old legend and strange story will they tell you as you loiter in the sombre twilight of its low, massive arches. In the grassy churchyard round where, year after year, year after year, for, oh! so long, sire and son have lain down side by side, sleeping the same dreamless sleep, is shown a spot where rest, they say, the ashes of a grim old sea king, who spent his lifetime plowing the stormy seas, seizing, with right, kingly selfishness, whatever his heart desired, and reaching even the green slopes of Vineland in his wild roamings. "He wandered east, he wandered west," till weary of his wanderings, he returned to his old boyhood's haunts, and sleeps beneath the turf his childish feet had pressed. Ah! poor old sea king; another king, clad in royal purple, sitting on his Hon-garnished throne of gold and ivory, the wisest, the richest, the most powerful of the earth, had published the sad truth long, long before you: "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." I doubt if it were new even in his day; I fear Tubal Cain read it in the glare of his molten metals, and that the "longing for what is not" mingled its wailing voice with the harpings of Jabal.

Peace be with you, weary old Viking; perchance to Him, all seeing as all holy, thy crimes of blood and violence gleam not with deeper crimson than our daintier sins, which scarce call forth a sigh of penitence, or tinge our cheeks with shame. God pity us!

A Sabbath stillness reigns around this little village, broken only by the laugh or shout of children, the voices of women calling to their neighbors, or the ringing of the ax on the sturdy mountain pine; and at evening, echoed and re-echoed by the deep gorges, are heard the plaintive call of the milkmaids and the lowing of the quite herds. In this sequestered nook life flows on in a calm, unruffled current. A stranger

gazing on the tranquil scene, beholding everywhere hale health and peace and plenty, would exclaim: "Surely, here, if any where on earth, must dwell pure innocence and happiness." Ah, no! the Devil is a wondrous wight, and manages to keep his myriad irons glowing hot 'mid all his bustle. Though he doubtless holds his high court in great cities and finds in potent opportunity a fruitful aid; yet there's not on all this great round world a spot so tiny or remote that he'll neglect it if inhabited by man. Traces of his nimble fingers show themselves even here, in this lonely mountain village; and sin and sorrow make the office of the holy man, whose voice from week to week awakes the echoes of that quaint old church, no empty sentence.

At some distance from this village there stood, many years ago, a little brown house, weather-beaten and old, but strong and sturdy. A goodly heritage of sunny meadow lands and fertile fields stretched out on every side, and huge, substantial barns, that scarce could hold the teeming harvests, clustered round the little brown house, making its dwarfed proportions seem yet more pigmy. Large flocks grazed in the pastures, and the air was filled with the lowing of cattle, the cackle of poultry, and all the sounds that tell of rural abundance. Here, without wife or child, dwelt Hans Andersen, the richest man for miles around. Many times and oft, the simple folks would gaze upon his herds, broad fields, and bursting barns, and sigh, "If I were as rich as Hans Andersen," as hopelessly and longingly as we would say "As rich as Rothschild."

Perhaps none thought this half so often or so earnestly as Franz Leinhardt, who lived in a cot on the mountain side, from which he could view his neighbor's smiling fields. He and his brother, many years his junior, followed the calling of woodcutters in the neighboring forest. No sooner had the first pale heralds of the day appeared, chasing the shadows to their lurking places, than their sturdy strokes resounded through the forest; and not till the sun was hid, and deep gloom gathered among the trees, did they wend their weary way homeward. Few merry-makings could boast Franz's presence; but, when he did appear at bridal or at Christmas' feast, he sat with the old men, listening to their wisdom, and mingled not with the boisterous rout of younger revelers. To woman's charms he seemed impervious. No female glance, were it sly or artless, bright or tender, could bring a glow to his swart cheek, or quicken a pulse of his coldheart. 'Tis needless to say, that while graveyards of families praised him, saying, "T'would be a lucky girl who got so saving and industrious husband," he was no favorite with the bright-eyed Swedish maidens, on whose ruby lips he was "Old Franz Leinhardt."

while his cheek was yet decked with the silken down of early manhood; but, alas! Franz cared as little for their frown or favor as for the linets that his ringing ascended from their accustomed perch. Gold was the idol of his worship. Even in the little world in which he lived he saw that poverty was a reproach, no virtue or sense could quite wipe away, and that wealth conferred a dignity that mere good qualities could not command. What wonder, then, that he longed to close his grasp on the weird necromancer that can make men bow humbly down, calling deformity beauty, vice virtue, faculty intelligence. Fifty times a day the eager, envious wish, "If I were as rich as Hans Andersen," swelled his heart or found utterance at his lips. He knew the wish was wild, and unattainable as the cry of a babe for a star. Working from earliest dawn to latest twilight, spending but what a bare necessity required, he needs must know, count as he would, that a patriarch's life would not suffice to gain wealth at that poor, plodding rate; but he thirsted for gain, and laid coin to coin. The demons Envy and Love of Gold, which he strove not against, hardened his heart and held it closely barred, lest Pity, Love, or Joy, should enter; and as the years rolled on, his life grew barren of kind words or generous deeds, and in his eyes misfortune seemed a crime. Yet he was sober, and industrious; none went more regularly to the church or bent with deeper reverence in prayer, and thus he deemed religion, forgetting, as to many of us do, that "He praveih well who loveth well both man, and bird, and beast."

His brother Flemming, handsome, generous, and good natured, with a ready laugh and readier jest, was of a very different spirit; and wherever fun, or good fellowship, brought the neighbors together, there was Flemming. Envy was unknown to him. Little cared he how much the heavy-headed harvests of Hans Andersen's fields waved their golden treasures before his eyes, so long as Christina's ringlets of brighter gold shone in the sun-light or were tossed against his cheek by wanton breeze. Hans Andersen's herds might have loved themselves hoarse without winning a thought, when, with her hand in his, they skimmed over the frozen lake, the rattle of the skates and voices of the skaters making merry music under the laughing stars, while the bright Aurora painted the dark vault of heaven with gold and crimson till the snow-clad earth grew rosy. Perhaps as they gathered fir in the sombre forest to strew upon the floors, and Christina stood holding her apron to receive the fragrant tips, her innocent eyes cast upwards, pure and blue as dew-moistened field flowers, he may have wished for wealth to deck her with a crimson bodice and silken kirtle, and put a ring of gold upon her dimpled hand; but

avarice had no place in his heart. A penniless orphan was the fair haired Christina, and maid of the village inn; but when the weary working day was over, and Flemming received from her hands his mug of homebrewed ale and oaten cake, what prince so blest! Love breathed upon them; the humble cot became an elysium, and each with ecstasy ruled supreme over that boundless empire—a loving heart. Why are ye so fleeting, oh happy days of warm young love! when a look or word has power to swell the heart with joy unspeakable, and tinge life's weary, rugged road with all Hope's rainbow hues! It is needless to say that Franz looked on this wooing with no favoring eyes, and when in due course of time the young people changed courtship's fairy-land for the sober realities of matrimony, he heaped many bitter, angry reproaches on his brother. Forgetting that He who said "Thou shalt not steal," said also, "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death," Franz thought himself blameless because he made a just division of his hoarded gains, though he robbed the young couple of what God had made their due—a brother's love and sympathy; and Flemming, his heart wounded and estranged, went with his bride to the neighboring city to push his fortunes mid its crowd and bustle.

General Lee.

General ROBERT EDMUND LEE is the son of Gen. HENRY LEE, of Revolutionary memory, and known as "Light Horse Harry," whose mother was the beautiful Miss GRIMES, General WASHINGTON's first love, and whom he celebrated as, the "lowland beauty." General HARRY LEE was twice married. By the first marriage he had two children, HENRY, an officer in the war of 1812, and LUCY. By the second wife—a Miss CARTER, of Shirley—he had five children, two daughters, ANNE and MILDRED, and three sons. The sons were CHARLES CARTER, ROBERT EDMUND, (the general,) and SIBNEY SMITH, the last named an officer in our navy, and now in the rebel navy.

General ROBERT E. LEE was born in 1808, and is, consequently, fifty-seven years of age. He graduated second in his class, in 1829, Judge CHARLES MASON, of his city, and formerly Commissioner of Patents, standing first in that class, and was assigned to the Engineer Corps, as second lieutenant; in 1835 Assistant Astronomer, fixing the boundary between the States of Ohio and Michigan; in 1836 he was chief engineer under Scott, in Mexico, and greatly distinguished, being promoted successively, by merit, major, lieutenant colonel and colonel, for his gallantry; in 1852 superintendent Military Academy; in 1855 transferred as lieutenant colonel of the new regiment of cavalry; March 16th, 1861,

promoted colonel of the First cavalry; resigned April 25th following, and reluctantly embarked in the rebellion.

The following are the children of General LEE: GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS LEE, about thirty-three years of age; MARY CUSTIS LEE, about thirty; WILLIAM FITZHUGH LEE, about twenty-seven; ANNIE LEE, died at Berkeley Springs in 1863, and would have been now about twenty-five; AGNES LEE, about twenty-three; ROBERT E. LEE, about twenty, MILDRED LEE, about eighteen. None of them have married except WILLIAM HENRY FITZHUGH, whose wife, Miss CHARLOTTE WICKHAM, died at Richmond in 1863. The eldest son, GEORGE, graduated at the head of his class, at West Point, in 1854, and was a first lieutenant in the corps of engineers when he followed his father into the Southern service. WILLIAM HENRY was farming upon the White House estate, which belonged to the CUSTIS inheritance, when the war opened. He was commissioned second lieutenant in the 6th infantry in 1857, but resigned in 1859. ROBERT was at a military school in Virginia. The sons, it is well known, are all officers in the rebellion. The three surviving daughters are with their mother, who it is believed, has latterly been at Lynchburg.

Mr. CUSTIS, at the time of his death, owned some two hundred slaves, who, by his will, were to be free at the termination of five years from his death, which period expired October 10th, 1862. The most of these slaves were kept on the White House estate, and all the valuable portion were carried South; some twenty or more old men and women and children were left at Arlington. Mr. CUSTIS' mother owned the White House estate, and resided there when she became the wife of General WASHINGTON.

Death.

On the 1st inst. at 3. 20 p. m. Mr. Charles G. Allen aged about 37 years.

Mr. A. was a native of Andover Mass. U. S. of America, and had been in Siam for about 7 years.

Items.

A combination of Chinaman has been discovered which had formed some design against the government. A number of muskets, pikes, badges &c. were also discovered. Rumour says the combination amounted in number to about three thousand. The leader was a petty officer under the government, and a Hokien Chinaman. He, it appears acknowledged his designs and has been banished the country. Some reports say he was disposed of by dumping him into the gulf, but it appears upon reliable authority, that he was placed on board of the Siamese Barque Castle bound

for Hong Kong, with the injunction that if he returned his head would pay the penalty.

The Steamer Chow Phya is expected to leave Singapore for this port, about the 20th inst.

It is reported that the Siamese Barque Goldfinder, Capt. de Castro, has been lost, two days out from Hongkong, and all on board except one person, perished.

By private letters from Petchaburee we learn that the prospects for the next crop in that province still continues fair. After a short season of drought any fears that may have existed have been removed by the copious rains which have fallen.

We are informed that the persons found guilty of counterfeiting osts a few weeks since, have been released by paying a fine of less than one thousand Ticals. Report says that they were treated thus leniently because their counterfeit money is so imperfect an imitation as to be little likely to pass for the genuine coin, and that there was so little of it made as to be of no essential damage to the public.

Garden Rambles in Siam.

The following article was written not long since, by a person who spent a short time in Siam. The article may be taken as a specimen of a book preparing on Siam by the same person.

In a climate so hot and humid as that of Siam, (mean annual temperature, eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit,) vegetable life rejoices in perennial and surpassing luxuriance, variety and beauty. Unvisited by fell frost, icy blast, or arid wind, garden and field and wood are clad in living verdure. Toward the end of the dry season indeed, the leaves wear a tinge of brown and the grasses of straw, but a few showers, and all are fresh and green again. The change of leafage is little perceptible, the dying of the old and the unfolding of the new on most trees being simultaneous. Leaf, flower and fruit together, and such wondrous variety and exuberance! Every where nature is prodigal; on mountain-peak and valley-bottom, in frequented street and by river-side, every where she spreads her gifts. If earth be too narrow, she goes up and decks the house-top and wall with shrub and vine; she climbs the trees, loading root, trunk and branch with epidendra and parasites, and leaps from top to top, festooning and arceding still forest-depths with vines, leaves and blossoms: she hangs in air the orchard's 'outlandish roots and marvellous flowers': she goes into the streams and invades their muddy beds with filibustering atap or mangrove; and upon the ponds,

covering their calm waters with cress, lily and lotus; while down beneath the gulf she lays out vast parterres of curious sea-plants. The broad, alluvial river-valleys and most mountainous regions are densely covered with huge and lofty trees, and in many parts with a heavy, tangled, impenetrable under-growth. The districts under cultivation are of wonderful fertility, manifold rewarding the rude and indolent labors of the husbandman. Bangkok, the capital seems dropped down amid a great forest of fruit-trees, shade-trees and vines. The extended fields trenched, ridged and planted, the orchards and vineyards of other lands, are here named 'Gardens.'

On the margin of the river-bend, which loving hearts called 'Garden Reach,' thickly screening from the too inquisitive gaze of the many passing boats the old bamboo house, which the same loving hearts called 'Home,' grew the *cocos nypas*. It is the *chak* of the Siamese, the *-atap* (from the Malay word for thatch) of the European. A single stalk rising from the mud and tide to the height of eight or ten feet, with long dark green leaflets, close set, like the laminae of a feather, it is one of the humblest and yet most useful of the palms. The leaves separated from the common stalk, doubled and strung together by women and children on bamboo splits, in pieces two feet wide and one and a half long, form the water-proof roofing and siding of the bamboo houses. Resembling in color, when dry, corn leaves, costing six dollars per thousand, and lasting three or four years, they are a cheap and not unhandsome housing. A few steps, and we stand by the 'light, feathery, tree-like grass,' of which the wondering historians of Alexander's conquests first told the ancient West. How gracefully, beautifully, the bamboo, with slender stalk and bright green spray sways to-and-fro with every passing breeze! Does it not remind you of the weeping willow in the farther West? This species grows in clumps or clusters (of fifteen or twenty stems) often ten or twelve feet in circumference and from thirty to fifty in height. From large, tough, inter-grown roots spring the smooth, hard, hollow, long and many-jointed stalks, which at ten feet begin to jut out, the branches armed with sharp, thick thorns, and adorned with leaves two or three inches wide and ten or twelve long. There are several other species, some of greater size and use. What a blessing almost necessity, the bamboo is to the tropic inhabitant! It forms, with the *chak* or *atap*, three-fourths of the Siamese houses, frame, joists, rafters, cave-throughs, floors, foundation, (of floating-houses,) fences and all. With it they go forth to bear their burdens, handle their tools, water-level their walls, pole their boats, yard their sails, cable their junks. With it, hardened by fire,

they spear fish and foe, and through it blow the poisoned arrow. With it they at home again kindle by friction the extinguished fire, and castigate the truant or negligent youngster. With its sweet, tender shoots they relish their rice and fish; from it imbibe the sparkling river or canal. With it, cut in to small bits, they make net-jackets more odd than useful. With it, as organ or flute, they beguile the closing day, and labor and pastime done. But who can recal the more than four-score enumerated uses, and beauties, of the bamboo?

That is a singular palm: the rattan, which furnishes withes for the bamboo and atap, for thongs, cordage, cables and many other purposes. Its application in the moral improvement of criminals is not un-frequent, and is more painful but less ignominious than 'bamboozing'. Its power to enhance female beauty is, however, unfamiliar to the Siamese fair, though sometimes subjected to Parisian robes on gala-days at the Royal Palace. The purple juice of one species enters into the compound, 'Dragon's Blood' of the apothecaries. Another, with its long, sharp thorns, makes an impassable hedge. Another, in its native forests, creeping among the thick under-brush, tangles and toils all into impenetrable barriers, or coiling its stem, two or three inches thick, around and up the giant trunks, with leaf and flower-covered fetters, binds bough to bough and tree to tree for hundreds of feet. Rumphius mentions those extending twelve to eighteen hundred feet, or one fifth to one third of a mile from the root. But these little stems swinging from the high branches and rooting in the wet trenches at our feet, are not the rattan nor the banian. They are a rather ivy-like vine, which will ere long ungratefully cause the tree kindly supporting them to droop and die. The banana or plantain, with its soft green stalk, six or seven inches thick—which a rattan could cut to the ground—leaping like a mushroom ten or eleven feet high; its great green leaves, often two feet broad and ten long, finely arching, and gently swaying in the breeze, or spangled with the rain-drops: its long spike from the very top bending with encircling rows of green or yellow fruit, and terminating in a large purple flower, is it not a thing of beauty? To the native it is indeed a joy forever, with its ever-in-season fruit, several dozens in number, three to nine inches in length, three-fourths to two inches in diameter, and sweet, acid, subacid, mealy or juicy, according to the one of the thirty or forty varieties. From the tree every day of the year, or in pastry or fritters, or dried in sugar, it is the pleasant, healthful and nutritious food of the young child and the old man, the sick and well at home and abroad. According to Humboldt, they would in a year produce forty four hundred

and ten pounds of ripe plantains. From the leaf are made dishes, the covering of cigars, etc.; from the fibre, wrapping-twine. From the folds of the stalk are carved some of the finest decorations of festal halls and funereal piles. Here, too, 'the palms' lifts its majestic head, plumed with a dozen or more leaves, as many feet long and two or three broad, starred with light yellow flowers, and laden with scores of green and golden nuts. It is not a strange conceit that the name cocoa is derived from the Portuguese (*macao* or *macaco*) for monkey, on account of the resemblance which the nut, with its three embryo holes (one germinative) bears to that animal's face. As you look wistfully up, in a twinkling the boy, with cleaver in his waist-cloth, with bare feet and hands clasping the scaly trunk, is literally walking up the rings or grooves whence leaves have fallen, up, up, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty feet. Stand from under, and down plump the nuts in the soft earth. Down comes the boy—a cleaver stroke—and the bronze Ganymede hands you the opened goblet whence you may quaff nectar the gods might have envied. Another stroke, and your goblet is in hemispheres and a nice white blue munge is dished before you. The congealed and hardened cream of the older nut is a prime ingredient of curries. The meat of the *yet older* is sun-dried, pulverized, and then subjected to a process similar to tea and sugar-packing and wine-pressing. The natives express from it, through a perforated tub, with their pedicel extremities, an oil very pure, and so attractive to their taste, that our lamps of ten suffered in behalf of their erect. From the husk half-rotted in water, beaten on stones and dried, is made the filling of cushions and beds, from which might also be made the very best 'coir' cordage.

The *lan-palm*, tapped *beneath* the flower-shoot, gives daily a gallon or two of sweet maple-like sap. This rather pleasant drink on the *third* day ferments into the intoxicating toddy. Boiled, it yields a brown, thick, ungranulated sugar, very excellent, which is sold in small earthen jars, very cheap. The leaves of the talipot tree *lan-palm*, cut into strips two inches wide and twenty long, and rendered smooth and pliable by water and friction, form the leaves of the sacred books. The *areca* is one of the noblest of the noble family. Planted in rows eight feet apart, the smooth, slender trunk rises like a column, straight, leafless and branchless forty to fifty feet, with long, pinnate, gracefully-curving, bright green leaves, feathery plume of staminate flowers, and hanging clusters of hundreds of dark green or reddish orange nuts. A step across the trench and the narrow strip of weeds and bushes, the only (but usual native) boundaries, into the grounds of our neighbor, and we shall find yet another beautiful sight. It is a field of the plant

whose leaf is always used with the *areca-nut*. For a moment you might easily imagine yourself in one of the well-kept hop-yards of Central New-York. But it is the *seri* or *betel* pepper (cousin to black and red) vine, which, with light green leaf, is twining up the poles set in rows between the trenches, traversing at intervals of six or eight feet the whole field. With what fastidious neatness is every weed and blade of grass kept out; how thoroughly softened and mellow the soil; how carefully watered day by day from the trenches each plant! Your olive-tories recall a down-shore Long-Island farm in fish time. Hard by, in large earthen jars buried in the ground, are rotting quantities of fish, and from these sepulchres life is sprinkled every day or two on the vines. You will stop to admire the rapidity with which the girls are sorting and packing, in regular number and circle, the leaves for market. The master overseeing, with the accustomed courtesy of the host, orders the *betel* or *seri-leaf* tray to be passed to you. But you are ignorant as to its use, and he politely takes from one dish the hot peppery leaf, plasters it with lime, tinged a pretty pink by turmeric, quarters with iron shears a hard, astringent *areca-nut*, adds *finest* tobacco, *rolls all together*, and presents it. Or with extra *politeness*, if you through age have lost your teeth, he in a small brass cylinder, with an iron punch, *combines* this delectable mixture. The pleasure which you decline is one to which the Siamese, high and low, male and female, young and old, are exceedingly addicted. No man of wealth but has in his retinue one who bears the 'betel-nut' set, with its rich vessels of gold and silver. He or she of the single waist-cloth infolds within it the nut and leaf, sometimes carrying the latter rolled over the ear. The mouth oozing blood-like saliva, and the teeth blackened by burnt cocoa-shell to *prevent corrosion* by lime? add nothing, contrary to their opinion, to the beauty, not naturally excessive, of the people. The defiling stains and *debris* are seen in hut and boat, palace and temple. Universally used in the East, the *betel* is mildly stimulating, slightly narcotic, and ultimately tonic to the inhabitants of these hot, moist countries. Yet another palm of Siam, or rather its Malayan dependencies, is the *sago* from whose delicate pith is chiefly made the flour so much esteemed, especially by invalids.

Marvels of Memory.

Some examples of the feats of memory would be rejected as altogether fabulous had they not been given us on authority of the highest respectability. It is related of Themistocles that he could call by their names every citizen of Athens, though they amounted to twenty thousand. Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army.

Mithridates, King of Pontus, knew each one of his eighty thousand soldiers by his right name. Hugo Grotius, on being present at a review of some regiments in France, recalled all the names of the single soldiers in the order of the roll-call. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca could repeat in order two thousand words heard only once. Cook, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory the entire contents of a large daily newspaper. Lord Granville could repeat from beginning to end the New Testament in the original Greek. George III. is said never to have forgotten the face he had once seen, or the name he had once heard. Racine knew by memory all the tragedies of Euripides. Justus Lipsius ventured to rehearse the works of Tacitus from the first word to the last, and then from the last to the first, even when a man was standing before him with a drawn dagger to pierce him the very moment he should fail to give a single word. Bottegella knew by heart whole books, verbatim. Mirandola used to commit the contents of a book to memory after reading it thrice, and could then not only repeat the words forward, but backward also. Thomas Cranwell in three months committed to memory, when in Italy, an entire translation of the Bible as made by Erasmus. Leibnitz knew all the old Greek and Latin poets by heart, and could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word, when an old man. Bossuet knew the Bible by heart, and could also repeat, verbatim, all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, and many other works. The Abbé Poule carried all his sermons—the compositions of forty years—in his head.

Mozart had a prodigious memory of musical sounds. At the early age of fourteen he went to Rome to assist at the solemnities of Holy Week. Scarcely had he arrived there, ere he ran to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere* of Allegri. It had been forbidden to take or give a copy of this famous piece of music. Aware of this prohibition the young German placed himself in a corner and gave the closest attention to the music. On leaving the church he noted down the entire piece. The Friday after he heard it a second time, and followed the music with his copy in hand, assuring himself of the fidelity of his memory. Next day he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord—a performance which caused so great a sensation at Rome that Pope Clement XIV. immediately requested that the musical prodigy should be presented to him.

One of the most remarkable instances of memory we have ever yet met with was that of a young Florentine named Magliabechi, who died in the year 1714. This young man possessed a most insatiable passion for reading, and became familiar with nearly every book then extant in Europe. He seemed to have no taste for any particular

subject, but read indiscriminately whatever came to hand. He was able to retain nearly every thing he read, till he became at length a living, speaking index of all the literature of the age. The learned consulted him when writing on any subject with regard to which they desired information, and he was always able to direct them to the books which treated upon the matter, designating those which discussed it fully, and those which merely touched upon it. He remembered not only the matter of the books, but also the places where they were found, and by studying catalogues became familiar with the great libraries he had never seen. He became librarian to the Grand Duke, who one day asked if he could obtain a certain very rare book for him. "No, sir," was the reply, "for there is but one in the world, and that is in the library of the Grand Signior of Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the seventh shelf, right hand side as you go in."

The editor of a New York paper vouches for the strict truthfulness of the following: Some years ago A held a bond against B for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. When the bond became due, A made a diligent search for it among his papers, but it was not to be found. Knowing to a certainty that the bond had not been paid, or otherwise legally disposed of, A concluded frankly to inform his neighbor B of its loss, and to rely upon his sense of justice for its payment. But to his surprise, when informed of the loss, B denied ever having given such a bond, and strongly intimated a fraudulent design on his part in asserting that such a transaction had taken place between them. Being unable to prove his claim, A was compelled to submit to the loss of the debt, and also to the charge of dishonourable intentions in urging the demand. Years passed away, and the affair almost ceased to be thought of, when, one day, while A was bathing in Charles river, he was seized with cramp and came near drowning. After sinking and rising several times he was seized by a friend and drawn to the shore, and carried home apparently lifeless. But by application of the usual remedies he was restored; and as soon as he gained sufficient strength he went to his bookcase, took out a book, and from between the leaves took out the identical bond which had been so long missing. He then stated that while drowning and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, there suddenly stood out before him, as it were in a picture, every act of his life from his childhood to the moment when he sank beneath the waters, and that among other acts was that of his placing that bond in a book and leaving it away in the bookcase. A, armed with the long-lost document found in this marvellous manner, called upon B, of whom he recovered the debt with interest. Similar

instances of quickened memory might easily be given.

To a truly good man a retentive memory is an invaluable boon. In a true and noble life, a life full of sympathies and generous deeds for the welfare of the race, there must exist all the materials for the highest possible enjoyment on earth.—*Ladies' Repository.*

H. B. M. Family.

THE people of this realm have the best of reasons for rejoicing in every event which consolidate the stability or augments the happiness of the Royal Family. Under Queen VICTORIA this nation has enjoyed a prosperity and realized a progress which, if not wholly without precedent, can be only compared with one, and that the most glorious reign of our history. Besides this we owe to the QUEEN, and to the PRINCE whom we still lament, the priceless blessing of a pure Court and of a family life and discipline which have made the Royal household a praise and an example throughout the land. We offer our respectful congratulations to the QUEEN, who again sees her illustrious line extended and assured, and to the Royal Parents whose hopes are once more fulfilled. We salute with our warmest good wishes the Child which has come to take its place at the royal hearth and in the capacious affection of a generous people. May Heaven guard its tender years, mould and fashion its mind to every noble grace and every Christian virtue, and make the Prince as dear to our children as his Parents are dear to us.

London Daily News, June 5th.

Sizing Down The Ages Of Man.

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakesman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in this capacity. At the same age dies the factory workwoman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages, and unremitting toil. Then comes the railway baggage man, who is smashed on an average at 30. Milliners and dressmakers live but very little longer. The average of the one is 32 and of the other 33. The engine, the fireman, the conductor, the powder maker, the well digger, and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35. The cutler, the dyer, the leather dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoe cutter, the engraver, and the machinist, all of whom led confined lives in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of 40. The musician blows his breath all out of his body at

40. Then come trades that are active, or in a pure air. The baker lives to an average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone cutter to 43, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 44, the cook to 45, the inn-keeper to 46, the labourer to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 33, the tailor to 43, the tailoress to 41. Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water? Those who average over half a century among mechanics, are those who keep their muscles and lungs in health and moderate exercise, and not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 52, and the wheelwright till 50. The miller lives to be whitened with the age of 61. The ropemaker lengthens the thread of his life to 55; merchants, wholesale and retail, to 62. Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. The sailor averages 43, the caulker 64, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore 55, the ferryman 65, and the pilot 64. A dispensation of Providence that "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of 64. Last and longest lived come paupers, 67, and "gentlemen" 62. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves and live on their neighbours, outlast all the rest.

Royalist Church Sympathies.—

It is curious to observe the sympathies of the royalist or conservative parties all over Europe, in hoping for the destruction of this republic, and deprecating our success in the suppression of the rebellion. Professor Henstenberg, of Berlin, of the Established Lutheran Church, and a high saint in religious pretension, in his *Annual Review*—a dictatorial publication, called by the students "The speech from the throne"—finds nothing to report from America, but that the people here "have steadily persisted, with more than Pharaonic obstinacy, in this same striving against God." Their heart is "hardened, like that of Pharaoh, sevenfold." "This obduration," he proceeds, "shows itself in various ways, especially in the re-election of Lincoln, that man of blood and tears."

LYING.—"So, Tom, that old liar, Dick Fibbins, is dead."—"Yes, his yarns are wound up; he'll lie no more—the old rascal."—"Indeed, it's my opinion, Tom, that he'll lie still!"

"SETTING A MAN-TRAP" is the title given to the picture of a pretty young lady arranging her curls at a mirror.

**North China Insurance
COMPANY.**

THE UNDERSIGNED having been appointed Agents for the above Company, are prepared to accept risks, and to grant policies on the usual terms.

BORNEO CO. "LIMITED"
Agents at Bangkok.
Bangkok, 14th January, 1865. (tf)

NOTICE.

WE, the Undersigned, herewith notify all Ship Masters and owners interested, that we will henceforth, only acknowledge those Pilots, who hold their Licenses in accordance with the Port Regulations from the Harbor Master, and countersigned by us.

A. MARKWALD & Co.
Agents for the Hamburg and Bremen Underwriters.
Bangkok, 21st January 14th 1865. (tf)

**Batavia and Colonial
Sea and Fire Insurance
Companies.**

THE UNDERSIGNED being Agents for the above named Companies are prepared to accept risks, and to grant policies on the usual terms.

PICKENPACK THIES & Co.
Agents at Bangkok.
Bangkok, January, 14th 1865. (tf)

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS to inform the Ship owners and Agents of Bangkok, that he has been appointed Surveyor to the Register Maritime or International Lloyd' and is prepared to grant Certificates of Classification on Vessels according to their rules.

DANIEL MACLEAN.
Bangkok, 14th January, 1865.

Oriental Hotel.

**BOWLING ALLEYS AND
BILLIARD SALOONS.
THE NEWEST
Established Hotel
in Bangkok.**
DYER & CO. Proprietors.
Bangkok, 14th January, 1865.

Ship Chandlers.

VIRGIN & CO.

Ship Chandlers, Auctioneers,
And Commission Agents.
ESTABLISHED MARCH 1st 1861.
Situated near the Roman
Catholic Church Kawk-Kwai.
Bangkok, 14th January, 1865.

Bekanntmachung.

Der Unterzeichnete bringt es hiermit zur öffentlichen Kenntniss, dass er zum Königl. Preussischen Consul für Siam ernannt ist und vom heutigen Datum seine Functionen als solcher angetreten hat.

Unterthanen der folgenden Staaten kommen demnach laut des mit Siam durch Preussen abgeschlossene Vertrages unter seine Jurisdiction: Preussen, Mecklenburg Schwerin, Mecklenburg Strelitz, Bayern, Sachsen, Hannover, Württemberg, Baden, Kurfürstenthum-Hessen, Grossherzogthum-Hessen, Sachsen-Weimar Eisenach, Sachsen-Meiningen, Sachsen-Altenburg, Sachsen-Koburg Gotha, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, Reuss ältere Linie und Reuss jüngere Linie, Braunschweig, Oldenburg, Nassau und die freie Stadt Frankfurt, und werden hieraus sige Unterthanen der genannten Staaten hiermit aufgefordert, sich innerhalb vierzehn Tagen zwischen 10 und vier Uhr. Neu ankommende innerhalb vierzehn Tagen nach Ankunft, behufs Registrierung im Consulat zu melden.

Laut ministeriellem Erlass, datirt Berlin 16 Nov. 1864, wird Unterthanen der Herzogthümer Schleswig, Holstein und Lauenburg, nachdem diese laut dem Wiener Vertrag vom 30 Oct. v. J. in den Besitz von Preussen und Oestreich übergegangen, auf ihr Ersuchen, der Preussische Schutz verlielm.

Königlich Preussisches Consulat zu Bangkok, den ersten April 1865.

PAUL LESSLER.

Union Hotel.

**THE OLDEST
ESTABLISHED HOTEL
IN BANGKOK.**
Billiard Tables and Bowling
Alleys are attached to the
Establishment.
P. CARTER,
Proprietor. Bangkok, 14th Jan. 1865.

The Printing Office

**OF THE
AMERICAN MISSIONARY
ASSOCIATION,**

*Is situated behind the upper Fort,
near the palace of*

H. R. H. PRINCE KROM HLUANG
WONGSA DERAT

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All orders for Book and smaller Job Printing, in the European and Siamese Languages, will here be promptly and neatly executed, and at as moderate prices as possible.

A Book-Bindery is connected with the Office, where Job work in this Department will be quickly and carefully performed.

There are kept on hand a supply of Boat Notes, Manifests, Blank Books, Copy Books, Elementary Books in English and Siamese, Siamese Laws, Siamese History, Siamese Grammar, Journal of the Siamese embassy to London, Geography and History of France in Siamese, Prussian Treaty &c.

The subscriber respectfully solicits the public patronage. And he hereby engages that his charges shall be as moderate as in any other Printing Office supported by so small a Foreign community.

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BANGKOK Jan. 14th 1865.

D. B. Bradley

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WHOLESALE AND FAMILY
WAREHOUSEMEN,**

Ale, Wine, and Spirit Merchants,
IMPORTERS OF EVERY VARIETY
OF EUROPEAN GOODS,

No. 1 Raffles Place, Singapore.

Robinson & Co.'s Millinery Show Rooms (upstairs) are stocked with the most fashionable Goods, selected by their agents in London and Paris and forwarded per overland mail.

BANGKOK RECORDER SHIPPING LIST. AUG. 16TH 1865.

Arrivals.

DATE	NAMES	CAPTAIN	TONS	FLAG & RIG	WHERE FROM
July 30	August	Boock	713	Siam Barque	Singapore
31	Telegraph	Christeansen	740	do do	Hong Kong

Departures

DATE	NAME	CAPTAIN	TONS	FLAG & RIG	WHERE FOR
July 27	Java	Mann	740	Dutch Barque	Soerabaya
28	Postilion	Greve	358	do do	Batavia
29	Ocean Queen	Moll	321	Siam Ship	Hong Kong
	Orestes	Wolffe	480	do Barque	do
30	Brilliant	Euzare	300	do Ship	do
Aug. 2	Kim Hong Tye	Jorsen	300	do Barque	do
10	Etienne	Severs	250	Ham. do	do
11	Castle	Gottlieb	358	Siam do	do
	Meteor	Peterson	395	do do	do
13	Sirius	Tenty	270	do do	Hainan

Foreign Shipping in Port.

VESSEL'S NAMES.	ARRIVED.	FLAG & RIG.	TONS.	CAPTAIN.	WHERE FROM.	CONSIGNEES.	DESTINATION.
Amelie	July 11	French ship	679	Garner	Batavia	Borneo Co. Limited	Batavia
Dueppel	...	Prussian barque	600	...	Hongkong	A. Markwald & Co.	...
George Avery	August 5	British barque	467	Jack	Singapore	Borneo Co. Limited	...
Julia Ann	July 23	British schooner	160	Leonard	Singapore	Captain	...
Maggie Lauder	...	British steamer	131	Hodgeson	...	Gunn & Co.	Towing
Pontianak	August 7	Dutch barque	790	Graswinckel	Batavia	Borneo Co. Limited	...
Triton	August 4	Dutch ship	784	Schez	Batavia	Borneo Co. Limited	Batavia
Ting Hai	Feb. 11	British schooner	90	Greig	...	Scott & Co.	...

Siamese Shipping in Port.

VESSEL'S NAMES.	ARRIVED.	RIG.	TONS.	CAPTAIN.	WHERE FROM.	CONSIGNEES.	DESTINATION.
August	July 30	Barque	412	Boock	Singapore	Poh Yim	...
Ayudian Power	...	Steamer	649
Bangkok Mark	Nov. ...	Ship	409	...	Hongkong	Poh Toh	Laid up
Cruizer	...	Ship	700
Envoy	June 1	Barque	330	...	Singapore	Chinese	China
Favorite	July 17	Ship	400	Garnier	Singapore	Nacodah	...
Fairy	...	Steamer	...	Lee	Towing
Goliath	Dec. 17	Barque	450	Da Silva	Hongkong	Poh Son	China
Hope	Nov. 27	do	430	Millington	do	do	do
Iron Duke	June 3	do	331	...	Singapore	Chinese	In Dock
Indian Warrior	Feb. 16	do	464	Groves	Hongkong	Chow Kwang Siew	China
Jack Waters	...	Steamer	Towing
Kim Soay Soon	June 23	Barque	150	Chinese	Cheribon	Chinese	...
Kamrye	August 6	Schooner	257	Botsford	Singapore	A. Markwald & Co.	...
Lion	May 19	Barque	200	...	Batavia	Chinese	...
Prosperity	Mar. 19	Ship	604	Andrews	Hongkong	Koon Lit	In dock
Race Horse	Feb. 14	do	389	...	Hongkong	Poh Kean	In Dock
Siamese Crown	Mar. 25	do	549	...	do	Poh Toh	China
Sophia	do 27	Barque	282	Hinson	Hongkong	Chinese	do
St. Paul	June 8	do	300	Thomson	Singapore	Poh Yim	Singapore
Sing Lee	Mar. 5	Ship	356	Chinese	China
Telegraph	July 31	Barque	302	Christeansen	Hongkong	Chinese	...
Tik Chi	July 7	Brig	193	Chinese	Singapore	Chow Sua Poop	...
Verena	Dec. 22	Ship	560	Pulaskie	Hongkong	Poh Yim	Singapore
Young Ing	June 12	Brig	190	Chinese	Singapore	Chinese	...