

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