

had of the *piety* of the great Mufti ; and, also, that his own destruction was determined upon. But, nevertheless, he was determined to do what was right, as far as he understood his duty ; and, accordingly, a short time before the last Quadrantal Synod of the third year of the Mufti's charge, Stubborn made it a matter of duty to inform him of Mr. Sanctity's affectionate regard for the estate of his dead brother, as related in chapter II. This of course, although it was a matter of public notoriety, and openly commented on by people at the market place, gave great offence to the Mufti, and made him, if possible, more than ever determined upon neutralizing Stubborn's vote on the important question of his remaining the fourth year in his charge ; and, as a matter of course, of destroying Stubborn.

The Synod met, and it was moved by Judge Simple, and, as a matter of course, seconded by Mr. Sanctity, "That the National Synod be requested to appoint the great Mufti to remain in his charge the fourth year." Of course, his judgeship, in moving the important resolution, electrified the Synod by the delivery of a very classic speech, closing a number of his well-turned periods with the sublime expression, "What shall we do when he leaves us?" The motion was opposed by Fathers *Big-heart* and Stubborn, on the ground that it would not be dignified to ask the great Provincial Synod to make fools of themselves, by breaking with the entire community, merely to gratify a few individuals ; that it was more becoming generous souls to allow other communities to share in the ministrations of the great Mufti. After there had been quite a blow-out of speaking, *pro* and *con*, and the vote was about to be taken, sure enough Crabsnarl, the recorder, cried out at the top of his sonorous voice, that "there were some there who had no right to vote, and ought not to have been allowed to speak ;" and, beginning to count heads, the persecuted old Stubborn was the first person named as having no right to vote on the great question, when the following interesting disputation and cross-firing revealed the *a priori* idea and determination of the great Mufti and his accomplice, Mr. Crabsnarl :

Stubborn—"I have a right to vote."

Crabsnarl—"You have not."

Stubborn—"What's the reason?"

Crabsnarl—"You are not a member of this Synod."

Stubborn—"I am."

Crabsnarl—"You are not."

Stubborn—"How do you make out that?"

Crabsnarl—"You are not a Local Mufti."

Stubborn—"I am."

Crabsnarl—"I say you are not."

Stubborn—"Why am I not?"

Crabsnarl—"Your license wasn't renewed last year."

Stubborn—"I understand you ; but why was it not renewed?"

Crabsnarl—"It was your own fault."

Stubborn—"How was it my own fault?"

Crabsnarl—"You ought to have brought the matter before the Quadrantal Synod yourself."

Stubborn—"Not so. It was the duty of the Mufti to do so. That is a part of his duty ; and I cannot be made to suffer wrong, because the Mufti neglected, or forgot, to bring the matter before the Synod."

Mufti—"Stubborn is not a Local Mufti ; his license was not renewed ; but on account of his age I have treated him as such."

Stubborn—"I understand the law as well as either of you. I understand you, too. I understood you at the time. Your sly manœuvring has turned out just as I anticipated it would ; but the law and usage are both on my side. I am not to suffer in this way."

*Big-heart*—"Stubborn is a Local Mufti, according to law. It was the duty of the Mufti to bring the subject before the Quadrantal Synod. Stubborn cannot be made to suffer, because the Mufti did not attend to his proper business. Such appointments hold good until they are annulled by the action of the Synod."

Stubborn then made a few tart and appropriate remarks upon the matter in dispute, which called forth no reply, either from the Mufti or Crabsnarl. The vote was then taken, and the motion negatived by a two-thirds majority.