

and, so long as my popularity keeps up, I care not a whit for anything that may cross my path. The majority of my Quadrantal Synod will submissively yield to my dictation, or suggestions, and the rest will not dare to say a word. Not only so, but I have such a profound knack at contriving, that I can circumvent any scheme which others may devise, no matter what. Now, the District assemblage of Mufties meet in a few days, and it may be that old Stubb will go to that Synod and make complaint against me for having upheld Sanctity, in his crimes, and for having abused him. It is true that he is yet in a very feeble state of health, and may not be able to be there; but, nevertheless, he may brace up his old shattered corporation and go there, and if he does, I shall have trouble, for he is so well known by the other Mufties that they will listen to him; not only so, but father Big-heart will be there, and will, by that time, get over his fright, and will prove all that Stubb will lay to my charge, and I shall be done up for this generation. This will not do; I must put an estopple upon that; for, lest he should go there and complain of me (as, in fact, he ought), I will put him in a position which will prevent his going there, or if he does, he will not be able to do anything. I will see my faithful ally, Mr. Crabsnari, and get him to make up a charge against old Stubb, before I go to that Synod, and I will appoint the time to try him on that charge after the meeting of the District Synod; so that if he should follow me there I can show that he is a criminal, under arrest, and legally incapable of putting me on trial for maladministration, or anything else. This plan, together with his feeble state, will effectually prevent him from following me to the great yearly conglomeration Synod of Mufties, to be held in the coming month, and will most effectually put an extinguisher upon him, and so overawe the rest of my quadrantal Synod that no one will dare to dispute my power, or the right of Sanctity to appropriate to himself the estates of the dead or the living, or even to question my right to administer ecclesiastical law just as I please. I say, therefore, that Stubb shall give up that account to Sanctity, and make to him a humble and contrite apology for having prevented his appropriating to himself a modicum of the estate of his dear departed brother, or be excommunicated from the congregation of the faithful; for it will never do to have the grey-headed old fellow constantly prating about truth and honesty. No, it will not do; so out he must go, and go he shall. I'll let him know that I am as determined to carry out my designs, as he is to maintain that incongruous ingredient in his philosophy, which he calls truth. Truth, indeed! He shall soon experience the truth of my *disinterested* administration."

Just as the Mufti had concluded his profound soliloquising, Sanctity came to him in a state of great agitation and concern, about the extraordinary vision he had seen, and began to suggest to the Mufti the propriety of making amends for what he had done, and endeavoring to be at one again with the injured and insulted old Stubb, lest the vision might in the end prove to be a reality. But the great Mufti, with his peculiar tactics and readiness in cases requiring prompt and decisive action, soon quieted the fears of Sanctity, by assuring him that the vision was nothing more than a fit of nightmare, and portended nothing; that his great ability and cunning was sufficient for any emergency, no matter what; and that his saintship should soon see the sublime result of what he had been contriving, and which he knew from long experience must prove successful.

Having pacified his dear friend Sanctity, the Mufti seated himself in his divinity chair, and issued the fulmination of which the following is a translation, as near as Moslem language can be put into English: "Embrio City, May 25, 1858. To — Stubb, Esq. My *Dear Brother*—As I am about leaving the city, for the purpose of having a confab with certain other Mufties at our District Synodical assemblage, my duty as the Mufti in charge here is to announce to you, from my high and dignified position, that last evening I was notified by my esteemed friend, co-adjutor, and accomplice, Mr. Crabsnari, that you have been outrageously unruly and guilty of the very heinous crime of 'using sinful and improper words against your brethren of the Moslem fraternity.' It is therefore my very *painful* duty to command your personal appearance before an august committee of your Moslem brethren, on Friday evening next, at seven and a-half of the clock, in the business chamber of the Mosque, to answer to the above very grave and highly important charge. So here-in fail not, at your peril of