

trial even started to spread among some of the people i do business with, and especially my relations, so i was being made to suffer in many different ways but there was still not the slightest sign that even the first hearing would take place soon. so i went to the lawyer and complained about it. he explained it all to me at length, but refused to do anything i asked for, no one has any influence on the way the trial proceeds, he said, to try and insist on it in any of the documents submitted like i was asking was simply unheard of and would do harm to both him and me. i thought to myself: what this lawyer cant or wont do another lawyer will. so i looked round for other lawyers. and before you say anything: none of them asked for a definite date for the main trial and none of them got one, and anyway, apart from one exception which ill talk about in a minute, it really is impossible, thats one thing this lawyer didnt mislead me about; but besides, i had no reason to regret turning to other lawyers. perhaps youve already heard how dr. huld talks about the petty lawyers, he probably made them sound very contemptible to you, and hes right, they are contemptible. but when he talks about them and compares them with himself and his colleagues theres a small error running through what he says, and, just for your interest, ill tell you about it. when he talks about the lawyers he mixes with he sets them apart by calling them the great lawyers. thats wrong, anyone can call himself great if he wants to, of course, but in this case only the usage of the court can make that distinction. you see, the court says that besides the petty lawyers there are also minor lawyers and great lawyers. this one and his colleagues are only minor lawyers, and the difference in rank between them and the great lawyers, boyce you may see to this day, the rector and foundation of cullerne minster copies. mr sharnall loved the great boyce, with its parchment paper and largest of large margins. he loved the crisp sound of the leaves as he turned them, and he loved the old world clefts that he could read nine staves at a time as easily as a short score. he looked at the weekly list to check his memory awake up my glory wise. no, it was in volume three instead of two; he had taken down the wrong volume a stupid mistake for one who knew the copy so well. how the rough calf backs were crumbling away the rusty red leather dust had come off on his coat sleeves; he really was not fit to be seen, and he took some minutes more to brush it all off. so it was that canon parkyn chafed at being kept waiting in the clergy vestry, and greeted mr sharnall on his appearance with a certain tartness: i wish you could be a little quicker when you are sent for. i am particularly busy just now, and you have kept me waiting a quarter of an hour at least. as this was precisely what mr sharnall had intended to do, he took no umbrage at the rectors remarks, but merely said: pardon me; scarcely so long as a quarter of an hour, i think. well, do not let us waste words. what i wanted to tell you was that it has been arranged for the lord bishop of carisbury to hold a confirmation in the minster on the eighteenth of next month, at three oclock in the afternoon. we must have a full musical service, and i shall be glad if you will submit a sketch of what you propose for my approval. there is one point to which i must call your attention particularly. as his lordship walks up the nave, we must have a becoming march on the organ not any of this old fashioned stuff of which i have had so often to complain, but something really dignified and with tune sleeping so many minutes instead of days, i thought again directly of my quails. in their last fight my best cock had severely handled handsome nikanders, and yet he wanted to dispute the stakes with me, but i would assert my rights at least the quails should fight again, and if nikander should refuse i would force him to fight me with his fists in the palaestra, and give him a blue reminder of his debt on the eye. my hands were still weak, and yet i clenched them as i thought of the vexatious affair. i will punish him, i muttered to myself. then i heard the door of the room open, and i saw three men respectfully approaching a fourth. he greeted them with dignity, but yet with friendliness, and rolled up a scroll which he had been reading, i would have called out, but i could not open my parched lips, and yet i saw and heard all that was going on around me in the room. it all seemed strange enough to me then; even the mans mode of greeting was unusual. i soon perceived that he who sat in the chair was a judge, and that the others had come as complainants; they were all three old and poor, but some good