

# BANGKOK RECORDER.

## A Semi-monthly Journal

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

VOL I.

BANGKOK SATURDAY OCTOBER 14TH 1865.

NO. 19

### 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, "Klong Bangkok Fai" 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.

The proprietors will not be responsible for the sentiments of their correspondents.

No communication will be admitted unless accompanied by the name of the Correspondent.

No rejected manuscript will be returned unless as a special favor.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

YEARLY IN ADVANCE	\$8.00
HALF YEARLY	4.50
QUARTERLY	2.25
EXTRA COPIES TO SUBSCRIBERS	0.30
" " Non. do.	0.45

#### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First, insertion—ten lines or half a square, and under, ONE DOLLAR and each additional line, FIVE CENTS.

Subsequent insertion, SEVENTY FIVE CENTS, for ten lines, and each additional line, FIVE CENTS.

Advertisers must be particular to specify the number of insertions.

Standing advertisements as per CONTRACTS.

Communications and remittances can be sent, to either of the subscribers, or left at the store of Messrs. Virgin & Co.

N. A. Mc. DONALD, EDITOR

D. B. BRADLEY, PUBLISHER

October 14th 1865.

There could scarcely be a more heartless and discouraging mission than that of an Editor in Siam. Not more so was that of the prophet Isaiah, when he was sent to preach to those who he was told would not believe. An editor has the privilege to exercise his functions, and give vent to his

opinions and suggestions, but he is assured that his articles will neither be read, nor obeyed. In a translation, which appeared in our last issue, is a piece of advice to editors and others, which informs them very clearly what they have to expect. At this however we are not at all disappointed. Ingratitude is inherent in the human heart, and those who have been the best servants, and even the best advisers have oftentimes been most ungratefully treated. We however, we suppose, must on the other hand be truly grateful for the privilege of exercising our editorial functions unmolested.

We may *murmur* but our murmurings will most certainly not be heeded. Some of those who are really interested in the trade and prosperity of the country, in order to bring the matter before the public, and the government, proposed through the Newspapers to import a new copper coin which would take the place of the miserable lead affairs now in use. That proposal brought out the article in question. The public are informed that some new coins are coming out speedily, and that no further advice or proposals upon the subject are necessary.

From the translation in question we learn one or two other little things. We learn that nations, as well as individuals, although they may be ignorant and superstitious, may get such an opinion of themselves as to feel that they know almost every thing that is worth knowing, and have no need of any further advice. We learn also the kind of articles which are most appreciated here. All those things which would be a permanent blessing and benefit to the coun-

try, and which would tend to elevate it to a position of intelligence, and enterprise, in common with the great nations of the earth, are not wanted. But all things calculated to amuse and tickle the fancy of a nation of children, and which would rather hinder than otherwise their progress in the way of true civilization, are wanted, and will be appreciated.

### The Louvre

For the Bangkok Recorder

On the side of the Seine, the celebrated gallery of the Louvre connects that Palace with the Tuileries. It was here that before the overthrow of Napoleon the choicest treasures of art which the world had produced were assembled together—A collection of the spoils of all countries which could only have been accomplished by the injustice of a mighty conqueror. Those spoils have been restored to their rightful owners, in some cases only to excite a fruitless admiration, but with the certainty that had they remained to France, they would have nurtured the most hateful feelings of national vanity, and have stimulated the taste of the people at the expense of their public integrity. The statues and pictures which now remain in the Louvre, have been honestly acquired. Many of them are valuable and some of the highest order of excellence. And though the Apollo and the Transfiguration no longer attract pilgrims from every quarter of the globe where art is venerated, the treasures which remain, are abundant and choice enough, to serve for example and instruction. One of the most remarkable pictures now preserved in the gallery of the Louvre is supposed to be the last work of the celebrated Goya, painted near the close of his life at Bordeaux and is entitled "Un Chien en arrêt devant un serpent." The artist dying bestowed it on an old and faithful attendant with the words "Vous en ferez un devant de cheminée." The "devant de cheminée" soon after passed into the hands of a broker of the Cours d'Albert, and was not long after repur-

chased at the Fair de saint Forte to be magnificently installed in the gallery of the Louvre. An incident in the personal experience of Goya is of so deep an historical interest, being connected with the dark period of the Inquisition, that we cannot resist giving it to our readers in commencing our present sketch of the Louvre with its historical scenes and associations.

It was in the early part of the year 1816 on the return of the Royal family to Madrid that Goya attained the position of first painter to Ferdinand the VII of Spain. This intellectual and noble artist was not only a favorite with the king, but was universally admired and esteemed, as he had already ably combatted the enemies of the throne and of independence by the aid of his palette and brush. In fact in most of his paintings, sketches, and caricatures, Goya vividly portrayed a hatred, the most vigorous, energetic, and deep rooted, against the depraving influence of the barbarous institutions of his country, giving at times terrific illustrations of what human nature is capable of becoming under the spur of bigotry and religious hatred. On finding that the clergy of his country, in the fanaticism of their religious zeal, had demanded of a monarch of the nineteenth century, the re-establishment of the Inquisition, Goya with a few touches of his pencil endeavored, if possible to extinguish the courage of this so called, religious philosophy. He presented a tableau or picture to his Patron and Sovereign, Ferdinand VII entitled "Crime de lese Majesty, divine et humaine," representing Ferdinand himself, seated in royal magnificence on his throne, lending a willing ear to some counsellors, who were no others than Philippe II. and the most celebrated of the Inquisitors of the ancient church of Spain.

Philippe was seen standing a little lower and behind the throne of the son of Charles IV. with his head slightly inclining towards the shoulder of Ferdinand, and his eye fixed on a crucifix which one of the chief of the Sacred Office bore triumphantly before them. At the foot of the throne were placed the most heroic of the martyrs of the Inquisition, from every siècle of its history, snatched from oblivion by a few vigorous touches, who appeared to be disputing with the conscience of the new Sovereign. On the last step of the throne was placed a monk of the order of Saint Dominique who played the part of recorder in that solemn and terrible audience; writing down the names of the guilty on a long roll of parchment, with a pen the point of which terminated in a poignard. And to leave no part undone in this keen satire, Goya would have the recording monk dip his pen, or rather the point of the poignard, in the blood of one of the most illustrious female victims of the last century. The desk of the recorder

was a human skeleton. The figures so ably reproduced by the painter appeared to be agitated by the various passions expressed on each face, and some bore so life-like a resemblance to many who were still fresh in the memory of the living, that one might almost imagine that a Philippe, a Valdes, and a Torquemada lived, felt, thought, spoke, and acted, once more the hideous drama of that religious period.

One evening not long after the completion of the "Crime de lese Majesty, divine et humaine," as Goya was engaged in his studio, he heard a knocking, and on opening his door, was greeted by one of the Judges of the Sacred Office who had come to execute on the person of the celebrated and courageous artist the decree of the Grand Inquisition of Ferdinand VII. After having taken a minute inventory of all that belonged to Goya, he attached the fatal seal to his dwelling, and conducted his prisoner to the new palace of the Sacred Office. Goya calmly awaited his fate. He soon found himself in a dark chamber, containing a low bed and a stool, which were dimly visible through the surrounding gloom. The retreating sounds of foot steps and the grating of the key as it turned upon him told him all the rest. He threw himself upon the couch and fell into a deep sleep. On awaking next morning he found a Familiar seated beside him, who said to him with a smile, will you please to reproduce on your canvas, in order to follow up your first picture, such scenes as you will now be made familiar with. Observe carefully, listen attentively, and inspire yourself. Where am I? demanded the artist. In one of the dungeons of the Sacred Office replied the Familiar; in a dungeon which has the just proportions of a sepulchre and no more. The dead do not require much room. Am I then condemned to die? When one falls into such an abyss, it is not to live. May I have the liberty of writing and reading while awaiting my execution? No. May I not complain, nor weep, nor groan, nor sigh, nor sing? he inquired. Yes weep, groan, bewail yourself or sing at your pleasure. But I warn you; behold! a gag and a lash. Oh! now I see but too clearly that I am in the power of the Inquisition, said the unhappy artist. To which the Familiar replied by a cruel smile. But formerly did not the justice of the Sacred office send to the accused, assassins who bore at least some resemblance to judges? Be tranquil you shall be judged, replied the Familiar. Shall I be permitted to defend myself? The best defence for one so guilty is the confession of his crime. But what if my conscience reproaches me of no crime? It must be because your conscience has become mute and we will perhaps find it a tongue in the chamber of torture. The chamber of torture? Yes the chamber of torture. Rise and follow me. The Familiar leading the

way, Goya rose and following him across, around, and through dark passages and inextricable labyrinths of gloom, they entered a vast subterranean chamber dimly lighted by two sepulchral looking lanterns, where the eyes of the artist fell upon the most frightful instruments of torture, horrible panoply's which had for centuries furnished religious arms to the executive justice of the Inquisition. At the same instant three or four Executioners clothed in a sort of sackcloth of deep black serge, with their heads covered with a capuchin or hood of the same stuff, entered the chamber, and one of them approaching, placed his large heavy hand on the the shoulder of Goya, and made as though he would force him into a sitting posture, over a frame work called a chevalet. But at a nod from the Familiar he desisted and with an air of deep disappointment kept closely regarding his prey lest he should escape. The Familiar proceeded to explain to the unfortunate artist, that the Inquisition had provided three infallible means for finding a voice to mute consciences, viz; the cord, the water, and the fire. Attempt therefore to be silent when the Inquisition interrogates, and you shall immediately be attached to that cord, which will then be passed over yonder pulley, and at a given signal the Executioner will suspend you so high, and so well, that there will hardly remain to you time, or breath, or strength, to cry mercy, ere you are thrown back all wounded, bruised, torn, and bleeding on the damp pavement below.

Then the Physicians of the tribunal will restore you to life for a day, an hour, and a minute, and should it please you still to be silent, another torture will perhaps bring you to reason. Extended on this chevalet of wood, and garrotted between these sharp pointed spikes, you will submit to a punishment which the damned themselves have hardly to endure in the infernal regions to which they are condemned. The Executioner at distant and carefully measured intervals, will slowly drop only one drop of water to moisten your burning lips. Suffocated, you will think yourself dying at each instant. But not so, you will still resist the pain, the fatigue, and misery of this torture, and will be resuscitated time after time to again endure new and more exquisite suffering.

The Physicians of the tribunal will deign again to tender to you the strength which one so guilty and culpable deserves for further and more refined suffering. And should you still persist in stifling the cries of your conscience a third torture will assuredly put an end to your incorrigible impiety. The Executioner will fasten together your hands and feet with strong cords and rub them briskly with "des matieres" a rough and sharp instrument until they have laid bare and bleeding every nerve in them. You will then be placed before a



fire which demons lend to the Executioners of the sacred office—The heat will scorch your flesh, shrivel, convulse and harass your nerves, and you will almost hear the cracking of your own bones under the excruciating process, and it will be seen how long you will hold out. In your obstinacy the Inquisition holds you but a pagan on the "gril" of the renowned Saint Laurent. After your resuscitation there will remain to you one alternative that of passing through the flames to the honor of an Au-to-da-fe.

What, cried the unhappy artist, will not the cord, the water, and the fire yet have made an end of me? No.—The Inquisition destroys not its enemies. What then? It simply aids, helps them to die. The Inquisition has a horror of blood, it only seeks to curb, restrain, mortify, and punish the flesh,—'tis the justice of the king that ends life. And Spain! cried Goya, with a voice of profound horror and indignation, Spain finds amusement, pleasure, and gayety at these spectacles of her child the Inquisitions pious vengeance, and Ferdinand permits; not only permits but lends to the frightful excruciations of Philippe the programme of an Au-to-da-fe? It is certainly so. And the law? The king wishes, and so wills the law. And justice, liberty, where are they? In heaven no doubt. And Equality? In the cemetery. Entomb me then and the Lord be your judge. In believing that you will be judged by your Sovereign, you must not imagine an earthly one, for in the name of your Heavenly sovereign, to whom you have just appealed, the Inquisition will judge, condemn, torture, and burn you, once in this dungeon you have but one grace to expect, one favor to hope. Humble yourself before God and declare that you die a christian, and believe in the justice of the Inquisition; and the Executioner will not burn you till you have been first strangled.

Scarcely had the Familiar ended these details, when the folding doors at the furthest end of the chamber, noiselessly unfolded being drawn back by pulleys, and Goya saw entering a procession of Dominican Monks, headed by a Grand member of the Sacred Office, holding a richly ornamented golden crucifix which he planted before the "Bucheé" or scaffolding, and took his place opposite the altar. Then followed the arrival of the king and his court, and lastly the Grand Inquisitors masked, and their escort. Goya horror struck saw the condemned being dragged forth from their massive wooden cages, he heard the crackling of the burning fires as they sent out flames, like keen, fierce, angry, livid tongues, and amidst the suffocating cries of the victims and the loud chants of the monks he dropped insensible on the floor. The Familiar bore him away, and as consciousness slowly returned he opened his eyes with cries of "Dieu merci, un peu d'air, un peu

de lumière, un peu de soleil." The Familiar of the Sacred Office now said to the painter, this hall, (pointing to a lofty and spacious apartment), serves as the tribunal of the Inquisition, and wants nothing except a material souvenir of the great deeds and the great men, who have honored the Sacred Office and given to this chamber its illustrious pretorial characteristics. You, who have already dared to revivify on your canvas one of the most illustrious of the justifiers of God and the Inquisition, Thomas de Torquemada, retake your palette and brush, inspire yourself with this great work, illustrate, glorify, immortalize for ever the history of the Inquisition of Spain. Recall into life again all the glorious phantoms hidden within the precincts of the Sacred Office. The Inquisition condemns you to resuscitate within this hall, by the enchantment of genius, all the Grand Inquisitors of Spain, from Torquemada and Cisneros to Jose de Harce and Lorenzana. Pointing the way to liberty, he concluded with these emphatic words, the Inquisition will pardon you only at the price of several chef d'oeuvres—The Inquisition will forget your crimes only when you have wasted your genius in immortalizing her order. But let neither your brush nor your pencil, at any period of time, trifle, or point, or speak of Torquemada, or of Philippe, or Valdes.

Goya on accepting these terms became free, a delay of three months having been granted him, by the Grand Inquisitor to design the Cartoons for a historical gallery—He betook himself bravely to the task—from morn till night,—through the night till its silent stars paled into day, unwearingly he labored on. But in accepting the conditions he did not lose sight of the hatred with which the order had inspired him. Intently rapt in his novel study, he produced almost unconsciously an immense gallery of historical figures the most hideous and scenes the most deplorable of the Inquisition. Animated by his fierce hatred he represented each reign in the Royalty of Spain and of the Inquisition, through the horrors and crimes of the one and the other, as symbolical of the epoch it portrayed, until he approached the reign of Philippe II. This reign was represented by suspending a balance from one of the side posts of a scaffold—in one scale was seen a female figure representing liberty—and in the other was the sword of State—At the foot of the scaffold Philippe II. was represented in the act of throwing a crucifix into the scale with the sword to equalize the balance.

Goya eager to finish this historical sketch and give a synoptical view of the whole, imagined a deluge, not of water, but of fire, representing oceans of flames, and over the loftiest waves of this sea of fire he placed an immense arch surrounding Royalty and Religion, and around this arch writhing

in the agonies of torment were seen Jews, Turks and Heretics, divines, savants, and philosophers, sorcerers, schismatics and excommunicants, the great and the small, the aged and the young, the splendid, the fair, and the beautiful, the monks, the priests, the bishops, and popes, the people and the nobles, mendicants and kings.—All those who by birth, family, or education, by their loves, affections, fortune, spirit, or character, by their knowledge, or through their fears, had dared to give the faintest expression of their doubts and dread of the Inquisition.

Goya feared not to send this vast Cartoon to the Grand Inquisitor, General de Castille. But he lingered not for the thanks or acknowledgements of the Sacred Office. Having previously made all his preparations for flight, that very night, he secretly quitted Madrid and fled to France, where he was cordially received and cherished by L. Lorente, the learned author of the *Historie critique de l'enquisition Espagnolle*.

Towards the close of his life he remembered once more the Inquisitors of Madrid which inspired his last work, before mentioned, entitled "Le chien en arrêt devant un serpent" In the secret thoughts of the aged artist the dog represented Spain, and the serpent the Inquisition.

### Petchaburi

For the Bangkok Recorder

Mr. Editor—Has the practical and all absorbing question of the *rice crop* been decided yet? In this province, after hanging in suspense as if equally balanced for a time, the preponderance of evidence is now in favor of a fair crop. Two or three weeks since it was the all absorbing topic, swallowing up for a time even the lottery mania. The usual rise in the river during the ninth and tenth months, did not take place till near the latter portion of the *tenth*, so that much anxiety and even alarm began to be felt. So much importance did the question assume that our enterprising friend the Lieut. Governor had set his wits, and men to work in preparing an artificial process of watering this vast plain.

The plan adopted was to throw a dam across the river just below the mouth of the two principal canals, which go off on each side and serve as the two grand arteries by which water is carried to its utmost extremity. He first made provision for defraying its expenses without touching the royal treasury, or the pockets of the people. This was done by imposing a tax of one catty on the Lottery farmer, and a smaller one on the Po farmer, and so on, taxing only these things which are a nuisance in the community. Whatever were the motives or the influence brought to bear on them, they all consented to the arrangement and the money was paid. Next came the building of the dam.

The special occasion that called it forth demanded greater haste, probably, than was consistent with a thorough preparation for such an undertaking. But to the persevering and enterprising undertaker, no obstacles seemed insurmountable. He had succeeded in building a bridge across the same river that would be an honor to its constructor in any place or country, notwithstanding the Siamese officials predicted a failure. That was a grand success, and he was confident of his own power to accomplish this also. So the largest and strongest posts that could be obtained in the place was procured. These were driven deep down into the ground, about four feet apart, while cross timbers were extended in three parallel lines cross-wise, one at the top another in the middle, and another at the bottom. This was to be the frame work which was to support the body of the water. Between these posts the filling up was to be of bamboo. The river was all life for a week. Besides those engaged in it, the citizens of the place, and the rice farmers, especially, congregated on the river bank, to see the result of the experiment. And so intensely did the Phra Palat become interested in it himself, that he came down by daylight and examined the whole foundation in person, to see if the work of the previous day was all firm.

The frame was all finished and the filling in commenced, when a sudden rise in the river, before the buttresses were put up below it, at once made a breach in the wall and rendered it unnecessary. He was almost regretting that the river had risen that he might see the success of his plans. But however successful they might have been, I suppose there is no doubt that nature's water pot is after all the best. What it could have done at best but partially, has been done thoroughly. The fields are watered, and they have shown their gratitude to the kind providence that has visited the earth and watered it, that has "greatly enriched it with the river of God which is full of water," by putting on their finest dress.

Those of your readers who have taken a view at this season of the year from the summit of the Kings mountain, as it is commonly called, need not to be told that it is probably one of most lovely prospects that the eye of man is permitted to behold. Every thing conspires to make the prospect one of surpassing loveliness. The parallel ranges of mountains, as well as the single peaks, which rise in the west and seem to receive the setting sun, as he passes from the kingdom of the white Elephant, to Her Britannic Majesty's possessions and the nations of the west; and the beautiful azure blue of the gulf to the E. and S. E. and the two natural boundaries which inclose this beautiful plain. Nor is the filling up less touching than the grand outlines. The city of Petchaburee with its

long row of market buildings, and beautiful roads, and a few tall steeples from the temples around lies at your feet, the river winds along in a wandering course through the city and plain till it empties into the gulf. Beyond the river towards the bay seems to be one vast palm forest, the pride and ornament of eastern plains, though they really conceal one of the largest and finest sections of the rice fields, lying on each side of the large canal going towards Ban Keo and Ban Taloo. To the left of K'ow kadai it is a broad expanse of rice fields, whose monotony is sufficiently broken by the regular and irregular little embankments surrounding them and the various shades of green to make a pleasing variety to the eye. While towards K'ow Hluang is another broad extent embracing His Majesty's own fields ornamented with beautiful clusters of palm in every conceivable variety of combination, affording a pleasing relief if the eye ever tires at beholding such a beautiful green. To the west again the fields that begin near the mountains are soon lost amid what appears to be another palm forest extending to the western mountains. Taken together the whole affords one of those scenes which seen once will never be forgotten, and loses but little of its power to please when gazed on for one hundred times. Nor is it a scene of mere beauty. The plain is one of the large graneries that supply this kingdom with the staff of life, the failure of which last year has prostrated all the branches of trade in your large metropolis, and most of the palm sugar consumed in the country comes from the same fields.

But with all its natural advantages the place has some serious drawbacks to its prosperity and growth. The greatest is probably the shallowness of the river which makes the city difficult of access even by small boats during a considerable part of the year. The building of the temporary dam referred to above, suggests a question worthy of consideration which had already occupied the attention of the intelligent and public spirited Phra Palat. That is, whether or not it is possible by means of a few permanent dams and locks, such as the western nations use in their canals, to counteract this great obstacle to the prosperity of the place. He thinks that it is possible and has mentioned it to the authorities, but they are slow to adopt any thing which is new for fear of a failure. An experienced and scientific engineer could soon decide whether it were practicable. If it could be done it would be a great improvement to the place, while the permanent dams would, even in the case of the lowest water ever known, afford the means of watering the rice fields, and thus secure a crop except for excess of water as was the case last year. Even the suggestion of such improvements is something neither very gracefully nor gratefully received by the Siamese, but as nothing is

charged for this it is offered as cheap as it will probably be lightly esteemed.

But to return to the rice. The river rose almost to its highest mark sufficiently long to water the above plain, and then subsided. It is now (Oct. 5th) rising again. If it continues for a few days more the crops will be very great, though not so heavy as they would have been had there been more water during the ninth and tenth months.

His Excellency the Prime Minister and Chaw Phya Montree and suit, left yesterday, having had, I suppose, a very pleasant little visit in this place.

Your's, D.

### The Brothers Leinhardt.

(Continued from page 168)

He wondered at himself, for he had done no new thing: hard and selfish actions constituted his life, but never before had their memory given him one moment's uneasiness. He piled the great logs upon the fire, refilled his pipe, and strove to banish such thoughts, but his efforts were vain; that heart-broken woman haunted him, and her last words passed and repassed monotonously through his brain, till at length, being unable to forget, Franz suffered his thoughts to dwell upon them patiently. He soon began to calculate how much gold would so weigh down a soul, and he wished, wicked wretch that he was, that some demons would give him a trial; not that he was more willing to lose his soul than another, but being very shrewd, he could think of fifty ways to keep the gold, and cheat the devil. In such thoughts as these, time slipped away, the fire smouldered down to glowing coals, and shadows crept across the floor. Amid the deep silence the wheels of the clock began to whirl, and forth from his retreat darted the little man in the red nightcap, clanking his bags together twelve times. This Franz expected, but his astonishment was extreme when, instead of returning modestly to his den in the old clock, as he had done every hour for years; the goblin, demon, or whatever he was, seated himself on the mantle shelf, nodding and winking at Franz as if there was some deep secret between them. Franz rubbed his bewildered eyes and stared with all his might—there sat the little mannikin, knocking his tiny heels together, and eyeing him with a look of malicious intelligence. "I can do it for you, Leinhardt," said he at length with a knowing wink; "look at these," shaking his little bags triumphantly, "they are full of gold." Franz laughed aloud. Ten thousand of such Lilliputian bags would not have been a drop in the great ocean of his avarice. "Don't laugh, Franz Leinhardt," said the goblin with an angry frown, "I could shake gold enough from these bags to bury you, if I wished; lie down and place your strong box upon your



breast, and I will give you gold as long as you can bear its weight; but have a care you don't take more than you can lift, for though I can give, I cannot take away." Franz felt inclined to laugh, but did as he was bid, stretching himself on the floor with his strong box on his breast, and the little goblin perching himself upon the side, began to pour a small but steady stream of glittering gold from his two little bags. The weight increased slowly; at first Franz tried to move it frequently, but as the box grew heavier his exultation knew no bounds, and so loath was he to lose one grain of the precious yellow dust, that it was not till a sense of suffocation oppressed him, and he found his strength barely sufficient to move the box that he cried "stop!" "Oh, you are not allowing for my weight," said the goblin briskly, and Franz, easily persuaded, permitted him to pour in a *little more*. The gold seemed to flow much faster than before, and again he cried "stop! stop!" for the weight was crushing him. With a shrill laugh, the goblin disappeared, yet the box was not a whit lighter for his absence, and Franz strove in agony to move it, but in vain. Poor Franz, he had now what he hoped and longed and toiled for—gold, heavy yellow gold, more than he could lift, though he struggled ever so hard: yet it was with no loving clasp that he wreathed his arms around it: his heart loathed its former idol as he groaned and writhed beneath the weight which pinned him to the perishing earth: and every grain of shining dust would he have given for the memory of one act of loving charity that might win from the cloud-throned Prince of the poor and needy the welcome sentence—"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Days, months and years rolled on till ages had passed in this unutterable agony, when he perceived a strange commotion all around him, and knew intuitively that the end of all things earthly was at hand. Suddenly a bright light shone around, and a crowd of people entered the room and gathered sadly about him. Looking from face to face, he recognized friends, acquaintances and servants, and foremost among them his brother, with his wife and children. Then was heard a voice saying—"This soul has been suffering for ages and he has learned to hate the gold he worshipped, therefore any of you his kindred, friends or servants, whom he has helped, may aid him to remove the awful load that binds him to the earth." A cry of hopeless despair burst from Franz's lips as his eyes wandered from face to face, and only the memory of harsh words and selfish actions rose up before him. One person turning to his brother Flemming, said, "You were a poor sickly creature, with many children often in need of daily bread, surely he has given you of his abundance and you can

help him:" but Flemming sadly shook his head, and Christina, whose heart was always pitiful, wept as she turned away, her face reminding Franz of that stormy winter night, long, long ago, when he had driven her from his door cold, hungry and sore. One by one they passed away with sad, regretful looks; and a solemn voice like a distant echo was heard.—

"THE GOLD THAT SO HARDENED HIS HEART HAS BOUND HIM TO THE EARTH, HE CAN NEVER MOUNT TO GLORY."

As his friends departed, the light faded away, and he was left to his doom alone and in darkness; he suffered an eternity of anguish. With all the wild energy of despair he struggled shrieking for mercy, when suddenly the earth gave way beneath him; and, oh horrors! he felt himself falling—falling—until his head came down with a dreadful thump on the broad stone hearth, and opening his eyes he found himself lying among the dead embers. He sat up and rubbed his eyes; daylight was glimmering through the windows; but every trace of box, or gold, or goblin had disappeared. He looked fearfully and shuddered as the little man in the red nightcap popped out and nodding his head knowingly, clanked his tiny bags together. Back he darted again as usual, and his master sat down in deep thought. The servants were just up and stirring when Franz appeared among them, not as a hard taskmaster to urge on their labors, but to issue such orders, that they declared to each other there was no saying what would happen next. Such a bustle arose in the little brown house as it had not seen for many a long, long day, and before an hour had passed, old Franz was driving his wagon towards his brother's house laden with good things for the sick and hungry. It was his first errand of mercy, and very queer and bewildered he felt driving along through the sharp morning air not to increase his wealth, but to give a part to the poor and needy; and many old-fashioned texts grew bright and fresh in his memory which he had well nigh forgotten, such as—"He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." "Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy, the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

When poor Christina was so rudely repulsed from her brother-in-law's door, she betook herself with swift foot and heavy heart to her weary homeward road. The night was dark, the way long and rough, and the wind wild and piercing. Hope, that can lighten the heaviest load, was dead; and love, man's choicest blessing, seemed a bitter curse since the sufferings of each loved one wrung her heart with anguish. When she reached her home, Flemming raised his languid head and gazed at her with questioning eyes; and the little child-

ren seized her gown, and crowded round with their clamorous "What did Uncle Franz give you, mother?" "Nothing, nothing, my children. Ah me! yes, a few hard words." Flemming lay down and closed his eyes, and the eager little questioners went supperless to bed, and wept themselves to sleep. God help the mother who hears her children cry in vain for bread! But where will they find help who hear such cries without pity? when Christ shall say: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was naked, and ye clothed me not."

All the long sad night Christina sat by her cold hearth, almost too despairing to pray; but when the day broke, its cold, bleak comfortless light making the desolation of her home seem yet more drear—wonder of all wonders! Franz's wagon drew up at the door, and the little man, nervous and fidgety as one will be in a novel position, jumped out, shook hands with Flemming and his wife, and hastened to deliver his load of comforts.

After yesterday's repulse, Christina could not have been more astonished had a flock of ravens appeared with bread and meat in their beaks to minister to her necessities. Franz would hear none of their thanks or wonderment (which latter feeling greatly predominated in their minds); but as he lifted out jar after jar, package after package, urging all around to quick despatch, and saw the brightened faces of the poor parents, and the eager enjoyment of the half-famished children, a pure happiness that he had never felt before thrilled his heart, and he felt that even in this life mercy has a rich reward. To Christina, it seemed that heaven had wrought a miracle in answer to her prayers for succor; and many a trouble-trying soul did she cheer with the wondrous story. Though he pondered it long and deeply, Franz never told the strange dream that had roused his slumbering conscience; but from that night he was a different man—his hand was now open to the suffering and needy; the way-faring man no longer trudged wearily past the little brown house; the children of the poor joyfully gathered the droppings of his harvests; and though frugal, he was no longer miserly. His astonished neighbors shook their heads, saying such sudden changes boded death; but the event proved them wrong: Franz lived to a good old age; and what seemed at one time much less likely, when he did die there were many who sincerely regretted him; for he had learned that "to know the art of alms, is greater than to be crowned with the diadem of kings."

#### Drinking Our Debt.

In the able argument of Mr. JAY COOKE the purpose of which is to demonstrate that our National debt, if rightly managed,

will prove a national blessing, a fact is incidentally stated which is of itself a startling one. Not less than a hundred million gallons of whiskey were distilled last year in the loyal States! Some portion of this was of course properly used in various arts and manufactures; but far the larger part, we may safely assume, will find its way to the bar-rooms and saloons that meet us on every hand. From other statistics we learn that a still larger quantity of ale, beer, and porter was brewed in the same time; whilst of domestic wines the manufacture, no doubt, amounted to several million of gallons, as in 1860 it reached nearly two millions, having increased at the astonishing rate of seven hundred and forty per cent during the preceding ten years.

But Mr. COOKE takes into account simply the consumption of whiskey, and of this he treats only upon financial grounds. On our National debt of three thousand million dollars, the annual interest is one hundred and sixty-five million dollars. The revenue tax upon whiskey is two dollars a gallon. It is easy therefore to see that this single tax, if successfully collected, and if the manufacture continue undiminished, would pay the entire interest upon our enormous debt, with a handsome surplus besides. Or if devoted exclusively to the payment of the debt itself, it would extinguish that formidable sum in the brief space of fifteen years! Indeed, should the consumption of whiskey continue to increase as it has done for the past few years, and if we embrace in the calculation the entire Union, ten years would probably suffice!

It is a curious circumstance, dwelt upon by Mr. COOKE, that six tenths of all this whiskey eludes the vigilance of revenue assessors and collectors. How it happens that so large a proportion of distillers should attempt to defraud the Government, and the attempt be so largely successful, we will not stop to conjecture. The secular papers have contained numerous accounts of similar attempts, not always successful, on the part of various brewers, to escape their portion of the public burden. Whether the manufacture of spirituous and malt liquors has a tendency to demoralize those engaged in it, will be an interesting question to discuss with the aid now furnished by revenue statistics.

But our present object is to obtain some adequate conception of the imperial magnitude of our whiskey potations. We have mentioned only the tax upon whiskey; but if to this we add the marketable value of the article itself, and estimate the entire cost, tax included, at the low average rate of two and a half dollars a gallon, we have the startling sum of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, as our present annual consumption of whiskey in the loyal States. It would be within bounds to say that the recovered States would easily swell this amount to

three hundred millions. Is it not a startling fact that every ten years a sum of money, equivalent to the whole war-debt under which the nation labors, goes down our throats in the shape of whiskey! If it has excited the astonishment of the world that in four years we would be willing to contribute this amount to sustain our Government, is it not a most astounding fact that in ten years we would voluntarily swallow an equally enormous amount from the worm of the still!

Take another illustration. The distance from Baltimore to San Francisco is about three thousand miles. The cost of railroad construction was commonly estimated a few years ago, at twenty-five thousand dollars a mile. Estimating the present cost at double that rate, though this is probably beyond the fact, we have one hundred and fifty millions as the cost of this iron band to rivet our wide domain. When a railroad to the Pacific was first proposed, its projector was ridiculed for advancing so visionary a scheme.

The Government alone, it was affirmed, could undertake so colossal a work, and national bankruptcy would be the result of so Utopian an enterprise. Yet it would now appear that every six months we swallow, in liquid fire, the means that would construct this grand improvement. Each year, it may be safely said, a trans-continental railroad with double track throughout, amply supplied with rolling stock of the best description, and with a parallel line of telegraph in complete working order, is offered up a voluntary sacrifice, upon the counter of the dram-seller!

One illustration more. The daily average of our whiskey consumption is about eight hundred thousand dollars. The endowment of a College, or Theological Seminary, is ordinarily put at one hundred thousand dollars. Let us, however, double this sum, as being more near the minimum that should be devoted to this purpose. And again we have the startling fact that every twenty-four hours that pass over us, we distil into alcohol a sum that would endow four noble institutions, with magnificent appliances, for the education of our sons and daughters! May we not well stand aghast at these frightful revelations of our revenue assessors?

But we might multiply illustrations without end. Suffice it to say that the money we devote to whiskey would in a few years pay off our colossal debt, it would interlace the States and belt the continent with railroad bands, it would cover the Union with a telegraphic spider-web, it would illuminate our coast with lighthouses and improve our harbors for a commerce such as the world has never before witnessed, it would connect with a ship canal our unsurpassed lake and river system, it would dot our land with churches and schools, with colleges seminaries, with asylums and hospitals, it would make provision for the widows and

orphans, the maimed and the destitute, whom the war has left as its sad legacy. It would—but where shall we stop in enumerating the blessings which three hundred millions a year, properly applied, might diffuse over the whole land! Succeeding centuries have wondered at the folly of the Egyptian queen, in dissolving her costly jewels to purchase the luxury of one expensive draught. But the extravagance of CLEOPATRA sinks into insignificance, when compared with the wealth which we annually dissolve, into baleful draughts, by the fatal alchemy of the distiller, and which might have been transmuted into so much public and private advantage.

Nor have we touched upon the worst feature of the case. Were this money simply lost, and nothing more, such a waste of magnificent resources would be sad enough. But no arithmetic can compute the fearful aggregate of wretchedness and woe, of poverty and disease, of misery and crime, of tears and blood, which are comprehended in these brief statistics—one hundred million gallons of whiskey per annum! The blessings lost we almost forget, when we come to contemplate the actual suffering and shame which have spread over the land in this deluge from the still. The records of our courts and prisons, the revelations of the cellars and garrets in the crowded abodes of want, might afford some faint picture of the wrecks that strew the whole course of this fiery stream. But how many immortal spirits have sunk to endless ruin under this fearful tide of death, eternity alone can disclose. From its dreadful statistics, could he but see them, the distiller would shrink back appalled at the view of the destruction he had wrought.

And yet we hear it suggested that efforts will be made to induce the next Congress to moderate the tax on whiskey, that the tide of ruin may flow more profusely. Should such efforts be made, we trust the people will express, in unmistakable ways, their wishes that, if any change be permitted, the tax should be increased, and that its exaction be rigidly enforced. Could the excise on whiskey be placed so high as to confine its use to medicine and the arts, gladly might we forego the revenue which would thus be lost, and with renewed courage take up the burden of our national debt, with national resources not impaired, but invigorated, by the cessation of the poisonous stream that flows from the still.

*Presbyterian Banner.*

**Carlyle's Prophecy.**—Perhaps the disfavor with which our national cause is regarded in England is partly explained by the remark recently attributed to Carlyle, viz. "Let America succeed, and England goes to Democracy by express train."

*Pacific.*



## 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 "BARNEO 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.

## The American Era.

History is made up of epochs or points of time fixed by grand and remarkable events. There are dynastic epochs or eras, such as the Roman, Byzantine, Pagan, Christian or Mohammedan; and also periods in the world's history which have been established by historic events. The chronology of history has principally been the result of military achievements with a single exception—the Christian era. These have been effected by extraordinary men of genius, whose deeds of prowess or sagacity have given new impetus and a marked character to their times. In the earliest chronology, during the Assyrian war, Belus was vanquished by Haikus, King of Armenia; then Semiramis conquered Armenia, and Tygranes in turn led many Asiatic monarchs before him as hostages. The feats of Xerxes, with his immense hosts, against the Greeks mark a period in history. Alexander and Caesar also stand out in the boldest relief; and the fame of many warriors in the struggle of nations is imperishable, although they have not constituted distinctive eras in history. Constantine, Charlemagne and Mohammed have stamped with their own names the eras in which they fought and flourished. The Thirty Years' War of Germany, the Magna Charta of England and the American Revolution are all fixed epochs, and a "Petit Corporal" has made his distinguishing mark and transmitted to posterity the lasting remembrance of Waterloo, a mausoleum as enduring as the pyramids of Cheops.

We of the nineteenth century, looking with awe and amazement into the retrospect of the mighty past, have ourselves enacted a more wonderful epoch in the world's history than any which has hitherto transpired. There never was such a battle field as this continent of North America; nor was there ever such a rush to arms. The hordes of Xerxes, whose arrows bedimed the sun, could not have numbered more than three hundred thousand men, undisciplined and accoutred with the rudest

implements of warfare; and the whole combined forces which figured on the battle fields of Europe in the Napoleonic era scarcely exceeded one million. The American rebellion has called out three millions of soldiers from a population enjoying all the benefits of civilization; men of intelligence, education and the highest moral culture; men from every rank of life, of whom our lamented ruler nobly said, "Each one is fit to be a President," thus attesting the manhood of each patriot.

The complete equipment and maintenance of this immense army, which has elicited the admiration of the civilized world, has displayed the unbounded resources of the country. The bounties to volunteers and the liberal pay of the soldiers have never been equalled. No history records such exploits as will be told of us, such instances of individual heroism, such self-molation on the altar of patriotism. It did not suffice that thousands of families were called to mourn the loss of their kinsmen; but the sacrifice of the head of the nation was also needed to complete the tragedy. The purse strings of the nation have been opened and the treasure lavishly bestowed. The people have borne the severest taxation without murmuring, and now it is not improbable that our immense national debt of three thousand millions of dollars will be entirely assumed and cancelled by our wealthy citizens, an idea emanating from the same spirit of pure patriotism which has maintained the war.

The record of the achievements of our military men will be more brilliant than any which has hitherto marked the pages of history. The cutting of the canal around Island No. 10, on the Mississippi, and the successful transportation of steamers through the woods was a wonderful feat of engineering, excelling the transportation of artillery over the Alps. The capture of New Orleans is equal if not superior to the engagement at Trafalgar or the battle of Aboukir. The conflict between the Monitor and the rebel ram Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, and the engagement and sinking of the Alabama excited the wonder and the admiration of the whole world. The passage of the entire Army of the Potomac, by Grant, across the James, in the very presence of the enemy, without loss; the raid of Sherman through Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Sheridan's cavalry manoeuvres, causing the fall of Richmond—the Malakoff of the rebellion—with the surrender of Lee, are grand exploits hitherto unsurpassed.

The glory of these achievements is enhanced by the fact that this struggle has not been between superior and inferior races, nor to repel foreign aggression; but between father and son, brother and brother—of one race, one blood, one culture and one ability. If the arms of the Union have

been victorious it was not merely by force of numbers, for the rebellion had the advantage by being indigenous to the soil and standing on the defensive; also, without doubt, aided and abetted by enemies of the republic. It was the moral rectitude of the cause, the ultimate liberty and union of both North and South, the rescue of so many millions of the human race from slavery which, like Aaron and Hur, stayed up our hands until this Amalek was utterly discomfited. If the military men of our country have been equal if not superior to any of their predecessors, it is because there is a stamina in the American people equal to any emergency. For, when was American ingenuity ever at fault? Cotton was crowned king by the sagacity of Whitney; the exuberance of our prairies has been garnered by McCormick; a girdle has been put around the earth by Morse, and printing has been accelerated to lightning speed by Hoe. Colt, Spencer, Dablgren and a host of others have combined to make the artillery of war more terrible, and Parrott's swamp angels have annihilated distance.

Our recent struggle has developed the military genius of the hour, and our armies and navies have been led on to battle and victory by men whose names will be handed down to posterity. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut, Porter and a host of others, have made this age and this land illustrious. Our battle fields are sacred ground, consecrated by the blood of patriot soldiers, and the footprints of the veterans who have fought for union, liberty and equality. Two hundred thousand of these veterans have just been on review at the national capital—the most imposing military spectacle the world ever witnessed. One million of these brave men yesterday received ovations all over a grateful nation. The great Napoleon observed that "with French infantry and Mameluke cavalry he could conquer the world," and General Grant, with better justice, may say, with Sherman's veterans and Sheridan's cavalry he could go from pole to pole, conquering and to conquer.

Henceforth the republic of the United States stands before the world the greatest of nations, and the American era will be the most distinguished in the annals of history.

New York Herald.

We have been quite gratified on perceiving that His Majesty the Supreme King of Siam, has taken encouraging notice of an article in our last issue of the *Siam Recorder* concerning the great Bazar of the city. In that article we felt it due to His Majesty to praise him for the great improvement that had been made in the street of the Bazar, and the thorough protection of it by the royal Police Force. But as we found a few places in the street

that had been broken up and become quite muddy and unpleasant, the thought occurred to us that if His Majesty could be respectfully informed of it by our paper he would very likely cause those breaks to be repaired. And so it has proved. We are informed that His Majesty, having noticed our remarks, gave orders that he would this season visit temple Koh and temple Sám'p'eng by a procession through the Bazar, instead of going by the river, which has ever been the custom. This was a sufficient hint to the officers in charge of the Bazar, that the street must previously be well repaired. And we were happy in walking it on the 12th, a day after the procession to find that the work had really been done.

It being now the season for the annual visitation, of the temples, of Buddha by the kings, His Majesty the Supreme King is now daily devoted to this work.

#### BIRTH.

On the 11th inst, the wife of Mr. Charles Howarth, of a son.

### The Bangkok Dock Company's New Dock.

THIS Magnificent Dock—is now ready to receive Vessels of any burthen and the attention of Ship Owners, Agents and Masters is respectfully solicited to the advantages for Repairing and Sparring Vessels which no other Dock in the East can offer.

The following description of the Premises is submitted for the information of the public.

The Dimensions and Depth of water being:

Length	300	feet.
	( to be extended	
Breadth	100	feet.
Depth of Water	15	"

The Dock is fitted with a Caisson, has a splendid entrance of 120 feet from the River with a spacious Jetty on each side, where Vessels of any size may lay at any state of the Tides, to lift Masts, Boilers etc.—with Powerful Lifting Shears which are now in the course of construction.

The Dock is fitted with Steam Pumps of Great power insuring Dispatch in all states of the Tides.

#### WORKSHOPS.

The Workshops comprise the different departments of *Ship-wrights, Mast and Block Makers, Blacksmiths, Engineers, Foundry, etc.*

The whole being superintended by

Europeans who have had many years experience in the different branches.

The *Workmen* are the best picked men from Hongkong and Whampoa.

The Company draws particular attention to the Great advantages this Dock offers, being in a Port where the best Teak and other Timber can be had at the cheapest cost.

A *Steam Saw Mill* is also in connection with the Dock to insure dispatch in work.

The *Keel Blocks* are 4 feet in height and can be taken out or shifted without cutting or causing any expense to ships having to get them removed.

The Company is also prepared to give estimates or enter into Contracts for the repairs of Wooden or Iron Ships; or the Building of New Ships, Steam Boats, etc. or any kind of work connected with shipping.

All Material supplied at Market price. Vessels for Docking may lay at the Company's Buoy or Wharf free of charge until ordered to remove by the Superintendent.

Captains of Vessels before leaving the Dock must approve and sign there—Dockage Bills.

All communications respecting the docking to be addressed *until further notice* to the undersigned by whom all Bills will be signed and collected.

JOHN BUSH.

*Managing Director.*

Bangkok, 18th. Sept. 1865.

THE Undersigned having had for many years experience in Europe as Mill-wright, and Engineer as well as Surveyor, and Valuer of Machinery, Contractor for the Erection and repairing of

Marine and Stationary Engines.  
Boilers of every description.  
Sugar Mills and Gearing.  
Hydro Extractors for drying sugar.  
Rice Mills & Machinery.  
Saw Mills & Machinery.  
Oil Mills & Presses.  
Hydraulic Presses.  
Rolling Mills for Silver, Copper and Lead.  
Iron Bridges.  
Swing Cranes for Wharfs.  
Water Wheels.  
Mill Gearing.  
Fitting wood Cogs in Wheel.  
Patterns for Bernal and Spar wheels.  
Centrifugal and other Pumps for Land Irrigation. &c. &c. &c.

begs to notify all Steam-Ship, Rice, and Sugar Mill Owners and the Public in General, that he is now ready to Execute all orders in connection with the above, and can be consulted at any time between the Hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. at the Bangkok Dock Company's New Dock, at Koh Kwai.

CHARLES HOWARTH.

*Holding Certificates as passed Engineer and Mill-wright from the British Government.*

Bangkok, 18th Sept. 1865.

#### NOTICE.

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 reeinfined 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.

#### 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.



**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's 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 Ankuft, 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 verliehn,

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.

A NEW JOKE OF OUR PRESIDENT.—Bishop Simpson recently delivered his great lecture in Wesley Chapel, Washington, to a large audience, among whom we remarked President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. The Bishop was very eloquent, and everybody seemed completely carried away. He told an anecdote, during the course of his speech, about a Kentuckian, who was asked by an Englishman what were the boundaries of

our country. The Kentuckian replied that the United States were "bounded on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the procession of the equinoxes, on the north by the Aurora Borealis, and on the south by the day of judgment." This reminded the facetious President of the following story, which he told *sub voce* to those around him, in the midst of the Bishop's eloquence: "John Bull met with a North

American Indian, and, in the course of conversation, was very anxious to impress him with the greatness of the British empire. 'The sun,' said Mr. Bull, never sets on English dominion. Do you understand how that is?' 'O yes,' said the Indian, 'that is because God is afraid to trust them in the dark.'"

## BANGKOK RECORDER SHIPPING LIST, OCT. 14TH 1865

Arrivals.						Departures					
DATE	NAMES	CAPTAIN	TONS	FLAG & RIG	WHERE FROM	DATE	NAME	CAPTAIN	TONS	FLAG & RIG	WHERE FOR
Sept. 28	Noorfol	Young	133	Siam. Bark	Singora	Sept. 28	Dueppel	Lange	600	Prus. Bark	Chantaboon
29	Hero	Buckholdt	573	do do	Saigon	Oct. 1	Marfa	Ingerman	600	Dutch do	Sourabaya
"	Hampton Court	Crawford	276	British do	Shanghai	2	Chow Puya	Cyton	333	Siam. Str.	Singapore
Oct. 2	Alardus	Popp	813	Han. Ship	Batavia	6	Race Horse	Hanson	350	Siam Ship	Hong Kong
4	A. Petronella	Voorendyte	711	Dutch Barque	Sourabaya						
6	Biten G. Timore	Chinese	110	do do	Singapore						
10	Dueppel	Lange	450	Prus. do	Chantaboon						

### Foreign Shipping in Port.

VESSEL'S NAMES.	ARRIVED.	FLAG & RIG.	TONS.	CAPTAIN.	WHERE FROM	CONSIGNEES.	DESTINATION.
Aladus	Oct. 3	Hamburg Ship	813	Popp	Batavia	Borneo Co. Limited	.....
A Petronella	do 4	Dutch Barque	711	Voorendyts	Sourabaya	Borneo Co. Limited	.....
Binten G. Timore	do 6	do do	110	Chinese	Singapore	Chinese	.....
Dueppel	do 10	Prussian do	450	Lange	Chantaboon	A Markwald	.....
Hampton Court	Sep. 29	British Barque	276	Crawford	Shanghai	Scott & Co.	.....
Kim Guan	Sept. 7	Dutch Barque	250	Chinese	Singapore	Chinese	.....
Maggie Lauder	.....	British Steamer	131	Hodgeton	.....	Hodgeton	Towing
Radama	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.	Ship	409	.....	Hong Kong	Poh Toh	Laid Up
Cruizer	.....	do	700	.....	.....	.....	.....
Envoy	June 1	Barque	330	.....	Singapore	Chinese	China
Favorite	July 17	Ship	400	Garnier	Singapore	Nacodah	.....
Fairy	.....	Steamer	.....	Lee	.....	.....	Towing
Hera	Sep. 29	Barkintine	573	Buckholdt	Saigon	A. Markwald & Co.	.....
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	.....
Noorfol	Sep. 28	Barque	133	Young	Singora	Chinese	.....
Prosperity	Mar. 19	Ship	604	Andrews	Hong Kong	Poh Keam	.....
Siamese Crown	Mar. 25	do	549	.....	Swatow	Chinese	Chinese
Sophia	do 27	Barque	282	.....	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	.....