

It was of no use. Sooty refused; and he had to carry his burden alone. Sooty led him on over very uneven ground, and ever and anon the fence, from its great height, became entangled in the branches of the trees and brush, till, at last, he became so weary, that he cried lustily for help, frequently calling for the Mufti to come to his assistance. But no assistance was to be had. Whenever he lagged a little from fatigue, the little sooty would prick him from behind with the sharp point of his barbed tail, till at last they came to a standstill, at the brink of a horrid-looking place. Gloom, indescribable, was depicted all around. A pit-fall was near the foot of the brink on which they stood. Sounds, more ghastly and horrible than the greatest human suffering could produce, issued from beneath the pit-fall. "Horror of horrors!" says Sanctity, "what is all this?" "What have I come to?" "This is the end of your journey," said sooty. Directly they were at the foot of the declivity, and Sanctity's feet began to sink in the quicksands. At the same time he was irresistibly glided along with the quicksands directly towards the awful-looking pit-fall. In despair, he again called for the great Mufti to come and save him from the horrible pit. "You must bear it all alone," said sooty; "no one can help you any more. It is the result of your own piety." Just at this moment the great fence caught fire from the blue flame which played upon sooty's face. All his garments caught fire also. He was completely enveloped in flame, and was fast sinking, too. Just as his feet came in contact with the pit-fall, his struggling became so great, that, with a last sad effort, the charm was broken, and he awoke to consciousness completely exhausted. "Thanks to mercy," said he, "that this is only a dream. It may, however, portend something more, for I have heard Stubbhorn say that dreams were sometimes fearful forebodings of stern realities. I must see the Mufti about it." So down upon his "holy bended knees" he gets, and again returns thanks to his Maker for his many deliverances, and especially that what he had passed through was but a dream, and not a reality.

At the same time the great Mufti, on retiring from the Quadrantal Synod, again found himself alone with himself, musing upon what had been done, and directing his pious thoughts towards the future, addressed himself to himself thus, or, in words and thoughts of the same or similar import.

"Well, I have so far succeeded in this pious matter according to my wishes, saving only that I cannot yet compel old Stubbhorn to give up to Sanctity the before-mentioned account. The rest of my Quadrantal Synod are either with me in my determination to crush and destroy old Stubbhorn and his incongruous ethics, and justifying Sanctity in his pious design of appropriating to his own sanctified use the estate of the dead; or they are so fearful of my popularity that they dare not raise their voices against my designs; or they are so frightened at my personal consequence, and the bold stand I have taken, that they know not what they are about. It was truly a noble as well as a bold expedient in me to attack old Stubbhorn as I did, and thus ignore those moral and religious principles which old Stubbhorn calls truth and righteousness; and every other moral and religious principle which I have taught from the pulpit, and justify crime. But the exigency of the case made it imperative on me to venture on the strength and potency of my great and unheard-of popularity, and have so far succeeded. Nevertheless, if my party had not been true to me, and made such a noise and confusion that old Stubbhorn's voice could not be heard in reply to me, I might have been in a fix, and have failed in my designs; for old Stubbhorn (much as I hate him because he will not worship me) reasons so conclusively that Judge Simple would have been convinced by it. Not only so, but old Father Big-heart would not have been so dreadfully frightened as he was; and sure I am, that if he had not been frightened, he would have discovered the trick, and would have told me that to rob the fatherless, or to attempt such a thing, or to justify a saint in crime, was not only unbecoming in a steward of the house of God, but inconsistent in a Mufti; for a steward of the house of God, in vulgar parlance, is expected to have clean hands at least; and a popular revival preaching Mufti is expected to carry out, in practical life, the doctrines he preaches from the pulpit. But what of all this? His saintship must be sustained, and old Stubbhorn must be crushed. But, from the nature of things, this could not have been done without my extraordinary popularity being brought into requisition, and, in this, is constituted my unparalleled success;