

humble apology of the American relieved him from his delicate position. The next day a Spanish broker said to the American, "You yesterday attempted to bribe the Judge—he himself told me so—how could you be so indiscreet? I am in the habit of bribing him daily. Give me the two doubloons, I will give him one and keep the other for myself, and your friend shall be released;" and it was done.

Another evil, and a great one, under which the Moors laboured, was their luxury and effeminacy—their love of ease and pleasures, their passions for costly edifices, magnificent fetes, and other debasing amusements. When we survey their magnificent palaces, their costly and splendid edifices, constructed at such immense expense we feel humiliated at the idea that these structures were reared for the gratification of private vanity and ostentation, and not to subserve any good, noble, or public object. They became as perishable as their founders. If, however, there were exceptions, and the early followers of the Mahometan faith were distinguished for a love of the arts and for the advancement of science, it cannot be denied that as they increased in numbers so the nation has gradually degenerated, until at this day they present a picture of intolerance, imbecility, and despotism without a parallel.

No enlarged principles of education, no love for or encouragement of the mechanic arts, no rewards for ingenious inventions, no great enterprises, no prospects of improvement, nothing that constitutes a free, liberal, enlightened nation.

It is the result of *despotism*, the concentration of all powers in the hands of a single individual, the total exclusion of the people from all participation in the affairs of government. Whenever such are the cardinal outlines of a nation, that nation must gradually sink and find its level like the Mussulmen.

The principal, and I may say the controlling cause of the present degenerate condition of the Mussulmen and the advantage which christian powers ever had and ever will have over them, is that they are a nation without any settled or fixed code of laws.

That the Koran may be considered in their estimation the most perfect and absolute work on earth rendering other laws which govern society wholly useless and unnecessary, no attempt has been made since the days of Mahomet, to bring the nation under the subjection of mild, just, and equitable laws, and altering and amending those laws to suit the times.

Hence, as other nations advance in science and the arts, as new inventions are brought forward, improvements made and educated patronised, the Mussulmen remain unchanged; their feet are still upon the sands of the desert the Koran in their heart and Mahomet on their lips;—they make their pilgrimage to Mecca worship at the shrine of the prophet, get robbed by wandering hordes on their return, and bastinadoed by their Governors, taxed to death by their Pachas and decapitated by their Vassals; yet are content and submissive, confident in destiny and throwing aside as useless their energies and capacities with which Divine Providence has blessed mankind as the means of the only means of making them great, happy, noble and independent.



INDIAN'S SACRED SONG.

God of the Light!—who never tires—
Thy blessed rays are good,
Sent from thy sacred Council-fires,
To gladden lake and wood!
Immortal One! whose altar stands
High o'er the mountain's brow,
Thine eye is bright o'er many lands—
The red-man's Manitou!

God of the winds! whose misty form
Is seen in summer cloud—
Before the pinions of thy storm
The lofty pine hath bowed;
The flash that leaves yon airy halls
Bears mandates from thy throne;
We hear thy voice in waterfalls,
And in the thunder's tone!

God of the rains! Thy summer showers
Refresh our Indian maize,
And change to fruit the forest flowers,
And cool the sultry days.
God of the night! whose golden bow
Is hung upon the cloud,
O'er all Thy shadows softly flow,
And wake the starry crowd.

We have the sacred dance at spring
Around the feast of flow'rs;
The solemn first-fruit offering,
And thanks in harvest hours.
We still retain the virgin feasts,
As taught us by our sires;
And still the prophets and the priests
Dispense the holy fires.

God of the wild and gloomy wood!
Accept our solemn fast;
Whose rod before our fathers stood—