FRANCKESCHE STIFTUNGEN

Franckesche Stiftungen zu Halle

The Large And Renowned Town Of The English Nation In The East-Indies Upon The Coast Of Coromandel, Madras Or Fort St. George, Representing The ...

Schultze, Benjamin

Hall in Saxony, 1750

VD18 12846775-001

The eight and twentieth Dialogue.

Nutzungsbedingungen
Die Digitalisate des Francke-Portals sind urheberrechtlich geschützt. Sie dürfen für wissenschaftliche und private Zwecke heruntergeladen und ausgedruckt werden. Vorhandene Herkunftsbezeichnungen dürfen dabei nicht entfernt werden.
Eine kommerzielle oder institutionelle Nutzung oder Veröffentlichung dieser Inhalte ist ohne vorheriges schriftliches Einverständnis des Studienzentrums August Hermann Francke der Franckeschen Stiftungen nicht gestattet, das ggf. auf weitere Institutionen als Rechteinhaber verweist. Für die Veröffentlichung der Digitalisate können gemäß der Gebührenordnung der Franckeschen Stiftungen Entgelte erhoben werden.
Zur Erteilung einer Veröffentlichungsgenehmigung wenden Sie sich bitte an die Leiterin des Studienzentrums, Frau Dr. Britta Klosterberg, Franckeplatz 1, Haus 22-24, 06110 Halle (studienzentrum@francke-halle.de)

Terms of use
All digital documents of the Francke-Portal are protected by copyright. They may be downloaded and printed only for non-commercial educational, research and private purposes. Attached provenance marks may not be removed.
Commercial or institutional use or publication of these digital documents in printed or digital form is not allowed without obtaining prior written permission by the Study Center August Hermann Francke of the Francke Foundations which can refer to other institutions as right holders. If digital documents are published, the Study Center is entitled to charge a fee in accordance with the scale of charges of the Francke Foundations.
For reproduction requests and permissions, please contact the head of the Study Center, Frau Dr. Britta Klosterberg, Franckeplatz 1, Haus 22-24, 06110 Halle (studienzentrum@francke-halle.de)

urn:nbn:de:gbv:ha33-1-42498

Visual Library

the Remnant of a Dinner. *M.* Very well, Give me this, that is enough. *B.* Sir, Shall I make ready an other Bowl of *Punsch*? *M.* No, It is no Occasion for to Day. Do you hear, who knocks at the Door? *B.* Sir, It is the Governours Man. *M.* What does he desire? *B.* Sir, The Governour bids You to come to Dinner to morrow. *M.* Bid to present my most humble Respects to the Governour, and I shall wait upon him without Fail. *B.* Sir, I believe, it is no Matter for our Cook to dress any Victuals to morrow. *M.* No, He shall dress for me nothing, I dine with the Governour. *B.* Sir, Will You give Leave the *Pallaquin*-Boys to go home? *M.* Well, Bid them go, and let they come to morrow Morning at five a Clock again. *B.* Sir, Shall I shut the Doors? *M.* Yes, Shut them up and before you go to sleep, put out the Candle.

The eight and twentieth Dialogue.

Two Sea-faring Brothers do encounter one with the other at unawares on the Sea-shore to Madras.

Peter. Honest Friend, From whence do You come? *John.* Sir, We come from

Malacca. *Peter.* What is Your Ships Name? *John.* The *Tyger*, Capitain *Friendly.* *Peter.* Pray, What is Your Name? *John.* My Name is *John Crookſon.* *Peter.* What! *Crookſon* is your Name? Pray don't take amiſs, that I am ſo bold, as to ask You one Word more. What is your native Country? *John.* My native Country is *Flowermount*, near *Prince-park.* *Peter.* My dear Friend, I deſire, don't become uneaſie for my Curioſitys Sake, in asking You thus about your own Family; becauſe I wiſh but to hear, whether You have any Relation at home? *John.* Sir, I have ſtill alive my Parents and two Siſters, but one Brother is gone to Sea, now twenty Years ago, and we did hear nothing more of him, ſo that no any Body knows, what became of the poor Fellow. *Peter.* That is ſomewhat ſtrange, I confeſs, but as for me, it is a ſurpriſing Thing, to ſee You here, and to hear You thus talking; becauſe I my ſelf know your Town very well, and I know likewiſe, that therein is no other Gentleman with ſuch a Name, as Crookſon, than my Father him ſelf, and ſo, and ſo! Hear what I ſay! You muſt needs be my Brother, I am *Peter*, You took for loſt. *John.* O! Good Lord, What exorbitant Point of Providence is this, to meet here on Shore my dear Brother Peter! O! ten thouſand Thanks be given to God Almigthy for this

this Hour! And how glad ſhall become our Father and Mother with the two Siſters, as ſoon as they may hear the good News, that You, Peter, are ſtill alive? *Peter.* Well then Brother *John*! Come let us go to my Lodging, and You ſhall dine with me at Noon. *John.* With all my Heart, dear Brother Peter, I'll go along with You. This is an happy Day indeed. *Peter.* Yes, Yes, God be thanked for all his Goodneſs towards us, and eſpecially for his wonderfull Direction, in bringing us here together. Now dear Brother, pray, ſit down, eat and be of good Cheer, and when You have a Mind to drink, call for Liquor. *John.* Very well, I'll do ſo. But what Sort of Wine have You here in this Country? *Peter.* We have ſeveral Sorts of Wine, and as I think, the ſame is cheap enough. *John.* Pray, Tell me the Names of theſe Wines. *Peter.* That I may do without any great Trouble. In the firſt Place, You muſt know, that we have four and more Sorts of French-Wine; likewiſe ſo many Sorts of Wine from the Cape of good Hope. Further there is to be had white-Wine, red-Wine, claret-Wine, Rheniſh-Wine, Moſelle-Wine, Spaniſh-Wine or Sack, Malaga-Wine, Canar-Wine, Muſcadel-Wine, Malmſey-Wine, Mudera-Wine, Palma-Wine and Perſia-Wine. *John.* I wonder at the large Specification of ſo many Sorts of

Wine; but which is the beſt in this Country? *Peter.* Dear Brother John, They are all together very good, but the Madera-Wine gives the beſt Taſt, when drunken with Water. *John.* What, good Brother Peter, is this to ſay: Drink with Water? I don't underſtand, what you mean. *Peter.* Very well, I'll tell You preſently the Meaning thereof. If any Body is dry and calls for Drink, he fills the Glaſs up with three Parts of Water and one Part of Madera-Wine, and then is it very ſavoury to quench the Thirſt. *John.* Now well done! I'll try, ſeeing I am juſt dry, pray, Let me have one Glaſs according to this Faſhion. My Service T'ye. *Peter.* Many Thanks, God bleſs You! Pray, drink all up. How do You like this Draught? *John.* I like it well, it is as pleaſing, as any Drink in the World, and I ſuppoſe, it is very wholeſom too in this hot Country. But on this Occaſion, I muſt ask You one Thing, namely, in Caſe I could not get Madera-Wine, would not any other Wine do the ſame Turn? *Peter.* No, Sir, There is ſome Wine by Nature delicious enough, if drunken alone, but mixed with Water, it ſpoiles the good Savour and becomes as nauſeous as ſome Phyſic. For Inſtance, I may name but one Sort of red Cape-Wine. *John.* Well, I unterſtand now this Matter; but Brother Peter, You did mention before, that

that the Wine here was tolerably cheap; Pray, what coſt one Quart-Bottle of Rheniſh Wine? *Peter.* I have bought one Bottle of Rheniſh-Wine for half a Crown, likewiſe, at the ſame Rate, one Bottle Spaniſh-Sack. And the Reſt of the other Sorts of Wine is thus cheap, that I pay for one Bottle no more than one and half a Shilling. *John.* Indeed, the Wine is very cheap, but I ſuppoſe, the Reaſon thereof is, becauſe this hot Country, as fit for ripening all the Grapes, cauſes ſuch a low Price upon the Wine. *Peter.* No, Brother John, You are mistaken in this. Although this Country is mightily hot, and able enough to ripe all Sorts of Grapes, but for all that, we don't make any Wine here. *John.* Why ſo? What is the Reaſon? Don't theſe Natives unterſtand to plant Vinegards and to dreſs Vines? I hear, the Inhabitants of Perſia do gather every Year a great Quantity, ſo that they may ſell abroad an exceeding Abundance thereof, gaining thereby no ſmall Profit to the very Intereſt of their own Country. *Peter.* That is all true, You are in the Right, but here is quite an other Caſe, which hinders theſe Natives from Doing ſo. *John.* Pray, Brother Peter, tell me this ſtrange Matter, as the Hindrance, by which they are kept off from Cultivating Vines, ſeing I am very curious to know it. *Peter.* Hear, Brother John, the Neglect of not manuring

Vines in this Country, don't proceed of the Heat of this Climate, nor don't come of the Want of Skill and Induſtry to handle the Buſineſs, but there are innumerable Squirrels all over the Countrey, and for theirs Sake is it, that no Body can ſufficiently defend the Fruits of the Trees and hinder the Spoiling of the Grapes. *John.* That is a Thing again, that I never heard before of. All Europeans and I my ſelf did believe, this Country muſt be very fruitfull in Bringing forth good Wine, but now You tell me quite the Contrary. Seeing then, that the Malabarians can't enjoy the Pleaſure to make Wine, it is as good as preſuppoſed, that no Body in this Country knows, how the Vine grows, as a People, that newer ſaw in their Lifes Time any Grapes or a Cluſter of Grapes. *Peter.* Brother John, Your Reaſoning is not quite out of the Way, but I tell You what, although we don't make Wine in this Country, from thence don't follow, that we alſo have no Grapes. *John.* Dear Brother, I take for granted, what You ſay, but I do argue thus: If there are Grapes to be had in this Country, certainly the People will make Wine alſo. *Peter.* No, Sir, You can't maintain Your Argument with me. Pray, give me Leave, to compoſe our Difference. In this Country we have almoſt every Year a ſmall Number of Cluſters of Grapes as the greateſt Rarity, but there

there is not ſo much as a ſufficient Stock to fill one little Barrel with Wine. *John.* So, ſo, ſtands the Matter thus? Now I underſtand the Caſe better than before. But where about is then to be found this Rarity of Grapes every Year? *Peter.* Very near, and that in a Place about two Engliſh Miles diſtant off from *Fort St. George*, namely at *Mailepour*. *John.* Who is the Gentleman, that contrives ſuch a pleaſing Play? *Peter.* The Landlord is a Portugueſe, which did plant ſuch a little Vinegard ſome Years ago, keeping therein two or three Dozen Vines; but as ſoon, as the Grapes begin to ripen, caſting up a ſweet Smell, he is forced at the Number of Cluſters of Grapes, to procure ſo many leathern Bags, in order to keep off the Biting of the Squirrels, that flock together to feed upon. *John.* O ſtrange Management of Procuring of Grapes! I never did hear ſuch a Thing in all my Lifes Time. But dear Brother, I may certainly ſay, the Owner of his Vinegard will be put to a good Deal of Expenſe, beſides all the Trouble, he gets with Tying and Binding up all theſe leathern Bags. What Profit reapes he by the whole Play? *Peter.* Sir, don't think, he is a looſing thereby, No, not at all; becauſe in the firſt Place he himſelf has the Pleaſure to ſee grown theſe Vines, and in the ſecond Place, he ſells every Bunch of Grapes, as a great

Rarity

Rarity, ſome for one Rixdollar and ſome for two Rixdollars and ſo gradually on. *John.* As I admire the Cunning of this Gentleman; So do I deteſt the deſtroying Worms, theſe bad Squirrels. Mean while we are thus discourſing about the Grapes and Squirrels, it comes me in the Mind: If parhaps the Bible has made already Mention of both in the Song of Solomon? Seeing, we read there in the ſecond Chap. V. 15. *Take us the Foxes, the little Foxes, that ſpoil the Vines.* *Peter.* That is a Digresſion, which I never could light upon! Brother John, Let this your free Thinking fall as eaſily out, as it juſt came in. You may be ſure, not one Divine will agree to ſuch an extravagant Expoſition of the holy Writ, in Making Squirrels to little Foxes, and again little Foxes to Squirells. No, Let this Matter quite alone. The Name of the little Foxes there muſt be interpreted ſpiritually in a myſtical Senſe. *John.* Well, Brother Peter, I'll do ſo. But You did mention before of many Names of Wine and among thoſe of the Palma-Wine too. Pray, Does this Palma-Wine grow upon Palm-trees in this Country? *Peter.* No, in no wiſe, the Juice of Palm-trees is quite an other Liquor, than the true Palma-Wine. Near the Island of *Madera* there lies one little Isle, that is called *Palma*, from thence comes this very rare and precious Wine.

John.

John. I give You many Thanks for the good Information about the different Sorts of Wine. But don't You make Uſe of Beer in this Country? *Peter.* Yes, We have ſmall Beer, and ſtrong Beer, all which is brought hither from England and Germany, ſo that You may call for what Sort You pleaſe, and You will find it here. *John.* Pray, What coſtes one Pipe or Hogshead of Engliſh Beer? *Peter.* I have payed for one Pipe thirty Rixdollars. But we buy rather whole Cheſts with Beer, filled up in Quart-Bottles, which does keep far better in this hot Country. *John* How many Dozen Bottles does contain one Cheſt? *Peter.* Twelve till thirteen Dozen Bottles. But, Brother John, Although we are not able to dreſs Vine in this Country, in the mean while I do brew every Day the Beer, I drink. *John.* Don't talk ſo, Brother, I know, You never have been a Brewer, nor do I ſee, where about You ſhould have here a Brew-Houſe. *Peter.* Brother John, don't think, that I ſpeak in Jeſt, it is indeed ſo, for I my ſelf or in behalf of me, my Servant, we muſt brew every Day my Beer, and that commonly twice: once, in the Morning and once in the Evening. *John.* Brother Peter, the Caſe is ſome what ſtrange to me, but I will not contradict You, only I deſire, tell me, how You go on to work with your Brewing? *Peter.* Sir, We take about ſix

Spoons

Spoons full of English strong Beer, half so much Syrup, a little Dregs and put this all together in one Quart-Bottle and having filled this Bottle with good Water, but not till the Mouth, which whe stop with a Cork and tie it very fastly. When all is done, we shake this Bottle a Quarter of an Hour and place it in the Sight of the Sun, or some where near to the Fire, by thus Doing we bring the mingled Water to a Fermentation and in the Compas of six Hours we get thereby the most pleasing Drink of Beer. *John.* Many Thanks, Brother, for this Information too, and for your kind Entertainment; but You see, the Sun is a setting, I must go on Board the Ship. I wish You a good Night and to Morrow Morning, please God, I'll come again to wait upon You.

The nine and twentieth Dialogue.

The two Brothers, Peter and John, are discoursing about Food and the Kind of Victuals in the East-Indies.

John. Good Morrow Ty'e, Brother, According to Your Commands, I come this