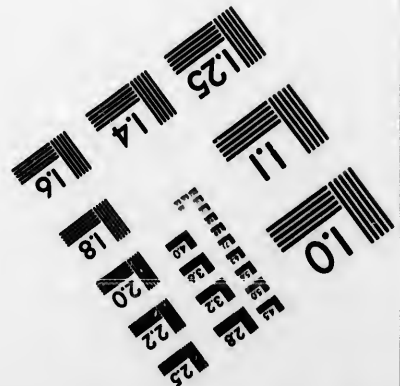
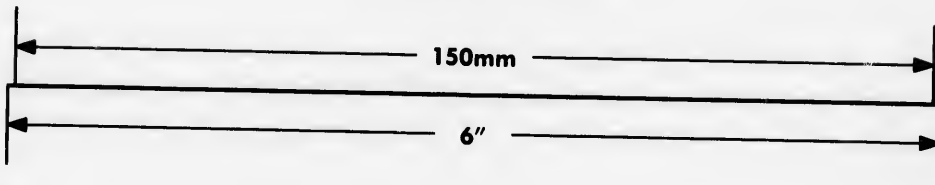
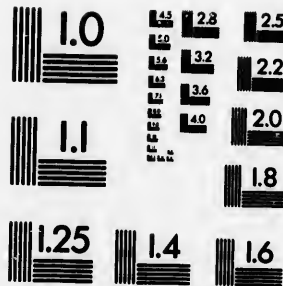
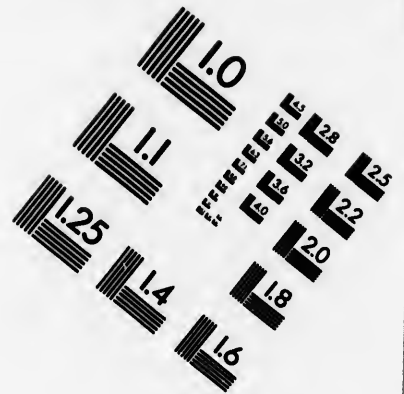
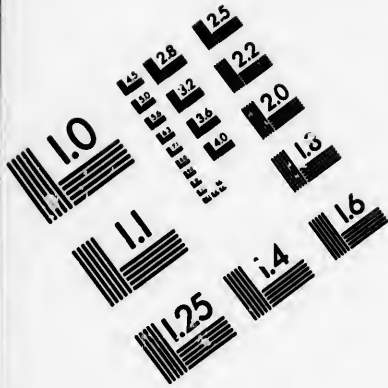


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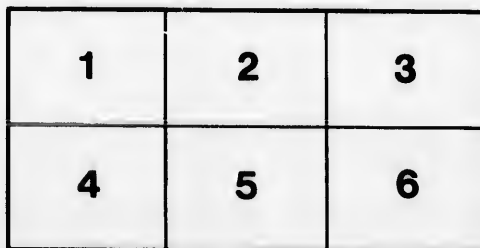
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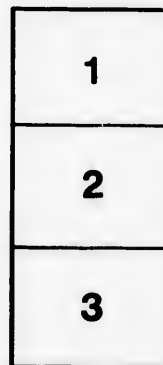
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THE MUFTI. *J*

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

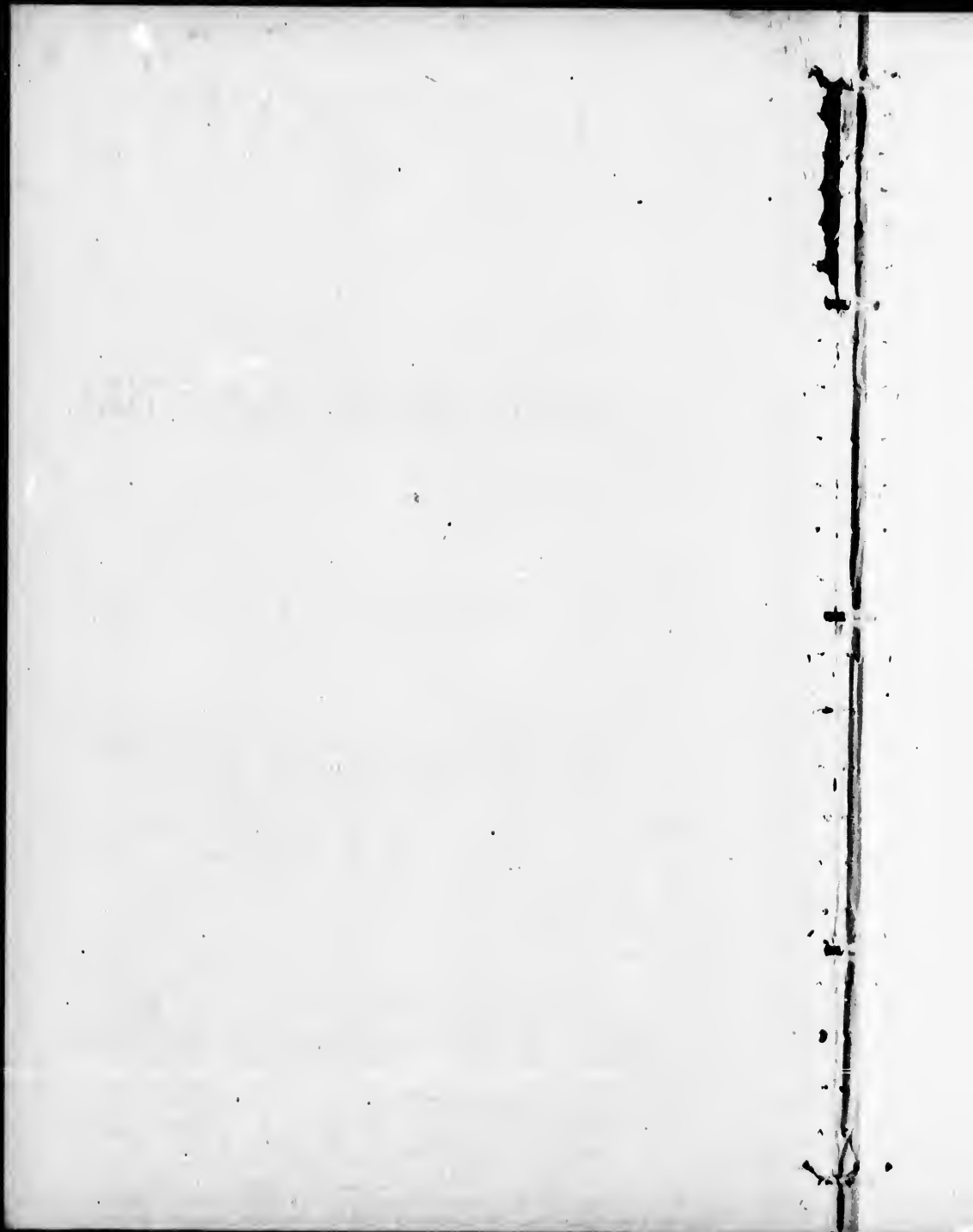
DETAILING

SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING OCCURRENCES OF ABOUT TWO YEARS
OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL ADMINISTRATION
OF A GREAT AND REVEREND

MUFTI,

AT AN EMBRIO CITY IN THE LAND OF MOSLEMISM; AND, ILLUSTRATIVE
OF THE PECULIAR DEXTERITY WITH WHICH A SELF-CONCEITED
POPULARITY SEEKER CAN INGRATIATE HIMSELF INTO
THE GOOD WILL OF THE IGNORANT AND
UNWARY—
TURN GOOD INTO EVIL, AND EVIL INTO GOOD—IGNORE THE TEACHINGS
OF HEAVEN, AND
MAKE EVIL THE STANDARD FOR GOOD.

CAREFULLY TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL, BY A MOSLEM.



PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

READER, this legend, although long since written, is worthy of your attentive perusal. The incidents therein related are some of the most important that have ever transpired since the reign of Moslemism commenced. The heroes of the legend are worthy of imitation by all succeeding generations. The thought that a great Mufti inherently possesses the absolute right to dispense with all law, both human and divine, and simply act as his own subtle intellect and habitudes of thought suggest to him for the glory of religion, is overpowering, and strikes the mind with reverential awe and wonder; at the same time, it stimulates particular and honored disciples to emulation. In this legend is found such a character, in the person of one of the principal heroes of the tale, for that his more than magical influence over his clerical charge enabled him to convert a sinner into a protector of the estates of the dead and fatherless, and metamorphose him into a saint of the first magnitude, without the necessity of repentance, by the mere act of gracefully bestowing on the Mufti a gift of reasonable proportions. It is also found, that in order to give full force and effect to such sublime operations in the improvement and advancement of the moral and religious character of society, such grey-headed old men as "Father Stubborn," who have borne the burden and heat of the day, must be put aside or extinguished.

The writer presents the various characters and scenes so life-like, that there can be no doubt but the legend was written at the time, or immediately after, the important events mentioned therein occurred. Indeed, the whole legend bears evidence of that, and that the writer wrote under the influence of feelings which a view of such transactions prompted and inspired.

It must be a new thing for a religious student to learn, that to make up false accounts, with the intent to rob or plunder the fatherless, constitutes a fitness for membership in a religious community, and that to prevent a robbery or swindle is a crime of sufficient magnitude to authorise the excommunication of the man who dares to stand in the way of such dishonesty. Reader, you will find this illustrated in this legend.

The agriculturist will be astonished to find that a *religious fence* must be as much as twenty-seven rails high; and rather than submit to the labor and expenses of making such a fence, he will choose to remain *unconverted*; and with that, the great Mufti, Sanctity, and the rest of the holy crew, were enclosed within their pet fence, and obliged to remain there without *much* hope of escape.

The exalted character which the great Mufti has earned for himself, in the important transactions herein recorded, ought not to be hid in a corner or under a bushel, but ought, out of right and justice to him, to be blazoned throughout the land, that others, by the light and effulgence thereof, may learn more perfectly the way to honor and distinction. And so of Mr. Sanctity and the rest of the holy crew.

The chapter on Crackers is a development of one of the peculiar traits of character with which the great Mufti is endowed.

The trial of Tom, contained in the last chapter, as a whole, not only exhibits the peculiar characteristic attributes of the great Mufti's mind, but it exemplifies to the letter the effect of his sublime teaching on others: so much so, that the translator believes that it would much redound to the further exaltation of the great Mufti, if his ministerial brethren should require an insight into the facts of the case. It so happens that Tom is now living within two

days' travel from the Embrio City, and the local Mufti referred to lives but a few hours' travel therefrom. Not only so, but the injured old Stubborn yet lives. The honor of Moslemism is somewhat at stake in this matter; and it might be well if the great Mufti was compelled to repair to the scene of his exploits, and face the facts which so exalted him in his own estimation. The making and telling off crackers is not considered by every one to be a profitable business in the long run.

The important matters hinted at in the additional remarks of the translator, at the end of the last chapter, furnish material for another legend equal in interest to this; and it will appear as soon as the translator can prepare it for the press. All such grave and important matters should be made historical, that after ages should profit by the examples they afford society.

The question again recurs: Can the Holy One of Israel approve of such things? The answer is found in the results as recorded in the yearly returns of the Embrio City congregation of the faithful. The diminishing process seems to have fairly set in, and the *delightful concord* which exists amongst certain of the membership indicates most unmistakeably what the result will be. When the truthful and the injured cease to pray for the workers of iniquity, their destiny may be considered as near at hand. When the Lord cometh to judgment, who can stand? If none but the honest, truthful, and righteous can stand, where will the untruthful, the ungodly lovers of the estates of the dead and fatherless, and forgers, be? "Where, where for shelter, shall the guilty flee, when consternation turns the good man pale?"

THE MUFTI.

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

CHAPTER I,

The Embrio City—Its situation—A descendant of Æsculapius—An old man—A Reverend Mufti—A fatherless Girl—Mr. Sanctity—Moral and religious philosophy—Sanctity's piety—Teaching of the Mufti—Father Stubborn—Effects of Sanctity's Piety—His last account—Extract therefrom—Stubborn's opinion of it—A model fence—The last Wonder of the World—A model Steward.

Onco on a time, now with the years beyond the flood—so long time ago as the year of Graco 1856—there was a certain Embrio City, situato on the banks of a serpentine stream, noted for the *Grand-eur* of its name. In that Embrio City there lived a large, noble looking scion of the healing art—a lincal descendant of Æsculapius. There lived also in that same Embrio City, one whose silvery locks indicated the antiquity of his debut into life. And there also lived in the same Embrio City, a Reverend Mufti, whose perambulating habits, and self-important, dandy-like appearance, forced the conviction upon the mind of the beholder, that his reverence thought full as much of himself, as it was possible for any of his admirers to think of him.

There also lived at the same time, but in a country foreign to the Embrio City, a fatherless little girl—the only child of one, who, when living, was the beloved brother of that distinguished descendant of Æsculapius. In process of time that scion of the healing art became, under the special tuition of his reverence, the Mufti, exceedingly pious and devout—extraordinarily so—so much so, that he obtained the name of Mr. Sanctity. The man of silvery locks remained religious in his way, for he had long “borne the burden and heat of the day”—but his moral ethics, taking into their composition that stubborn stuff, which in the olden time was called truth, he would not yield to some of the sublime teachings of the Mufti—but maintained the principle that truth was an essential element in moral and religious philosophy—that without that element being constantly in exercise, and exerting a continuous controlling influence over the mind, the soul could not grow in grace with a rapidity essential to a short-lived peregrination—consequently the old man obtained the distinctive and characteristic name of Father Stubborn.

Mr. Sanctity's piety increased with such amazing velocity, and obtained such extraordinary dimensions, that nothing could escape the grasp of his soul's aspirations. His charity was so unbounded that even the estates of the dead arose in panoramic splendor before his enraptured spiritual vision, until, by *faith*, he conceived the sublime idea of appropriating to himself a portion, or modicum, of *the estate of his deceased brother—the inheritance of his fatherless niece.*—The idea having found lodgment in his pious soul, he at once put it into practice—and so many centuries ago as the *third day of December, 1856*, he drew up his final account against the said estate, and, in strict accordance and conformity with his distinguished piety, he devoutly inserted items of charge to the amount of *fifty-nine pounds and twelve shillings* currency of that country, which in English parlance reads, *two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and forty cents*; which charges, according to Father Stubborn's logic and philosophy, ought not to have been found in the said account. Mr. Sanctity having delivered his said sublime account to the little girl's step-father, demanding payment, his saintship retired

to his closet, where, being shut out from the world, none but his God could take cognizance of the pious breathings of his *sanctified* soul; and having most devoutly thanked his Maker upon his "holy bended knees," for such an extraordinary and comprehensive gift of faith, as the coveting of the estate of his *dear departed brother*, he arose from his "holy bended knees," and went forth to his usual occupation in life "like a giant refreshed with new wine." But the said step-father, not being so distinguished for *practical piety* as Mr. Sanctity was, lacked in faith and doubted; and, like all backsliders, having began to doubt, he soon slanted off into actual unbelief; and, acting according to his want of faith—having returned to his own country—wickedly and cruelly sent the said account, *post haste*, back to the Embrio City—impiously enclosing it to the said Father Stubborn for adjustment—who, not having the fear of purgatory before his eyes, compelled Mr. Sanctity to abandon his sanctified charges, and pay over to him the money which his saintship had in his hands, belonging to the estate of his said niece. Cruel old Stubborn! Why could he not allow his saintship to enjoy the happiness of sharing in the estate of the dead, which, in the exuberance of his piety and devotion, he had fancied he had by this work of supererogation so snugly secured to himself, that the living could not be made aware of it? Holy and devout meditation this!! What living man in these degenerate now-a-days could come up to such a standard of piety and devotion? Surely, the most holy and self-sacrificing of *this generation* could not attain unto it. Still, no one can tell what a preponderating influence the great Mufti's teaching might produce, if properly brought to bear upon every mind.

The supernumerary charges which graced his saintship's said account, were simply these, *thirty pounds for six thousand rails, put up into fence, on the line between the said estate and the estate of one W. H.; twenty-four pounds and two shillings for taxes and five pounds and ten shillings for repairing an old barn, together amounting to the sum of fifty-nine pounds and twelve shillings* currency of that country, as aforesaid; but, in plain English, amounting to *two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and forty cents*.

The facts connected with the first item of thirty pounds, show plainly enough that his saintship never once thought of the living finding him out, for the distance along the said estate line is only one hundred and eleven rods, standard measure of that country; and six thousand rails would, according to Stubborn's logic, make a fence of five feet worm, and two pannels to the rod, one hundred and eleven rods long, and *only twenty-seven rails high, or twenty-five rails high, staked and ridered*; but as none of the rails could be *long enough*, for stakes for such a magnificent fence, it could not be staked and ridered, but must stand at *twenty-seven rails high*, clear of all appendages. Now, in addition to all this, the stubborn fact is, that a part, nearly half, of the fence which his saintship's departed brother made when living, along the said estate line, was then standing; so that on this account greater honor and praise is due to Mr. Sanctity for his pious and comprehensive view of the matter; for adding to the above calculation about half of the original fence, which was staked and ridered, it would make this wonderful fence to stand about *thirty-two rails high*, without stakes and riders. Surely this must be the *ne plus ultra* of fence-making.—Arithmetical science sinks into the shade in presence of such a fence. It must certainly be a model fence, and be gaped at as the last wonder of the world. The builder must have used stilts of no ordinary capacity, for Sanctity himself could not reach half way to the top rail. But Stubborn will reason stubbornly. However, the great Mufti admired the religious tactics of his pupil so much, that he made him a steward in the house of his God. It might, perhaps, be well, if other branches of the Moslem family would look upon Mr. Sanctity as a model steward and make their selections for stewards accordingly. Their great difficulty would be in finding persons of such exalted piety as this model exhibits.

CHAPTER II.

Various opinions about Sanctity's account—Stubborn's interview with the Mufti—The Mufti by himself—His reflections—Determinations to justify Sanctity, and crush Stubborn—Mr. Crabsnari—Judge Simple and others—The approaching Quadrantal Synod.

As time passed on, that distinguished and sublime act of his saintship to the estate of the dead, began to be noised abroad. Hardened sinners said it was an

Improper act for a person of distinguished piety to make up a false account, in order to rob the fatherless. But sinners are not proper judges of acts of piety; because they are carnal, and cannot discern spiritual things. Stubborn declared that, notwithstanding the obliquity of the minds of sinners as a whole, some of them would, nevertheless, occasionally call things by their proper names; and, confirmatory of this sentiment, he contended that it was a base and cowardly attempt, on the part of Sanctity, thus to endeavor to rob the fatherless girl of a portion of her inheritance; and the more especially, as she was the only child of his dear departed brother; that a person who was capable of such an act, under cover of *exalted piety*, was not a suitable person for the society of true Muslemeen, and that he ought to be *exalted* to a membership amongst those whose habits of devotion would be more befitting his taste and *holiness of heart*. And in accordance with his stubborn belief, he believed it to be his duty to reveal the whole matter to the great Mufti; and, calling him into his own sanctum, he modestly and reverently revealed the whole matter to his reverence, at the same time showing him the said account, and the proof of its dishonesty, wickedness, and low meanness; and also his saintship's own handwriting in proof thereof. And having, as he thought, discharged a moral and religious duty, he *very improperly* ventured to exhort the great Mufti as to *his duty* in the matter. His reverence, for the moment, seemed to feel and understand the force of Stubborn's logic, and gravely promised compliance. But on retiring from his interview with Stubborn, he found himself alone with himself in pious reflection, and, as was supposed from the sequel, soliloquized thus: Now, if I attempt to chastise his saintship, as suggested by that old fogy, Father Stubborn, he will turn upon me, and flagellate me for having, in conjunction with that *pious man*, whom sinners call Mr. Crabsnarl, made out a false account, with the intent to extort *seven pounds ten shillings* from that same old Stubborn, for the glory of God and the good of Moslemism, and the funds of the Mosque at that Embrio City, which we were obliged to take back. No, that will not do. His saintship must be justified, and justified he shall be; for I am under great obligations to his saintship for the large presents he has made me, and especially the large present he gave me before I was aware of his intention to become a Moslem, and which, by the very graceful and overweaning manner by which it was done, so completely charmed me, and so wrought upon my affections, that I then determined upon his being made a true Moslem, one that cannot do wrong. As for old Stubborn and his rigid philosophy, I care not a whit. He is constantly harping about *truth*, just as though it was a necessary ingredient for all things, and in all cases. I know as well as he does what Moses commanded in Deut. 16th, 19th and 20th, about receiving presents, and of the danger there is in persons, not as firmly established in the Moslem faith as I am, being corrupted thereby. It is true enough that Moses said: "Thou shalt not wrest judgment; Thou shalt not respect persons, neither shalt thou take a gift, for a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and pervert the words of the righteous. That which is altogether just thou shalt follow, that thou mayest live and inherit the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." But that does not apply to me, or to any of my doings. Moses knew nothing of me, and therefore anything he could say, or did say, can have no reference to me or my duty. Indeed, if Moses himself had been approached in the same dignified and graceful manner that I was, when Mr. Sanctity made his first gift to me, I very much doubt if he would ever have penned that stringent law; at all events it can have no reference to me. Old father Stubborn is certainly "in his dotage," or he could not suppose that a great Mufti, like me, should be governed by such antiquated precepts as these. I'll teach him better than to exhibit his stubborn impudence in venturing to suggest to me what my duty in such important matters is. I'll learn him better than to charge his Saintship with doing wrong in manifesting such *pious and disinterested* devotion to the estate of the dead, and the rights of the fatherless. No, no, father Stubborn, you are not a Cato yet. I'll show you a trick that will put your philosophy to the blush, and utterly confound your crude notions of morality and religion. Instead of calling his Saintship to an account, and humbling him, as you expect, I'll promote him. I have, on my side of the question, the pious Mr. Crabsnarl, who, I understand, is very fond of *leases*, especially such as have the faculty of enlarging the term of a demise. I also have

that profound jurist, Judge Simple, and a few others of lesser note. Besides, and most potent of all, there is my own self-made popularity. Ha, ha, old Father Stubborn, I'll pounce upon you with all my forces at my next and last Quadrantal Synod, before your gray hairs know what you are about, and smash you and your moral philosophy into a nonentity.

And having, as was supposed, and as shown by the sequel, arranged matters with and within himself, the hour for action was left to come around according to the usual course of time.

After a certain lapse of time had passed, the time for the great Mufti's Quadrantal Synod arrived; and although it was as many centuries ago as the month of May, 1858, yet the Legend records a few of the important incidents of that Synod. It was held in the business chamber of the Mosque.

CHAPTER III.

Meeting of the Quadrantal Synod—The Mufti attacks Stubborn—The Mufti's great power—Justification of Sanctity—The Fatherless Girl—Stubborn's valuation of Sanctity's account—Sanctity's Stewardship—Mr. Crabsnarl—Judge Simple and others—Great Noise—Dublin—The war dance—Judge Simple's appearance—His Oration—Faith—Justification—Condemnation of Stubborn—Stubborn prevented Speaking—Crabsnarl's Oration—Proves the Sanctification of Sanctity—Condemns Stubborn—Sanctity's Statement—Stubborn—Breaking up of the Synod.

The Synod having convened, as mentioned at the close of the last chapter, and a few items of routine business disposed of—some of which will be referred to in a future chapter—sure enough, the great Mufti arose from his chair of Ecclesiastical State, and, in language not to be misunderstood, charged old Father Stubborn with having grievously sinned against his Saintship, Mr. Sanctity, and roundly asserted that, inasmuch as he had prevented Sanctity from appropriating to himself a very small share, or portion, of the estate of his dear departed brother, and had also protected his Saintship's fatherless niece against his pious, philanthropic designs. That although he, the great Mufti, had seen the account, and the correspondence, and other documentary evidence relative thereto; that, although, according to Stubborn's crude logic, there was sufficient evidence of dishonesty and meanness to condemn his saintship in a legal tribunal; yet, what of that, said he, as near as could be remembered from his rapid eloquence. I am the great Mufti; all government is in my hands; I interpret civil and religious law; and those who will not submit to my profound opinion and judgment, shall be made to feel the weight of my popularity; and, as might begets right, I do positively, and inherent in my own consequential personal self, possess the absolute right of dispensation and judgment. I do, therefore, in virtue of my right inherent, and of my unheard-of popularity and high position as Mufti of this congregation of the faithful, declare and pronounce that Sanctity has done no wrong in aspiring after the protectorate of the estate of the dead and the fatherless. It was highly becoming a saint of his magnitude, to make whatever charges he pleased against the inheritance of his fatherless niece. "For," said he, "it is no harm to make up wrong accounts; it is done almost daily by business men. The Mufti's often do the same thing. All a person has to do is to give up his wrong charges, if they are disputed. His saintship therefore has done no wrong, for he abandoned the wrong charges in his said account, on their being disputed, and proven to be false, by Stubborn and others." But, on the contrary, he had made a great personal sacrifice. For who or what is that snip of a fatherless child, that her hereditary rights should stand in the way of the pious yearnings of his saintship's devotional soul, after her inheritance. Old Stubborn "must be compelled to give up his saintship the said account, and all evidence of its untruthfulness and injustice; so as that no legal evidence may hereafter be brought against him on account thereof; but that the legal evidence against his saintship's wrong-doing being destroyed, he and all of us who are true and faithful Musselmen may be able to say, and testify with clear consciences, that his saintship never made up any such account; or else Mr. Stubborn, gray hairs and all, must be banished from the society of the sanctified. "I therefore recommend that this Synod forthwith put Stubborn to the rack, or send him into banishment." "The grey headed old imbecile had the assurance to say he would not take five hundred

pounds for that account; for, said he, as long as I can command the production of that paper, I can keep your pet, Mr. Sanctity, from further wrong doing, and also save myself harmless from any injury the pious might prayerfully think fit to be done. I therefore the more earnestly urge upon you the great necessity of demolishing him as soon as possible; for, most assuredly, the greater value Stubborn sets upon that important paper, so much the more urgent is the necessity of getting it from him, and punishing him for daring to prevent Sanctity from obtaining the desire of his heart."

To this transcendent display of knowledge, piety, and Moslem charity, old Stubborn briefly remarked, "that no one but a rogue would make a false account against others, and none but a rogue or a fool would justify it. That his saintship had wickedly and meanly attempted to rob a fatherless child, and that child his own niece, out of a portion of her inheritance, by his false demands, a place of punishment was a more befitting place for him, than a stewardship in the house of God."

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Crabsnarl, the learned Judge Simple, and two or three others, of lesser note, raised such a howl, that a person in the adjoining apartment, or even out of doors, would have thought it was Mr. Crabsnarl and his red retinue dancing the Indian War Dance in Dublin for the amusement of the Irish. Mr. Stubborn attempted to speak again, but he could not for the noise and confusion which his rigid philosophy had occasioned. After a moment's silence had been obtained, that great jurist, Judge Simple, prepared himself for a great discharge of legal lore. The astounding eloquence and profound morality of which the great Mufti had delivered himself, so inspired his Judgeship with new light, and a new set of ideas, that his countenance gleamed with unnatural effulgence—even his long beard seemed to partake of the inspirited inflation, and gave such dignity and animated expression to his unusually handsome countenance, that the uninitiated would have taken him to be either Father Abraham, or Mahomet himself; and, rising from his seat with more than usual dignity and grace, the opening ambassage of his intellectual and animated soul, poured forth a volume of the most sublime and over-aweing eloquence, which, as near as could be remembered, was as follows:

"I have been laying up legal knowledge for many years, and have on hand several quintals of it, ready for use whenever my judicial functions are in requisition, but never before this did I understand the sublime doctrine of justification, as I am now enabled to comprehend it. Great Mufti! What shall we do when he leaves us? Surely this is knowledge deep and high! Almost too profound for mortals to attain unto!! Let us see. Yes, the sublime doctrine of justification by faith, has ever been a favorite doctrine of all good Musslemen. Justification by faith, according to this enlarged profundity of my judgment, is simply this: A pious soul fixes his mind upon a certain object in the distance, which he determines to obtain, firmly believing that the means employed will enable him to obtain his object. This is simple faith. And justification is a conscious conviction of the mind, that the object to be obtained is of that importance, that the attainment of it justifies the means employed to obtain it; and that, as the living will never know what means are employed to obtain the desired object, he feels perfectly safe in the pursuit of his object; he is therefore justified. This, according to my enlarged views, is justification by faith; and as Mr. Sanctity, when upon his 'holy bended knees,' imploring his Heavenly Father for grace to enable him to comprehend within the pious outgoings of his soul, a taste for the estate of the dead; and having faith to believe that he could appropriate a modicum of the inheritance of his fatherless niece to his own charitable use, without the living being made aware of the means he employed to obtain the object of his pious pursuit, he was evidently justified by faith.— And if he had charitably comprehended within his pious grasp the entire of his dead brother's estate, and left the widow and the fatherless to do as best they could; that would have been faith in the aggregate, and would, if he had succeeded, laid up for his saintship such an abundance of the good things of this life, that he could have enlarged both the number and quantum of his gifts to the great Mufti, without encroaching upon his own means. Wonderful theology! Sublime revelation!! Incomprehensible divinity!!! Who but the great Mufti could have imparted such knowledge to us? And, as for old Stubborn, he

always was an ill-tempered, ugly, unmanagable fellow. I therefore highly approve of the great Mufti's recommendation, and, in virtue of my judicial functions, I adjudge him to be put to the rack without further ceremony, that he may be *lawfully* banished from the society of the faithful, unless he penitently implore forgiveness, and hand over to his saintship the said account, and promise to lay aside his crude, indigestible moral philosophy, and unreservedly submit to the sublime teachings of the great Mufti. For, said he, I have *judicially* weighed him in the balance, and by the light of the great Mufti's *moral teaching*, he is found wanting." Amen! responded Mr. Shoeknife. Glory to the Mufti, said Crabnarl, "for if he had not brought forward this accusation against Stubborn, I should."

Stubborn attempted an eulogy upon this sublime let off of the great jurist, but was prevented by noise and confusion, when

Crabnarl arose to complete his oration, which, as near as can be remembered, was as follows; the peculiar catterwowl tone of his sonorous voice added an additional charm to his oration:

"I unhesitatingly subscribe to the doctrine of justification, as illustrated by the great men who have spoken to us. I am, nevertheless, of the opinion that the argument, profound as it is, has not been carried far enough to demonstrate the full measure of Sanctity's piety—they have only shown that he is justified; whereas, in my opinion, he *must* be sanctified; for sanctification as necessarily succeeds justification, as final perseverance does faith in the doctrine of eternal decrees. For instance, suppose a pious soul has a lease for a parcel of land, for a term of some five or six years, and that about the time the term expired, would become defunct; other parties desired to get possession of the land and premises described in the lease, and should, for that purpose, institute a suit in that great court, which, in some countries, is called the Court of Chance; and then, suppose that by some disinterested spiritual influence, legerdemain, or some other extraordinary act of pious devotion, the term of the said lease is found enlarged to some twenty or twenty-one years, or any other enlarged term, and that the lessee, or some person for him, by his pious contrivance, swears that the lease is real bunkum, and that by means of this extraordinary feat in religious tactics, the court fails to discover the means by which the enlargement of the term of the lease was produced, by reason whereof the pious and judicious tenant retains possession of the premises, to the discomfiture of the other party. This is real sanctification. Therefore, as Mr. Sanctity would most undoubtedly have been consistent with himself, and sworn that his said account was true, had he been requested to do so in such a way as not to create suspicion in his pious breast (for, according to Stubborn's trigonometrical reasoning, a saint who will deliberately tell a lie, will, if pious necessity requires it, just as deliberately swear to a lie,) he is legitimately sanctified, and is, according to the strictest interpretation of the great Mufti's theological teaching, which has so elaborately been sustained by the profound reasoning of Judge Simple, and confirmed by my unanswerable argument, fully and properly sanctified, and justly entitled to bear the distinguished name of Mr. Sanctity. I therefore demand that old Stubborn at once give up the said account to his saintship, and make amends for having prevented his saintship appropriating a portion of the estate, of his dear departed brother, to his own use, or be turned out of the society of the faithful." And, sulking the action to the word, he caught hold of Stubborn's shoulders and turned him around, and very *modestly* demanded of the grey-headed old man—"Here, give up that account at once to Mr. Sanctity, that the matter may be settled at once!"

Old Stubborn, not yet convinced, declared that "he would not give up the said account but with his heart's blood, for that it was the property of the little fatherless girl his saintship had tried to rob; he would not give up the evidence of any persons' guilt, unless he first confessed his wrong-doing, and asked forgiveness; and even then he would not, for he would not disarm himself of the weapons of rightful warfare; not only so, but the account was not his property, for it was the property of the little girl, whose agent he was; that such a glaring justification of crime, and that, too, in the presence of the guilty party, would only increase his desire to yearn after the estates of the dead, if other opportunities presented themselves to his pious mind." And, after giving

utterance to his insulted and indignant feelings in language appropriate to the occasion, he declared that "a den of thieves would be ashamed and afraid to have the world know that they had been guilty of such impudent wickedness as was there displayed. What?" said he, "are we to be taught, by this Mufti, that to devise schemes to rob the fatherless, are acts of piety, and deserving of commendation—and that to prevent a robbery is a criminal act, and subjects a person to such infamous abuse as this—to be treated as a criminal, merely because he prevented an act of spoliation, or robbery?"

When the noise, usual when Stubborn spoke, had subsided, the great Mufti called upon his saintship to contradict what Stubborn had stated relative to the said account, who, finding himself justified in his pious designs upon the estate of his deceased brother, arose and declared in the most solemn manner, that his said account was true—that he only gave up his pious charges to avoid contention with old Stubborn—that if the great Mufti would be kind enough to call up Squire H. and Major W., from their graves, he would prove by them that his account was true, notwithstanding he had truthfully acknowledged the falsity of his account in the amount stated by Stubborn, in the receipt he had given Stubborn at the settlement thereof with him.

Stubborn attempted to speak to the statement made by his saintship, and to ask him some questions, by way of cross-examination, but was prevented by the noise and tumult which was made to prevent his being heard—the great Mufti declaring that he would not allow his saintship to be so grossly insulted as to be interrogated by Stubborn, or to hear any more of his impudent remarks. So great was the noise and confusion that old Father Big-heart, who had sat wondering with amazement at what was passing, became so alarmed for fear the pious ones would make a Bond fire of Stubborn, that his grey hairs, whiskers and all, stood out like so many porcupine quills. Some others were equally frightened. But the unyielding Stubborn, finding he could not be heard, moved around to the place where the pious Sanctity was sitting, and placing his hand upon his knee, demanded of him to speak the truth, and put to shame those persons who were justifying him in his wicked conduct—reminding him of his having before acknowledged the untruthfulness of that part of his account which was so much admired by the Mufti and his adherents. His saintship dare not again say that his account was true, and was so overcome with the near proximity and fire eye of Stubborn, that he could only mumble out, "Have I not always behaved like a gentleman towards you?" Stubborn replied that guilty as he was, he was more of a gentleman than those were who justified his attempt to rob his niece, and lying to save himself from the consequences of such dishonesty.

Stubborn was proceeding with his confab with Sanctity, when the great Mufti discovered that he was on the point of yielding to the truthful onslaughts of Stubborn. He broke up the Synod, declaring that if Stubborn was allowed to philosophise with Sanctity, the great game which he was playing would prove a failure, and all the good which had thus far been effected, would be lost, and act as a rebound upon himself and his pious colleagues. So sudden was the breaking up of the Synod, that the usual benediction was not pronounced. It no doubt would have been pronounced, with a long prayer to boot, if the Mufti and his pious adherents could have succeeded in demolishing Stubborn, and getting his saintship's said account from him.

So much, thus far, for the justification of crime by those who preach and pray that the kingdom of Satan may have an end. Every movement of the Mufti in the matter, was a libel against the doctrine he preached from the pulpit—a daring insult to his Maker—a violation of all law, both human and divine—a disgrace to the Moslem character—and an outrage against common sense and decency. But the matter did not stop here, nor end here, as the next chapter very interestingly explains.

CHAPTER IV.

Sanctity retires to his closet—His thanksgiving—Sanctity's soliloquy—His opinion of Stubborn—Determines to abide by the Mufti's teaching—Sanctity's vision—Road to the Jordan—View of Paradise—Interview with old friends—Not allowed to cross the Jordan—His odd appearance—Can't see his brother—Sooty, his appearance—Journey to the pit—Sanctity's alarm—Calls for help—The load on his back takes fire—His last struggle—His fears for the future—Will see the Mufti—The Mufti's soliloquy—Hits upon a plan to fix out Stubborn—Crabsnarl complains of Stubborn—The Mufti summons Stubborn—First meets Sanctity and encourages him—The summons—Time and place of Stubborn's trial—Kindness.

The Quadrantal Synod having broken up in the manner mentioned at the conclusion of the last chapter, his saintship retired to his closet, and being a long time on his "holy bended knees," thanking his Maker for his great deliverance from justice, he involuntarily indulged in a reverie of sublime soliloquising, which, as near as could be ascertained, was as follows: "Well, this beats the very dogs. Old Stubborn is right, any how. He is a truthful old man, and will never follow in the Mufti's wake. I always said [and old Stubborn knows it right well] that the *Musselmen* were a set of confounded hypocrites, and this bold and daring movement of the Mufti and his *particular friends and advisers*, to save me from that merited degradation which ought to have been meted out to me, is proof positive that the judgment I formed of them when I was a sinner, was literally correct; for I am justified in crime by those who, if they had common sense and any regard for religion, beyond making it a pretext for covering their own delinquencies, would spurn me from their society. What the end will be, I cannot foresee; but, as like begets like, even so the commission of one crime creates a desire to commit another, and the probability is, that the estate of the first man who dies within the limits of my beat, will be robbed of a greater amount than old Stubborn prevented my securing to myself out of the estate of my dear departed brother. Old Stubborn plainly told them that it would be so, and in all probability it will be so; for I possess the means of knowing when people are likely to die, and I can lay plans accordingly. Not only so, but the important encouragement I have received by the overpowering and overwhelming religious tactics of the great Mufti and his accomplices, will act as a stimulus to all my *pious* endeavors in such useful enterprises. Old Stubborn is dreadfully stubborn, but it is for the truth; and seeing that no one can read my thoughts, especially when I am alone by myself, I might as well admit it. But, nevertheless, it is to my interest, as well as to increase in piety, to see him abused, for thereby am I saved from merited punishment. The Mufti and his adherents will never get that account from Stubborn. He knows enough to keep it where they will not find it. They will, however, continue to abuse him for my sake, for I am supposed to be rich, and he is not; but they will never conquer him. After all, according to this teaching of the great Mufti, I must be a saint of no common dimensions. Judge Simple and Crabsnarl have demonstrated that I am not only justified, but absolutely sanctified; and what more do I want of this present life but similar opportunities to do good. Justified and sanctified, indeed! Yes; but, O! where is my peace of mind? I have it not, and old Stubborn knows it. I know he pities me and prays for me, but, as a matter of right, he demands that justice be done. He can't have it though, for he has not the means of corrupting the Mufti with large presents; and if he had, he would disdain to do it. I confess to myself that I am fearful of the end, for Stubborn is a dead pull on a long pull. He has faith in the truthfulness of his position, and all the hypocrisy and abuse which can be brought to bear against him will never shake that faith; not only so, but he never forgets anything; especially that which has in any way affected him; and some time or other I shall rue the day that I have been justified in this thing. The time will come when the great Mufti's great popularity will avail me nothing; and then, how can I contend with old Stubborn? Besides all this, what shall I do when called to my final account? How can I buffet with the swellings of Jordan, with the estates of the dead and fatherless on my shoulders to weigh me down! O Mufti! Mufti!! You will not then be able to bear me up on the wings of your great popularity; no, no, no; I shall be alone. O! that I had not done it. But if I repent, I shall bring the Mufti's teaching to naught, and merited contempt upon those who sustained them. I must therefore adhere to the Mufti's teaching, and

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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estate of my fatherless niece, and the rails on my shoulders is that veritable fence, twenty-seven rails high, I charged for in my said account." "Exactly," says the Major, "and you had the assurance to say at the Mufti's last Quadrantal Synod, that you could prove the false charges in your said account to be true, if we were both alive again." "How do you know that?" says Sanctity. "Did you not know," says the Major, "that we, in this world, are permitted to know all that is done in the world you have just come from? Then, again, you would cut a pretty figure, marching through and about Paradise, with such a fence on your back, and those labels fastened to you. You would be a perfect laughing stock. You vainly thought that the mushroom popularity of that Prince of Humbugs, the Mufti, would carry you safe to the end." "O, have pity on me," said the disconsolate Sanctity, "and help me over to your side of the stream, and I will make matters all right." "Help you over, indeed," says the Major, "do you think we want the company of a man equipped as you are? carrying about with you the indubitable evidence of your affectionate regard for other peoples' estates? I had scarcely ceased to breathe before you commenced manipulating my small estate; but I will not descend to particulars, neither have I time, for I see your future guide coming along on your track to take charge of you." "And," says the Squire, "how came you to tell the old man Stubborn that you had paid a large sum of money for digging a ditch on your late brother's estate, in connection with my ditch? You ought to have known that Stubborn knew you told an untruth, for he was present in his office at the time I wanted you to join in making a ditch, and he well remembered that you refused, stating that you had no authority from your late brother's widow to do so—and there the matter ended. Not only so, but the ground where you told Stubborn you had made a ditch, is, at this time, in a state of nature! You had better be going, for we want no further conversation with you." "O, my stars," said Sanctity, "if I cannot go over to you, can I not see my dear brother, for I am sure he must be of your company?" "No, said the Major, we invited him to walk with us when we first saw you coming, but he indignantly refused, 'because,' said he, 'he attempted to swindle my only child, which I had left in his care as a brother; he made false charges against her inheritance to the amount of £59.12s, or \$238.40 cents, and only for the old man Stubborn, he might have succeeded in his infamous design. No. I will not see him.'"

As the Squire and the Major turned to walk away, a sooty-looking urchin, somewhat larger than a large-sized monkey, with bright black eyes, short woolly hair, his ears sticking up by the sides of his head like a short-eared cat, a long snaky looking tail, with a large barb at the end, and, with a knowing look, thrust his barbed tail into the folds of the tail of Sanctity's outer garment; and taking hold of his coat sleeve with his thumb and finger, says to him, "Come this way, you can stay here no longer." Sanctity, although refused admittance into the Elysian fields, and excluded from the society of his former companions, felt that his dignity was insulted; and, hurling a contemptuous look at his new companion, exclaimed: "You sooty looking imp of a d—l, how dare you have the impudence to approach me in this manner; off with you in an instant, or I'll knock you into non-existence." And raising his right arm high in the air, and arm became entangled in the twenty-seven-rail fence which was resting on his shoulders, and he became powerless. The little scoty, looking up at him with a tantalizing look, says to him: "Ah, but you can't do it. You are now in my power; so, no more of your nonsense here, but come along with me." And turning him round with a twitch of his barbed tail, they started on at the next angle in the road which brought Sanctity there. As they walked along, little sooty was constantly eulogising the magnificent twenty-seven-rail fence and the labels attached to Sanctity. He, of course, was dreadfully enraged, as well as fatigued. All the while, a lambent corruscation, of a blueish flame, played over the countenance of little sooty, the sight of which indicated to Sanctity the terminus of the road they were traveling, and so overpowered and overwhelmed him, that he submitted to his fate as gracefully as he could, and, in the most submissive tone of voice, asked the sooty urchin to assist him in carrying the twenty-seven-rail fence, and to take the labels from his garment.

It was of no use. Sooty refused; and he had to carry his burden alone. Sooty led him on over very uneven ground, and ever and anon the fence, from its great height, became entangled in the branches of the trees and brush, till, at last, he became so weary, that he cried lustily for help, frequently calling for the Mufti to come to his assistance. But no assistance was to be had. Whenever he lagged a little from fatigue, the little sooty would prick him from behind with the sharp point of his barbed tail, till at last they came to a standstill, at the brink of a horrid-looking place. Gloom, indescribable, was depicted all around. A pit-fall was near the foot of the brink on which they stood. Sounds, more ghastly and horrible than the greatest human suffering could produce, issued from beneath the pit-fall. "Horror of horrors!" says Sanctity, "what is all this?" "What have I come to?" "This is the end of your journey," said sooty. Directly they were at the foot of the declivity, and Sanctity's feet began to sink in the quicksands. At the same time he was irresistibly glided along with the quicksands directly towards the awful-looking pit-fall. In despair, he again called for the great Mufti to come and save him from the horrible pit. "You must bear it all alone," said sooty; "no one can help you any more. It is the result of your own piety." Just at this moment the great fence caught fire from the blue flame which played upon sooty's face. All his garments caught fire also. He was completely enveloped in flame, and was fast sinking, too. Just as his feet came in contact with the pit-fall, his struggling became so great, that, with a last sad effort, the charm was broken, and he awoke to consciousness completely exhausted. "Thanks to mercy," said he, "that this is only a dream. It may, however, portend something more, for I have heard Stubborn say that dreams were sometimes fearful forebodings of stern realities. I must see the Mufti about it." So down upon his "holy bended knees" he gets, and again returns thanks to his Maker for his many deliverances, and especially that what he had passed through was but a dream, and not a reality.

At the same time the great Mufti, on retiring from the Quadrantal Synod, again found himself alone with himself, musing upon what had been done, and directing his pious thoughts towards the future, addressed himself to himself thus, or, in words and thoughts of the same or similar import.

"Well, I have so far succeeded in this pious matter according to my wishes, saving only that I cannot yet compel old Stubborn to give up to Sanctity the before-mentioned account. The rest of my Quadrantal Synod are either with me in my determination to crush and destroy old Stubborn and his incongruous ethics, and justifying Sanctity in his pious design of appropriating to his own sanctified use the estate of the dead; or they are so fearful of my popularity that they dare not raise their voices against my designs; or they are so frightened at my personal consequence, and the bold stand I have taken, that they know not what they are about. It was truly a noble as well as a bold expedient in me to attack old Stubborn as I did, and thus ignore those moral and religious principles which old Stubborn calls truth and righteousness; and every other moral and religious principle which I have taught from the pulpit, and justify crime. But the exigency of the case made it imperative on me to venture on the strength and potency of my great and unheard-of popularity, and have so far succeeded. Nevertheless, if my party had not been true to me, and made such a noise and confusion that old Stubborn's voice could not be heard in reply to me, I might have been in a fix, and have failed in my designs; for old Stubborn (much as I hate him because he will not worship me) reasons so conclusively that Judge Simple would have been convinced by it. Not only so, but old Father Big-heart would not have been so dreadfully frightened as he was; and sure I am, that if he had not been frightened, he would have discovered the trick, and would have told me that to rob the fatherless, or to attempt such a thing, or to justify a saint in crime, was not only unbecoming in a steward of the house of God, but inconsistent in a Mufti; for a steward of the house of God, in vulgar parlance, is expected to have clean hands at least; and a popular revival preaching Mufti is expected to carry out, in practical life, the doctrines he preaches from the pulpit. But what of all this? His saintship must be sustained, and old Stubborn must be crushed. But, from the nature of things, this could not have been done without my extraordinary popularity being brought into requisition, and, in this, is constituted my unparalleled success;

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 Stubborn will go to that Synod and make complaint against me for having upheld Sanctity, on 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 Stubborn 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 Stubborn, 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 Stubborn *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 Stubborn, 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: "Embrioc City, May 25, 1858. To — Stubborn, 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

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 Crabenarl—His sense of justice—Sanctity—Reading of the indictment—Crabenarl 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 Crabenarl—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 willfully offended any human being. I have always believed, and taught, that dishonesty was a

sin against both God and man ; that visiting the fatherless and widow in their affliction, constituted one of the principal ingredients in pure religion. But this Mufti, whom I received when he came to this Embrio City, as a man of God, sent to us in the order of Providence, to minister to this people in holy things, is a perfect anomaly. He teaches, and boldly too, that to make wilfully wrong (false) accounts, with intent to swindle or rob the fatherless, is no sin ; that if false charges are objected to, the swindler, yielding to the demands of truth and justice, by abandoning his false charges, does all that can be required of him. *Ergo* conversely, if no objections are made to false charges, the swindler gains his object, and the innocent, unsuspecting victim is robbed, not knowing it. By this kind of teaching the sin consists in the victim's discovery of the fraud, and not in the villain who attempts the fraud. I am therefore the guilty party, for it was by me that the pious fraud of Sanctity was discovered ; and I am now arraigned for trial by this pretended man of God, for having prevented the infamous fraud, and for speaking of it as an unrighteous act. Again, the world of the Most High declares that no liar can be admitted to eternal life ; that no one that teacheth or maketh a lie can enter heaven ; and, inasmuch as the making of a false charge by one person against another is a lie ; for, the charge being false, is verily a lie in and of itself ; it necessarily follows that the maker of a false account is a liar, and, consequently, a villain. I ask, then, is this Mufti a man of God, or is he an emissary of some other power ? I know that I might as well look for justice at the hands of Satan himself, as to expect it from this Mufti ; for he ignores God's truth, and impudently teaches the doctrine of the evil one ; and he is now harranguing his audience with the determinate intent of establishing his supremacy over the law of God. Can the Almighty accept and approbate such doings ? Certainly not. He will not. He can not. Although the hypocrite may for a time enjoy a triumph, a day of vengeance will, sooner or later, come and overtake him, and scatter him and his guilty accomplices to the four winds, and utterly and everlastingly ruin the guilty man they are now justifying in his crimes.

"Then here is Judge Simple. He is not naturally what would be called a bad man, but he has lost his reason. He is so bewildered with the influence with which the Mufti's popularity fog has enveloped him, that he is quite incapable of correct perceptions of truth. I do think, however, that if he had looked at this infamous account when I presented it to him the other night, he certainly must have discovered the infamous fraud ; it could not have been otherwise. But he had the politeness of saying he did not believe me, and at the same moment refused to look at the account ; and joined in with the Mufti, and Crab-snarl in insulting and abusing me, and in justifying Sanctity in the bare-face falsehoods he uttered under the influence of the Mufti's protection and dictation. His judgeship is still under the same influence, and will do his utmost to carry out the abuse the Mufti has determined upon heaping upon me, unless I can divert his attention to the propriety of things in my plea, which I shall presently make, and in some measure dispel the infatuation he is laboring under.

"Then again, here is little mouthed Shoeknife, not worth a passing reflection. He will, however, count one in voting, and his vote will be with the Mufti. He is quite incapable of conceiving a single ennobling thought.

"And, again, here is the pious Crabsnarl. He is my accuser, and is the attorney-general of the Mufti for the occasion. I know him so well, that I cannot insult myself by allowing him to pass in review before my mind. I consider him lost to every sense of propriety and justice. He is a low-minded, uncultivated fellow, and quite incapable of doing right. I know that he said, upon a certain occasion, which will be mentioned before the close of this legend : 'I will believe what the Mufti says, before I would the evidence of any other fifty men.' How, then, is it possible for such persons to do justice ? It is out of the question. But I have faith to believe that God, in his providence, so overrules their wickedness, as that their own acts will bring about their exposure and discomfiture.

"And then, again, here is Sanctity himself. He has more common sense than the four of them put together. He is actually using them to cover his attempt at swindling. They, at the same time, are serving his purpose willingly as well as wickedly. Knowing his own guiltiness, he will not dare to

say a word in my presence, unless he is urged to it by the determinate wickedness of the others."

Stubborn was roused from his reflections by the great Mufti reading the bill of indictment, which he did with as much *dignity* as though he was already inflated with the joys of victory; and as soon as the Mufti had finished reading the important document, Mr. Crabsnarl, in the true spirit of his mission, got on his feet, and began to let off his great wisdom. But he did not get out half a sentence, when he was put to a stand-still by the tactics of Stubborn, who gravely remarked that in all cases, on the arraignment of a criminal at the bar of justice, the indictment being read, it was the undoubted right of the criminal to plead to the indictment before any other person had a right to say a word; and he claimed that right. At the same time, he appealed to Judge Simple for the correctness of his position. For the moment, his judgeship being legally appealed to as a judge, he, for the moment, seemed to forget that his mission was that of a persecutor and justifier of crime, decided that Stubborn was legally right. Crabsnarl sat down in the greatest confusion, his eyes sparkling with pious rage. The Mufti saw and felt that a friend was lost, and the persecuted Stubborn saw that a point was gained, but felt the necessity of keeping on the legal side of his judgeship. He then, with becoming gravity, informed his persecutors that their proceedings were illegal, and that they could not proceed further without his consent; that he was legally entitled to a nonsuit, and could not be debarred that right, quoting the Moslem statute in such case made and provided. The persecuting tribe were chop-fallen, and looked at each other with signs of disappointment in their countenances. The Mufti showed his broad white teeth with a grin of agony. Only his judgeship appeared tranquil. He was yet on legal ground, and that kept up his unanimity of bearing. Stubborn then said that he would waive his legal right, and plead to the charge the same as though their proceedings had been legal. For the moment this made the Mufti and his accomplices look and feel a *little* foolish; for they saw and felt that the persecuted Stubborn exhibited feelings of generosity, which could not find lodgment in their *pious* breasts. The countenance of the learned judge showed that his mind was yet fastened on legal grounds. Stubborn further said, that, if he was dissatisfied with their verdict, he had the same legal right to appeal to the next Quadrantal, that he would have had if their proceedings had been legal. The persecuting phalanx felt that they were, after all their contrivances, really at the tender mercies of the old man they were trying to destroy, in order to save harmless their pet Sanctity; that if he should appeal to the next Quadrantal, he could, and most undoubtedly would, bring forward indubitable evidence of the guilt of the saint, whose sins they were covering; and would also expose their own *pious* doings, and produce a complete discomfiture. Stubborn saw the effect produced. The sedate-looking face of the learned judge showed that his mind yet rested on legality.

Stubborn then, in a few carefully arranged words and sentences, pleaded guilty to the charge, in so far as that, being attacked in the manner he had been at the former meeting of the Synod; that, having been a long time in very feeble health, and consequently somewhat nervous in his old age, he had quite unintentionally allowed his indignant feelings to get the upper hand of him, and had talked rather loud; that he had not at the time maintained that equanimity of temper, and delicacy of manner, which they all very well knew was characteristic of him; carefully avoiding the use of a word that could be construed into a surrender of his position; determining in his mind to exercise the right of appeal, if what he had said was not accepted as a satisfactory answer to the charge.

Judge Simple, not having (at this time) been brought under the murky influence of the Mufti's popularity fog, saw the legal force of the persecuted Stubborn's answer to the charge; declared that Stubborn had fully and legally met the charge; and, being sensible of the merited rebuke which some of Stubborn's remarks conveyed to his own mind, he made a sensible and suitable apology for having behaved unseemly toward Stubborn at the last Synod. This was too much for the great Mufti to bear without a mental struggle; his countenance fell. He tried to talk, but it was all incoherent jargon, like the chattering of a monkey. He dare not then rebuke the learned judge, lest his

honor would resent the rebuke, and bring him and his doings into contempt; but was obliged, after heming and hawing a while, to admit the legality of the judge's opinion. Not so with the *pious* and *kind-hearted* Crabsnarl. He saw that he had failed in his purpose, missed his aim, and that Stubborn would escape without either excommunication or extermination. Not being endowed with that sensibility of mind and heart, which enables great men to calmly meet a defeat, having in mind his *intention* when he prepared the charge, rose and said that he had expected the grey-headed old Stubborn (to whom, in fact, he owed *his life and his all*) would have made a personal apology to Mr. Sanctity, for having spoken of his intent to swindle his deceased brother's estate, was a wrong act.

Whereupon Stubborn, half rising from his seat, and with a tone of voice which could not be misunderstood, said: "What I have said, I have said," as much as to say, you will get no more. Some others (but not of the Mufti's tribe) said the charge was fully met, and they could not ask for more. Crabsnarl, not having forethought enough to anticipate an appeal to the next Quadrantal, still insisted on a personal apology to Sanctity. Stubborn saw the necessity of his speaking again, and rose and said "that he had fully and fairly met the charge, and that he would do no more; that they might do as they liked." Judge Simple, still under the impression that he was acting the judge again gave it as his opinion that "Stubborn's answer had met the whole ground of the charge." He was very sorry for it afterwards, as will be seen in a future chapter. Poor, disappointed Crabsnarl, was in great agony; his body writhed and twisted about like a wounded serpent; he was in great agony, but he had to submit to the legal opinion of the judge. The idea of the judge's making an apology for having behaved unbecomingly to Sanctity, was far more painful to him than even the judge's opinion, for it was evidence of somebody else besides Stubborn having done wrong. It did not coincide with his ideas of the Mufti's infallibility and power, but it must be endured.

The great Mufti, too, gave signs of disappointment, and of being in a fix. He saw that he had circumvented himself in this item of his profound skill in *religious* tactics, for he could not, at this time, extinguish old Stubborn; that if Stubborn was provoked to appeal to the next Quadrantal Synod, all their *pious* doings might be brought to light; that, although all his faithful idolisers would be sure to be there to do his bidding, he would himself be far away, and the *Young* Mufti would preside; that the young Mufti might not have such refined ideas, and comprehensive views of things, temporal and spiritual, as he had; that although a Mufti had it in his power to give direction and influence to thought and action, yet, as it was impossible for the *Young* Mufti's mind to be of that high standard of intellectual power and greatness which were the characteristic attributes of his own mind, there was danger of matters taking such a direction as would expose him and his *pious* accomplices to the criticism of the vulgar and the unsanctified; and give old Stubborn, after all, a complete triumph. And, after wriggling and twisting, and uttering a few he-e-oms and ha-a-as, he admitted that Stubborn had met the charge, and, taking a vote in the usual way, Stubborn's reply to the charge was formally accepted. The Mufti and his accomplices, however, had it in their power, by their numerical strength, to refuse Stubborn a renewal of his official standing, which they took care to do—of which transaction notice may be taken in a succeeding chapter.

While Stubborn was taking a view of his judges, and knowing that their *pious* determination was to destroy him, and save harmless the guilty Sanctity, he could not but recognize in them the historical fact, that the natural attributes and dispositions of men are identically the same in all ages. He saw a striking similitude, or parallel, between the proceedings of his persecutors and the doings of the persecutors of an innocent one in a former age; for when the governor, according to the custom of that age, asked the multitude whether he should release unto them the innocent one, or a noted murderer, the *Chief* *Mufties* and the *ruling Elders* advised the rabble that they should ask for the murderer, and hand over for execution the innocent and just one.

CHAPTER VI.

Sitting of the National Synod—The great Mufti remains for a time at the Embrio City—Stubborn's relaxation from persecution—His faith—Truth must prevail—The great Mufti's politeness—Exhibition of Sanctity on various occasions—Stubborn's disgust—The great Mufti departs—His mantle falls on his admirers—A look-out for Stubborn—Fear of consequences—Attempt to renew Stubborn's official standing—New set of charges against him—Refutation thereof by the young Mufti—Continued persecution of Stubborn—Sanctity's account demanded of Stubborn—Call of the young Mufti on Stubborn—Result of the call—Danger of Stubborn's living—Stubborn attempts a settlement of difficulties—Failure of a settlement—Reflections on Sanctity's refusal to meet Stubborn—Expatriation of Stubborn—Enquiries about it—Retrospective justice—Contempt of sinners for erroneous instruction—Certainty of a day of reckoning.

The great national Synod of Mufties had sat. Our hero was appointed to another field of labor; but circumstances made it imperative for him not to remove at once to his new charge, but to remain at the Embrio City for a few months. Consequently, the *young Mufti* could not immediately take possession of his new charge.

As time passed on, old Stubborn experienced a little relaxation from persecution and anxiety. At the same time, he was conscious that all he had gained in the struggle was merely the retention of his membership as a Mussulman. Great as the injury done him, and the sufferings he had passed through, were, they were of minor importance to him, when compared with the indelible disgrace which the great Mufti's doings had brought upon the congregation of his early choice. But his faith that a day of reckoning would ultimately come, when He, to whom vengeance belongeth, would recompense his persecutors according to their deeds, buoyed up his injured spirits, so that he could calmly wait the issue of the next act in the drama. He felt that, although it might be long, and that he might suffer from a continuance of their abuse of him, yet truth and righteousness must eventually prevail against trickery and dishonesty. The only thing that gave him any particular annoyance, during this interval, was the fact that the great Mufti was constantly poking his reverend hand into his, and otherwise shewing the most *polite, marked and affectionate regard* for him. The old man bore with the nuisance as well as he could, knowing that while the Mufti remained there he had it in his power, in virtue of his mushroom popularity, to inflict any further injury upon him that his great knack at scheming might devise, and dictate to his idolizers.

All this time, and, indeed, ever since Mr. Sanctity had put *honor* upon the congregation of the faithful by becoming a member of it, his distinguished piety and growth in grace had so enshrined him in the affections of the *faithful* that he was put forward and held up as a pattern for imitation, and a leader in prayer. It was highly necessary that he should be exhibited on particular occasions. At all the anniversary meetings peculiar to Moslem and Koran Societies, he must either be a mover or seconder of some important resolution, in order to display his *practical knowledge* in divine things, as well as enrapture (?) the audience with his *sublime eloquence*; or it must be seen with what dignity and grace he could fill the chair. Also, upon sacramental occasions, his saintship must be particularly conspicuous; for no one then dared to advance to the table of the Lord until his huge corporation had gracefully moved from near the centre of the Mosque to near the altar. This sublime and majestic movement was quite uniform; and every one seemed to be so struck with sublime awe, and so to feel their own inferiority, that no one could advance towards the sacred board until about the commencement of his kneeling posture, which seemed to indicate to the congregation that they were at liberty to advance. This interesting state of things lasted for a number of months. Stubborn looked on with pity and disgust, at seeing a person who had deliberately attempted to swindle a fatherless child out of a portion of her inheritance, metamorphosed into a saint of the first magnitude, not by the influences of religion upon his understanding and conscience, but by the magical influence of the great Mufti, in contravention of the benign purposes of heaven.

Shortly before the assembling of the next Quadrantal Synod, the *young Mufti* was installed into the divinity chair of the Embrio City, and the great and unparalleled Mufti took his leave. He had the precaution, however, not to offer Stubborn a parting shake of the hand. But his mantle fell upon those of

his pious accomplices he left behind; a touch of which, like an instinctive impulse or inspiration, so infused into their noble hearts a double portion of his spirit, that they at once saw the great necessity there was of keeping a single eye upon Stubborn, so as to enable them to take advantage of any favorable circumstances which might present themselves, to put an extinguisher upon him. This was evidently the *ne plus ultra* of all their pious designs; for it would of necessity carry with it a complete triumph for their pet, Mr. Sanctity, as well as themselves, and produce a perfect renovation in the theory and practice of moral and religious principles, so that no one would ever after dare to teach any doctrine, or enforce any principles or precepts, contrary to the sublime teaching of the great Mufti; or contravene its sublime effect upon the heart and conscience of Sanctity, or any one else whose bowels of compassion might yearn after a protectorate of the estates of the dead, the fatherless, or the widow.

So then, in accordance with the refinement of mind which the Mufti's teaching had produced, when the next Quadrantal Synod met, some friend of Stubborn's, and altogether unsolicited by him, moved the renewal of Stubborn's official standing. The pious indignation of Crabsnarl and Judge Simple (they being the chief orators on the occasion) broke forth like the pent-up fury of Vesuvius or Etna, when they discharge their internal fires. New charges were hurled forth against the absent old Stubborn, in voluminous succession, quite too numerous to be either remembered or detailed, until one thing was hit upon which was thought to be a clincher. He was charged with having coquetted with the young Mufti, of having informed him of all their former pious doings; of saying many hard things injurious to Mr. Sanctity, and otherwise behaving himself unseemly, and inconsistent with the dignity of a man who had sat under the teaching of the great Mufti, and had taken his inspiration from him. Whereupon, the young Mufti very gently informed them that their complaints were groundless; for that he had lived about eight or ten days in Stubborn's family, and had been treated like a gentleman and a Moslem; that neither Stubborn nor any member of his family had given him the most remote intimation of any unpleasantness between him and them; that the only time Sanctity's name had been mentioned between them was, when they were conversing together about the spiritual condition of the congregation, Stubborn had remarked with a smile that it took Sanctity *only* about twenty or twenty-five minutes on his "holy bended knees" to deliver himself in prayer—or something to that effect. This was a poser. They were mum for the moment. But they soon rallied again; and exerting their oratorical powers for a long time, and keeping them up at their utmost tension, they at last succeeded, by their overpowering argumentation, in gaining a majority of one against the renewal of Stubborn's official standing. Having gained this point, they were encouraged to proceed in their pious designs, and boldly charged Stubborn with having in his possession certain written documents, which they asserted were the property of Sanctity—namely, the said before mentioned account; that he would not give it up; and commissioned the young Mufti to call upon Stubborn, and demand its surrender to Sanctity. They knew very well that the said account was the property of the fatherless girl whom Sanctity had, by the making up of which, and demanding payment thereof, intended to swindle out of the sum of £59 12s., or \$238.40; and they also knew that, so long as that account was at the command of Stubborn, they could not proceed in extinguishing him, nor could they succeed in placing Sanctity beyond the possibility of a day of retribution dealing out to him his merited deserts. And, so long as that account was in existence, there was danger of their gross doings being brought to light, and even the great Mufti himself might not escape exposure.

In due time the Young Mufti called upon old Stubborn for "some paper or papers, which they said belonged to Mr. Sanctity, and which he, Stubborn, had refused to give up." On being informed of the nature of his errand, and of the matter in controversy, he declined even to look at the infamous account. Stubborn's just indignation being aroused at this continuance of an infamous persecution of him, and daring attempt to rob him of the property of the fatherless girl, whose agent he was, in preventing her pious uncle from robbing her of the before mentioned sum of money—did not fail to let the Young Mufti know what his opinion of his vile persecutors was—remarking, that since they

had taken this last step, he should now seek to have matters made right by all lawful ways and means.

The designs of the pious crew again failed to crush and humble old Stubborn. They could not dispossess him of the evidence of Sanctity's guilt; and this was a great bar to the enjoyment of that serene state of mind which Godly men enjoy when the *ne plus ultra* of their wishes is obtained. The *ultimatum* of Sanctity's fate was yet a contingency. Old Stubborn might, perchance, live a few years longer, and that was a contingency much to be deplored.

Several months passed, during which the old man made several attempts to have matters disposed of in such a way as would render it possible for him to remain a member of that congregation. He even made overtures, through the Young Mufti, offering to overlook all the injury he had suffered, as far as Sanctity was personally concerned, if he would meet him in presence of the Young Mufti and father Big-heart, and simply make an apology to him for having laid him in the lie at the time of the indecent proceedings at the Quadrantal Synod, in asserting that the before mentioned account was true, and that he could prove it to be true by Esquire H. and Major W., if they were alive, and that in an evil hour he had suffered himself to make up an untruthful account against his said niece. Stubborn insisted that such a *private* acknowledgment by his saintship, was the least that any man could be expected to accept of as satisfaction for the insults and abuse he had suffered on his saintship's account. But Sanctity felt himself to be so strongly entrenched behind the rampart which the great Mufti's popularity fog had thrown around him, that he refused to meet Stubborn, or make the least apology to him for the injuries he had done him. It would have been wise in Sanctity to have complied with that reasonable demand of Stubborn, rather than wait the hour when his accumulated guilt would call for the vengeance of Heaven to fall upon him. For no one that "worketh abomination, or maketh a lie," can escape the final ordeal of eternal justice and judgment.

Stubborn, finding that no honorable adjustment of matters could be obtained (the Young Mufti being unwilling to take upon himself the adjustment of difficulties which the mal-administration of his predecessor had produced), was compelled, from principle, to expatriate himself from his long peacefully enjoyed home in the house of God, and take refuge in a neighboring district. The grey headed old man is often seen wending his way, with tottering step, a distance of three miles, to a place of worship. The enquiry is often made—How is this? What has he done? The only answer that can be given to these enquiries, is—He prevented a fatherless child from being robbed, or swindled, out of a large sum of money by her pious uncle, and in the integrity of his heart, spoke of the act as being a crime! A feeling of disgust pervades the minds of all who have heard of the transaction, excepting, however, those upon whom the mantle of the great Mufti fell when he took his departure from the Embrio City. Retributive justice, though sometimes long delayed, is as sure as the word of him who built the skies. Such questions as these arise in contemplative minds:—Will God approve of such doings? Can the smile of His approbation rest upon such a teacher and his accomplices? How can it be expected that the Most High can approve? Will He not rather show his disapprobation by suffering a dearth and a mildew to be upon them until their cup of iniquity shall be full, ready for judgment? How can a religious influence be continued by their influence, when, by their very acts, they ignore the teachings of Heaven, and uproot the foundation upon which all religious hopes and trust are stayed, by insulting God to his face in justifying crime? Such teaching is the veriest insult to the sinner who comes to the house of God for instruction, for how can a man feel that he is religiously instructed by those who hold crime at a premium? The wickedest men know that crime is not religion, and however sinful they may themselves be, they will scoff, with contempt, at any instruction that is not based upon the words of eternal truth. A day of reckoning must surely come.

CHAPTER VII.

MAL-ADMINISTRATION.

Polity of Moslemism—Law in the case—Duty of the presiding Mufti—Stubborn's standing in Society—Crabsnarl's opinion of him—Stubborn's habits as a Moslem—Crabsnarl's Misfortune—Stopping the supplies—Stubborn's legal rights—The Mufti ignores all law—Malice prepense—Scheming of the Mufti to destroy Stubborn—Crabsnarl accessory thereto—Stubborn's suspicions well founded—Stubborn informs the great Mufti of Sanctity's doings—Its effect—The Mufti's last Synod—His attempt to fast himself on the Embrio City a fourth year—Interesting disputation at the Synod—The failure of the Mufti—The Mufti's attack on Stubborn—Crackers—Illegal proceedings—Statute Law set at naught—Great power of the Mufti.

The polity of Moslemism recognizes a class of men called Local Mufti's, and its code ecclesiastical provides for an impartial trial of any person against whom complaints may be made, the Superintendent Mufti (or chairman) being the presiding ecclesiastic at all times. Page 59, answer 5, provides that, "when charges are preferred against any Local Mufti, the accused and the accuser shall respectively choose two Local Mufti's, or official members in the Circuit, and the Superintendent shall, with the members of the Committee so chosen, try the accused Mufti; and they shall have authority, if he be found guilty, to admonish, reprove or suspend him, till the ensuing *Quarantal Synod*, when the whole matter shall be determined." The *Quarantal Synod* being a *Court of Appeal*, and not a Court to try cases; page 24, question 3, answer 2, says, a part of the regular business of that tribunal is, "to hear complaints, and to receive and try appeals." And page 59, answer 6, says, "The Superintendent shall, on receiving any complaint against a Local Mufti, send an exact copy of the complaint, in writing, to the person accused, with the name of the accuser or accusers, before he calls a Committee to examine into the charge, &c."

Now, this same Father Stubborn was a Local Mufti in good standing; known and respected by the whole community; looked up to for his opinion and advice in matters affecting both public and individual interest; so much so, that the pious Mr. Crabsnarl himself said of him, when the old man was expected to die (but a short time before Sanctity put honor upon the congregation of the faithful, by condescending to become a member of it,) that "his death would be a public calamity."

The old man's house had ever been the home of the Mufties, young or old. He was accounted the preacher's friend. He always contributed his full share in supporting the interests of Moslemism. He cared not who, or which Mufti was sent to minister to the congregation where he worshipped, as he made it a matter of conscience to consider the minister of the Word of Life to be the sent of God. He was never mixed up with Moslem bickerings. He was no grumbler, but always expressed great pity for such men as Crabsnarl, whose misfortune it was to be always fretting and snarling about "the pride of the preachers," and endeavoring to "stop the supplies, in order to keep the preachers humble." He had, in early life, made great sacrifices to obtain a lot amongst Musslemen, and no one could set a higher value upon religious privileges than he did. He was no fawning sycophant, but looked upon truth and uprightness as a sufficient guarantee for any man's safety in Society. He particularly despised dishonesty, low cunning, lying and meanness.

But to the argument. Stubborn was a Local Mufti in good standing, and entitled to the untrammelled exercise of his legal privileges, as above shown. At the same time, he had done no wrong; he had only prevented a wrong. He had saved a fatherless child from the grasp of the spoiler, and had spoken of the cowardly act of the spoiler as being a sin, and the more so, as his saintship was then a member of the congregation of the faithful, professing in their feasts of charity to be living in the full enjoyment of the sanctifying influences of religion. And this was the sum total of Stubborn's offending! The law of Moslemism could not reach Stubborn as an offender, for he had not transgressed against the law; but there was one law that could reach him, and that was the law of the great Mufti's popularity—mob law; and this was brought to bear on the unoffending old man in the manner related in Chapter III. In that unrighteous transaction, the Moslem law was set at naught, and trampled upon. The righteous law of God fared no better. The law of God says: "Thou shalt not

covet, &c., anything that is thy neighbor's." This Mufti says: "It is no harm to make up false accounts," in order to get money. God's law says that, "all liars shall have their portion in that lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," &c. But this Mufti says, "not so, for it is no harm to make up false accounts." It is, therefore, according to his teaching, no harm to lie. A false account is in itself a lie, and the author of it necessarily a liar; but perfectly consistent with this Mufti's teaching. God's righteous law is ignored, religion is blighted and humbled in shame before such teaching. And this Mufti had the assurance to teach such doctrine before his Quadrantal Synod in the words above quoted. Now all this was deliberate on the part of the Mufti, and not the effect of the heat of debate—but the direct effect of premeditated design—*malice prepense*, which will now be seen.

It was a fact patent to many, that ever since the time Sanctity became a member of the congregation of the faithful, the great Mufti had been very systematic in his persecution of old Stubborn, and for reasons, as Stubborn thought, which will be revealed in the chapter on Crackers.

In pursuit of his *pius* purpose, and so as to make sure work of it, the Mufti's sublime knack of scheming and trickery had to be in active exercise. It was understood for some time, that the Mufti expected his admirers to ask the National Synod of Muftis to break faith with the entire community, by sending him back to the Embrio City the fourth year. He knew that Stubborn would not favour such scheming. It was, therefore, expedient that Stubborn's vote should be neutralized. It might not be quite safe to make a regular onslaught upon him so early as in the second year of the Mufti's charge, as that would be giving him time to recover himself, and might be the means of frustrating the great design. There was one plan, however, which might succeed, but it must be kept a profound secret from all but confidential Crabsnarl. So then, when the business programme for the last Quadrantal Synod, for the *second year* of the Mufti's ecclesiastical jurisdiction, was prepared, the following beautiful, pious, and all-important memorandum was found on the programme, or snugly engraved on the disinterested and pious heart of the Mufti: "Remember to forget to renew the Local Muftis licenses. As Stubborn is the only one under my city charge, no one else can be effected by my forgetfulness, and as people generally mind their own business, the pious trick may not be discovered. This disinterested manœuvre will be as effectual in neutralizing Stubborn's vote, as though he was put down by a direct vote of the Synod. Then, when the vote for my remaining in charge at the Embrio City the fourth year is taken, Crabsnarl, being the recorder, will count heads, and Stubborn will be told that he cannot vote, for that he is a not a Local Mufti."

All passed off quietly at the Quadrantal. The trick was not discovered by any but Stubborn. He saw by certain wily and significant glances of the eye, which passed between his reverence and Crabsnarl, that the renewal of his license, as a Local Mufti, *was indeed forgotten*. But he understood the law in the case, and cared nothing for it, only that he was disgusted at such prank-playing and hypocrisy in the house of God.

Although Stubborn could not make any of his friends believe in the *sincerity* of the trick, they being unwilling to believe that so great a revival preacher as the great Mufti was acknowledged to be, could, or would, descend to such littleness of soul and positive meanness. It was not many months before he had the proof positive, that his reverence did actually *remember to forget to renew his license as a local Mufti*. For one evening, at the close of a public prayer meeting, his reverence not discovering the presence of any of Stubborn's family, took occasion to read over "for the information of the congregation," all the names of his official staff. Stubborn's name not being mentioned, some persons looked up as though surprised; when, as quick as thought, his reverence resumed, and said that "Stubborn was not an official member, but that he treated him as a Local Mufti on account of his age." If Stubborn had been present, the *pius* trick would have been exposed in language suitable for such *disinterested* administration of ecclesiastical law. All this was proof of the far-seeing policy and low-minded cunning of the great Mufti, as well as his determined perseverance in having all stumbling-blocks removed out of the way of his election to a fourth years' charge at the Embrio City. It also proved that Stubborn was correct in the opinion he

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."

Pointments 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.

The great Mufti looked daggers at Stubborn, and immediately commenced his premeditated attack upon him for having prevented a robbery, and having spoken of the vile attempt of Sanctity upon the inheritance of his fatherless niece, as unbecoming a saint. The result is before the reader. See chapter III., &c.

There are other instances of the profound Jesuitical tactics of this great Mufti, which cannot well be introduced into this chapter, as they more properly belong to the chapter on *crackers*, on account of their interwoven connection with the manufacture of that staple article or element, in the great Mufti's sublime science of morality and ecclesiastical administration. It is, however, proper to remark here, that the Moslem Statute Book, page 33, in defining the duties of Mufti's, says they "are required to execute all our rules fully and strenuously against all frauds * * * * * suffering none to remain in our Church, on any account, who are found guilty of any fraud." But this great Mufti is so far above all law, either divine or human, that in the exercise of his profound knack at low scheming, he can prevent a saint being found guilty of crime, by reversing the order of both civil and ecclesiastical jurisprudence, and punish, *as for a crime*, the unfortunate wight who happens to prevent a robbery; and, *ex cathedra*, justify crime, in the presence of his entire Synod, the guilty man himself being *one of them*.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRELIMINARY TO A CHAPTER ON CRACKERS.

Stubborn a good Muslemean—Sanctity in the way of being a Muslemean—His present to the Mufti—Chanting of children about the streets—Protection of Sanctity—Commencement of the Mufti's maladministration, and persecution of Stubborn—Composition of a committee—Attempts to coerce Stubborn—Stubborn rejects the demands made of him—Stubborn's proposition—Father Bighart—Stubborn's proposition to accept of a lie as satisfaction for injuries done him by Sanctity, that the Mufti might take Sanctity to the sacrament, accepted—The Mufti to do all the trotting in the completion of the arrangement—Appeal to the reader—Angels rejoice at the repentance of sinners—Devils chuckle at proceedings like those of said committee.

Before entering into the details of the sublime science of originating and telling off crackers, it is necessary that the following statements and remarks should be made, preliminary thereto:

Prior to the occurrences related in the preceding chapters having taken place, "Father Stubborn" was looked upon by the great Mufti as being a tolerably fair Muslemean. At the same time, Mr. Sanctity had not put honor upon the congregation of the faithful by becoming one of them; but he was fairly under way for it, for he had, in the "most graceful and winning manner," made the great Mufti a large present, of which his reverence had frequently spoken in the most glowing terms, both to Stubborn and others. Indeed, the great subject was so much spoken of, that even the school children chanted it about the streets; one of the Mufti's children was then going to school. All this shadowed forth the great amount of piety with which Sanctity was soon to be invested. In the mean time, and about the commencement of the second year of the Mufti's charge at the Embrio City, Father Stubborn had nearly recovered from the illness before hinted at; and having discovered a very *pious* action in the was-to-be Mr. Sanctity, he wrote his saintship (that was to be) a letter of chastisement, telling him of what he had done, and commenting upon his first lessons, or rather experiments, in *piety*, in the true spirit and philosophy of genuine Moslemism. The was-to-be Mr. Sanctity felt the rebuke very keenly. But he could not divine any way for him to get out of the snare his experiments in *piety* had caught him in, but to appeal for protection to the great Mufti, who, seeing the *necessity* of the case, at once, as Stubborn believed, made him a probationary saint, so as that he might have the protective benefit of the full measure and weight of the great Mufti's ingenuity and popularity, as a reward for the distinguished gracefulness and dignity with which he had presented a receipted bill of large dimensions to his reverence.

And here commenced that mal-administration of ecclesiastical law—that malignant determination to persecute Father Stubborn without cause—that determination to elevate this new-made saint to some distinguished position in the society of the faithful—and that glib skill in manufacturing and letting off

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 manoeuvre 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

generous towards him. If, therefore, you will take upon yourself (addressing the Mufti) to go to his saintship, and bring from him to me, a letter bearing his signature, and positively denying his guilt in what I have laid to his charge in my letter to him, I will accept of that denial, although it must necessarily be a lie—as satisfaction for the injuries he has done me, and that you may take him to the sacrament on Sabbath next.” And, repeating the sentiment with particular emphasis, and looking the Mufti full in the face, Stubborn continued: “I therefore accept of a lie as satisfaction for the injuries done me, that I may be at peace with you, and that you may take him to the sacrament on Sabbath next.”

Judge Simple, true to his allegiance to the Mufti, immediately proposed that Stubborn should write a note to his saintship, and recal the letter of chastisement he had written him. This indecent proposition was, of course, supported by the great Mufti, and 'Squire Crabsnarl. Stubborn replied to the insolent proposition, saying, “I have repeatedly said that I could not recal that letter without compromising the truth. What do you mean? Do you mean that I shall endanger the salvation of my soul by telling a lie, that you may save a guilty man harmless, and take him to the sacrament under cover of a falsehood, which you demand of me to make myself guilty of? Must an injured old man be trampled under foot by those who ought to protect him from insult and injury? I have already said to you that I would rather suffer death than recal an iota of what that letter contains. I did not write that letter inconsiderately or hastily, and thus lay myself liable to recal what I had written. No; I wrote it deliberately, and with the intent that every sentence should tell upon his guilty conscience, and I now say that he had better keep it by him, and read it over three or four times a day for the next twelve months. It will do him more good than the Mufti's preaching will, for it is a true picture of himself. It is enough that I consent to accept of a lie as satisfaction for an injury done me, that I may be at peace with you, and that the Mufti may take him to the sacrament on Sabbath next. You may now do as you please—I bid defiance—I can prove my letter to be true in all its statements. A trial will save me harmless, and completely expose the saint in all his meanness and wickedness—so do just as you please about it. One thing you may rest assured of, that you are bringing great disgrace, yea, even a curse, upon the congregation of the faithful, and it will come home to you some time or other when you least expect it. I believe in a superintending Providence, and also in a retributive Providence.

All this time Father Big-heart said but little. He was, to all appearance, learning wisdom from the impartial and judicious manner in which the Mufti performed the duties of an ecclesiastic. It was, undoubtedly, the first time he had witnessed the necessity of an injured man's being required to tell a lie to save harmless the guilty, or of an injured man's accepting a lie as satisfaction for injuries done him, that he might be at peace with a Mufti, a man of God, a preacher of righteousness!! Queer way, thought he, to build up the house of God!!! On being appealed to for his opinion, as a man of many years experience, he gravely said that “under the circumstances, Stubborn could not be expected to recal his letter, or make any apology whatever,” with a few more words to the same effect.

It was then concluded upon, that, inasmuch as the great Mufti had done all the trotting thus far, and having accepted of Stubborn's proposition, that he should further honor his calling by waiting upon his saintship, and get his written denial of any guilt in the matter—and that as such denial must necessarily be a lie, Father Stubborn should accept of it as satisfaction for the injuries he complained of—and that, if his saintship had a mind to send the said letter to Stubborn, with his denial, Stubborn would receive the said letter; he, at the same time, most emphatically remarking, that he would not recal the letter, nor in any sense recede from his position. It was also understood that the Mufti, having done his errand faithfully, should put honor upon the congregation of the faithful by exhibiting his new made saint at the sacrament table on the approaching Sabbath, as a trophy of the power and excellence of his ecclesiastical tactics, and intrinsic method of imparting moral and religious instruction.

Reader, the above statements are substantially correct. And here it is asked, was such a thing ever before known in the annals of ecclesiastical inju-

prudence, as for an old man of character and standing in the community to be constrained, for the sake of being at peace with his religious instructor, to accept of a lie as satisfaction for injuries done him, thereby creating the right of the wrong-doer to be exhibited at the sacramental table? We are told that angels rejoice when sinners repent, and that devils chuckle at the commission of sin. If, therefore, the angels in heaven rejoice at the repentance of sinners, will not the regions of the lost become vocal by the gratulatory howls of infernal master spirits, rejoicing over the triumphs of such religious instruction and success as this?

But what about the crackers? The next chapter will recount the Mufti's various exploits at cracker making, and its accomplishments.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHAPTER ON CRACKERS.

Meeting of Stubborn and the Mufti—the Sabbath—Stubborn calls at the Divinity Sanctum—Unpleasant interview with the Mufti—the Ecclesiastical Leap and Grab—Stubborn avoids the Grab—Contractions—Stubborn maintains his position—The Mufti threatens excommunication—Stubborn fastens the blame of Sanctity's being at the Sacrament on the Mufti—Crabbenart, Judge Simple and Big-heart—Stubborn calls on Big-heart—The Result—The first batch of Crackers—History of Stubborn's Bunk in the Mosque—The Trustees' Meeting—Contrivances of the Mufti and Crabbenart—a little Bird—The second batch of Crackers—Revival correspondence of the Mufti—very like Crackers—the Young Mufti—The Resplendent Star—Eclipse of a whole Constellation.

Well, the Saturday following the grave occurrences mentioned in the last chapter, as Stubborn was walking in company with another person, they met the great Mufti, who, after the usual salutations, said to Stubborn, "I have seen Mr. Sanctity, and I have got those papers, (meaning Sanctity's denial, and Stubborn's letter to him), and I will hand them to you the first time I again see you. If I had thought of meeting you this evening, I should of had them with me; and now, as all is settled, I hope you will be friendly with Mr. Sanctity." Stubborn replied. "It's enough that I accept of his denial, that which I know must be an untruth, as satisfaction for the wrongs done me, and forgive him, without lowering myself to having intercourse with him. He must keep himself at a respectable distance from me, for I will have nothing to do with him." Stubborn thought he saw signs of irritation in the Mufti's countenance.

The Quadrantal Sabbath passed, with its usual solemnities, and the day following, the Synod met for the transaction of business, but Stubborn not being able to go out, was not there.

Some five or six days after the Quadrantal Synod had met, Stubborn having recruited his strength a little, he called upon the Mufti at his ecclesiastical residence, and after apologizing for not sending in to the Synod the quarterly division of his yearly allowance to him, handed it to him. Stubborn then said to the Mufti: "I will take those papers if you have them by you." The Mufti arose and went into his divinity apartment, and returning with an unsealed letter in his hand, handed it to Stubborn, and then seated himself. Stubborn opened and read the letter. It was Sanctity's denial of what Stubborn had laid to his charge, and worded in the strongest language, amounting to an oath, for the most high God was appealed to in asserting his innocence. As Stubborn was folding up the letter, he gravely remarked to his reverence (who sat about five feet from him), "This is just what I told you it would be—a lie; the same hand wrote this that wrote that filthy thing that offended me. The hand-writing is precisely the same, excepting two words in the other which are partially disguised; but, as I have consented to accept of his denial as satisfaction for the injuries done me, and forgive him—I accept it, lie as it is."

As Stubborn uttered these words, the Mufti, partly raising himself from his chair, sprang like a tiger at his prey, and reaching forth his reverend arm at full length, made a vigorous grab at the letter. But the old man, seeing the motion, eluded the grab, and got the letter into his pocket; and, turning with astonishment at the ecclesiastical leap, mildly said: "You must not attempt to rob me of papers which you have delivered to me as my property. Not that I care a straw for it, but, having accepted it, I shall keep it. I will not submit to be robbed of it." The Mufti sternly demanded the delivery of the paper to him again, declaring that he would not submit to hear it pronounced an untruth.

Stubborn replied, "You have delivered it to me as my property, and I shall keep it." After a little more such like talk, Stubborn asked his reverence if he had the letter which he (Stubborn) had written to his saintship, stating that, as he had said he would receive it if his saintship had a mind to send it with his denial, he did not recal it by any means; but, as the Mufti had taken it from Sanctity to deliver to him, his reverence ought to hand it over. He denied having it in his possession, stating that his saintship would not give it up until he (Stubborn) sent him a written apology for having written the said letter; asserting that Stubborn had agreed, at the Committee Meeting, that he would send Sanctity such apology; and that it was laid upon him, at the said Committee Meeting, to do so. Stubborn replied that his reverence *then* had the said letter in his possession. "But," said he, "I do not want it; I only agreed to accept of it on the conditions named; and you know it as well as I do. I am, however, glad that you have kept it back. You had better hand it back to his saintship, and tell him, from me, what I have here said; and that he had better read it over about three times a day for the next ten years, for it will do him more good than your preaching will. And, as for my making an apology to him, you well know it is not so. You heard me say repeatedly that I would suffer death before I would recant one iota which that letter contains. How can you have the assurance to assert that which you know to be untrue?" His reverence repeatedly asserted that the apology was promised; threatening, in a very *reverend* manner, to turn Stubborn out of the congregation of the faithful, if he would not at once comply. And Stubborn as often, but calmly, contradicted him, reminding him of the very words of the terms of the adjustment, as herein before recorded; repeatedly saying that he would suffer death before he would tell a lie to please his reverence or any one else; and again repeating the words of the arrangement, that he was to accept of a lie as satisfaction for the injuries done him, to enable his reverence to exhibit his saintship at the sacramental board on the Sablath next, after the conversation alluded to. The great Mufti, finding that he could not overawe Stubborn into telling a lie, yielded his *pious* position so far as to give the matter a different turn by saying that "*it would not do to have the matter so understood, for that would cast blame upon him for taking his saintship to the sacrament on such terms.*" Stubborn replied, "You did it, and you remember it as well as I do. Your last words amount to an admission. You must bear the blame or infamy of your own act. I am not going to dishonor myself to please you, or to save you from the sacrilege you have committed. You know that I have but just escaped from death. Neither I, nor you, or any one else, expected I would live; and I can scarcely walk about now, when I am at ease, much less confront such attacks as this upon me; but the truth I will not yield. But a short time since I expected to die and meet my God, and I am yet at the margin of the grave, not knowing what moment I shall fall into it; and you, a minister of *religion*, demanding that I shall tell a lie, in order to screen you from a sacrilegious act. You know that if I should comply with your demand, I should sin against God and my own soul, and be in immediate danger of damnation."

His reverence, finding he could not force Stubborn to do his bidding, nor face him *down* in the lie, took another ingenuous turn of thought, and asserted in the most positive manner that he had had conversation with the committee since the meeting referred to, and that all of them, Judge Simple, Crabsnarl and Father Bigheart, said as he then stated, that it was laid upon Stubborn by the said committee, and that he had then agreed to make a written apology to his saintship. And, in order to impress Stubborn's mind with the idea that he was telling the truth, he had the assurance to say, "Father Bigheart has been your friend throughout, and cannot be supposed guilty of falsifying what passed at the committee." Stubborn again replied, that no such arrangement was made, and that he, the Mufti, knew it perfectly well. Furthermore, he did not believe that Judge Simple or Crabsnarl would dare to say any such thing, for it was not the truth. Nothing had occurred to make it necessary for that committee to meet again. He should not take the trouble to speak to either Judge Simple or Crabsnarl on the subject. As to Father Bigheart, "I know that he never said any such thing, for he will not tell an untruth." After some further contradictions between them, Stubborn retired; utterly disgusted with the Mufti.

Stubborn, on retiring, called upon Father Bigheart, and informed him of the pleasant interview he had just had with the Mufti. Father Bigheart repeated over the understanding come to at the said committee meeting, just as it is recorded above, declaring that he had not before that moment spoken to any living mortal of the occurrences of that committee meeting—"No, not even to my wife," said he. "But are you sure you have not spoken to the Mufti on the subject?" said Stubborn. "No, I have not," said he, in the most positive manner, and he unquestionably spoke the truth. Judge Simple and Squire Crabsnarl being accomplices with the Mufti, Stubborn would not take the trouble to speak to them. But he asked Father Bigheart to go at once with him to the Mufti, and confront him to his face. After a moment's reflection, Father Bigheart said: "Father Stubborn, I believe what you have said; I must believe you, if for no other reason than your request for me to go with you. I believe you. But," said he, "suppose the Mufti should turn upon you, and deny having said these things to you, which in all probability he would, rather than be proven in making crackers, he would have the advantage of you (as you were alone with him), and might charge you with believing him, and bring me as a witness to prove his charge. You, of course, would suffer. If any one else had heard your conversation, I would go with you as a matter of duty. Perhaps you had better not take me there." "I see," said Stubborn. "how it might turn out; and, to be in keeping with his other conduct, I have no doubt but he would do so. I will have no more to say to him, if I can avoid it."

And now, kind reader, you see here is a fine batch of crackers; all of them of home manufacture, and of the very best material. Let us see how many there are in this batch, before proceeding to the next:

- No. 1.—The Mufti's denying of having in his possession Stubborn's letter to Sanctity.
- No. 2.—His asserting that Sanctity would not return Stubborn's letter until he had a written apology from him—for his reverence then had the said letter in his possession, for the purpose of returning it.
- No. 3.—His assertion that Stubborn had agreed to make an apology to Sanctity.
- No. 4.—His assertion that the said committee had laid it upon Stubborn to make an apology to Sanctity.
- No. 5.—His asserting that he had had conversation with all the said committee since the evening of their meeting.
- No. 6.—His assertion that the said committee assured him that Stubborn was to make an apology to Sanctity.

Here, then, are no less than six out and out, well and *deliberately* made crackers, all of the *purest* material, all *home-made*, without any admixture of foreign material, besides the frequent repetitions thereof, which, if accounted as originals, would amount to some twenty-five or thirty more. But the injured Stubborn was lenient enough to account the repetitions as *derivatives*, and only credit the Mufti with the *out and out* original crackers, and the translator does not feel himself at liberty to amend the original legend by playing upon words, or by giving a translation that shall not be literal, as far as the idiom of the two languages will admit. But, nevertheless, the translator thinks that Stubborn's leniency has not done justice to the Mufti, for he should have given him credit for every repetition of a cracker as being a genuine original, for "he that once a fault doth do, and lies to hide it, makes it two." Before analysing the next batch of reverend crackers, it is necessary to again premise a little.

Well, then, as before hinted at, there was a time when Father Stubborn was in fair estimation, a new and elegant Mosque had been built; stockholders, above a given amount, had a right to become the *bonafide* owners of bunks; provided their amount of paid up stock was equal to the value of a bunk. If it was not, they must either add more to it, or take it out in renting some seat. While "Father Stubborn" lay ill of the sickness heretofore mentioned, the Mosque was finished, and a time set for the sale of the bunks. Stubborn not yet having recovered so as to go out, got a friend to attend the sale, with particular instructions not to make a purchase of a bunk above the amount of his stock. A certain bunk was assigned to Stubborn for the price of fifty dollars, that sum

being the amount of his subscribed stock, although he had paid something more. The pious Squire Crabsnarl was the recorder at the sale, and on being asked if that sum was all that must be paid for the bunk, he said it was; and in accordance with this positive understanding, he entered the sale of the bunk to Stubborn in the book of sales, in a fair, legible hand-writing. After a few days had passed, the great Mufti and his lady were at tea at "Father Stubborn's," when his reverence informed Stubborn that there had been a mistake made in the sale of the bunk to him, for that the price was £20 (or \$80) instead of fifty dollars. Stubborn at once replied that he "must give it up and take out the value of his stock in rent, for he could not think of making a debt in his then feeble state of health." "Not at all," says the Mufti, "the trustees are very glad, for your sake, that the mistake was made; and say that you shall have the benefit of their mistake, because you have been a faithful friend, and stood by the congregation of the faithful in all their trials, and have done more in support of the good cause, according to your means, than any one else. The bunk is yours." Stubborn declared himself much obliged for such distinguished kindness, (Stubborn did not at that time know that Crabsnarl had said the same thing to Father Big-heart at the sale of the bunks.)

Shortly after this conversation with the great Mufti, 'Squire Crabsnarl, meeting "Father Stubborn" in the Mosque, repeated the same thing to him in the presence of the Mufti and some others.

It was not long after the bunk sale, that Stubborn wrote the before-mentioned letter of chastisement to the was-to-be Mr. Sanctity. What followed that occurrence is before the reader.

That affectionate regard which these great ones had hitherto manifested toward Stubborn, was now withdrawn from him and placed upon a *larger* and more *befitting* object. But, nevertheless, their disinterested benevolence being almost unbounded, they hit upon an expedient which would, almost unquestionably, redound to their own *glorification*, and be a lasting benefit to Stubborn and his family, throughout their generations. Besides, it would shadow forth the excessive purity of their intentions, and their superior skill in *divining* out material for the manufacture of crackers. All of which, from the nature of things, would be passed to the credit of the great Mufti.

So, then, the great Mufti, in the order of things, found himself seated in his divinity chair, with the pious and disinterested Crabsnarl in attendance. At the same time a little bird had got into the sanctum, and perched itself on the corner of the large book-case, with its head under its wing, as though it was reposing in a profound sleep; but it was treasuring up in its memory the profound things which it heard, with the intent to reveal all to old Stubborn when a proper opportunity should offer itself. And so the little bird, as near as it could understand human language, took an account of that interview as follows:

"Brother Crabsnarl," says the reverend Mufti, "you are most undoubtedly aware that I have, in consonance with my religious duties as the Mufti in charge here, taken a very *pious* dislike to that old Stubborn, because he has the assurance to resist my demands upon him. Besides this, 'he is in his dotage,' for I told him so the other day, when he refused to tell what the vulgar and unsanctified call a lie, when I commanded him to do so. He is an incorrigible old dunce; but, nevertheless, in our charity, we must provide for him as far as the dignity of our position will allow. Now, it is some time since the sale of bunks, and, 'being in his dotage,' he must have forgotten what we said to him about the sale of his bunk. What think you of our making up an *honest account* of £7 10s. against him, for a balance on the purchase of his bunk; and then make him pay it, or suffer the consequence of our displeasure! If he should remember, there is none but his own family who will venture to say a word for him; and you and I, being *disinterested* witnesses, can put him and his family down; for who would presume to believe them in preference to us? So that if no one else can remember what passed at the sale, we are sure of gaining the important object I have in view. It is true that neither of us can be personally benefitted by it, for the money, you know, must go into the Lord's treasury, for the especial benefit of our new and elegant Mosque; and that fact will sufficiently proclaim our disinterestedness, and pass to our credit as a work of the most profound piety. And if he should find us out, we can *safely* say that

we did it for his good, knowing that he was old and very feeble, and in need of our *disinterested* protection. So that, let the matter take what turn it may, our designs will have the outward appearance of honest benevolence."

To all this the little bird understood the pious Crabsnarl to give his unqualified assent, declaring that the great Mufti was the most profound divine he had met in consultation since he left "little York," where he was converted.

Not long after this *pious* understanding was come to, to wit, on the morning of the 7th August, 1857, Stubborn opened an envelope which was addressed to him, and found a deed for his bunk in the Mosque, dated the 15th July, 1856—the same date as the sale—although not issued till the time of the receipt thereof by Stubborn. The deed was duly signed by the great Mufti as chief, and by Crabsnarl as secretary of the Board of Trustees, and containing a condition for Stubborn to pay £7 10s. 0d. over and above the price his bunk was purchased for. At this moment, the little bird flew into Stubborn's office, and perching upon his shoulder, related to him all that it heard from the divinity chair on the subject.

Whereupon, Stubborn wrote a short note to Mr. Crabsnarl, returning the bunk deed "for correction," stating that he could not accept it as it was, for that he was charged £7 10s. more than he had purchased the bunk for. He then went in search of witnesses, and, fortunately, he found that Father Bigheart and some others remembered what was stated by Crabsnarl at the bunk sale.

In the mean time, a friend of Stubborn's called upon the great Mufti, informed him of what had turned up, and asked him what he meant by carrying on a systematic persecution of Stubborn. During that conversation, the Mufti declared that he did not know what the said bunk was sold for, or whether it was sold or not; also that he remembered that old Stubborn had sent word over to the Mosque at the time of the sale, desiring that particular bunk to be reserved for him; all of which was, of course, contradicted. On being asked how he came to sign the bunk deed, subjecting Stubborn to pay the extra £7 10s. 0d., if he knew nothing about the matter, he replied, that "Crabsnarl, being the secretary of the Board of Trustees, had brought the deed to him prepared for his signature, and having confidence in the integrity of Crabsnarl, he had signed the deed without ever noticing what it contained;" thus laying the blame of the *pious* trick altogether upon Crabsnarl. He was told, however, "You cannot make Stubborn believe that, for he says you are as shrewd a business man as has ever been in charge here."

Well, on the Monday following, to wit, the 10th of August, 1857, a meeting of the trust board was held in the divinity sanctum; and, after full explanations were made by Stubborn and Father Bigheart, their statements were acknowledged by the Mufti and Crabsnarl to be perfectly correct, and the bunk was acknowledged, by the unanimous voice of all present, to be the *bona fide* property of Stubborn, without his being liable to pay anything more than he had paid. Stubborn then addressed Crabsnarl, (but his eye was fixed upon the face of the Mufti, who stood on the floor directly in front of Stubborn), saying, "With a perfect knowledge of all this, which you have admitted to be correct, how came it that you and the Mufti took upon yourselves to put a condition in my deed subjecting me to pay £7 10s. more than you know I bought the bunk for?" Crabsnarl replied, "The great Mufti and I talked the matter over between us, and we concluded that it was the only way that we could secure the bunk to Stubborn and his family." "What!" says Stubborn, with his eye still on the Mufti's eye, "You and the Mufti talked the matter over between you?" "Yes" was the reply. For once, the great Mufti blushed slightly. He saw by the look of Stubborn's eye that he was caught making crackers. A great deal more was said than is here recorded.

The meeting broke up, much to the discomfiture of the Mufti and Crabsnarl. Stubborn having gained his point, thought it unnecessary to tell the Mufti and Crabsnarl how beautifully they laid each other in the lie. Crabsnarl did not know what the Mufti had said, or his great *piety* might have given the matter another turn.

Now, kind reader, in this batch of crackers, there is found to the credit of the great Mufti, as follows:

- No. 1.—Saying that he did not know what sum Stubborn's bunk was sold for, for he did know.
- No. 2.—Saying that he did not know whether that bunk was or was not sold, for he did know.
- No. 3.—Saying that he remembered of Stubborn's having sent a message over to the sale of bunks, desiring that particular one reserved for him; for he perfectly well knew that no such message was sent.
- No. 4.—Saying that he did not know what the contents of Stubborn's bunk deed were when he signed it, for he well knew.
- No. 5.—Saying that he signed it on the responsibility of Crabsnarl, having confidence in him that it was right, for he and Crabsnarl consulted together about the matter, as stated by Crabsnarl.
- No. 6.—The act of signing the deed with the *pious* intent to extort the sum of £7 10s. from Stubborn.

There is, then, no less than six crackers found in this batch, all of the best material, clear stuff, and of *home manufacture*.

Stubborn's memorandums also, give the Mufti credit for other two full sized crackers, manufactured at the time of the Quadrantal Synod, referred to in chapter III., which, with the first and second batches, make fourteen of the first quality of crackers, which stand to the credit of the great Mufti during his ecclesiastical administration at the Embrio City, in connection with his *pious* views and doings towards Stubborn, besides the *derivatives* mentioned in connection with the first batch of crackers. In addition to the above, there are strong indications of the manufacture of some two or three other crackers, in a matter quite unconnected with the *holy* war waged against Stubborn. The facts are these: It was a matter of public notoriety that the great Mufti had a peculiar faculty of trumpeting his own praise in the science of revivals. In a news journal called the Moslem *Guardian*, Vol. XXIX., No. 33, May 19th, 1858, there is a letter from this great Mufti to the conductor of that paper, bearing date the 12th May, 1858, wherein he sets forth, with circumstantial detail, no less than four batches of converts, which he had brought into Moslem unity during the three years of his charge in the Embrio City. The first is put down at two hundred and fifty (250); the second at forty (40); the third at thirty-seven (37); the fourth at one hundred and thirty (130), making a total of four hundred and fifty-seven (457) converts. He is careful so to word this said letter as to induce a belief that most of them had remained faithful. Now there was, as the Mufti was known to state, sixty members of the congregation at that Embrio City when the Mufti began his ministrations there. This sum, added to the above, make a total of five hundred and seventeen (517), the number of Moslem members he had under his pastoral care at some time during his three years' incumbency. Just look again. The returns to the great National Synod of Mufties, in June of that year (1858), was 80 on trial, and 245 in full membership, making a total of 325. Out of this 325, take 60, the old number (only one had died, and there was several which came from other charges as full members, so that the number 60 holds good), and there is only 265 for converts. He must, therefore, have had at least 192 backsliders, as the figures show!! But there is another, and prominent feature of this revival business which must not pass unnoticed, and which, because of its intrinsic worth, adds another laurel to the escutcheon of this great Mufti. It is this: When the Young Mufti succeeded to that charge, the great Mufti, of course, handed over to his successor "an exact list of the names of all the members in his charge, as found at the last Quadrantal Synod of the year." This account, agreeing with the official returns, showed a total membership of three hundred and twenty-five (325), a goodly number of whom came up *non est inventus*, as the Young Mufti could not find but about 290 members to take charge of; for, although he labored honestly and faithfully, and had a few additions to the numbers he found, he could only return, at the end of his labors, a total of "290" members in his charge.

Now, although this does not amount to a positive demonstration of design in the cracker business, it does, nevertheless, savor so much of that subtle craftiness and low cunning which stands to the credit of the great Mufti in

the former chapters of this legend, and scents so sweetly of that place where the manufacture of crackers originated, that Stubborn, and some others, thought his reverence ought to have been credited with some two or three more first rate crackers; inasmuch as the published records showed him to be a much greater, and more distinguished personage, than his successor was or could be. Not only so, but his successor, not understanding the sublime science of making and letting off crackers, was obliged to make an official return which was discreditably to himself, while the return itself was a positive truth—showing, after a year's labor and prayerful anxiety, a deficit of thirty-five (35) members in his congregation, than the great Mufti had returned the year before. The characteristic attributes of the great Mufti's mind are clearly enough evinced here. It is no wonder that some of his brother Mufties dread to follow him; for no man can be willing to be so overshadowed by the glory which a predecessor has left behind him, that there can be no prospect of his ever ascending above the penumbra of the eclipse. Every man has a right to try and be somebody by dint of his own exertions. But what can a star of the second or third magnitude do, when the glory of *one great star* is so resplendent as to eclipse an entire constellation?

CHAPTER X.

SUPPLEMENTARY TO CHAPTER IX.

Disinterestedness of the Mufti in the Manufacture of Crackers—Tom—Tom's indiscretion—The Mufti's pious design against Tom—Quadrantal Synod—The Mufti's attack against Tom—Stubborn's opinion of it—A Local Mufti—Tom complains to the Chief District Mufti against the great Mufti—Singular manoeuvring of the District Mufti—Tom's Trial—A perfect history of Tom's trial—The various characters concerned at the trial—Disinterestedness of Crabanari at the trial—The Verdict drawn up by Judge Simple—Remarks about the trial, and the moral and religious principles involved—Injustice of the decision—Will God approve?—Concluding remarks by the Translator—Manipulation of the Estate of Mr. Cockadoodle—Crabanari's new method of Book-Keeping—A Second Legend promised.

The distinguished disinterestedness of the great Mufti in the manufacture of crackers, and in the exhibition of his superabundant Moslem kindness and charity, in the details of his ecclesiastical administration at the Embrio City, obtained such prominence in a case, although not primarily connected with the matters hereinbefore referred to; yet, as it is a complete exemplification of the greatness and goodness of the great Mufti, it is but right and proper that it should have a place in this legend. It is, therefore, given here as supplementary to the chapter on crackers.

During the incumbency of the great Mufti at the Embrio City and its environs, a man called Tom, a resident of that country, had for some time been living in a neighboring country, but who had, in the meantime, returned to his own country, and was at this time residing at the said Embrio City.

Tom had an energetic pair of lungs, and being of the same brotherhood with the great Mufti and his charge, professed to enjoy Moslemism in its highest state of perfection, and would sometimes raise his voice in the exercise of his religious privileges, so high as to drown the voice of the great Mufti, as well as some others of lesser note. This would, *perhaps*, have been bearable, if Tom had been one of the great Mufti's numerous converts to the Moslem faith—or had been one of the Mufti's sycophantic admirers; but he was neither. It was therefore highly necessary that Tom should be put to silence, and otherwise made to feel the potency of the great Mufti's science of ecclesiastical administration. But there must be an excuse for the onslaught, and it was not long before Tom's indiscretion furnished the desired excuse. Tom was truly very zealous, and thought it no harm to pray, without asking the Mufti's leave, and this constituted his indiscretion. Not being aware that the great Mufti had his eye upon him for good, Tom allowed a prayer meeting to be held one evening at his residence, without obtaining a charter from the Mufti; which circumstance completed that round of disobedience which the great Mufti considered a sufficient offence to secure Tom's destruction. For the first instalment of the great design, the Quadrantal mementos of brotherhood were *piously* withheld from Tom and his family, in the confident expectation that this mark of ecclesiastical displea-

sure would either humble him, or create the necessity for a heavier instalment of the Mufti's displeasure. Tom, not understanding the *pious* design upon him; would occasionally raise his voice in prayer and praise. This was too much, and must not be borne with; something further must be done, if possible. Tom, in the meantime, would occasionally pray, ticket or no ticket. But even this might not be sufficient to secure Tom's destruction. A turn at intellectual conception might generate the method to be pursued. The great Mufti then had recourse to that peculiar characteristic of his sublime and inimitable science of government—the creating and letting of crackers. Circumstances were quite favorable to the consummation of the design, so much so, that the Mufti, with all his ingenuity and scheming, could not see that there was a possibility of failure. This Quadrantal Synod would soon meet, and then he would commence operations.

The Synod met in the divinity apartment of the ecclesiastical residence. In connection with the regular business of the Synod, his reverence very adroitly introduced the name of Tom, and went on to state several things injurious to his reputation. And amongst other things, he stated that, while Tom had been living in that foreign country, his conduct had been so bad that he had kept the Moslem society there in a continual state of agitation and strife, with many other words of like import; and that he had received this information from a local Mufti who was some months before in the country, in company with Tom, and who, after calling upon his reverence in company with Tom, had remained at his sanctum for about an hour, much to his annoyance, and told him these things about Tom, repeating his *pious* assertions in connection with other equally *pious* remarks, in such manner as he conceived would best injure Tom's reputation; and which was received by the *pious* ones of the Synod as something fully equal, if not superior, to the teachings of the Koran. Old Stubborn was present at the Synod, and knew, from unmistakeable circumstances, that the statement the great Mufti made against Tom in connection with the said local Mufti, could not, by possibility, have a particle of any ingredient in it than an out and out wilfully-made cracker of the first magnitude; but, knowing that his own destruction had been determined upon, made no remarks. Some one of the Synod, who thought that such a time and place was not the right place or time for a preacher of righteousness to libel and slander an innocent and absent man, informed Tom of what had transpired at the Synod.

Tom was much agitated at the intelligence, and declared that the Mufti had manufactured a whole cracker, and that he could prove his assertion to be true. Tom then wrote to the said local Mufti, who answered him from that foreign country, stating in the most positive manner that he had never spoken to the great Mufti but in the presence of Tom, and that he had not made use of the language attributed to him, for that he had never thought of such a thing. Not only so, but that the statement made by the great Mufti was a *tee-total cracker*; and accompanied his letter with an affidavit to the same effect, which he had solemnly made before a legal squire of that foreign country.

On the receipt of these papers, Tom made a formal complaint to the Chief District Mufti, charging the great Mufti with manufacturing, and telling off crackers, without having a legal right to do so. The chief District Mufti received the charge, and entered into correspondence with Tom, and directed him how to shape his complaint, and promised to attend to it, and put the great Mufti on his trial in the manner laid down in the ecclesiastical statutes. While the District Mufti was thus corresponding with Tom, with every appearance of frankness and fair play, he accepted of a charge against Tom made by the great Mufti for the very thing which Tom had complained of,—and before Tom knew any thing of it he was brought up all standing by a notification by the District Mufti, to answer the complaint of the great Mufti for saying he had made a cracker and let it off.

Singular and unlawful as this proceeding was, the persecuted Tom had no redress. The game was played into the hands of the really guilty party, and Tom's right of complaint was ignored and trampled upon, and he, in fact, was put upon his trial for exercising that right, and by the authority of the very person who had promised Tom to put the other party upon his trial on Tom's complaint; and Tom was tried accordingly.

The trial commenced with due solemnity—and the great Mufti, in opening

for nearly half an hour, none of which had any connection with the case whatever, but was looked upon by the *pious* ones as of the greatest importance in securing Tom's condemnation. After the great Mufti had delivered himself of these slanders, he then proceeded to show that Tom had no right to charge him with manufacturing and telling off crackers, and repeated what he had said at the Quadrantal Synod against Tom: "That while Tom was living in that foreign country, his conduct was such that he had kept the Moslem society there in a continual state of agitation and strife—for that he had received this information from a local preacher of Moslemism, who was some months before in the country of the Embrio City, in company with Tom, and who had called upon him, in company with Tom, at the time above mentioned. That Tom left the divinity sanctum about an hour before the local Mufti did, and that while the local Mufti was with him in the absence of Tom, he had told him (the great Mufti) all these things about Tom," as above stated.

Tom, of course, contradicted the great Mufti, declaring that his statement was not true, for that he and the said local Mufti left the divinity sanctum together, and went direct from there to the office of Mr. Stubborn, who was preparing some writing for him; that he and the local Mufti were not separated from each other's company at all during the entire time they were in the Embrio City; that it was impossible for the local Mufti to have said such things to the great Mufti without its being said in his presence; that the local Mufti and he were particular personal friends, and were travelling together as such, and at his request; not only so, but he was an honest, truthful and pious man, and a person altogether incapable of such conduct. In proof of his assertions he laid upon the table the affidavit and letter above mentioned, stating to the chairman what their contents were, and desired him to read the papers. The chairman refused to read the papers or to accept them as evidence. Tom stated that if time had been given him, he should have produced the person of the local Mufti, and would have proved by him the untruthfulness of the local Mufti's statements. Whereupon the most *pious* Crabsnarl vociferated that if fifty men should come forward and prove the same thing that the letter and affidavit contained, he would not believe them; that he would believe the statement made by the great Mufti in preference to any number of persons. The Mufti reasserted his statement, and in the most positive and solemn manner, appealed to God in confirmation of what he had said, declaring that if it was the last words he had to speak, he could say, with the greatest assurance in the presence of God, that what he had stated was true; for that the local Mufti did positively stop at the divinity sanctum about an hour after Tom had left, and had made the remarks about Tom which he had stated.

Old Father Stubborn was called upon by Tom to testify what he knew about the matter; but he had not spoken a half dozen words before he was grossly insulted by the *pious* Crabsnarl. The chairman then rose and said that Father Stubborn was a respectable man, and he would not allow of such insolence to him by any one. Stubborn then went on with his testimony and proved that the slanders which the Mufti had uttered against Tom were altogether untrue. Just here the Mufti asked Stubborn if he thought he had invented the slanders. Stubborn said no, for the same falsehoods had been in circulation before the Mufti came to his charge, and as they had nothing to do with the matter before the committee, he (the Mufti) ought not to have reiterated the slanders there. Stubborn then referred to the statement made by the Mufti, and proved that Tom and his friend, the local Mufti, were, by an arrangement made the Saturday previous to their call at the divinity sanctum, to be at his office that forenoon to execute a nullification of a power of attorney by Tom; that some time in the forenoon, not far from 10½ or 11 o'clock, Tom and the local Mufti came together to his office, and stated, in answer, to his enquiry, that they had just come direct from the divinity establishment, and referred to some conversation they had with the Mufti. Here the *pious* Crabsnarl discovered that the weight of testimony was against the Mufti, and in strict accordance with his *chaste* mind, and disposition, and habits, again insulted Stubborn, and was checked for it by the chairman. Stubborn would not lower himself to pay any attention to Crabsnarl, or to what he said. Judge Simple was acting the Recorder at this great trial, and he, too, seeing the nature of the evidence Stubborn was giving,

also insulted him; but Stubborn replied to him rather tartly, and the insult was not repeated. The great Mufti cross-questioned Stubborn very cautiously, taking good care not to ask Stubborn if he thought he would make and tell a cracker. Stubborn purposely shaped some of his answers so as to induce the Mufti to ask him if he thought he would make a cracker, intending, if he put such a question, to remind him of some five or six point blank crackers he had not only manufactured, but vended them—telling them off. But the Mufti was on his guard. It was self-evident to all present, that Stubborn was perfectly satisfied that the Mufti had deliberately made a first-rate cracker with the intent to injure Tom. Stubborn has repeatedly been heard to say that he looked upon the conduct and assertions of the Mufti on that occasion as most indecorous and blasphemous, calling upon God to bear witness to a cracker as being true. Tom was so overcome at the sight that he became dumb and almost speechless, knowing as he did that every word the Mufti said in the matter was nothing but a whole batch of crackers, and knowing, also, that if the District Mufti had not deceived him, he would have proved the Mufti's guilt, and put a stop to his progress in cracker making to the injury of innocent men.

Now, any judicious body of men, uninfluenced by the clap-trap popularity of the Mufti, would have pronounced him guilty of making a cracker, or at least have given him credit for it in the rendering of their verdict. For, according to the established and known principles of jurisprudence, the statement of one party being flatly contradicted by the other party, leaves the matter in dispute between them, as though nothing had been said by either. But when there is a preponderance of evidence in favour of one of the parties in controversy, that party has lawful right to a verdict in his favour. In this case the great Mufti's statement was contradicted by Tom, and so far they were legally even; and Tom's case was sustained by the independent evidence of Stubborn. Although Stubborn's evidence was only circumstantial, yet it was that kind of circumstantial evidence which could not be mistaken. And, although the affidavit of the Local Mufti was not received, Tom was, nevertheless, according to usage and law, entitled to a verdict in his favour.

The case involved higher interests than mere legal, technical quibbling about evidence. It involved the highest interests of society, next to life itself. The moral and religious characters of the parties were at stake; one a minister of religion of high pretensions, and looked upon by *his party* as almost immaculate; the other a layman of irreproachable character, by those who best knew him. The case then should have undergone the closest scrutiny; the said affidavit should have been read, for it was the affidavit of a man of good standing in the community where he resided; he was, in fact, a minister of religion, although in a local capacity. This information being obtained, the entire proceedings should have been held in suspense until Tom had time given to produce the person of the Local Mufti; and Tom should have been allowed to continue his action against the Mufti, until a full and impartial investigation could be had. The cause of God and truth required it. But instead of that, the avenues by which the whole truth could be legally brought to bear on the case were closed up, and what truth had been given in evidence was rejected, and an untruthful decision given. Tom was, as a matter of course, found guilty, and required to make an apology to the Mufti, on pain of excommunication from the congregation of the faithful. In plain truth, it was demanded of him to dishonor himself by telling a lie, in order to save harmless the man he had justly and truthfully complained of.

Judge Simple was scribe upon the occasion, and, in drawing up the important decision—and right in the face of what is here recorded, and of every other fact before the committee—he introduced language to this effect, namely, "That the committee, in inquiring into the complaint against Tom, had *incidentally* inquired into the nature of Tom's complaint against the great Mufti, and had found it to be utterly without foundation." These may not be the exact words of that part of that important document, but they are identically the same in meaning—and positively untrue—for Tom's complaint against the Mufti was the foundation and gist of the whole proceeding; and, instead of its being *incidentally* inquired into, the Mufti, in stating his case, made Tom's complaint

learned judge could so compromise his own reputation and standing as to descend to such littleness and *piety*, Stubborn declared it to be beyond his comprehension to understand, only on the ground of the great Mufti's popularity-fog having so bewildered him as to render him incapable of correct thought and action. To be sure, "What shall we do when he leaves us?"

The said local Mufti came to the said Embrio city shortly after the great Mufti had left his charge there, and declared to Stubborn that the statements made by the great Mufti were altogether untrue; that the matter was as he had stated it to be in his said affidavit, and as Tom and Stubborn had stated.

In Stubborn's opinion this transaction is one of the most deliberate acts of untruthfulness, and determination of purpose, to injure and destroy an innocent pious man, that the history of infamy records, and how men possessed of common sense can be made the dupes of such intrigues, is to him amongst the incomprehensibles, only on the ground of their having for the time being lost their senses. Some of the men who sat on that committee were unquestionably befogged by the Mufti's great popularity and self-conceited twaddle. As for Crabsnarl, he understood the matter, and was in his element. The game played was so congenial with his feelings and *propriety* of things, that he could hardly be kept quiet. His *cultivated* mind had to give expression to his *delicate* feelings a number of times during the important investigation. And the whole transaction is in exact accordance with all that is related of the great Mufti's ecclesiastical doings in the former chapters of this legend.

The great question now, is, will the Almighty approve of the transaction? Will He not rather visit the whole posse of persecutors with some signal marks of His displeasure? The injured wait with patience and faith, believing in a just and retributive providence—knowing that the Lord is not slack concerning His promises.

CONCLUDING REMARKS BY THE TRANSLATOR.

A few years after the occurrences mentioned in this legend had transpired, the local Mufti removed from the foreign country, and settled down in the neighborhood of the Embrio City—and what is most remarkable in the events of Providence, he is at this time a member of that same Quadrantal Synod. He still adheres to his first statement, that he never made any remarks to the great Mufti about Tom—not only so, but that he never had the honor of a peep at that ecclesiastical dignitary, but in the presence of Tom, and that at the time referred to, he and Tom left the divinity sanctum together. It is a pity that a judicious enquiry into the matter cannot be had; for there can be no doubt but the result would be to elevate the great Mufti to that pinnacle of fame which his religious tactics and extraordinary cunning deserves.

The next legend will give the details of the extraordinary manipulation which the estate of Mr. Cockadoodle underwent as the result of the great Mufti's teaching, and Mr. Sanctity's consequent growth in *piety*. It will also give the details of Mr. Crabsnarl's new method of Mosque trustee book-keeping.

