

beside him, he challenged him with theft, and threatened to charge him with a considerable if he did not directly deliver up the property. For God's sake, sir, said the young man, say no more about it; giving him at the same time a watch privately out of his own pocket. Capt. Trey was content; the young man in some time disappeared, and after the play the Capt. returned to his lodgings. Judge his astonishment, when upon his entering his bed-chamber, the first object that presented itself was the watch which he imagined to have been lost, and which in fact he had forgotten to take out with him.

A DERVISE, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the King's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public Inn or Caravanfary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the manner of the Eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place. The Dervise told them he intended to take up his lodging in that Caravanfary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a Caravanfary, but the King's palace. It happened that the King himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the Dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a Palace from a Caravanfary? Sir, says the Dervise, give me leave to ask your Majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? The King replied, *His Ancestors*. And who, says the Dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The King replied, *His Father*. And who is it, says the Dervise, that lodges here at present? The King told him, *That it was he himself*. And who, said the Dervise, will he here after you? The King answered, *The young Prince, his son*. Ah, Sir, said the Dervise, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a Palace but a Caravanfary.

THE celebrated Drake, having taken the town of St. Domingo in 1586, found that the islanders were grown so desperate, that, rather than see their children fall into the hands of the conqueror, the men were unanimously come to a resolution

to have no connection with their wives.— This is the only instance of the kind ever recorded in history, and a standing monument of Spanish tyranny, which not only shed the blood of the fathers, but prevented the existence of the unborn.

CHARLES V. asked a Spaniard, on his arrival from Mexico, how long the interval was there between summer and winter? *Just as long*, replied he, with great truth and wit, *as it takes to pass out of sunshine into shade*.

WHEN Diego de Velasquez came with four ships, and landed on the eastern point of the Island of Cuba, a Cacique whose name was Hatuey, presided over that district. He was a native of St. Domingo, or Hispaniola, and had retired thither to avoid the slavery to which his countrymen were condemned. Those who could escape the tyranny of the Castilians, had followed him in his retreat, where he formed a little state and ruled in peace. At a distance he observed the Spanish sails, whose approach he dreaded. On the first news he received of their arrival, he called together the bravest Indians, both of his subjects and allies, to animate them to a defence of their liberty; assuring them, at the same time, that all their efforts would be ineffectual, if they did not first render the God of their enemies propitious to them: *Behold him there*, said he, pointing to a vessel filled with gold, *behold that mighty divinity, let us invoke its aid!*

The simple and good natured people easily believed, that gold, for the sake of which so much blood was shed, was the god of the Spaniards. They danced and sang before the rude and unfashionable ore, and resigned themselves wholly to its protection.

But Hatuey, more enlightened, and more suspicious than the other Caciques, assembled them again. 'We must not,' said he to them, 'expect any happiness, so long as the god of the Spaniards remains with us. He is no less our enemy than they. They seek for him in every place, and establish themselves wherever they find him. Were he hidden in the cavities of the earth, they would discover him. Were we to swallow him, they would plunge their hands into our bowels, and drag him out. There is no place, but the bottom of the sea, that can elude their search. When he is no longer among us, doubtless, we shall be forgotten by them.' As soon as he had done speaking, every man brought out his gold, and threw it into the sea.