

BANGKOK RECORDER.

A Semi-monthly Journal

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

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The Bangkok Recorder.

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N. A. MC. DONALD, EDITOR
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Bangkok September 16th.

Since our last issue we have been favored with another short visit from the French gun boat "Mitraille." The object of her visit was to receive Mons. Aubaret H. I. M. Consul at this place, who has had leave of absence from his government to make a visit

home. Mons. ST CYR JULLIEN is acting Consul at present.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mons. Aubaret just before leaving needlessly precipitated himself into another quarrel with the Siamese government, and left full of animosity towards His Majesty the Supreme King.

It will be remembered that a short time since we fought some battles with that functionary for the Siamese, in reference to the publication of the Treaty concluded between France and Siam in regard to Cambodia. But instead of being handsomely rewarded for our valour by the Siamese as we should have been, we were greatly blamed for what we had done, and even threatened with suppression. We had begun to hope, however, that the difficulties were all past, and that things would henceforth move along smoothly, when suddenly this new difficulty breaks out. Mons. Aubaret is in this instance so manifestly in the fault that we cannot refrain from again espousing the cause of government.

The information we have upon this subject comes from so many and various sources that it must in the main be true. The affair is resolved into three distinct and separate scenes which would afford ample material for a drama had any one the ability and disposition to take it up. It appears that the Rev. John Martin a Roman Catholic Missionary and pastor of Conception Church, Bangkok, became involved in a quarrel with one of his parishioners Phya Wisate, a subject of Siam and chief man among the Cambodian Catholics here. The

French Consul petitioned His Majesty the Supreme King of Siam to depose Pha Wisate and elevate Mons. Lamache a French subject in His Majesty's employ to a position of higher rank in the military department. The reasons assigned for these changes were the reported bad character of the incumbent Phya Wisate, and that the Consul for France knew that His Majesty the Emperor of the France would be extremely gratified by the promotion of Mons. Lamache, and that the matter should be consummated before the Consul left for France. To this request however His Majesty paid but little attention.

In a few days afterwards the first imposing scene in this drama occurred in the Court Room of Mom Rajoday the Siam International judge. Mr. Martin and Phya Wisate met in the International Court, and a rather loud altercation occurred between them, which resulted in their *liar-ing* each other lustily. Mr. Martin then complained to the Consul for France that Phya Wisate had called him a *liar*, and a person in whom no confidence could be placed. The Consul for France was very much incensed at this, and determined at once to have Phya Wisate removed. He immediately wrote a note to His Majesty the Supreme King, demanding that Phya Wisate be at once deposed without any further investigation, and if the demand was not complied with, he would take it as an insult offered by His Majesty to Christianity, as well as to the French Government, as it would be an infraction of treaty stipulations. This note was committed to the care of Mr. Lamache who arrived at the palace at

2 o'clock A. M. a very reasonable hour for business transactions, and here occurred scene No. 2.

His Majesty had been feeling unwell for some days, but was that night a little better and had called some Buddhist priests for the purpose of holding special devotional service. At this unseasonable hour M. Lamache made his way into the palace, a liberty which he had previously not presumed to take, especially at such an hour. At this sudden and unceremonious appearance His Majesty manifested some irritation, and even indignation. He demanded the business of the intruder, and if it could not be postponed until morning. M. Lamache then presented the letter of the Consul which was perused by His Majesty, who immediately gave orders to have a suitable investigation made as early as possible. With this however M. Lamache was not satisfied, and said there was no need of any further investigation, as he himself had heard the language used by Phya Wisate to Father Martin. He even ventured to expostulate a third or fourth time, and his expostulations were such as to border on imprudence, His Majesty then became very much enraged and used language toward M. Lamache which it would not be advisable to repeat, and the time for Buddhist service having arrived, he ordered him to leave the palace, M. Lamache however still persisted in remaining, when His Majesty ordered him to be taken out of the palace, which was done. M. Lamache of course hastened to his Consul and laid the matter before him. His Majesty had intended to write to the Consul for France concerning the matter, but feeling quite unwell the morning after the scene occurred it was postponed. At this postponement, or rather silence on the part of His Majesty, the Consul for France was very much enraged, and in haste addressed a note to His Majesty impeaching him with unfriendly sentiments towards the French, and threatening that he would be in Paris in six weeks and would lay the

matter before the Emperor, and that in the mean time the French admiral at Saigon would look after French interests in Siam.

In a very short time however, Mom Rajoday the present Siamese International Judge was sent down to confer with the Consul for France on the matter, and there occurred scene No. 3.—No sooner had he made his business known than the Consul picked up the betel box &c. of Mom Rajoday, which had been given him by the king, and was the *insignia of his rank*, his "*Khruang Yot*" and threw them out of the house and they were broken by the fall. Then taking *Mom* himself by his *top-knot*, the tuft of hair so much prized by the Siamese, he sent him after the betel box. No greater insult in the eyes of Siamese could have been offered to one of their officials. No fitter person, too, could have been selected by His Majesty for such an errand than Mom Rajoday. He is a Prince and cousin of His Majesty, and is a man also who has had much intercourse with foreigners, and we believe is universally esteemed by foreign residents here. He speaks the English language tolerably well and was one of the ambassadors sent by His Majesty to the court of England a few years since. His visit to England was not wholly lost to him, for he learned much of European customs while there. We feel confident therefore in asserting that his conduct on the occasion, was in every way gentlemanly, and did not merit the treatment he received. If it was in retaliation for the treatment received by M. Lamache, it must be taken into consideration that M. Lamache is but a French subject in the Siamese employ, whilst Mom Rajoday is a Siamese official of high rank. The conduct of the former was any thing but proper, whilst the conduct of the latter was in every way gentlemanly.

In this matter it is very evident that M. Aubaret transcended his powers. Upon what authority or treaty stipulations did he as Consul for France demand the depos-

ing of a Siamese official for an offence against his church or pastor.—It is a question to be settled by the church alone.

It is evident also from what has been transpiring ever since M. Aubaret has been here, that he is not the man to get along smoothly with the Siamese, and we doubt if he could get along smoothly any where. If he return to Siam he must return with sufficient force, to make Siam virtually a French province, and himself be the chief man in it. If His Majesty bears him out in such a course he certainly does not possess the shrewdness we have always accredited to him.

The strangest thing however in the whole affair is that Their Majesties, both the First and Second kings, gave him a private audience before he left, and presented him with tokens of friendship, which shows how fickle this people are, and how likely to be swerved from any straight forward course.

Garden Rambles in Siam.

(Continued from page 158)

Right merry must be the harvest-home of the Laos at the north. This transport, which I (Grandjean) have often witnessed, is made in too curious and too amusing a manner not to have a word about it. They beat the rice upon the field where they have collected it; then, when the grain is gathered into heaps, they go every morning, each with a train of fifteen, twenty, or thirty oxen. The first of these oxen, that is, the one which walks at the head of the troop, generally has the head covered with garlands, surmounted with a bunch of peacock's feathers, and the neck surrounded with little bells. All these animals have two kinds of baskets on their backs, which hang on each side, and which are filled with rice, after which they return to the city, (Cheangmai,) making a dreadful bustle; for the bridge which is at the gates of the city, not having a breadth of more than two fathoms, the convoys which are entering come in contact with those going out. A general *mêlée* results. Each one runs hither and thither to find his wandering cattle; the shouts of the drivers and the lowing of the oxen are mixed with the ringing of a thousand bells. The elephants, at a grave pace, come into the midst of this rout, with their large bells, which each has a different tone; then the buffaloes, scared by the

ringing, open, by charging all in the breach, a merciless gap followed by their masters, who cry, 'Nen tua ha di Hhuai Sonak!' that is, 'Take care, take care! a mad buffalo!' At last, the idle spectators, who gather in crowds, increase the tumult more by their cries and their incessant shouts of laughter. The whole makes a truly comical affray—a scene made up of the trunks of elephants, horns of oxen, of Laoian sticks, which rise, fall, and cross in all directions; and the spectacle, which commences at break of day, is prolonged until nine or ten o'clock, the time when the carrying is stopped, because the sun has become too hot. Such, for some is the labor, for others the sport, of the month of January.

The cultivation of sugar-cane, introduced some fifty years ago by the Chinese, is conducted chiefly by Siamese, who sell on the field to the farmer. Planted in June or July, and cut in latter December, it is carried to the huge, uncouth mills which is often both the work-place and home of a hundred or two Chinamen. The juice, ground out between hard-wood cylinders, turned by buffalo-erank, is boiled down over heavy fires, granulated in coarse earthen vessels of two or three gallons, and purified with quick-lime. In February excellent sugars are in market. The quotations for 1859 ranged from four-and-a-half to eleven ticals, two dollars and seventy cents to six dollars and sixty cents per picul; the export reached two hundred and three thousand five hundred and ninety-six piculs, or twenty-seven million one hundred and forty-six thousand one hundred and thirty-three pounds, (about one-eighteenth of the product of the United States,) being shipped to China, Singapore, Bombay, England, and (though at little profit) to San Francisco. A very choice and much used confection, is the 'rock-candy,' large semi-transparent crystal sugar. The inferior molasses-drainings, sold at about two dollars and fifty cents per jar of thirty-five gallons, are much used to give tenacity to shell-lime mortar, and finish to stone-lime plaster.

Next to betel, rice and sugar, ranks, as a necessity, tobacco. In the Siamese it is termed 'medicine,' but if only used medicinally they are a miserably sickly people, and that from the cradle to the grave. They commence its use at a period considerably more remote than that to which memory runneth back. It is not an exceedingly rare sight to see young Siam, in her mother's arms, alternate draughts at the fountain of life with whiffs of the light cigarette; though she does not abandon the maternal spring as early, by a year or two, as the child of the West. We have often seen one, just tottling about the house, hold a cigar between her fingers, and puff away the blue clouds with all the daintiness and gusto of one in other lands, who had made it a life-

long study and delight. The cigars, of fine tobacco covered with dry plantain-leaf, are skilfully lodged when not in actual service over the ear, masculine or feminine. Large quantities are chewed with betel. Indeed, the Siamese have reached that highest grade of civilization and refinement, of which 'the use of the weed' is an index. The production of coffee, though of late date, has resulted in a good quantity and quality. Under foreign management and cultivated on the uplands, (on the low the root runs down into the water, and the tree too soon dies,) it would, according to the best judgment, become an extensive export. It is, however, mostly drunk by foreigners, and offered at entertainments of the wealthy; tea, imported, being the usual beverage. Hemp, of the finest strength and durability, and cotton of different varieties, are grown to some extent. The natives cleanse the latter from seeds, etc., between two wooden cylinders, revolving, by hand, in opposite directions; beat it with rattan or whip-bow, roll it with fingers, and reel and weave it on machines very like those now antique at home. The gigantic 'silk cotton' tree, with 'showers of scarlet lily-shaped blossoms,' offers the soft, downy contents (too short and brittle for yarn or cloth) of its pods for cushions, pillows and beds. The export of cotton, chiefly in Hainan-Chinese junks, and difficult of estimate, was in 1858, two thousand three hundred and thirty-four piculs, or three hundred and eleven thousand two hundred pounds, at about sixteen ticals, nine dollars and sixty cents per picul, for clean; prices in 1859 ranged from eight to twenty-five ticals, four dollars and eighty cents to fifteen dollars for cleaned and uncleaned.

The treaties of 1855 and 1856 with Great Britain, the United States, (negotiated by the Hon. Townsend Harris,) and France, with the consequent entrance of western science, machinery, capital and energy, are already and wonderfully stimulating and developing the agricultural resources of the country.

Yet, beside the fruit and the vegetable, are the flower-gardens of Siam. The people, from high to low, are exceedingly fond of flowers. Young children wear them circled around the top-knot or the head, and around the neck. The women net, of flowers, seeds and buds, fragrant and beautiful hanging ornaments of different forms, some resembling lampelles. Persons are sometimes seen with flowers swinging from mole-hairs on the skin. Coolies, digging our trenches, besmeared from the sole of the foot to the very tip of the tuft with mud, frequently carried them over the ear to regale themselves at intervals. In and around the capital are many gardens devoted exclusively to their culture for the royal palace, and for state, festal and funeral displays. A large area in rear of a pa-

lace, near which was our city home, bloomed with roses, from which was paid the royal tribute of a magnate. The daily quota of other princes and nobles was made up of other flowers. Portions of the royal palace grounds are filled with the richest and rarest, native and exotic. The temple grounds are gay with plats, parterres and vases; and the edifices themselves, ever redolent of sweetest perfumes exhaled from flowers, festooned from pillar to pillar, and vased before the idol-shrines. [Here too the banian, with shoots descending and rooting in the earth, 'enlarges and beautifies its leafy palace,' but not in Indian frequency, magnitude and magnificence. And the sacred fig, another banian though not rooting from the branches, spreads its delightful tranquil shade, beneath which Gaudama, after long profound contemplation and divers works of merit, became Buddha. Reprobate indeed is he who would break a limb, or do other dishonor to it.] The lotus of lotuses, 'a truly magnificent flower, whose rosy petals, half-opening, emit a sweet perfume from numerous golden stamina;' the exquisite nycatanthus; the oleander, 'pride of the jungle,' larger than the largest home-lilac; the honey-suckle, the jasmin, the pink, the amaranth, the heliotrope, the passion-flower, the cactus, the lily, and others, many unknown to the West. But the whole country is a garden of flowers; they cluster in myriads beneath and upon and amid fruit, shade and forest-trees, and shrubs and plants, arraying all, at the early rainy season, with variegated leaves and blossoms, in more than queenly glory, and breathing odors we might well imagine celestial. The mangrove is the first and the last to the sight of the coming and departing visitor of Siam. Outskirting the river-mouths and the gulf-shores, it is at once a great conservative and aggressive. It protects the banks from wasting currents and tides; but more than this, it pushes far out and invades the waters. Its lower branches bend beneath the weight of the long clavate, or oblate spheroid fruit, which germinate, root, and spring up new plants, more and more remote from land. With their long, strong, arched and interlacing roots, they plunder from the passing waters floating drift, weeds, sticks, soil, and invite to their protection muscles, and other shell-fish. Thus they slowly narrow and fill the channel, and bring the shore to themselves. But their policy is, like that of many who 'remove the old land-marks,' fatal; when their ultra on-reaching successors have slut out from them the daily visits of the salt waters, they are said to wither and die.

The Brothers Leinhardt.

(Continued from page 149.)

Very soon after, Hans Andersen—the rich Hans Andersen—died in a fit: just as

any poor man might. It had seemed to the simple folks that even death, "the mighty leveler," must respect so great a man; and a sort of wonder mingled with their lamentation. Many relations whom he had neither known nor loved came mourning to his funeral; but when his will was read, it was found he had bequeathed his whole possessions and effects to his good neighbor Franz, as one who would not squander or abuse riches. "As rich as Hans Andersen!" Yes every rood and herd that once were his, now called Franz Leinhardt master. He had reached the highest pinnacle of his ambition, and sat in the seat, nay wore the coat, and stood in the shoes, of him he had most envied; still I doubt if he were half so happy, with all his wealth and consequence, as his brother, poor and struggling for each day's bread, but crowned with the tender love of wife and children. Year after year had rolled away, till many had joined the ages past and laid their irrevocable record of good and evil deeds before the throne of God; and the solemn slow moving years, as they passed, had hardened Franz's heart, and marked his face with wrinkles. The little brown house still stood amid the broad, smiling fields, and huge barns, strong and sturdy as of yore; and it would have puzzled a good guesser to say which was the elder—the dry brown old house, or the brown dry-looking old man who lived in it: both looked as if they might have challenged King Time to a trial of strength, and come off victorious.

The great barns and out-houses were full to overflowing with earth's richest harvests, as in the days when Franz Leinhardt, the wood-cutter, gazed enviously at them from his cot on the mountain side. Plenty and to spare Franz had, but there had been little comfort or happiness in the little brown house since he called himself its master. No weary wayfarer blessed his hospitality, nor eager children gleaned the scatterings of his fields; he saved money to make more money, to save more money, not to purchase his own ease or luxury, or to do good to others. Forsaking all other pleasures and affections, he loved Mammon only, and toiled and slaved for gold. 'Twas all he had to love. No wife had gladdened the little brown house with her loving smiles, nor children's voices woke its slumbering echoes. "Women," he said, "were extravagant and lazy;—they were silly and useless: and he was not rich enough to keep a wife in idleness;" but I doubt if any of the fair-haired, blue-eyed maids of Lundkolping would have had him for all his gold. But while wealth flowed into the strong box of Franz, and stuck there as if wedged and welded fast, Flemming's little stock of worldly goods had found wings and flown away, and turn which way he would he found himself pursued by

an overwhelming tide of ill fortune; yet was there many a honey-drop in his bitter cup. Christina, no longer rosy-cheeked and dimple-handed, was as tender and true as in the May-day of their love, and met fate bravely, toiling early and late to help to provide for the six sturdy children who made her merry with their laughter. It must be admitted, however, that highly as these heart-treasures are prized by their possessors, (and I have heard very poor men say worlds could not buy one them,) they are more likely to drag a man down to the mire of poverty, than raise him to the sunny plains of affluence. Through all these years while Franz was growing richer and richer, Flemming was slipping down the grim descent till he landed at the bottom sick and penniless. His good wife wept and prayed and toiled; but eight mouths are hard to fill, and one cold bleak winter day found the young Leinhardts keeping a forced fast, with no corresponding feast in prospect. The mother sat beside her sick husband with despair in her face, till the tears and lamentations of her children were unendurable; and throwing a shawl over her head, she sallied out in the drifting snow and blustering wind to try if, after years of estrangement, Franz could not be moved to part with some of his hoarded wealth to save his kindred from famine. She toiled along the rough road in the face of a storm that nearly blew her away, without feeling much of its fury, for her heart was in her poverty-stricken home; but when she reached the little brown house she trembled, hesitating to supplicate the pity of a man so hard and unrelenting.

She peeped timidly in at the window: Franz was sitting in a large arm chair, before a great blazing fire, smoking his pipe with dreamy satisfaction. On the mantle before him there stood a quaint old clock, and while she gazed the wheels began to whirr, and out popped a queer little man in a red night-cap, holding a tiny bag in each hand, which he clanked together three or four times, nodding and rolling his old little head all the time. Franz took the pipe from his mouth and nodded gravely to the little mannikin, which darted into the clock again, and all was silent. Four o'clock! Already night was closing in, the snow fell in thicker flakes, and the wind grew each moment more blustering—the poor woman felt there was no time to lose. Her timid knock brought Franz to the door, and with a broken voice and sinking heart she began her story; but no sooner did he understand that she wanted help than he motioned her impatiently from the door, saying: "Go, go; am I to blame that my brother is a fool and has a pack of children? Had he minded me he would have had no such plagues. 'Tis only worthless idle people who are poor and need help. I wont encourage imprudence

and mismanagement." "But my husband is sick; how can I leave him to work for my children?" sobbed poor Christina. "Let him go to an hospital, be industrious and frugal and take care of your children. 'Tis your business, not mine," returned Franz roughly. "Ah me!" cried the poor woman, clasping her hands, and raising her tearful eyes to the stormy sky, "it is night and winter, my children are starving, surely I shall go mad;" and as she turned sadly away, she said, "I pray God the gold that has so hardened your heart may never weigh so heavy on your soul that you cannot mount to glory," and with a bowed head and slow step she disappeared in the storm and darkness. Franz stood looking after her with something like remorse in his heart, till night shrouded her from his view, and he returned to his bright fire, his arm chair, and his pipe; but a spell was on him—nothing seemed so cheery and comfortable as it had done before that woman came. If he looked into the fire he saw faces there that he did not want to see; in the dark corners of the room were shadows of drooping figures; from among the old carvings and mouldings looked out thin famine-worn visages; and the old clock kept ticking over Christina's words: "Pray God the gold that has so hardened your heart may never weigh so heavy on your soul that you cannot mount to glory."

My voyage to Havana.

"The voyage will benefit your health, dear Maud; it is just what you need. Really, I think you had better go."

Thus urged my husband over a letter received that day, containing an urgent invitation for me to spend the winter, in Havana, with some dear friends I had not met for years.

I could not feel it best to go. We two were alone, Edward and I. For ten years we had lived in our quiet, beautiful home, happy in our love, which drew us closer as the years went by. Happy, except that the shadows, which always will gather where there is no bright sunshine from child-eyes, had settled in scarcely defined forms around our hearth-stone. I tried to think Edward felt their presence less than I—he was out all day, while I often sat alone, and heard the echo of sweet baby tones and tender, motherly endearments in my neighbors' homes, till the shadows seemed to wrap me like a cloud, and some drops fell.

Edward could not go to Havana, and, anxious as I was for the sight of the dear faces who would meet me there, I was very loth to go alone. But it was true Dr. Bryant had advised just such a trip, and my health was failing. My husband was firm in the conviction that it was "just the thing," and promised to write daily, while he urged that it would be only "a little while." A-

shamed to write a refusal to my friends with no better seasons to give for it, and with farther, mother and sisters united in thinking I must go, I foresaw that I must yield, even while I was resolving at least not to do so until the morrow. I went to rest that night troubled and rebellious; feeling that it must be best for me to go, yet with my heart strangely clinging to home, dear home.

How short the time seemed till I was on my way to Cuba! The adieux had been spoken; our steamer was gayly plowing on her course over the Atlantic waves under a lovely October sky, and I, under the guardianship of Captain Henderson, and duly equipped with all the necessary comforts and luxuries suggested by my numerous friends, was really making my first voyage.

The few ladies and gentlemen who were my companions were pleasant, social and intelligent, and we had a few days of pleasant sailing under auspicious skies with fair winds. Then came a fearful, terrible change. I can remember but little of the events succeeding the storm that broke over us, except the dreadful certainty at last that we were to be wrecked. Our vessel was beaten upon the rocks, and probably all must perish. Then a long, long struggle with the wild, pitiless waves as I clung convulsively to a piece of board one of the crew gave me when the wreck broke up, and we were all washed away. Then drifting away—away from all, and feeling that I alone was left, and no one could be saved. Then one last thought of husband, mother, friends, home and life, and then—utter unconsciousness and oblivion.

Very dim are my memories of what next occurred, even after life and consciousness were partially returned. Strange figures stalked about my bed, and words were spoken whose meaning I tried in vain to fathom; all was dark, blank and desolate. Utter weakness and prostration oppressed me. I could remember nothing—understand nothing. My voice sounded strangely in my own ears, and I uttered words I had not proposed. Soon another change. I was stronger—walking, talking and mingling with human beings whose words actions seemed uncouth, erratic and absurd even to my bewildered senses. I could recall the past only in gleams and snatches of memory, and these made me frantic with grief and desire.

One day it all came back to me, Edward's face, my home, the wreck, my combat for life amid the waters, all passed before me. I was alone. I raised my head and looked around. A small room, neatly but sparingly furnished, a little white bed on which I lay, a chair and table. The window had an out-look over green lawns, winding gravelled walks, and tall, waving, blossomy trees. All strange. Where was I;

A negro woman came in. I saw her face

light up as she met my eyes, and when I asked the above question, she broke out joyfully—

"Bress God, missis, youse, come to yersel! Youse bin sick, honey," she added, impressively, "an' I'll tell ye all about it, only slow, like. An' ye must tell the doctor where yer friends be; an' it's all right now;"

And sincere joy shone from her wrinkled, black face.

Very soon after I knew all. I had been picked up by some poor tar boilers on the coast of North Carolina; had been resuscitated with great difficulty; had lain ill in one of their cabins for months, attended by the wife of its owner, and, when my strength returned, reason did not. Failing to find any clew to my former home, they had placed me in the State Lunatic Asylum, where I now was. It was two years since I left my home in New York to make that fatal trip to Havana.

I would not wait to let Dr. Hunter send any word to my friends in the north. He was very kind—supplied me with funds for the journey, and made arrangements, I scarcely know, for me to be passed through the lines of the armies. I was fast approaching my home.

I arrived in New York at nightfall. Every thing seemed familiar. I had come to the same depot many times on returning from short trips to the country. I took a carriage, and gave the driver the street and number of my residence, scarcely realizing that a day had passed since I last did so. He stopped at the familiar door, assisted me to a light, rung the bell, and then drove away. I stood, scarcely realizing anything, waiting for the opening of the door. It was opened by one of the servants I had left in the house. I forgot for the time my long absence, and wondered why she ran away, after gazing for a moment, like a frightened creature, leaving me standing in the hall. Then, remembering that they must have believed me dead, I passed on to the parlor, with a strange heart-sinking and foreboding of evil. In my haste and impatience to reach my home, I had not thought that changes might have occurred within it.

Scarcely had I entered the room when I heard the step of Edward, my husband, in the hall. Every foot-fall brought freshly before me the happy days when I had listened for them at this hour. He came directly to the parlor. I stood near the centre of the room, with the light shining full upon my face. I could not feel that it had been so long since we parted, and half expected only the usual kiss and light-hearted greeting of old.

Why did he cower and turn so white? Sinking upon his knees, he moaned pitifully—"Maud! My God! it is Maud!"

I cannot tell you how, but after a while I knew all. I think my mother came to us, and told me, while I sat there trying to

keep from going mad with grief and agony. I remembered I had a deep longing to be back again in the little white room at the asylum.

The Ella, in which I had sailed, had been believed, without a doubt, to be lost, with all on board. Edward had mourned for me for months, refusing to be comforted. But now—he had been married to cousin Lillie for nearly a year; and the new wife, with her baby only a few days old, was lying in the room above me! I do not know how I broke away from the house, and gained the street. I walked on and on, swiftly. I would not remain to cloud their joy. No, no! Better be, as they had thought, dead and buried beneath the waves! I reached the river, and stepped quickly upon a ferry boat, of which the bell was ringing. The next moment I had plunged from her side into the waves. I struggled, and—

Edward stood at the dressing glass, carefully arranging his neck-tie, and the breakfast bell was sounding:

"Well, Maud," he said, gayly, "am I to tell captain Henderson to reserve the best states room in the Ella for your trip to Havana?"

I shuddered—

"Edward," said I, very decidedly, "I shall not go!"

Dancing

Dr. Eadie, one of the best Biblical scholars of this age, says in his *Cyclopaedia*:

From a collection of all the passages in Scripture in reference to dancing, it may be inferred:

1. That dancing was a religious act; both in true and in idol worship.
 2. That it was practised exclusively on joyful occasions, such as national festivals or great victories.
 3. That it was performed on such occasions only by one of the sexes.
 4. That it was performed usually in the day time—in the open air—in highways, fields and groves.
 5. That men who perverted dancing from a sacred use to purposes of amusement were deemed infamous.
 6. That no instances of dancing are found upon record in the Bible, in which the two sexes united in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement.
- Lastly. That there are no instances upon record in the Bible of social dancing for amusement, except that of the "vain fellows" void of shame alluded to by Michael, of the religious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety and ended in destruction; and of Herodias, which terminated in the rash vow of Herod, and the murder of John the Baptist,

Notice

There will be preaching in the English language every Sabbath at 4 P. M., in the New Protestant Chapel, situated upon the river bank, adjoining the premises of the "BOARNO COMPANY LIMITED," AND J. GUNN & Co.

All are cordially invited to attend.

This is the only union service in the city, and is the continuation of one commenced about thirty years ago.

There is also a meeting there every Saturday at 4 P. M. under the supervision of Prof. C. Hewetson for the purpose of practising Church music.

All interested are cordially invited to attend.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Bangkok Recorder

Sir—The communication of R. S. S. addressed to the journals of this place upon the subject of supplying a new copper or bronze coin to take the place of the abominable lead *ats* now in circulation has elicited a spark or two, which have made their appearance in the columns of your cotemporary. If nothing else, they enlighten the community as to some of the proposals which have been made to the Siamese government. The communications all agree as to the necessity of a new coin, but there appears to be some difference of opinion as to the best mode of supplying it. Only two tangible modes of supplying the coin appear to suggest themselves. One is to supply it from abroad and the other is to make it here. I think the government will be reluctant to try either way, so long as they can supply the present lead coin with such an advantage. They are issuing rapidly every day, and sending them out to draw all the silver they can into the treasury. It is true several attempts have been made to counterfeit them, and that rather successfully, but these attempts have been on a very small scale, so small indeed that the government considered it had little to fear from imposition, and dismissed the culprits. The coin too is like the Chinese *cash*, in itself of so small value that it does not pay to counterfeit it. The necessities of the community however demand a better coin. The people also demand it. The *ats* will soon be all the change in circulation less than a tical. The old *salungs* and *fuangs* are fast disappearing and no new ones are appearing. Those still in circulation are so much worn that it is difficult to pass them.

There is no doubt but that it would be much more profitable for the government to make the coin themselves, than to *farm* it out to some one of the foreign merchants. But the question arises can they do it? Says one "they have a mint and would it

not be for the interest of the government to import from Europe good dies &c." It must however be acknowledged that the mint is in part a failure. The new *flat tical* has been referred to as an evidence of the inability of the Siamese of themselves to produce a good coin. The fault however I think, is not in the producers, but in the dies. The impression is so shallow that it requires but a short time to efface it. The natives too require to be taught how to use a flat coin. They try the genuineness of the coin by throwing it down upon a hard board, or upon the brick pavement. No coin would stand such usage. To produce a good coin therefore they need first of all good machinery, good dies &c. I learn that they have a new mint on the way out from England. They have also sent to the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia for drawings which are on the way out. Next to a good mint they need a steady practical man to superintend it. No one can deny that the person at present in charge of the mint has done well. He picked the machinery up out of confusion and with no one to instruct or direct him put it in working order. They need however a practical man to take charge of the mint and for proper wages they can get such a one. They have been exceedingly unfortunate in the Europeans they have already had at work on their mint, but they have not had the right kind of men. They have for the most part been simply engineers. They have mostly been too, addicted to intemperance so that how capable soever they may have been of performing the work they could scarcely be trusted. The Siamese it is true have almost lost confidence in European workmen, and it is no wonder from the specimens they have usually had about them. They are themselves however much to blame for this as they generally try to get a cheap article, and sometimes get supplied to their hearts content. But by paying proper wages they can get a good sober steady man who has had some experience in such business. With a good mint therefore and a good overseer it would undoubtedly be more profitable to the government to make their own coin. But the supply would be obtained much quicker, and be attended with much less trouble, to accept the offer of "R. S. S."

I am Yours &

THONG DENG.

EUROPEAN SUMMARY.

THE elections are now over. The Government have gained several seats in the counties, and their total gains are now estimated at 25.

Mr. Gladstone was defeated at Oxford by 180 votes. He has been returned for South Lancashire, but the other Liberal candidates were unsuccessful.

In Dumbartonshire Messrs. P. M. Smollett and Stirling have polled an equal number of votes. Mr. Laing has been returned for the Wick Burghs.

Serious election riots have taken place at Rotherham, Maidenhead, Monaghan, and other places.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are making a tour on the coast of Devonshire and Cornwall. The Prince has visited the French iron-clads now lying in Plymouth sound.

The work of laying the Atlantic cable has begun.

The Queen's prize at Wimbledon was won by Mr. Shermen, of the 4th Yorkshire Regiment. The Elcho Challenge Shield was won by England.

The vacant Garter has been conferred on Earl Cowper.

The Road murder case terminated without a trial. Constance Kent pleaded guilty to the charge of murder, and was sentenced to death.

Dr. Pritchard, the poisoner, has made a full confession of his guilt.

A party of English tourists succeeded in reaching the summit of the Matterhorn in Switzerland; but in descending the mountain, three gentlemen and a guide fell over a precipice and were killed.

Diplomatic relations are about to be re-established between England and Brazil.

It is reported that Mr. Jefferson Davis is to be tried by a military commission for complicity in the assassination plot.

President Johnson's reconstruction policy is being strongly opposed by the extreme Republican party.

A confiscation department has been established at Richmond.

Barnum's museum at New York has been destroyed by fire.

The report of a proposed revival of the European Congress scheme has been contradicted by the *Moniteur*.

Banquets given at Cologne and Deutz to the Liberal members of the Prussian Chamber, have been suppressed by the Government, and the guests dispersed by the military.

Forty of the Spanish bishops have protested against the recognition of the kingdom of Italy by Spain.

The obituary of the week includes the name of Inspector-General of Hospitals H. G. Graham, Madras Retired List.

The demand for money continues to increase, and a speedy rise in the Bank rate of discount is anticipated.

The price of Consuls to-day is 89½ to 90 for money, and 90 to 90½ for account (August 8).

Rates of Exchange: Bank's drawing rates on Calcutta, 1s. 11½d. to 1s. 11¾d.; on Bombay, 1s. 11½d. to 2s. per rupee.

Cotton at Liverpool: Middling New

Orleans, 19½d.; Dhollerā Surat, 14½d.: fair Egyptian, 18½d. Total sales, 61,810 bales—24,780 for speculation and export. Imports, 39,976 bales. Market dull and irregular.

Cotton goods at Manchester: Market flat for both cloths and yarns, with prices in favour of buyers.

THE elections are now over. The battle has been fought, and it has resulted, as we expected it would, in great gain to the Liberal cause. The members of the Cabinet have met again in Downing-street, and have felicitated each other on their common victory. It is calculated that they are stronger than they were by twenty-four votes. But every victory has its drawbacks. Success is dearly purchased. If there be not, as often happens, any humiliating episodes, there are commonly some heavy losses to deplore. And assuredly in this case the victors are not without their "butcher's bill." Lord PALMERSTON has lost a congenial colleague at Tiverton. Lord RUSSELL has to bewail the failure of his son. Mr. GLADSTONE, though returned for South Lancashire, is smarting under his defeat at Oxford. Sir CHARLES WOOD has been compelled to change the representation of a populous constituency for a nomination borough. And such things are not pleasant. But, on the whole, they have pulled through in a very satisfactory manner; and nothing is more certain than that "Conservative reaction" is only a pretentious bubble.

But success has its own particular dangers; and all who wish well to the present Government and to the Liberal cause, hope that prosperity will not render her MAJESTY'S Ministers over-confident in their stability. Above all they must not think that they have nothing to do. The fact is that they have a great deal to do. They must justify the expectations of the majority by proving that they are not merely Liberals in name. In this respect there is, perhaps, a good omen in Mr. GLADSTONE'S rejection by the University of Oxford. As representative of a large and Liberal constituency he is likely to work with more free and unembarrassed action than in his old seat, and more may be looked for on the side of progress from the member of South Lancashire than from the academical nominee. In this respect, perhaps, we shall see that adversity has its uses, and that what is Oxford's loss may, in the end, be England's gain.

With the termination of the election contests comes a season of repose. There are some candidates, successful and unsuccessful, who are indiscreetly disposed to fight their battles over again in the newspapers, and to bandy "amenities," but the instances of these are not numerous. On the whole, the victors have used their success with moderation, and the vanquished

have taken their defeat with praiseworthy good-temper and philosophy. The tendency now is, after a fortnight of excitement, to subside. "Gentle dulness" will now reign supreme. The London season is over. People are rushing into the country and to the seaside, or crossing the Channel in search of new scenes on the continent of Europe. The QUEEN is going abroad. The PRINCE OF WALES is exploring his duchy in Cornwall. PRINCE ARTHUR is going to Wales to inaugurate a statue of the PRINCE GONSORT at Tenby; and he whom the *Times* this morning describes as "the ruler of all the Indies" (Sir CHARLES WOOD), has betaken himself in search of renewed health and strength to the German baths. The clubs are already well-nigh deserted; the state of the parks proclaims the exodus of the "Upper Ten Thousand," and holiday-time at the public offices has fairly commenced.

America.

Intelligence has been received from New York to the 15th inst. The four persons sentenced to death for complicity in the assassination plot were, as we stated in our last, hung at Washington on the 7th inst. The American papers give the following details of the executions:—

"The order for their execution was read to the prisoners on the 5th instant. Payne and Mrs. Surratt heard it with quiet resignation; the latter, however, earnestly begged for four days' more time in order to prepare herself for death. Harrold was quite overcome, and wept bitterly, while Atzerott was paralyzed with terror. Mr. Clampit, one of the counsel for Mrs. Surratt, procured a writ of *habeas corpus* from Judge Wylde, which was served upon General Hancock on the morning of the 7th. In answer General Hancock appeared in court, and stated that his reason for not making the required return to the writ was in consequence of the suspension of the writ by the President. The following endorsement upon the writ was then read:—'Executive-office, July 7, 1865. Major-General Hancock, commanding. I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do declare that the writ of *habeas corpus* has been heretofore suspended in such cases as this, and I do hereby especially suspend this writ, and direct that you proceed to execute the order of the Military Commission, and you will give this in return for the writ. ANDREW JOHNSON.' Harrold's sister and Mrs. Surratt's Daughter Anna appeared early in the morning at the White House to intercede for clemency, and craved an interview with the President, who had, given imperative orders to admit no one. The grief of Miss Surratt is said to have been pitiable. Failing in all her efforts in behalf of her mother, she finally sunk senseless upon

the steps of the executive mansion. Payne is said to have earnestly declared Mrs. Surratt to be innocent, and to have exhibited the greatest anxiety that she should not suffer death. Even up to the hour of the execution it was generally expected that Mrs. Surratt's sentence would be commuted. From the time of hearing their doom the prisoners were constantly attended by their spiritual advisers, Payne's religious persuasion being Baptist, Mrs. Surratt's Roman Catholic, Harrold's Methodist, while Atzerott selected a Lutheran minister. At one o'clock P.M. the 27th inst, the prisoners left the prison building for the gallows in the courtyard. Mrs. Surratt had to be supported. She was closely attended by Fathers Wiget and Walter. Next came Atzerott, trembling and utterly unnerved. Payne followed attended by the Rev. Mr. Gillett. He walked firmly, displayed no bravado, but manifested in no way the slightest fear. Harrold was pale and subdued in manner, but walked unaided. Having reached the scaffold, Payne and Harrold, through their ministers, thanked General Hartrauft for his uniform kindness to them in their imprisonment. Prayers were then conducted, after which, all being in readiness, the prisoners were brought forward, bound, and the halter of each adjusted. Payne throughout maintained his firmness, Harrold being partially unconscious, Mrs. Surratt calm, and Atzerott quaking with terror. The latter alone spoke upon the gallows, saying, 'Good-bye, gentlemen. May we all meet in another world.' At half-past one o'clock the trap was sprung, the four culprits falling simultaneously. There was no struggle on the part of Mrs. Surratt; she seemed to die without suffering a moment's pain. Harrold struggled a little, but soon was quiet; and Atzerott seemingly died easy. Payne, however, appeared to suffer greatly. The fall did not break his neck, and he writhed and heaved his body terribly, sometimes drawing himself up as in a sitting posture. In six minutes all were dead. After hanging about twenty-six minutes the bodies were cut down, placed in coffins, and at once buried in the prison yard. The affair was conducted in a most orderly manner, and was witnessed by about three hundred persons, including the reporters for the press. When about to rise from her chair for the purpose of being pinioned, Mrs. Surratt inquired of her spiritual adviser what she should say on the scaffold, and upon being answered, 'Oh, nothing—what do you desire to say?' replied, 'That I am innocent.'

The execution has been much discussed by the American press. Some journals defend the course of the authorities, and endorse the sentence and execution as both just and expedient, while others, especially the anti-administration journals, assert that the military commission pronounced sen-

tence upon insufficient evidence, and that the sentence was then carried into effect with indecent haste and inhumanity.

It is stated that there is still a prospect that Mr. Jefferson Davis may be put on trial for complicity in the assassination plot. It is said that among the documents recently discovered are some which fasten upon him most clearly the guilt of having abetted the crime, and there is a rumour that he will be tried by a military commission at Washington.

France

The *Moniteur* has stated that "the reports current that an understanding had been arrived at between the great Powers of Europe for the assembly of a Congress are devoid of foundation."

The Prince Imperial is officially stated to have completely recovered from his indisposition, and the Empress and her son has gone to Fontainebleaux. A correspondent, writing from the French capital, says the illness of the boy has been caused by the injudicious efforts to make him a prodigy of learning. The Prince gave way under the weight of the tasks.

The *Moniteur* contradicts the statements which have been published that the Emperor Napoleon intended to promote Abd-el-Kader to a sort of vice royalty in Algeria. The official journal says, "The rumour of the appointment of Abd-el-Kader to any post whatever in Algeria is destitute of foundation."

The Paris press has taken a warm interest in Mr. Gladstone's success in South Lancashire. At first it was reported that he had been defeated, and the news was received with deep regret. His rejection at Oxford is looked upon in Paris as a decided gain to the liberal cause. The *Courier du Dimanche* thinks that the constituency which regrets the Chancellor who brings in his budget every year with a surplus, and reduces taxation, must be hard to please. The *Courier* suggestively adds that it knows of a country where such financial genius would be welcome. The *France* is especially loud in its praises of Mr. Gladstone, and congratulates the electors of South Lancashire on "having had the privilege of returning the glorious defeated of Oxford.

Overland Mail July 26th.

TOWING IN SAIGON RIVER.

The undersigned begs to inform Captains, Ship Owners, and Consignees of vessels that the S. Sr. "Powerful" 100 Horse power will be ready to tow, in a short time, Vessels of the largest tonnage in Saigon River at moderate rates.

Saigon August 29th 1865.

DENIS FRERES.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the editor of the Bangkok Calendar, issued for six consecutive years from the Printing Office of the Am. Missionary Association in this city, fully intends to continue the publication of the work, and hopes to show improvements in the next issue as he has ever aimed to improve upon successive numbers from the beginning. He hereby respectfully solicits the continued support of all his former patrons with their usual liberality, at the least, and with more if their business at the beginning of the next year shall revive and flourish.

MR. A. SAIHTLER, PHOTOGRAPHER.

Begs to inform the inhabitants of Bangkok, that he has arrived here upon a visit, and during his stay will be glad to take portraits, landscapes and views of houses etc. of all sizes, to 15 inches. His *atelier* is at Falks Hotel New Road.

The subscriber would hereby inform the public that he has recently purchased all the presses and type, together with all the type-casting and book-binding apparatus formerly belonging to the Am. Baptist Mission in this city; and having thus reinforced his original Printing establishment with a great increase of power, he hopes to perform a much greater amount of printing for the Mission and for this business community, and to fulfil the desires of his patrons with more promptness and certainty than before.

D. B. BRADLEY.

Bangkok Sept 12th 1865.

Mr. J. L. Hood U. S. Consul for Siam, with Mrs. Hood, arrived per Chow Phya, on the 8th inst.

The American community are doubtless ready to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Hood a most cordial welcome with best wishes that they may have a pleasant sojourn here.

MONS. ST CYR JULLIEN IS ACTING CONSUL FOR FRANCE.

We learn from private sources that Mr. Thomas Miller, who spent some three years here, and is well known to most of the residents, sailed from New-York July 1st, on his return to Siam.

We notice in the China Express of 27th July the following statement.

"The King of Siam has resolved on the re-organization of his fleet, and has sent an order to France for the construction of a Corvette and four armed vessels of lighter draft." We are authorized to state that there is no truth whatever in this statement.

We are authorized to say that the Siamese government has already taken the subject of copper coin into consideration, and decided that it will not be wise to entertain any proposition to import copper *ats* into the country, but would encourage the expectation that importations of simple copper can be readily sold to government at reasonable prices.

We hear of much oppressive treatment at the Custom Office of Bangsai on the river Chow Phya a little below Ayuthia, of country Chinaman, coming in boats from northern Siam, loaded with merchandise for this market. If the half we learn be true, the matter claims prompt and thorough investigation by government. In our next Siamese issue we purpose to publish a more full account of the complaints that come from that quarter. It seems to us quite probable that such violence is not limited to that single Custom Office but will, on investigation, be found at many others.

We learn from the best authority, that the prospects of the rice crops are now very fair in almost all parts of the country. But in the immediate vicinity of Bangkok they are rather precarious for the want of rain.

The new canal from Tachean River is being cut rapidly and will probably be done in two or three months.

"HAVE you relatives in the army?" asked a Second Lieutenant of a lady sitting in the car seat with him. "Yes." "Your husband?" "Yes, Sir." "From what State?" "Illinois." "Illinois [patronizingly] has sent some fine troops, ma'am. Your husband wears a strap, I presume?" "Yes, Sir." "Is he with the Potomac army?" "Yes, Sir." "May I inquire his name?—I am acquainted with a good many brother officers there." "Certainly, Sir—Ulysses S. Grant." (Exit Lieutenant for smoking-car.)

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.

Beamtmachung.

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 abgeschlossenen 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 Sondershausen, Reuss ältere Linie und Reuss jüngere Linie, Braunschweig, Oldenburg, Nassau und die freie Stadt Frankfurt, und werden hier ansässige Unterthanen der genannten Staaten hiermit aufgefordert, sich innerhalb vierzehn Tagen zwischen 10 und vier Uhr. Neu Ankommende innerhalb vierzehn Tagen nach Ankunft, behufs Registrirung 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 verlihen.

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

at the mouth of the large Canal
Bangkok-Yai

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.

Small jobs of translating will also be performed by him.

BANGKOK Jan. 14th 1865.

D. B. Bradley.

ROBINSON & CO., 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.

Dispatch from Pres. Johnson.

The following dispatch from the President of the United States in response to a telegram sent to him by the Congregational Churches.

To. Gov. Wm. A. Buckingham Moderator of the National Council of Congre-

gational Churches, Boston:—I receive with profound thanks the dispatch of your Council. In the arduous and embarrassing duties devolved upon me, I feel the need of the cooperation and sympathy of the people and of the assistance of the Great Ruler of the universe. These duties I shall endeavor to discharge honestly, and to the best of my judg-

ment, with the conviction that the best interests of civil and religious liberty through the world, will be preserved and promoted by the success and permanency of our country. Let us all labor to that end, and the mission upon which the people have been sent among the nations of the world will be accomplished. *Andrew Johnson.*

BANGKOK RECORDER SHIPPING LIST, SEPT. 16TH 1865

Arrivals.						Departures					
DATE	NAMES	CAPTAIN	TONS	FLAG & RIG	WHERE FROM	DATE	NAME	CAPTAIN	TONS	FLAG & RIG	WHERE FOR
Sept. 1	Mitraille	Oley	H.I.M.G. boat	Saigon	Aug. 31	Triton	Seher	784	Dutch Ship	Batavia
3	Tweelingen	Bruijns	596	Dutch Bark	Sourabaya	Sept. 5	Mitraille	Oley	H.I.M.G. boat	Saigon
7	Kim Guan	Chinese	259	do do	Singapore	"	August	Boeck	412	Siam. Bark	Hong Kong
8	Chow Phya	Orton	235	Siam. Str.	do	"	Katinka	Cummings	258	British Brig	Singapore
"	Maria	Ingerman	600	Dutch Bark	Batavia	"	Pontianak	Grasswinckel	790	Dutch Bark	Batavia
						"	Verena	Pulaskie	560	Siam. Ship	Hong Kong
						"	Tinghai	Greig	90	British Sch.	Singapore

Foreign Shipping in Port.

VESSEL'S NAMES.	ARRIVED.	FLAG & RIG.	TONS.	CAPTAIN.	WHERE FROM	CONSIGNEES.	DESTINATION.
Dueppel	Prussian Barque	600	Hong Kong	A. Markwald & Co.	In dock
Tweelingen	Sept. 3	Dutch Barque	596	Bruijns	Sourabaya	Borneo Co. Limited	Java
Kim Guan	Sept. 7	do do	259	Chinese	Singapore	Chinese
Maggie Lauder	British Steamer	131	Hodgeton	Hodgeton	Towing
Maria	Sept. 8	Dutch Barque	600	Ingerman	Batavia	Borneo Co. Limited	Java
Ra-Jama	August 19	British Barque	348	Mackenzie	London	Scott & Co.	China
Ravensbourne	Sept. 9	do do	410	Cooper	Hartlepool	Borneo Co. Limited	Uncertain

Siamese Shipping in Port.

VESSELS NAMES	DATE OF ARRIVAL	FLAG & RIG	TONS	CAPTAIN	WHERE FROM	CONSIGNEES	DESTINATION
Ayudian Power	Steamer	640
Bangkok Mark	Nov. 1	Ship	499	Hong Kong	Poh Toh	Laid Up
Cruizer	do	700
Chow Phya	Sept. 8	Steamer	355	Orton	Singapore	Poh Yim	Singapore
Envoy	June 1	Barque	330	Singapore	Chinese	China
Favorite	July 17	Ship	400	Garnier	Singapore	Nacodah
Fairy	Steamer	Lee	Towing
Hope	Nov. 27	Barque	430	Millington	Hong Kong	Poh So	China
Iron Duke	June 3	do	331	Singapore	Chinese	In Dock
Indian Warrior	Feb. 16	do	464	Groves	Hong Kong	Chow Kwang Siew	China
Illus. Conqueror	August 31	Steamer	Eames	Coast	Towing
Jack Waters	do	Chinese
Kim Soay Soon	June 23	Barque	150	Chinese	Cheribon	Chinese
Lion	Map 19	Barque	200	Batavia
Morning Star	Augt. 31	Steamer	Siamese	Coast	Koon Lit
Prosperity	Mar. 19	Ship	604	Andrews	Hong Kong	Poh Keam
Race Horse	Feb. 14	do	389	do	Poh Toh	China
Siamese Crown	Mar. 25	do	549	Swatow	Chinese	do
Sophia	do 27	Barque	282	Hinson	Hong Kong	Poh Yim	Singapore
St. Paul	June 8	do	300	Thomson	Singapore	Chinese	China
Sing Lee	Mar. 5	Ship	356	Chinese
Telegraph	July 31	Barque	302	Christeansen	Hong Kong
Tik Chi	July 7	Brig	193	Chinese	Singapore	Chow Sua Poop
Young Ing	June 12	do	190	Chinese	Singapore	Chinese