A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER I. FIVE YEARS LATER.

Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heaven!

Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson's. In this respect, the house was much on a par with the Country; which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable, but were only the more respectable.

Thus it had come to pass, that Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet-street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper, and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing the House, you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a misspent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight.

Your money came out of, or went into, wormy old wooden drawers, particles of which flew up your nose and down your throat when they were opened and shut. Your bank-notes had a musty odour, as if they were fast decomposing into rags again. Your plate was stowed away among the neighbouring cesspools, and evil communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two. Your deeds got into extemporised strong-rooms made of kitchens and sculleries, and fretted all the fat out of their parchments into the banking-house air. Your lighter boxes of family papers went up-stairs into a Barmecide room, that always had a great dining-table in it and never had a dinner, and where, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty, the first letters written to you by your old love, or by your little children, were but newly released from the horror of being ogled through the windows, by the heads exposed on Temple Bar with an insensate brutality and ferocity worthy of Abyssinia or Ashantee.

But, indeed, at that time, putting to Death was a recipe much in vogue with all trades and professions, and not least of all with Tellson's. Death is Nature's remedy for idl things, and why not Legislation's? Accordingly, the forger was put to Death; the utterer of a bad note was put to Death; the unlawful opener of a letter was put to Death; the coiner of a bad shilling was put to Death; the sounders of three-fourths of the notes in the whole gamut of Crime, were put to Death. Not that it did the least good in the way of prevention—it might almost have been worth remarking that the fact was exactly the reverse—but, it cleared off (as to this world) the trouble of each particular case, and left nothing else connected with it to be looked after. Thus, Tellson's, in its day, like greater places of business, its contemporaries, had taken so many lives, that, if the heads laid low before it had been ranged on Temple Bar instead of being privately disposed of, they would probably have excluded what little light the ground floor had, in a rather significant manner.

Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards and hutches at Tellson's, the oldest of men carried on...
in manner—standing side by side, both reflected
in the glass above them.

An hour and a half limped heavily away in the
thief-and-rascal-crowded passages below, even
though assisted off with mutton pies and ale.
The hoarse messenger, uncomfortably seated on
a form after taking that reflection, had dropped
into a doze, when a loud murmur and a rapid
throng of people setting up the stairs that led to
the court, carried him along with them.

"Jerry! Jerry!" Mr. Lorry was already
calling at the door when he got there.

"Here, sir! It's a fight to get back again.

Here I am, sir?"

Mr. Lorry handed him a paper through the
throng. "Quick! Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir."

Hastily written on the paper was the word
"ACQUITTED."

"If you had sent the message, 'Recalled to
Life,' again," muttered Jerry, as he turned, "I
should have known what you meant, this time."

He had no opportunity of saying, or so much
as thinking, anything else, until he was clear of
the Old Bailey; for, the crowd came pouring out
with a vehemence that nearly took him off his
legs, and a loud buzz swept into the street as if
the bated blue-fies were dispersing in search
of other carrion.

THE CONFESSOR'S HAND-BOOK.

Are we to confess, or not to confess, our sins
and failings to the Rev. Francis Clifford? That is
the question: or rather, one of the numerous ques-
tions, to which that earnest gentleman's recent
appointment to the rectory and cure of souls in
our parish, has given rise. We are all in hot
water on the subject, down at Mickleham Regis,
and a very regrettable amount of acrimonious
feeling has been developed among us. The Rev.
Simeon Surtis, vicar of Mickleham Parva, the
adjoining parish, holds the practice in question
and is known to look with a jaundiced eye
upon the Old Bailey; for, the crowd came pouring out
with a vehemence that nearly took him off his
legs, and a loud buzz swept into the street as if
the bated blue-fies were dispersing in search
of other carrion.

Nor am I competent to decide, at all events
for others, on so important a matter. So,
being determined to obtain the best means
towards the formation of a rational opinion on
the real merits of the practice, I resolved on
writing to an old friend in Italy, to beg him to
get for me any book or books which should best
show the real practical working of the Confes-
sional, in a country where it enters into the
ordinary daily life and habits of the people,
and has become a constant constituent element
in the formation of the national character.

My friend executed my commission in a satis-
factory manner, by sending me a little Manual
used throughout the dioceses of a large part of
Italy for the instruction of Confessors in the duty
of the Confessional. I have studied the little book
with care, and, as the authority of my informa-
tion is unquestionable, as I am conscious that I
brought no overweening partisan prejudices to
the inquiry, and, lastly, as I have been no little
surprised as well as enlightened by my study of
the HANDBOOK FOR CONFESSORS, I have thought
that I should do well to communicate some of
my discoveries to the English public.

The book in question, then, is a small duo-
decimo volume, of some three hundred and fifty
pages, by "AGOSTINO VALENTINI, A BENEDICTINE
MONK," printed at Florence in 1858, and stated
in the title-page to be "FOR THE SPECIAL USE
OF SUCH AS ARE TO BE EXAMINED FOR THE HEARING
OF SACRAMENTAL CONFESSIONS."

The first thing that my study of it made mani-
fest to me, was the absolute necessity of some
such work for the use of priests who have to
enter the Confessional-box. (Readers who have
ever been in a continental church will remember
the little boxes with a closed centre compart-
ment for the priest to sit in, hidden from obser-
vation, and furnished on either side with kneel-
ning accommodation for the penitents, who are to
mutter their communications through a little
grated opening in the partition which separates
them from the Confessor.) The duty of those
licensed by superior ecclesiastical authority to
hear confessions, is by no means, as I had fanci-
ed, of that simple kind, for which some know-
ledge of human nature, and a large and kindly
sympathy with its frailties, might be deemed a
sufficient preparation. Just as well might an
attorney be supposed to be duly educated for the
business of his profession by an abstract reve-
rence for the principles of justice, and the posses-
sion of personal integrity! He requires, on the
contrary, as we all know, a learned knowledge of
the science of law, and considerable training in
the technicalities and specialities of his craft.
Quite as technical and as special, it seems, is
the preparatory study of the Confessor. And
just as any professional ignorance of his busi-
ness on the part of the attorney whom we con-
sult, may lead us into some error fatal to some
part of our goods and chattels: so, an imperfect
knowledge of his craft in a man's Confessor,
may, according to the Catholic system, lead him
into a perilous position as regards his pros-
spects in a future life.
the business gravely. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like a cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavour and blue-mould upon him. Then only was he permitted to be seen, spectacularly poring over large books, and casting his breeches and gaiters into the general weight of the establishment.

Outside Tellson's—never by any means in it, unless called in—was an odd-job-man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son: a grisy urchin of twelve, who was his express image. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, took the odd-job-man. The house had always tolerated some person in that capacity, and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. His surname was Cruncher, and on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness, in the easterly parish church of Houndsditch, he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

The scene, was Mr. Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging-sword-alley, Whitefriars; the time, half-past seven of the clock on a windy March morning, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty. (Mr. Cruncher himself always spoke of the year of our Lord as Anna Dominoes: apparently under the impression that the Christian era dated from the invention of a popular game, by a lady who had bestowed her name upon it.)

Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a savoury neighbourhood, and were but two in number, even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one. But, they were very decently kept. Early as it was, on the windy March morning, the room in which he lay a-bed was already scrubbed throughout; and between the cups and saucers arranged for breakfast, and the lumbering deal table, a very clean white cloth was spread.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a Harlequin at home. At first, he slept heavily, but, by degrees, began to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface, with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons. At which the person referred to exclaimed, in a voice of dire exasperation:

"Bust me, if she ain't at it agin!"

A woman of orderly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner, with sufficient haste and trepidation to show that she was the person referred to.

"What!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking out of bed for a boot. "You're at it agin, are you?"

After hailed the morn with this second salutation, he threw a boot at the woman as a third. It was a very muddy boot, and may introduce the odd circumstance connected with Mr. Cruncher's domestic economy, that, whereas he often came home after banking hours with clean boots, he often got up next morning to find the same boots covered with clay.

"What," said Mr. Cruncher, varying his apostrophe after missing his mark—"what are you up to, Aggerawayter?"

"I was only saying my prayers," said the woman, "saying your prayers. You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying again me?"

"I was not praying against you; I was praying for you."

"You weren't. And if you were, I won't be took the liberty with. Here! your mother's a nice woman, young Jerry, going a praying agin your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother, you have, my son. You've got a religious mother, you have, my boy: going and flopping had any of you; and praying that the bread-and-butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child!"

Master Cruncher (who was in his shirt) took this very ill, and, turning to his mother, strongly deprecated any praying away of his personal board.

"And what do you suppose, you conceited female," said Mr. Cruncher, with unconscious inconsistency, "that the worth of your prayers may be? Name the price that you put your prayers at!"

"They only come from the heart, Jerry. They are worth no more than that."

"Worth no more than that," repeated Mr. Cruncher. "They ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it. I'm not a going to be made unlucky by your sneaking. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favour of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. If I had had any but a unnatural wife, and this poor boy had had any but a unnatural mother, I might have made some money last week, instead of being counterprayed and countermined and religiously circumwented into the worst of luck. Bu-u-ust me!" said Mr. Cruncher, who all this time had been putting on his clothes, "if I ain't, what with piety and one blowed thing and another, been choused this last week into as bad luck as ever a poor devil of a honest tradesman met with! Young Jerry, dress yourself, my boy, and while I clean my boots keep a eye upon your mother now and then, and if you see any signs of more flopping, give me a call. For, I tell you," here he addressed his wife once more, "I won't be gone agin, in this manner. I am as rickety as a hackney-coach, I'm as sleepy as baudum, my lines is strained to that degree that I shouldn't know, if it wasn't for the pain in 'em, which was me and which somebody else, yet I'm none the better for it in pocket; and it's my suspicion that you've been at it from morning to night to prevent me from being the better for it in pocket, and I won't put up with it, Aggerwayter, and what do you say now?"

Growling, in addition, such phrases as "Ah! yes! You're religious, too. You wouldn't put yourself in opposition to the interests of your
husband and child, would you? Not you!" and throwing off other sarcastic sparks from the whirling grindstone of his indignation, Mr. Cruncher betook himself to his boot-cleaning and his general preparations for business. In the mean time, his son, whose head was garnished with tender spikes, and whose young eyes stood close by one another, as his father's did, kept the required watch upon his mother. He greatly disturbed that poor woman at intervals, by darting out of his sleeping closet, where he made his toilet, with a suppressed cry of "You are going to flop, mother.—Halloa, father!" and, after raising this fictitious alarm, darting in again with an undutiful grin.

Mr. Cruncher's temper was not at all improved when he came to his breakfast. He resented Mr. Cruncher's saying Grace with particular animosity.

"Now, Aggercawayer! What are you up to? At it agin?"

His wife explained that she had merely "asked a blessing."

"Don't do it!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking about, as if he rather expected to see the loaf disappear under the efficacy of his wife's petitions. "I ain't going to be blast out of house and home. I won't have my wittles blast off my table. Keep still!"

Exceedingly red-eyed and grim, as if he had been up all night at a party which had taken anything but a convivial turn, Jerry Cruncher worried his breakfast rather than ate it, growling ever it like any four-footed inmate of a menagerie. Towards nine o'clock he smoothed his ruffled aspect, and, presenting as respectable a dogged manner. "I know Mr. Lorry, sir, much better than I know the Bailey. Much better," said Jerry, not unlike a reluctant witness at the establishment in question, "than I, as a honest tradesman, wish to know the Bailey."

"Very well. Find the door where the witnesses go in, and show the doorkeeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in."

"Into the court, sir?"

"Into the court."

Mr. Cruncher's eyes seemed to get a little closer to one another, and to interchange the inquiry, "What do you think of this?" "Am I to wait in the court, sir?" he asked, as the result of that conference.

"I am going to tell you. The doorkeeper will pass the note to Mr. Lorry, and do you make any gesture that will attract Mr. Lorry's attention, and show him where you stand. Then what you have to do is, to remain there until he wants you."

"Is that all, sir?"

"That's all. He wishes to have a messenger at hand. This is to tell him you are there."

As the ancient clerk deliberately folded and superscribed the note, Mr. Cruncher, after surveying him in silence until he came to the blotting-paper stage, remarked:

"I suppose they'll be trying Forgeries this morning?"

"Treason!"

"That's quartering," said Jerry. "Barbarous?"

"It is the law," remarked the ancient clerk, turning his surprised spectacles upon him, "it is the law."

"It's hard in the law to spite a man, I think. It's hard enough to kill him, but it's very hard to spite him, sir."
"Not at all," returned the ancient clerk. "Speak well of the law. Take care of your chest and voice, my good friend, and leave the law to take care of itself. I give you that advice."

"It's the damp, sir, what settles on my chest and voice," said Jerry. "I leave you to judge what a damp way of earning a living mine is."

"Well, well," said the old clerk; "we all have our various ways of gaining a livelihood. Some of us have damp ways, and some of us have dry ways. Here is the letter. Go along."

Jerry took the letter, and, remarking to himself with less internal deference than he made an outward show of, "You are a lean old one, too," made his bow, informed his son, in passing, of his destination, and went his way.

They hanged at Tyburn, in those days, so the street outside Newgate had not obtained one infamous notoriety that has since attached to it. But, the gaol was a vile place, in which most kinds of debauchery and villany were practised, and where dire diseases were bred; that came into court with the prisoners, and sometimes rushed straight from the dock at my Lord Chief Justice himself, and pulled him off the bench. It had more than once happened, that the judge in wigs: not far from a wigged gentleman, the prisoner's counsel, who had a great bundle of papers before him; and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention, when Mr. Cruncher looked at him then or afterwards, seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court.

"What's he got to do with the case?" asked the man he had spoken with.

"Blest if I know," said Jerry. "What have you got to do with it, then, if a person may inquire?"

"Blest if I know that, either," said Jerry.

The entrance of the Judge, and a consequent great stir and settling-down in the court, stopped the dialogue. Presently, the dock gaolers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in, and put to the bar.

Everybody present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him. All the human breath in the place, rolled at him, like a sea, or a wind, or a fire. Eager faces strained round pillars and corners, to get a sight of him; spectators in back rows stood up, not to miss a hair of him; people on the floor of the court, laid their hands on the shoulders of the people before them, to help themselves, at anybody's cost, to a view of him—stood a tiptoe, got upon ledges, stood upon next to nothing, to see every inch of him. Conspicuous among these latter, like an animated bit of the spiked wall of Newgate, Jerry stood; aiming at the prisoner the beery breath of a whet he had taken as he came along, and discharging it to mingle with the waves of other beer, and
giu, and tea, and coffee, and what not, that
flowed at him, and already broke upon the
great windows behind him in an impure mist
and rain.

The object of all this staring and blaring, was
a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-
grown and well-looking, with a sunburnt check
and a dark eye. His condition was that of a
young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in
black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was
long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the
back of his neck; more to be out of his way than
for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will
express itself through any covering of the body,
so the paleness which his situation engendered
came through the brown upon his cheek, show-
ing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He
was otherwise quite self-possessed, bowed to the
Judge, and stood quiet.

The sort of interest with which this man was
stared and breathed at, was not a sort that ele-
vated humanity. Had he stood in peril of a less
horrible sentence—had there been a chance of
any one of its savage details being spared—by
just so much would he have lost in his fascina-
tion, and so arrived circuitously at the under-
terms bristled, made out with huge satisfac-
tion. The form that was to be doomed to be so
shamefully mangled, was the sight; the immortal
creature that was to be so butchered and torn
asunder, yielded the sensation. Whatever gloss
the various spectators put upon the interest,
according to their several arts and powers of
self-deceit, the interest was, at the root of it,
Ogreish.

Silence in the court! Charles Darnay had
yesterday pleaded Not Guilty to an indictment
against what side?

" For which side?"

"Against."

"Against what side?"

"The prisoner’s."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

The accused, who was (and who knew he was)
being mentally hanged, beheaded, and quartered,
by everybody there, neither flinched from the
situation, nor assumed any theatrical air in it.
He was quiet and attentive; watched the opening
proceedings with a grave interest; and stood
with his hands resting on the slab of wood before
him, so composedly, that they had not displaced a
leaf of the herbs with which it was strewn. The
court was all bestrewn with herbs and sprinkled
with vinegar, as a precaution against gaol air
and gaol fever.

Of the prisoner’s head, there was a mirror, to
throw the light down upon him. Crowds of the
wicked and the wretched had been reflected in
it, and had passed from its surface and this
earth’s together. Haunted in a most ghastly
manner that abominable place would have been,
if the glass could ever have rendered back its re-
flexions, as the ocean is one day to give up its
death. Some passing thought of the infancy
and disgrace and wretchedness which it had been. When this ex-

The spectators saw in the two figures, a young
lady of little more than twenty, and a gentleman
who was evidently her father; a man of a very
remarkable appearance in respect of the absolute
whiteness of his hair, and a certain indescribable
intensity of face: not of an active kind, but
pondering and self-communing. When this ex-
pression was upon him, he looked as if he were
old; but, when it was stirred and broken up—as it
was now, in a moment, on his speaking to his
daughter—he became a handsome man, not past
the prime of life.

His daughter had one of her hands drawn
through his arm, as she sat by him, and the other
pressed upon it. She had drawn close to him,
in her dread of the scene, and in her pity for the
prisoner. Her forehead had been strikingly ex-
posed to the said French Lewis, and wickedly, falsely,
triumphed in his victory, in a manner that abominable
place would have been, if the glass could ever have
rendered back its reflections, as the ocean is one
day to give up its dead. Some passing thought of
the infancy and disgrace and wretchedness which
it had been. When this expression was upon
him, he looked as if he were old; but, when it was
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being mentally hanged, beheaded, and quartered,
by everybody there, neither flinched from the
situation, nor assumed any theatrical air in it.
He was quiet and attentive; watched the opening
proceedings with a grave interest; and stood
with his hands resting on the slab of wood before
him, so composedly, that they had not displaced a
direction, recalled them, leaned back in his seat and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

GOOD QUALITIES OF GOUT.

WHEN I say gout, I don't mean rheumatism. A variety of endeavours have been made to define the difference between gout and rheumatism. Thus: Gout is rich man's rheumatism, and rheumatism is poor man's gout; which is good only as a figure of speech. Another: Put your toe in a vice; turn the screw till you can bear the pain no longer; that's rheumatism. Give the screw one turn more; that's gout. In every respect, gout takes precedence. Just as, grammatically speaking, the masculine gender is "more worthy" than the feminine, and the feminine more worthy than the neuter (I should think so!) so is gout more worthy than rheumatism, and rheumatism more worthy than the low, vagabond pains and aches which John Kemble sought to dignify by calling them Hs.

Rheumatic gout may be assumed to be no real gout at all, but either pure rheumatism or rheumatic fever. There is no such thing as gouty rheumatism; which is simply a contradiction of terms. It is possible, however, for gout and rheumatism to be co-resident in the same patient, just as it is possible for a white man and a black man to be fellow-lodgers in the same boarding-house, on this side of the Atlantic. Gout is strictly confined to the joints; rheumatism has no objection to a sojourn amongst the muscles. For instance, it will play tricks with your intercostal (mid-rib) muscles, frightening you with false terrors of heart disease. Gout will bring his boot and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

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Rheumatic gout may be assumed to be no real gout at all, but either pure rheumatism or rheumatic fever. There is no such thing as gouty rheumatism; which is simply a contradiction of terms. It is possible, however, for gout and rheumatism to be co-resident in the same patient, just as it is possible for a white man and a black man to be fellow-lodgers in the same boarding-house, on this side of the Atlantic. Gout is strictly confined to the joints; rheumatism has no objection to a sojourn amongst the muscles. For instance, it will play tricks with your intercostal (mid-rib) muscles, frightening you with false terrors of heart disease. Gout will bring his boot and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

WHEN I say gout, I don't mean rheumatism. A variety of endeavours have been made to define the difference between gout and rheumatism. Thus: Gout is rich man's rheumatism, and rheumatism is poor man's gout; which is good only as a figure of speech. Another: Put your toe in a vice; turn the screw till you can bear the pain no longer; that's rheumatism. Give the screw one turn more; that's gout. In every respect, gout takes precedence. Just as, grammatically speaking, the masculine gender is "more worthy" than the feminine, and the feminine more worthy than the neuter (I should think so!) so is gout more worthy than rheumatism, and rheumatism more worthy than the low, vagabond pains and aches which John Kemble sought to dignify by calling them Hs.

Gout introduces you to a variety of new sensations and new ideas which otherwise would be closed to you; and consequently enlarges your views of life. You have heard of the village torture-boots of the Inquisitors and others, but you have never seen nor felt one. Gout will bring his boot and draw it up tight as far as your knee; next, he will drive in some heated wedges, tapping them constantly with a nice little hammer, to prevent your forgetting they are there, till at last you lose your dignity, and shout aloud. When the performance is over, and Gout's boot is taken off, your late experiment suggests the remark, "I could not have believed
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER III. A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mr. Attorney-General had to inform the jury, that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That, it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That, if it were in the nature of traitorous ways to thrive (which, happily, it never was), the real wickedness and guilt of his business might have remained undiscovered. That, Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and most honourable Privy Council. That, this patriot would be produced before them. That, his position and attitude were, on the whole, sublime. That, he had been the prisoner's friend, but, at once in an auspicious and an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom, on the sacred altar of his country. That, if statues were decreed in Britain, as in ancient Greece and Rome, to public benefactors, this shining citizen would assuredly have had one. That, as they were not so decreed, he called with confidence on the jury to come and do likewise. That, the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. That, these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting; but that it was all the same; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That, the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions, within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That, for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), and being a responsible jury (as they knew they were), must positively find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not. That, there never could be, for them or theirs, any laying of heads upon their pillows; that, they never could tolerate the notion of their children laying their heads upon their pillows; in short, that there never more could be, for them or theirs, any laying of heads upon pillows at all, unless the prisoner's head was taken off. That head Mr. Attorney-General concluded by demanding of them, in the name of everything he could think of with a round turn in it, and on the faith of his solemn assurance that he already considered the prisoner as good as dead and gone.

When the Attorney-General ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blue-flies were swarming about the prisoner, in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When it toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box.
Mr. Solicitor-General then, following his leader's lead, examined the patriot: John Barsad, gentleman, by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr. Attorney-General had described it to be—perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of honesty, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite, still looked at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it? No business of anybody's. Had he inherited it? Yes, he had. From whom? Distant relation. Very distant? Rather. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtors' prison? Didn't see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtors' prison?—Come, once again. Never? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Of what profession? Gentleman. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked down stairs? Decidedly not; once, over and over again, the kid of the top of a staircase, and fell down stairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Swear it was not true? Positively. Ever live by cheating at play? Never. Ever live by play? Not more than other gentlemen do. Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? No. Was not this intimacy with the prisoner, in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packets? No. Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists? Certain. Knew no more about the lists? No. Had not procured them himself, for instance? No. Expect to get anything by this evidence? No. Not in regular government pay and employment, to lay traps? Oh dear no. Or to do anything? Oh dear no. Swear that? Over and over again. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism? None whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case at a great rate. He had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity, four years ago. He had asked the prisoner, aboard the Calais packet, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner had engaged him. He had not asked the prisoner to take the handy fellow as an act of charity—never thought of such a thing. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner, and to keep an eye upon him, soon afterwards. In arranging his clothes, while travelling, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen at Calais, and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne. He loved his country, and couldn't bear it, and had given information. He had never been suspected of stealing a silver teapot; he had been maligncd respecting a mustard-pot, but it turned out to be only a plated one. He had known the last witness seven or eight years; that was merely a coincidence. He didn't call it a particularly curious coincidence; most coincidences were curious. Neither did he call it a curious coincidence that true patriotism was his only motive too. He was a true Briton, and hoped there were many like him.

The blue-fizzed buzzed again, and Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's bank?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

"Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

"They did."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

"Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been—like myself—timorous of highwaymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr. Lorry?"

"I certainly have seen that."

"Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterwards, and, at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet-ship in which I returned, and made the voyage with me."

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"At a little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour?"
"He happened to be the only one."
"Never mind about 'having,'" Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night."
"He was.""Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"
"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."
"They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"
"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa, almost from shore to shore."
"Miss Manette!

The young lady, to whom all eyes had been turned before, and were now turned again, stood up where she had sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the staring on, could, for the moment, nerve him to remain quite still. His hurried efforts to control and steady his breathing, his efforts to control and steady his breathing, shook the lips from which the colour rushed to his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"
"Yes, sir."
"Why?"
"On board of the packet-ship just now referred to, sir, and on the same occasion."

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"
"O! most unhappily, I am!"

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the Judge, as he said, something fiercely: "Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?"
"Yes, sir."
"Recall it."

In the midst of a profound stillness, she faintly began:

"When the gentleman came on board—?"
"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the Judge, knitting his brows.
"Yes, my Lord."
"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father, turning her eyes lovingly to him as he stood beside her, was much fatigued and in a state of health. My father was so reduced, that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the deck near the cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night, but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbour. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"
"No."
"How many were with him?"
"Two French gentlemen."
"Had they conferred together?"
"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"
"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."

"Like these in shape and size?"
"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me: because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there; it was a dull lamp, and they spoke very low, and I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at papers."

"Now, to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette."

"The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me—which arose out of my helpless situation—as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," bursting into tears, "I may not repay him for doing him harm to-day."

Buzzing from the blue-flies.

"Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give—which you must give—and which you cannot escape from giving—with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on."

"He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days, taken him to France, and might, at intervals, take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come."

"Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular."

"He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. But there was no harm in his way of saying this: it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time."

Any strongly marked expression of face on the part of a chief actor in a scene of great interest to whom many eyes are directed, will be unconsciously imitated by the spectators. Her
forehead was painfully anxious and intent as she gave this evidence, and, in the pause when she stopped for the Judge to write it down, watched its effect upon the Counsel for and against. Among the lookers-on there was the same expression all over the faces of the court, insomuch, that a great majority of the foreheads there, might have been mirrors reflecting the witness, when the Judge looked up from his notes to glare at that tremendous heresy about George Washington.

Mr. Attorney-General now signified to my Lord, that he deemed it necessary, as a matter of precaution and form, to call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette. Who was called accordingly.

"Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you ever seen him before?"

"Once. When he called at my lodgings in London. Some three years, or three years and a half, ago."

"Can you identify him as your fellow-passenger on board the packet, or speak to his conversation with your daughter?"

"Sir, I can do neither."

"Is there any particular and special reason for your being unable to do either?"

"He answered, in a low voice, "There is."

"Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment, without trial, or even accusation, in your native country, Doctor Manette?"

"He answered, in a tone that went to every heart, "A long imprisonment."

"Were you newly released on the occasion in question?"

"They tell me so."

"Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

"None. My mind is a blank, from some time—I cannot even say what time—when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here. She had become familiar to me, when a gracious God restored my faculties; but, I am quite unable even to say how she had become familiar. I have no remembrance of the process."

Mr. Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down together.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand, being, to show that the prisoner went down, with some fellow-plotter untracked, in the Dover mail on that Friday night in November five years ago, and got out of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, but from which he travelled back some dozen miles or more, to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information; a witness was called to identify him as having been at the precise time required, in the coffee-room of an hotel in that garrison-and-dockyard town, waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness with no result, except that he had never seen the prisoner on any other occasion, when the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again you are quite sure that it was the prisoner?"

The witness was quite sure.

"Did you ever see anybody very like the prisoner?"

Not so like (the witness said), as that he could be mistaken.

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend there," pointing to him who had tossed the paper over, "and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other?"

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise, not only the witness, but everybody present, when they were thus brought into comparison. My Lord being prayed to bid my learned friend lay aside his wig, and giving no very gracious consent, the likeness became much more remarkable. My Lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel), whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (name of my learned friend) for treason? But, Mr. Stryver replied to my Lord, no; but he would ask the witness to tell him whether what happened once, might happen twice; whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner; whether he would be so confident, having seen it; and more. The upshot of which, was, to smash this witness like a crockery vessel, and shiver his part of the case to useless lumber.

Mr. Cruncher had by this time taken quite a lunch of rust off his fingers, in his following of the evidence. He had now to attend while Mr. Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on the jury, like a compact suit of clothes; showing them how the patriot, Barsad, was a hired spy and traitor, an unblushing traitor in blood, and one of the greatest scoundrels upon earth since accursed Judas—which he certainly did look rather like. How the virtuous servant, Cly, was his friend and partner, and was worthy to be; how the watchful eyes of those forgers and false swearers had rested on the prisoner as a victim, because some family affairs in France, he being of French extraction, did require his making those passages across the Channel—though what those affairs were, a consideration for others who were near and dear to him, forbade him, even for his life, to disclose. How the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady, whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed, came to nothing, involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young gentleman and young lady so thrown together:—with the exception of that reference to George Washington, which was altogether too extravagant and impossible, to be regarded in any other light than as a monstrous joke. How it
would be a weakness in the government to break down in this attempt to practise for popularity on the lowest national antipathies and fears, and therefore Mr. Attorney-General had made the most of it; how, nevertheless, it rested upon nothing, save that vile and infamous character of evidence too often disfiguring such cases, and of which the State Trials of this country were full. But, there My Lord interposed (with as grave a face as if it had not been true), saying that he could not sit upon that Bench and suffer those allusions.

Mr. Stryver then called his few witnesses, and Mr. Cruncher had next to attend while Mr. Attorney-General turned the whole suit of clothes Mr. Stryver had flitted on the jury, inside out; showing how Barsad and Cly were even a hundred times worse. Mr. Stryver had turned the whole suit of clothes, now inside out, now outside in, but on the whole decidedly trimming and shaping them into grave-clothes for the prisoner.

And now, the jury turned to consider, and the great flies swarmed again.

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changed neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend, Mr. Stryver, massing his papers before him, whispered with those who sat near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury; while all the spectators moved more or less, and grouped themselves anew; while even My Lord himself arose from his seat, and slowly paced up and down his platform, not unattended by a suspicion in the minds of the audience that his state was feverish; this one man sat leaning back, with his torn gown half off him, his untidy wig put on just as it had happened to light on his head after its removal, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes on the ceiling as they had been all day. Something especially reckless in 'his demeanour, not only gave him a disreputable look, but so diminished the strong resemblance he undoubtedly bore to the prisoner (which his momentary earnestness, when they were compared together, had strengthened), that many of the lookers-on, taking note of him now, said to one another they would hardly have thought of having debated the point in his mind, and Mr. Carton made his way to the outside of the bar. The way out of court lay in that direction, and Jerry followed him, all eyes, cars, and spikes.

"How is the young lady?"

"She is greatly distressed; but her father is comforting her, and she feels the better for being out of court."

"I'll tell the prisoner so. It won't do for a respectable bank-gentleman like you, to be seen speaking to him publicly, you know."

"Mr. Lorry reddened, as if he were conscious of having debated the point in his mind, and Mr. Carton made his way to the outside of the bar. The way out of court lay in that direction, and Jerry followed him, all eyes, cars, and spikes.

"Mr. Darnay!"

The prisoner came forward directly.

"You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness, Miss Manette. She will do very well. You have seen the worst of her agitation."

"I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it. Could you tell her so for 'me, with my fervent acknowledgments?"

"Yes, I could. I will, if you ask it."

"Mr. Carton's manner was so careless as to be almost insolent. He stood, half turned from the prisoner, lounging with his elbow against the bar."

"I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks."

"What," said Carton, "still only half turned towards him, "do you 'expect, Mr. Darnay?"

"The worst."

"It's the wisest thing to expect, and the likeliest. But I think their withdrawing is in your favour."

Loitering on the way out of court not being allowed, Jerry heard no more; but left them—so like each other in feature, so unlike each other look which made him old, half been upon him, like a heavy cloud, ever since. As he passed out, the jury, who had turned back and paused a moment, spoke, through their foreman. They were not agreed, and wished to retire. My Lord (perhaps with George Washington on his mind) showed some surprise that they were not agreed, but signified his pleasure that they should retire under watch and ward, and retired himself. The trial had lasted all day, and the lamps in the court were now being lighted. It began to be rumoured that the jury would be out a long while. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock, and sat down.

Mr. Lorry, who had gone out when the young lady and her father went out, now reappeared, and beckoned to Jerry: who, in the slackened interest, could easily get near him.

"Jerry, if you wish to take something to eat, you can. But, keep in the way. You will be sure to hear when the jury come in. Don't be a moment behind them, for I want you to take the verdict back to the bank. You are the quickest messenger I know, and will get to Temple Bar long before I can."

Jerry had just enough forehead to knockle, and he knocked it in acknowledgment of his communication and a shilling. Mr. Carton came up at the moment, and touched Mr. Lorry on the arm.

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