

my high displeasure. 'On account of your age' and grey hairs, I will once more condescend to address you, although a criminal already condemned by my determination, as though you were yet within the reach of my mercy; I therefore say, 'I am, dear sir, yours truly, and affectionately,'

THE MUFTI.

CHAPTER V.

Stubborn's opinion of the Mufti's schemes—Illegality of the summons—the law in the case—Meeting of the Committee—Composition of the Committee—Stubborn's feelings—Stubborn's reflections—Character of his persecutors—Nature of a false account—God's truth ignored by the Mufti—Will the Almighty approve of it?—Judge Simple—Mr. Shoe-Knife—The pious Crabenari—His sense of justice—Sanctity—Reading of the indictment—Crabenari silenced—Legality of Stubborn's pleading confirmed by the Judge—Stubborn's generosity in allowing the trial to proceed—The fear of an appeal—The Judge's apology to Stubborn—Chattering of the Mufti—Dissatisfaction of Crabenari—The Mufti's consternation—Stubborn's plea accepted—Reflections on the conduct of Stubborn's persecutors.

Old Stubborn, having been served with the ecclesiastical summons mentioned at the conclusion of the last chapter, could only look upon the transaction as the result of premeditated design, in order to cover the strange conduct of the Mufti and his colleagues, and to deter him from following the Mufti to the District Synod. He would, nevertheless, have gone there, but his feeble state of health would not admit of his going from home. The old man was, therefore, obliged to abandon a course which must have resulted in the complete overthrow of the Mufti. On examining the summons, he saw that it was illegal, and a violation of Moslem law—for the law in the case, as laid down in the statutes, page 71, sec. 2, from which the words of the charge are taken, enacts, that, "first let private reproof be given by a Mufti," &c. And having had some conversation with a *professed* friend, and also, that, from the wording of the charge itself, he could, by judicious management, slip out of their clutches, come off with honor to himself, and either obtain some acknowledgements from the guilty ones, or leave them with that accumulated guilt upon them which justification of, or participation in, crime, necessarily incurs; intending, at the same time, if he should be further ill-treated, to appeal from their doings to the next Quadrantal Synod, when the *young* Mufti would be in the place, instead of this impudent justifier of crime.

The committee to try old Stubborn met at the time and place appointed in the summons. Instead of their being a selection of independent men, who had had nothing to do in the matter, they were the same identical Synod who had so recently done the Mufti's bidding; composed in part of good men, but without nerve for a conflict, timid, and afraid to do right for fear of incurring the displeasure of the great Mufti; and in part of Stubborn's vile persecutors, who could, in case of a struggle, have commanded a majority of about one or two. And, to cap the climax of the injustice and absurdity of the proceedings, there sat Sanctity himself, as a legitimate member of that synod and committee; he, however, had the discretion to keep silent.

Old Stubborn took a survey of the composition of that august assembly, and for a moment, knowing that the Mufti had contrived to manufacture a majority, felt just as any person would feel if surrounded by a gang of murderers, determined to take his life; and only for the blunder they had made in the wording of their indictment, which he saw he could take a legal advantage of, his just indignation would have burst forth on them, and their ungodly deeds, in language appropriate for the occasion.

The Mufti, being chief cook upon the occasion, began the proceedings with that contemptible twiddle-twaddle and self-gratulation peculiar to popularity hunters. While he was dilating upon the awful crime charged against Stubborn, and exulting in the expectation that he had truly repented, and had appeared before the committee in answer to the summons, with the intention of prostrating himself and apologizing for his crimes, and promising to not again prevent a fatherless girl being robbed by a saint of Sanctity's magnitude, the grey-headed old man indulged in a train of thought quite consistent with his ideas of right and wrong, of which the following is a correct translation:

This is a strange position for me to be in. I have never wilfully offended any human being. I have always believed, and taught, that dishonesty was a