

Improper act for a person of distinguished piety to make up a false account, in order to rob the fatherless. But sinners are not proper judges of acts of piety; because they are carnal, and cannot discern spiritual things. Stubborn declared that, notwithstanding the obliquity of the minds of sinners as a whole, some of them would, nevertheless, occasionally call things by their proper names; and, confirmatory of this sentiment, he contended that it was a base and cowardly attempt, on the part of Sanctity, thus to endeavor to rob the fatherless girl of a portion of her inheritance; and the more especially, as she was the only child of his dear departed brother; that a person who was capable of such an act, under cover of *exalted piety*, was not a suitable person for the society of true Muslemen, and that he ought to be *exalted* to a membership amongst those whose habits of devotion would be more befitting his taste and *holiness of heart*. And in accordance with his stubborn belief, he believed it to be his duty to reveal the whole matter to the great Mufti; and, calling him into his own sanctum, he modestly and reverently revealed the whole matter to his reverence, at the same time showing him the said account, and the proof of its dishonesty, wickedness, and low meanness; and also his saintship's own handwriting in proof thereof. And having, as he thought, discharged a moral and religious duty, he *very improperly* ventured to exhort the great Mufti as to *his duty* in the matter. His reverence, for the moment, seemed to feel and understand the force of Stubborn's logic, and gravely promised compliance. But on retiring from his interview with Stubborn, he found himself alone with himself in pious reflection, and, as was supposed from the sequel, soliloquized thus: Now, if I attempt to chastise his saintship, as suggested by that old fogey, Father Stubborn, he will turn upon me, and flagellate me for having, in conjunction with that *pious man*, whom sinners call Mr. Crabsnarl, made out a false account, with the intent to extort *seven pounds ten shillings* from that same old Stubborn, for the glory of God and the good of Moslemism, and the funds of the Mosque at that Embrio City, which we were obliged to take back. No, that will not do. His saintship must be justified, and justified he shall be; for I am under great obligations to his saintship for the large presents he has made me, and especially the large present he gave me before I was aware of his intention to become a Moslem, and which, by the very graceful and overweaning manner by which it was done, so completely charmed me, and so wrought upon my affections, that I then determined upon his being made a true Moslem, one that cannot do wrong. As for old Stubborn and his rigid philosophy, I care not a whit. He is constantly harping about *truth*, just as though it was a necessary ingredient for all things, and in all cases. I know as well as he does what Moses commanded in Deut. 16th, 19th and 20th, about receiving presents, and of the danger there is in persons, not as firmly established in the Moslem faith as I am, being corrupted thereby. It is true enough that Moses said: "Thou shalt not wrest judgment; Thou shalt not respect persons, neither shalt thou take a gift, for a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and pervert the words of the righteous. That which is altogether just thou shalt follow, that thou mayest live and inherit the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." But that does not apply to me, or to any of my doings. Moses knew nothing of me, and therefore anything he could say, or did say, can have no reference to me or my duty. Indeed, if Moses himself had been approached in the same dignified and graceful manner that I was, when Mr. Sanctity made his first gift to me, I very much doubt if he would ever have penned that stringent law; at all events it can have no reference to me. Old father Stubborn is certainly "in his dotage," or he could not suppose that a great Mufti, like me, should be governed by such antiquated precepts as these. I'll teach him better than to exhibit his stubborn impudence in venturing to suggest to me what my duty in such important matters is. I'll learn him better than to charge his Saintship with doing wrong in manifesting such *pious and disinterested* devotion to the estate of the dead, and the rights of the fatherless. No, no, father Stubborn, you are not a Cato yet. I'll show you a trick that will put your philosophy to the blush, and utterly confound your crude notions of morality and religion. Instead of calling his Saintship to an account, and humbling him, as you expect, I'll promote him. I have, on my side of the question, the pious Mr. Crabsnarl, who, I understand, is very fond of leases, especially such as have the faculty of enlarging the term of a demise. I also have