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Dialogues Of The Dead.

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More especially its Commerce to our *American* Plantations is exceeding great, for Salt Provisions of all Kinds, but Fish. — *Limerick* is a handsome, populous, well-traded and strong City, on both Sides the *Shannon*, a Place of good Commerce and Shipping. *Kingsale* is a populous and strong Town, with an excellent Harbour and considerable Commerce and Shipping: And it is moreover, occasionally a Station for the Navy-Royal; for which End there reside at this Port proper naval Officers, Storehouses, &c.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

DIALOGUE I. *)

LOUIS LE GRAND. — PETER THE GREAT.

LOUIS.

Who, Sir, could have thought, when you were learning the Trade of a shipwright in the Dockyards of England and Holland, that you would ever acquire, as I had done, the surname of *Great*.

PETER. Which of us best deserved that Title, Posterity will decide. But my Greatness appeared sufficiently in that very Act, which seemed to you a Debasement.

LOUIS. The Dignity of a King does not stoop to such mean Employments. For my own part, I was careful never to appear to the Eyes of my Subjects or Foreigners, but in all the Splendor and Majesty of Royal Power.

PETER. Had I remained on the Throne of Russia, as my Ancestors did, environed with all the pomp of barbarous Greatness, I should have been idolized by my People, as much, at least, as you ever were by the French. My Despotism was more absolute, their servitude was more humble. But then I could not have reformed their evil Customs; have taught them Arts, Civility, Navigation, and War; have exalted them from Brutes in human shapes into Men. In this was seen the extraordinary Force of my Genius beyond any Comparison with other Kings, that I thought it no Degradation, or Diminution of my Greatness, to descend from my Throne, and go and work in the Dock-yards of a
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*) Littleton's Dialogues of the Dead. London 1765. 8.

foreign Republic; to serve as a private failor in my own Fleets, and as a common foldier in my own Army; till I had raifed myself by my Merit in all the feveral fteps and degrees of Promotion, up to the higheft Command, and had thus induced my nobility to fubmit to a regular fubordination in the Sea- and Land-fervice, by a leffon hard to their pride, and which they would not have learnt from any other Mafter, or by any other method of inftruction.

LOUIS. I am forced to acknowledge, that it was a great Act. When I thought it a mean one, my judgement was perverted by the Prejudices arifing from my own education, and the Ridicule thrown upon it by fome of my Courtiers, whofe minds were too narrow to be able to comprehend the Greatnefs of your's in that fituation.

PETER. It was an Act of more Heroifm than any ever done by Alexander or Cæfar. Nor would I confent to exchange my Glory with their's. They both did great Things; but they were at the head of great Nations, far fuperior in valour and military fkill to thofe with whom they contended. I was the King of an ignorant, undifciplined, barbarous People. My Enemies were at firft fo fuperior to my Subjects, that ten thoufand of them could beat a hundred thoufand Ruffians. They had formidable Navies: I had not a fhip. The King of Sweden was a Prince of the moft intrepid Courage, affifted by Generals of confumate Knowledge in War, and ferved by foldiers fo difciplined, that they were become the Admiration and Terror of Europe. Yet I vanquifhed thefe foldiers: I drove that Prince to take refuge in Turkey; I won battles at Sea, as well as Land; I *new-created* my People; I gave them Arts, Science, Policy; I enabled them to keep all the Powers of the North in Awe and Dependance, to give Kings to Poland, to check and intimidate the Ottoman Emperors, to mix with great Weight in the Affairs of all Europe. What other Man has ever done fuch Wonders as thefe? Read all the Records of ancient and modern times, and find, if you can, one fit to be put in comparifon with me!

LOUIS. Your Glory would indeed have been fupreme and unequalled, if, in civilizing your fubjects, you had reformed the Brutality of your own Manners, and the barbarous Vices of your Nature. But, alas! the Legislator and Reformer of the Mufcovites was drunken and cruel.

PETER.

PETER. My Cruelty I confess: nor will I plead, to excuse it, the Example of Alexander. It inflamed the tempers of both, which were by nature too fiery, into furious passions of Anger, and produced Actions, of which our Reason, when sober, was ashamed. But the Cruelty you upbraid me with, may in some degree be excused, as necessary to the work I had to perform. Fear of Punishment was in the hearts of my barbarous Subjects the only Principle of Obedience. To make them respect the royal Authority, I was obliged to arm it with all the Terrors of Rage. You had a more pliant People to govern, a People whose minds could be ruled, like a fine managed Horse, with an easy and gentle Rein. The fear of shame did more with them, than the fear of the *Knout* could do with the Russians. The Humanity of your Character and the Ferocity of mine were equally suitable to the Nations over which we reigned. But what excuse can you find for the cruel violence you employed against your Protestant Subjects? They desired nothing but to live under the protection of Laws you yourself had confirmed; and they repaid that Protection by the most hearty Zeal for your service. Yet these did you force, by the most inhuman severities, either to quit the Religion in which they were bred, and which their consciences still retained, or to leave their native Land, and endure all the Woes of a perpetual Exile. If the rules of Policy could not hinder you from thus depopulating your Kingdom and transferring to foreign countries its manufactures and commerce, I am surpris'd that your heart itself did not stop you. It makes one shudder to think, that such orders should be sent from the most polished Court in Europe, as the most savage Tartars could hardly have executed without Remorse and Compassion.

LOUIS. It was not my heart, but my Religion, that dictated those severities. My Confessor told me, they alone would atone for all my sins.

PETER. Had I believed in my Patriarch, as you believed in your Priest, I should not have been the great Monarch that I was.—But I mean not to detract from the Merit of a Prince whose memory is dear to his Subjects. They are proud of having obeyed you, which is certainly the highest praise to a King. My people also date their glory from the *Æra* of my Reign. But there is this capital Distinction between us. The Pomp and



Pageantry of state were necessary to your Greatness: I was great in myself, great in the Energy and Powers of my Mind, great in the superiority and *sovereignty* of my Soul over all other Men.

DIALOGUE II.

MERCURY.—An English DUELLIST.—
A North-American SAVAGE.

*The DUELLIST.

MERCURY, Charon's Boat is on the other side of the Water. Allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before saw one of that *Species*. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your Name? I understand you speak English.

SAVAGE. Yes, I learnt it in my Childhood, having been bred for some years among the English of New York. But, before I was a Man, I returned to my valiant Countrymen, the *Mohawks*; and having been villainously cheated by one of yours in the sale of some Rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the Hatchet for them with the rest of my Tribe in the late War against France, and was killed while I was out upon a Scalping Party. But I died very well satisfied: for my Brethren were victorious; and, before I was shot, I had gloriously scalped seven Men, and five Women and Children. In a former War I had performed still greater Exploits. My Name is *the bloody Bear*: it was given me to express my Fierceness and Valour.

DUELLIST. *Bloody Bear*, I respect you, and am much your humble Servant. My Name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a Gentleman by my Birth, and by Profession a Gamester and Man of Honour. I have killed Men in fair Fighting, in honourable single combat, but don't understand cutting the Throats of Women and Children.

SAVAGE. Sir, that is our way of making War. Every Nation has its Customs. But, by the Grimness of your Countenance, and that Hole in your Breast, I presume you were killed, as I was, in some scalping Party. How happened it that your Enemy did not take off your Scalp?

DUELLIST.

DUELLIST. Sir, I was killed in a Duel. A Friend of mine had lent me a sum of Money. After two or three years, being in great Want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his Demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an Affront to my Honour, and sent him a Challenge. We met in Hide-Park. The Fellow could not fence: I was absolutely the adroiteft Swordsman in England. So I gave him three or four Wounds; but at last he run upon me with such Impetuosity, that he put me out of my Play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the Lungs. I died the next Day, as a Man of Honour should, without any snivelling Signs of Contrition or Repentance: and he will follow me soon; for his Surgeon has declared his Wound to be mortal. It is said, that his Wife is dead of Grief, and that his Family of seven Children will be undone by his Death. So I am well revenged, and that is a Comfort. For my Part, I had no Wife.—I always hated Marriage: my Mistrefs will take good care of herself, and my Children are provided for at the Foundling-Hospital.

SAVAGE. Mercury, I won't go in a Boat with that Fellow. He has murdered his Countryman, he has murdered his Friend: I say positively, I won't go in a Boat with that Fellow. I will swim over the River: I can swim like a Duck.

MERCURY. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the Laws of Pluto's Empire. You must go in the Boat, and be quiet.

SAVAGE. Don't tell me of Laws: I am a Savage: I value no Laws. Talk of Laws to the Englishman: there are Laws in his Country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his Fellow-subject, in Time of Peace, because he asked him to pay a Debt. I know indeed, that the English are a *barbarous Nation*; but they can't possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

MERCURY. You reason well against Him. But how comes it that you are so offended with Murder; you, who have frequently massacred Women in their Sleep, and Children in the Cradle?

SAVAGE. I killed none but my Enemies: I never killed my own Countrymen: I never killed my Friend:—Here, take my Blanket, and let it come over in the Boat; but see that the Murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it.

If he does, I will burn it instantly in the Fire I see yonder. Farewell. — I am determined to swim over the Water.

MERCURY. By this touch of my Wand I deprive thee of all thy Strength.—Swim now if thou canst.

SAVAGE. This is a potent Enchanter.—Restore me my Strength, and I promise to obey thee.

MERCURY. I restore it: but be orderly, and do as I bid you: Otherwise worse will befall you.

DUELLIST. Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

SAVAGE. I know thou art a Scoundrel.—Not pay thy Debts! kill thy Friend, who lent thee Money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my fight. I will drive thee into the Styx.

MERCURY. Stop.—I command thee. No Violence.—Talk to him calmly.

SAVAGE. I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what Merit you had, to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

DUELLIST. Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Besides, I kept a good table.—I *eat* as well as any Man either in England or France.

SAVAGE. *Eat!* did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his Leg, or his Shoulder! There is *fine Eating!* I have eat twenty.—My table was always *well served*. My Wife was esteemed the best Cook for the dressing of Man's Flesh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your *Eating* with mine?

DUELLIST. I danced very finely.

SAVAGE. I'll dance with thee for thy Ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the *War-Dance* with more Spirit than any Man of my Nation. Let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a Post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling Rod? Or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast never yet learnt. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging *Rascal*?

DUELLIST. O Heavens! must I bear this! What can I do with this Fellow? I have neither Sword, nor Pistol. And his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

MERCURY.

MERCURY. You must answer his Questions. It was your own Desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred, but he will tell you some truths which you must necessarily hear, when you come before Rhadamanthus. He asked you what you could do besides Eating and Dancing.

DUELLIST. I sung very agreeably.

SAVAGE. Let me hear you sing your *Death Song*, or the *War Whoop*. I challenge you to sing. — Come, begin. — The Fellow is mute. — Mercury, this is a *Liar*. — He has told us nothing but *Lies*. Let me pull out his tongue.

DUELLIST. *The Lie given me!* — and alas! I dare not resent it. What an indelible Disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! This indeed is *Damnation*.

MERCURY. Here, Charon, take these two Savages to your Care. How far the Barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid Acts, I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the other, for the Englishman? The Custom of Duelling? A bad Excuse at the best! but here it cannot avail. The Spirit that urged him to draw his Sword against his Friend is not that of *Honour*; is is the Spirit of the Furies, and to them he must go.

SAVAGE. If he is to be punished for his wickedness, turn him over to me. I perfectly understand the Art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my Work with this *kick on your Breech*.

DUELLIST. Oh my Honour, my Honour, to what Infamy art thou fallen!

DIALOGUE III.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

CHARLES the Twelfth, King of Sweden.

ALEXANDER.

YOUR Majesty seems in great Wrath! Who has offended you?

CHARLES. The Offence is to you as much as me. Here is a Fellow admitted into Elyfium, who has affronted us both: an English Poet, one Pope. He has called us *two Madmen!*

ALEXANDER. I have been unlucky in Poets. No Prince ever was fonder of the Muses than I, or has



received from them a more ungrateful Return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, because he had a Homer to celebrate his Exploits; and I most bountifully rewarded Chœrilus, a Pretender to Poetry, for writing Verses on mine: but my Liberality, instead of doing me Honour, has since drawn upon me the Ridicule of Horace, a witty Roman Poet, and Lucan, another Versifier of the same Nation, has loaded my Memory with the harshest Invectives.

CHARLES. I know nothing of these; but I know that in my time, a pert French Satirist, one Boileau, made so free with your character, that I tore his book for having abused my favorite Hero. And now this saucy Englishman has libelled us both.—But I have a Proposal to make to you for the Reparation of our Honour. If you will join me, we will turn all these insolent Scriblers out of Elysium, and throw them down headlong to the bottom of Tartarus, in spite of Pluto and all his Guards.

ALEXANDER. This is just such a Scheme as that you formed at Bender, to maintain yourself there, with the aid of three hundred Swedes, against the whole Force of the Ottoman Empire. And I must say, that such Follies gave the English Poet too much cause to call you a Madman.

CHARLES. If my Heroism was Madness, your's, I presume, was not Wisdom.

ALEXANDER. There was a vast difference between your Conduct and mine. Let Poets or Declaimers say what they will, History shews, that I was not only the bravest Soldier, but one of the ablest Commanders the World has ever seen. Whereas you, by imprudently leading your Army into vast and barren Deserts, at the approach of the Winter, exposed it to perish in it's march for want of Subsistence, lost your Artillery, lost a great number of your Soldiers, and were forced to fight with the Muscovites under such disadvantages, as made it almost impossible for you to conquer.

CHARLES. I will not dispute your Superiority as a General. It is not for me a mere Mortal, to contend with the *Son of Jupiter Ammon*.

ALEXANDER. I suppose you think my pretending that *Jupiter* was my Father as much entitles me to the name of a Madman, as your extravagant behaviour at Bender does you. But you are greatly mistaken. It was not
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my Vanity, but my Policy, which set up that Pretension. When I propos'd to undertake the conquest of Asia, it was necessary for me to appear to the People something more than a Man. They had been us'd to the *Demi-god Heroes*. I therefore claimed an equal Descent with Osiris and Sesostris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former Conquerors of the East. The Opinion of my Divinity assist'd my Arms, and subdued all Nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But, though I call'd myself *the Son of Jupiter*, and kept up that Veneration that name inspir'd, by a Courage which seem'd more than human, and by the sublime Magnanimity of all my Behaviour, I did not forget that I was *the Son of Philip*. I us'd the Policy of my Father, and the wise Lessons of Aristotle, whom he had made my Preceptor, in the conduct of all my great Designs. It was *the Son of Philip* who plant'd Greek Colonies in Asia, as far as the Indies; who form'd Projects of Trade more extensive than his Empire itself; who laid the foundations of them in the midst of his Wars; who built Alexandria, to be the Centre and Staple of Commerce between Europe, Asia and Africk; who sent Nearchus to navigate the unknown Indian Seas, and intended to have gone himself from those Seas to the Pillars of Hercules, that is, to have explor'd the Passage round Africk, the Discovery of which has since been so glorious to Vasco de Gama. It was *the Son of Philip*, who, after subduing the Persians, govern'd them with such Lenity, such Justice and such Wisdom, that they lov'd him even more than ever they had lov'd their own natural Kings; and who, by Intermariages, and all Methods that could best establish a Coalition between the Conquerors and the Conquer'd, united them into one People. But what, Sir, did you do, to advance the Trade of your Subjects, to procure any Benefit to those you had vanquish'd, or to convert any Enemy into a Friend?

CHARLES. When I might easily have made myself King of Poland, and was advis'd to do so by Count Piper, my favorite Minister, I generously gave that Kingdom to Stanislas, as you had given a great part of your Conquests in India to Porus, besides his own Dominions, which you restor'd to him intire, after you had beaten his Army and taken him Captive.



ALEXANDER. I gave him the Government of those Countries under me, and as my Lieutenant; which was the best method of preserving my Power in Conquests, where I could not leave Garrisons sufficient to maintain them. The same Policy was afterwards practised by the Romans, who of all Conquerors, except me, were the greatest Politicians. But neither was I, nor were they so extravagant, as to conquer only for Others, or dethrone Kings with no view, but merely to have the pleasure of bestowing their Crowns on some of their subjects, without any advantage to Ourselves. Nevertheless, I will own, that my Expedition to India was an Exploit of *the Son of Jupiter*, not of *the Son of Philip*. I had done better if I had staid to give more Consistency to my Persian and Grecian Empires, instead of attempting new Conquests, and at such a distance, so soon. Yet even this War was of Use to hinder my Troops from being corrupted by the Effeminacy of Asia, and to keep up that universal Awe of my Name, which in those Countries was the great Support of my Power.

CHARLES. In the unwearied Activity with which I proceeded from one Enterprize to another, I dare call myself your equal. Nay, I may pretend to a higher Glory than you, because you only went on from Victory to Victory; but the greatest Losses were not able to diminish my Ardour, or stop the Efforts of my daring invincible Spirit.

ALEXANDER. You shewed in Adversity much more Magnanimity than you did in Prosperity. How unworthy of a Prince who imitated me, was your behaviour to the King your Arms had vanquished! The compelling Augustus to write himself a Letter of Congratulation to one of his Vassals, whom you had placed in his Throne, was the very Reverse of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous Insult upon his ill fortune! It was the Triumph of a little and a low Mind! The Visit you made him immediately after that Insult was a farther Contempt, offensive to him, and both useless and dangerous to yourself.

CHARLES. I feared no Danger from it. — I knew he durst not use the Power I gave him to hurt me.

ALEXANDER. If his Resentment, in that instant, had prevailed over his Fear, as it was likely to do, you would have perished deservedly by your Insolence and Presumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all
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Dangers, which I thought it was necessary or proper for me to meet, I never put myself one Moment in the Power of an Enemy whom I had offended. But you had the Rashness of *Folly* as well as of *Heroism*. A false Opinion conceived of your Enemy's Weakness proved at last your Undoing. When, in Answer to some reasonable Propositions of Peace, sent to you by the Czar, you said, "*You would come and treat with him at Moscow;*", he replied very justly, "*That you affected to act like Alexander, but should not find in Him a Darius.*", And, doubtless, you ought to have been better acquainted with the Character of that Prince. Had Persia been governed by a *Peter Alexiowitz* when I made war against it, I should have acted more cautiously, and not have counted so much on the Superiority of my Troops, in Valour and Discipline, over an Army commanded by a King, who was so capable of instructing them in all they wanted.

CHARLES. The Battle of Narva, won by eight thousand Swedes against fourscore thousand Muscovites, seemed to authorise my Contempt of the Nation and their Prince.

ALEXANDER. It happened that their Prince was not present in that Battle. But he had not as yet had the time which was necessary to instruct his barbarous Soldiers. You gave him that time, and he made so good a use of it, that you found at Pultawa the Muscovites become a different Nation. If you had followed the Blow you gave them at Narva, and marched directly to Moscow, you might have destroyed their Hercules in his Cradle. But you suffered him to grow, till his strength was mature, and then acted as if he had been still in his Childhood.

CHARLES. I must confess, you excelled me in Conduct, in Policy and in true Magnanimity. But my Liberality was not inferior to your's; and neither you nor any Mortal ever surpassed me in the Enthusiasm of Courage. I was also free from those Vices which sullied your Character. I never was drunk; I killed no Friend in the Riot of a Feast; I fired no Palace at the Instigation of a Harlot.

ALEXANDER. It may perhaps be admitted as some Excuse for my Drunkenness, that the Persians esteemed it an Excellence in their Kings to be able to drink a great Quantity of Wine, and the Macedonians were
far

far from thinking it a Dishonour. But you were as frantic, and as cruel, when sober, as I was, when drunk. You were sober when you resolved to continue in Turkey against the Will of your Host, the *Grand Signor*. You were sober when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whose only crime was his having maintained the Liberties of his Country, and who bore the sacred Character of an Ambassador, to be broken alive on the Wheel, against the Laws of Nations, and those of Humanity, more inviolable still to a generous Mind. You were likewise sober when you wrote to the Senate of Sweden, who, upon a Report of your Death, endeavoured to take some care of your Kingdom, *That you would send them one of your Boots, and from That they should receive their Orders, if they pretended to meddle in Government*: An Insult much worse than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was most heated with Wine and with Adulation! As for my Chastity, it was not so perfect as your's, though on some Occasions I obtained great Praise for my Continence: but, perhaps, if you had been not quite so insensible to the Charms of the fair Sex, it would have mitigated and softened the Fierceness, the Pride and the Obstinacy of your Nature.

CHARLES. It would have softened me into a Woman, or, what I think still more contemptible, the Slave of a Woman. But you seem to insinuate, that you never were cruel or frantic unless when you were drunk; This I absolutely deny.—You were not drunk, when you crucified Hephæstion's Physician, for not curing a Man who killed himself by his Intemperance in his Sickness; nor when you sacrificed to the Manes of that favorite Officer the whole Nation of the Cusseans, Men Women and Children, who were intirely innocent of his Death; because you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated some Trojan Captives on the Tomb of Patroclus. I could mention other Proofs that your Passions inflamed you as much as Wine: but these are sufficient.

ALEXANDER. I can't deny that my Passions were sometimes so violent, as to deprive me for a while the Use of my Reason; especially when the Pride of such amazing Successes, the Servitude of the Persians, and Barbarian Flattery had intoxicated my Mind. To bear, at my Age, with continual Moderation, such Fortune

as mine, was hardly in human Nature. As for you, there was an Excess and Intemperance in your Virtues, which turned them all into Vices. And one Virtue you wanted, which in a Prince is very commendable, and beneficial to the Public, I mean the Love of Science and to the elegant Arts. Under my Care and Patronage they were carried in Greece to their utmost Perfection. Aristotle, Apelles, and Lisippus were among the Glories of my Reign: Your's was illustrated only by Battles.— Upon the whole, though from some Resemblance between us, I should naturally be inclined to decide in your favour, yet I must give the Priority in Renown to your Enemy, Peter Alexiowitz. That great Monarch raised his Country; You ruined your's. He was a *Legislator*, you were a *Tyrant*.

DIALOGUE IV.

HERNANDO CORTEZ.— WILLIAM PENN.

CORTEZ.

Is it possible, William Penn, that you should seriously compare your Glory with mine! The Planter of a small Colony in North-America presume to vie with the Conqueror of the great Mexican Empire!

PENN. Friend, I pretend to no Glory.— the LORD preserve me from it.— All Glory is *his*; but this I say, that I was *his Instrument* in a more glorious Work than that performed by thee: incomparably more glorious.

CORTEZ. Dost thou not know, William Penn, that with less than six hundred Spanish Foot, eighteen Horse, and a few small pieces of Cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable Armies of very brave Men, dethroned an Emperor who had been raised to the Throne by his Valour, and excelled all his Countrymen in the Science of War, as much as they excelled all the rest of the West Indian Nations? that I made him my Prisoner in his own Capital; and after he had been deposed and slain by his Subjects, vanquished and took Guatimozin, his successor, and accomplished my Conquest of the whole Empire of Mexico, which I loyally annexed to the Spanish Crown? Dost thou not know, that in doing these wonderfull Acts, I shewed as much Courage as Alexander the Great, as much Prudence as Cæsar? That, by my Policy, I ranged under my Banners the powerful
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Commonwealth of Tlascala, and brought them to assist me in subduing the Mexicans, though with the loss of their own beloved Independence? and that, to consummate my Glory, when the Governor of Cuba, Velasquez, would have taken my Command from me, and sacrificed me to his Envy and Jealousy, I drew from him all his forces and joined them to my own, shewing myself as superior to all other Spaniards as I was to the Indians?

PENN. I know very well that thou wast as fierce as a Lion, and as subtle as a Serpent. The Devil perhaps may place thee as high *in his black list of Heroes* as Alexander or Cæsar. It is not my Business to interfere with him in settling thy Rank. But hark thee, Friend Cortez — What Right hadst thou, or had the King of Spain himself, to the Mexican Empire? Answer me that, if thou canst.

CORTEZ. The Pope gave it to my Master.

PENN. The Devil offered to give to our LORD all the Kingdoms of the Earth, and I suppose the Pope, as *his Vicar*, gave thy Master this: in return for which he *fell down and worshipped him*, like an Idolater as he was. But suppose the High Priest of Mexico had taken it into his head to give Spain to Motezuma, would his Grant have been good?

CORTEZ. These are Questions of Casuistry, which it is not the business of a Soldier to decide. We leave that to Gownsmen. But pray, Mr. Penn, what Right had you to the Province you settled?

PENN. An honest Right of fair Purchase. We gave the native Savages some things they wanted, and they in return gave us Lands they did not want. All was amicably agreed on, not a drop of blood shed to stain our Acquisition.

CORTEZ. I am afraid there was a little *Fraud* in the Purchase. Thy Followers, William Penn, are said to think cheating in a quiet sober way no mortal sin.

PENN. The Saints are always calumniated by the Ungodly. But it was a sight which an Angel might contemplate with delight, to behold the Colony I settled! To see us living with the Indians like innocent Lambs, and taming the Ferocity of their barbarous Manners by the Gentleness of ours! To see the whole Country, which before was an uncultivated Wilderness, rendered as fertile and fair as the Garden of God! O Hernando Cortez, Hernando Cortez! didst thou leave
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the great Empire of Mexico in that State? No thou hadst turned those delightful and populous Regions into a Desert, a Desert flooded with Blood. Dost thou not remember that most infernal Scene, when the noble Emperor Guatimozin was stretched out by thy Soldiers upon hot burning Coals, to make him discover into what part of the Lake of Mexico he had thrown the Royal Treasures? Are not his Groans ever sounding in the ears of thy Conscience? Do not they rend thy hard Heart, and strike thee with more Horror than the Yells of the Furies?

CORTEZ. Alas! I was not present when that dire Act was done. Had I been there I would have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

PENN. Thou wast the Captain of that Band of Robbers, who did this horrid Deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy Counsels and Conduct enabled them to commit it: and thy Skill saved them afterwards from the Vengeance that was due to so enormous a Crime. The enraged Mexicans would have properly punished them for it, if they had not had thee for a General, thou *Lieutenant of Satan*.

CORTEZ. The *Saints* I find can *raile*, William Penn. But how do you hope to preserve this *admirable* Colony which you have settled? Your people, you tell me, live *like innocent Lambs*. Are there no *Wolves* in North America, to devour those *Lambs*? But if the Americans should continue in perpetual peace with your Successors there, the French will not. Are the Inhabitants of Pennsylvania to make war against *them* with Prayers and Preaching? If so, that Garden of God which you say you have planted, will undoubtedly be their Prey, and they will take away from you your Property, your Laws and your Religion.

PENN. The LORD'S Will be done. The LORD will defend us against the rage of our Enemies, if it be his good Pleasure.

CORTEZ. Is this the Wisdom of a great Legislator? I have heard some of your Countrymen compare you to Solon! did Solon, think you, give Laws to a People, and leave those Laws and that People at the Mercy of every Invader? The first Business of a Legislator to provide a military Strength that may defend the whole System. If a House is built in a land of Robbers, without a Gate to shut, or a Bolt or Bar to secure it, what avails

avails it how well-proportioned, or how commodious the Architecture of it may be? It is richly furnished within? the more it will tempt the hands of Violence and of Rapine to seize its Wealth. The World, William Penn, is all a Land of Robbers. Any State or Commonwealth erected therein must be well fenced and secured by good military Institutions; or, the happier it is in other respects, the greater will be its Danger, the more speedy its Destruction. Perhaps the neighbouring English Colonies may for a while protect your's: but that precarious Security cannot always preserve you. Your Plan of Government must be changed, or your Colony will be lost. What I have said is also applicable to Great Britain itself. If an Encrease of its Wealth be not accompanied with an Encrease of its Force, that Wealth will become the Prey of some of the neighbouring Nations, in which the Martial Spirit is more prevalent than the Commercial. And whatever praise may be due to its civil Institutions, if they are not guarded by a wise System of military Policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own dissolution.

PENN. These are Suggestions of Human Wisdom. The Doctrines I held, were *inspired*; they came from above.

CORTEZ. It is blasphemy to say, *that any Folly could come from the Fountain of Wisdom*. Whatever is inconsistent with the great Laws of Nature, and with the necessary State of Human Society, cannot possibly have been inspired by God. Self-defence is as necessary to Nations as to Men. And shall Particulars have a Right which Nations have not? True Religion, William Penn, is the Perfection of Reason. Fanaticism is the Disgrace, the Destruction of Reason.

PENN. Though what thou sayest should be true, it does not come well from thy mouth. Go to the Inquisition, and tell *them of Reason, and the great Laws of Nature*. They will broil thee, as thy Soldiers broiled the unhappy Guatimozin. Why dost thou turn pale? Is it the name of the Inquisition, or the name of Guatimozin, that troubles and affrights thee? O wretched Man! who madest thyself a voluntary Instrument, to carry into a new discovered World that hellish Tribunal. Tremble and shake, when thou thinkest, that every Murder the Inquisitors have committed, every Torture they

they have inflicted on the innocent Indians, is originally owing to thee. Thou must answer to God for all their Inhumanity, for all their Injustice. What wouldst thou give to part with the Renown of thy Conquests, and to have a conscience as pure and undisturbed as mine?

CORTEZ. I feel the force of thy Words. They pierce me like Daggers. I can never be happy, while I retain any memory of the Ills I have caused. — Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the Glory of God, and propagate in the remotest Parts of the Earth his holy Religion. He will be merciful to well designing and pious Error. Thou also wilt have need of that gracious Indulgence; though not, I own, so much as I.

PENN. Ask thy Heart, wether Ambition was not thy real Motive, and Zeal the Pretence?

CORTEZ. Ask thine, wether thy Zeal had no worldly Views, and whether thou didst believe all the Nonsense of the Sect, at the head of which thou wast pleased to become a Legislator. Adieu. — Self-Examination requires Retirement.

DIALOGUE V.

MERCURY — and a modern fine LADY.

Mrs. MODISH.

Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting on you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

MERCURY. I know you have an amiable affectionate husband and several fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a Kingdoms welfare or a Nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of Death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. MODISH. I did not mean to insist on my engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on

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my Chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the Play on Mondays, Balls on Tuesdays, the Opera on Saturdays, and to Card-assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till Summer-season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elyfian Fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe Waters when you have a full Season.

MERCURY. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of Oblivion, who have made Pleasure the business, end and aim of your Life! It is good to drown cares, but who would wash away the remembrance of a Life of Gaiety and Pleasure.

Mrs. MODISH. Diversion was indeed the Business of my Life, but as to Pleasure I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my Amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the Vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my Temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

MERCURY. If this way of Life did not give you Pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious?

Mrs. MODISH. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of Life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my Doctor assured me, dissipation was good for my Spirits; my husband insisted that it was not, and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's Doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides I was ambitious to be thought *du Bon ton*.*)

MERCURY. *Bon ton!* what is that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. MODISH. Oh Sir, excuse me, it is one of the Privileges of the *Bon ton*, never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of Jargon. It is — I can never tell you what it is: but I can tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not Wit; in manners it is not Politeness; in behaviour it is not Address; but it is
a little

*) *Du bon ton* is a cant Phrase in the modern French Language for the fashionable Air of Conversation and Manners.

a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain Persons, who have not certain Virtues, and who inhabit a certain Part of the Town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rule of Politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

MERCURY. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time; faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *Bon ton*.

Mrs. MODISH. What would you have me do?

MERCURY. I will follow your mode of instructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your Duties, to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

Mrs. MODISH. As to the Education of my Daughters, I spared no expence. They had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master; and a French governess to teach them behaviour and the French Language.

MERCURY. So their religion, sentiments and manners were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chambermaid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *Bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old Gentleman, without the least smattering of the *Bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side the Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian Fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus: for Duties neglected may bring on a Sentence not much less severe than Crimes committed.

ACCOUNT OF THE
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PRESENT KING OF SPAIN. *)

This day I have seen the King; and I must say that a prominent nose, a piercing eye, and a serene countenance, make him look much better than his coin represents him. I have seen several portraits of him, even one by his favorite *Mengs*: but neither *Mengs*, nor any other painter, had given me a true idea of his face, which is pleasing, though made up of irregular features.

As to his person, it is of a good size, and his walk quite *Bourbonian*; that is, erect and steady. He appears to be robust; and I am told that he has a great deal of bodily strength. His complexion is quite sun-burnt, which is undoubtedly the consequence of his passion of the chace. In this respect he is a true *Meleager*. No degree of heat or cold can keep him from this exercise. You may possibly think it worth the while to read an account of the life he leads; and here it is, as I had it from people who have been daily witnesses of it for many years.

Every day in the year he gets up about six, and exactly at seven comes out of his bed-room in his night-gown. He finds waiting in the anti-chamber a *Gentil-hombre de Camera*, a *Mayordomo de Semana*, a physician, a surgeon, and several other attendants, with whom he interchanges words while dressing. The *Getilhombre*, kneeling on one knee, presents a dish of chocolate, which the King drinks almost cold. He then dismisses some of them with a nod, enters his private chapel, and hears a mass: then retires to a closet, to which no body is ever admitted, and there reads or writes, especially on those days that he does not intend to go a hunting in the morning.

About eleven he comes out of the closet to meet the whole royal family. They all kiss his hand, or offer to do it, lowering a knee. He embraces them all, kissing the Princes at the cheek, and the Princesses on the forehead.

The royal family withdraw after a little chit-chat, and he gives a momentary audience to his confessor: then speaks to those ministers of state, who have any business to communicate, or paper to sign. Then the
Family

*) Baretti's Journey from London to Genoa, through England, Portugal, Spain and France. London 1770. 8.