

estate of the dead. It may be that I can make a safe haul the next time.—Stubborn, with his calculations, may be out of the way. At all events, I am for the present safely shielded under the wings of the Mufti's great popularity."

At the conclusion of this soliloquy his saintship prostrated himself on his "holy bended knees," and devoutly rendered thanksgiving to his Maker for that large measure of grace which had so far enabled him to suppress the stings of a guilty conscience; and having arose from his "holy bended knees," he gently laid himself on the sofa to enjoy the luxury of a snooze. Being somewhat wearied with the exercise of mind which he had passed through, he soon swooned away into outward unconsciousness, and while in this state he had a very remarkable vision, which, as near as could be gathered from after occurrences, was as follows:

It seemed to him that he gently glided from this world into the next, without pain or suffering of any kind; that having passed the threshold from time into the other world, he found himself traveling in a broad but well trodden path, towards some point, he knew not, where—the scenery around him was not beautiful; the road, although well beaten, was very crooked; screech-owls and cormorants were making their hideous noises at every turn of the road, and, being alone, he became alarmed, and wondered where the terminus of the road would be, and began to fear that the great Mufti's sublime teaching had ruined him. While meditating upon his situation with fear and trembling, he suddenly arrived at the left bank of Jordan. He involuntarily halted to view the scene which was spread out before him. He was completely enraptured with the sight. He had not experienced such soul thrilling emotions since the time he conceived the sublime idea of assuming the protectorate of his deceased brother's estate. Just beneath his stand-point rolled the beautiful and classic Jordan. Beyond the stream was stretched out before him a landscape too beautiful and too extensive to be described, but by a seraph's pen. He stood for a time quite enchanted, gazing and wondering at the sight, exclaiming to himself—Elysium! Paradise! "If the sight is so enrapturing, what will it be to be there? Is this the place where Moses stood?" He saw, in the distance, groups of human beings commingling with each other in perfect happiness, so it seemed to him. Having satiated himself with the delightful view, he began to think of crossing the stream, and while looking about for a path which led to the ford, he saw two men at a distance approaching him, and, fancying he knew them, he patiently waited their arrival at the opposite bank of the stream in the expectation and buoyant hope that they would show him the ford, or otherwise assist him to get over the stream, for he had no relish for the road he had been traveling. As they neared the opposite bank of the stream, he recognized them as his old acquaintances, 'Squire H. and Major W., and speaking to them (for the two banks of the stream are here within speaking distance), he asked them to point out the ford to him so that he could at once join their company. At the same moment he suddenly felt a heavy pressure upon his shoulders, but being anxious to join his old boon companions on the other side of Jordan, he did not, for the moment, look up to see what it was that pressed so heavily upon his shoulders—supposing it to be simply the fatigue he had undergone while traveling the road which led him there. They replied that "that was not the fording place; not only so, but the water there was very deep, and could not be forded; that no persons were allowed to cross there, as no ferry boat had been allowed there;—that certain characters were allowed to come as far as he stood and take a view of the happy land;—that none, who came the road he came, ever crossed the Jordan; that, being allowed a view of the happy place, they had to take the next turn in the road they came, and go to their appointed place." "Mercy on me," says Sanctity, "for pity's sake, help me over; I am alone here, no one to help me; for mercy's sake, show me the ford, and I will pass over." "But," says the Major, "we have already told you that you cannot come over here. How, in the name of common sense, can you expect to get over the Jordan with such a load on your shoulders as you have? No wonder you are fatigued. Why, you have there a rail fence twenty-seven rails high piled upon your shoulders; besides this, you have a label fastened to your garment, both in front and behind! What does all that mean?" "O, dear me," says Sanctity, "the labels are copies of the false charges I made against the

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