

crackers—which distinguished the administration of the great Mufti during the two last years of his charge at the Embrio City.

In accordance with the Mufti's determination, a committee, composed of the Mufti himself, Squire Crabsnarl, Judge Simple, and Father *Big-heart*, met in the business chamber of the Mosque, on one of the week evenings immediately preceding the first Quadrantal Sabbath of the second year of the Mufti's charge. His reverence had undoubtedly intended by this manœuvre to secure the condemnation of Stubborn before he could be aware of the ecclesiastical trick—but Stubborn, in the capacity of a trustee, happened to go over to the Mosque just as this committee was getting together, and meeting the Mufti at the door, was invited to go into the chamber to meet a committee, whom, he said, had been called for the purpose of enquiring into the writing of said letter. Stubborn was therefore present, but the complainant was not there. The law says that plaintiff and defendant shall be brought face to face. The Mufti proceeded to charge Stubborn with the horrid crime of writing a letter to the embrio saint, telling him of the wrong he had done, and demanded that Stubborn should recal his letter and make an apology to his saintship. This demand was, as a matter of course, supported by 'Squire Crabsnarl and Judge Simple. Stubborn demurred to the demand on the grounds that it was a private letter, and that the Mufti had nothing to do with it; and, also, that he had written nothing to his saintship, or laid anything to his charge, but what was truth, and what he could then prove to be true; that to comply with the unjust demand would be to denounce himself; that he could not comply with the demand without telling a lie, for he knew that his saintship had done what he had laid to his charge; that to comply with the demand would endanger the salvation of his soul, and that he would not dishonor himself so much as to give their demand even one serious thought. The same demand was repeatedly made, and as often rejected by the unoffending Stubborn.

At length the great Mufti declared that if Stubborn did not comply, he would put him through a regular trial and expel him from the sanctuary. "For what will you try me?" said Stubborn. "For writing that letter to my new made saint," was the reply. "Very well," said Stubborn, "do so. I fear not, for I am prepared to prove all that I have written to your new made saint to be true, and you will find it difficult to turn me out of the sanctuary for writing the truth." "But," said the learned Judge Simple, "we will not allow you to bring the truth in evidence." To this *profound, even-handed justice*, both the Mufti and 'Squire Crabsnarl responded. Stubborn rejoined, and dared them to put him on his trial, and refuse him the right of bringing the truth in evidence in his defence—giving them to understand that some other persons would be present at the trial, who would take cognizance of their unjust proceedings. Finding they could not overawe Stubborn, and the Mufti being bent on securing his more immediate object, he said that something must be done, for he was "very anxious to take his saintship to the sacrament on the next Sabbath; that being now made a saint, he was entitled to all the privileges of first-class Moslems." Stubborn replied, "You may do as you like about that, for you are alone responsible for it." After a little more sparring, *pro and con*, there was a dead silence for about a minute and a-half, when the Mufti again said that "something must be done if possible, for I want his saintship to enjoy all the privileges of Moslemism." Stubborn again said, "the responsibility rests with you. I am," said he, "the person who is entitled to the sympathy and protection of the faithful; but you are reversing the order of things by throwing the shield of protection around the unworthy, and demand that I shall dishonor myself by telling a lie, to save harmless a man whom I know is guilty of doing me a wanton injury, and that, too, in the most cowardly and disreputable manner possible. I could not comply with your demand without telling a lie, and I will suffer death before I will so dishonor myself. I see, however, that his saintship is tolerably well punished for his low, cowardly meanness. This is evident from your movements—for he has gone to you for protection, and you seem determined to protect him in his wrong doing, although it should cost the destruction of an innocent, injured man. But, nevertheless, that I may be at *peace with you*, (looking all three of them in the face), I will make you a proposition—and now, seeing that his saintship is pretty well punished, I can afford to be a little