

DICKENS'S
TALE OF
TWO CITIES



TIMM



Class PZ 3

Book 1155

Copyright N^o Ta

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT. 66



CHARLES DICKENS

At the beginning of his literary career. From the
portrait by his friend Maclise. Courtesy
of the National Gallery

Charles Dickens

DICKENS'S TALE *of* TWO CITIES

ABRIDGED AND MODIFIED BY
CAROLYN PULCIFER TIMM

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, STANFORD JUNIOR HIGH
SCHOOL, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

With Decorations by
NORMAN RICE



D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

BOSTON
ATLANTA

NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON

CHICAGO
DALLAS

130.

1929

HEATH'S GOLDEN KEY SERIES

*The following titles, among many others, are available
or in preparation:*

POETRY

ARNOLD'S SOHRAB AND RUSTUM AND OTHER POEMS
BROWNING'S SHORTER POEMS
FRENCH'S RECENT POETRY
GUINDON AND O'KEEFE'S JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
POETRY
MILTON'S SHORTER POEMS
SCOTT'S LADY OF THE LAKE
TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING

PZ 3
D55
Ta
66

FICTION

COOPER'S LAST OF THE MOHICANS
ELIOT'S SILAS MARNER
ELIOT'S MILL ON THE FLOSS
HAWTHORNE'S HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES
TALES FROM HAWTHORNE
DICKENS'S TALE OF TWO CITIES (*entire*)
DICKENS'S TALE OF TWO CITIES (*edited for rapid reading*)
SCOTT'S IVANHOE
SCOTT'S QUENTIN DURWARD
WILLIAMS AND LIEBER'S PANORAMA OF THE SHORT
STORY

OTHER TITLES

ADDISON AND STEELE'S SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY
PAPERS
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON (*selections*)
BURKE'S ON CONCILIATION
PHILLIPS AND GEISLER'S GLIMPSES INTO THE WORLD
OF SCIENCE
LOWELL'S A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION AND DEMOCRACY
(*with other essays on international good and bad will*)
MACAULAY'S JOHNSON
FRENCH AND GODKIN'S OLD TESTAMENT NARRATIVES
SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CAESAR
SHAKESPEARE'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

COPYRIGHT, 1929

BY D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

2 E 9

Printed in the United States of America

© Cl A 12102
SEP - 3 1929

This Edition of
A Tale of Two Cities
Is Affectionately Dedicated to
MY STUDENTS

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

WHEN I was acting, with my children and friends, in Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S drama of *The Frozen Deep*, I first conceived the main idea of this story. A strong desire was upon me then, to embody it in my own person; and I traced out in my fancy, the state of mind of which it would necessitate the presentation to an observant spectator, with particular care and interest.

As the idea became familiar to me, it gradually shaped itself into its present form. Throughout its execution, it has had complete possession of me; I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages, as that I have certainly done and suffered it all myself.

Whenever any reference (however slight) is made here to the condition of the French people before or during the Revolution, it is truly made on the faith of trustworthy witnesses. It has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. CARLYLE'S wonderful book.

CHARLES DICKENS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION	ix
LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS	xxxii
BOOK ONE. <i>Recalled to Life</i>	1
BOOK TWO. <i>The Golden Thread</i>	52
BOOK THREE. <i>The Track of a Storm</i>	233
QUESTIONS AND LESSON HELPS	368

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Portrait of Charles Dickens	<i>Frontispiece</i>
“ I mark this cross of blood upon him.”	9
In the gloomy tile-paved entry	39
The village had its one poor street	109
Sallow faces had seen other faces within	159
Gloomy vaults where light of day had never shone	205
The Hôtel de Ville	213
It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street	265
The Carmagnole	269
Mr. Jerry Cruncher’s name duly embellished the door- post below	281
In the Black Prison of the Conciergerie	333
By the great cathedral door . . . between the two towers	355
In crossing the bridge, she dropped the key in the river	361

INTRODUCTION

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A REVOLUTION is a struggle by which a people try to overthrow the existing government and to substitute another in its place. This change may be accomplished without bloodshed, but usually a revolution is never successful without terrible battles. The people must be thoroughly unhappy, of course, before they try to change their government in such a manner. The opposition always comes from the privileged classes in high positions, who refuse to give up their advantages, and these are the ones against whom a revolution is generally directed. The French had reason to be discontented with their government and had good cause to risk a change by force.

In the first place, the people of France differed greatly from province to province, with different laws, customs, and manners. King Louis XIV had conquered the province of Alsace, the city of Strasbourg, and some towns on the borders of the Spanish Netherlands. Louis XV had added Lorraine, and the island of Corsica had been ceded to France. It required a good king and a strong government to weld all these provinces into one. But Louis XV was a very bad king, dissolute, selfish, and cruel. He let his favorites help themselves not only to the money in the treasury of France but also to all kinds of special privileges and powers. During his reign France lost Canada and her interests in India. From the beginning of his reign, 1715, conditions in France became worse and worse, financially, politically, and socially. It must be understood, however, that Louis XIV, as well as Louis XV, with all his costly wars, his tremendous extravagance, and the luxurious man-

ner in which he lived at Versailles, had a great deal to do with the oppression of the poor people.

In 1774, when Louis XVI, grandson of Louis XV, came to the throne, he was king of anything but a united and unified land. The annexed districts still had their own customs and often their own laws, though all paid taxes to the king. When a merchant passed from one province to another, he had to pay large and annoying customs duties, as if he were traveling from one foreign country to another. The central districts about Paris were separated from the others as if from a foreign land. These duties and taxes, too, differed from district to district; and there were also differences in the taxes which the government levied on different provinces. Such, for example, was the tax on salt. The central government controlled all the salt consumed, but it sold at various prices in various provinces.

Class differences also caused bitterness. The nobles and clergy were called the two privileged classes, the *Two Estates*. They paid no taxes. The common people were called the *Third Estate*. They paid all the taxes. The Church had great power, having charge of all education and the relief of the sick and the poor, and it owned one-fifth of all the land in France. Since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685,¹ in the time of Louis XIV, no Protestant could be legally married, have the births of his children recorded, or make a legal will. A great part of the enormous income of the Church went to the higher clergy — the archbishops, bishops, and abbots. These were appointed by the king and lived like great lords with immense incomes. The real religious work was done by the lower clergy, and done well, though they were very poor.

Nobles, though their powers varied somewhat in different sections, always had certain great powers. Part of every crop came to the noble who controlled the land where the peasant lived. The peasant also paid toll on cattle or sheep driven by the door of the nobleman. Sometimes the lord

¹ Be sure to read that enjoyable novel by Conan Doyle, *The Refugees*, describing this event.

owned the only mill, the wine press, and the oven where the peasants baked their bread. Even when a peasant owned his land, the neighboring lord had the right to exact one-fifth of its value every time it was sold. Privileges of hunting belonged to the lord, and he often laid waste great tracts for game preserves. Sometimes this game, rabbits or deer, made the peasant's farming much more difficult, but he was forbidden to interfere. Many of the manors had great pigeon houses, built in the form of towers, in which there were often two thousand nests. These pigeons flocked over the newly sown fields and ate the seed; but no one must object, and the peasant was not allowed to have tame birds of his own. His taxes alone were almost unendurable without these additional hardships.

The sufferings of the poor people had long been noted, and thoughtful men had begun to print articles about injustice in the world and the rights of the people. Stimulated by the writings of Voltaire, Diderot, and Montesquieu, many reformers began to write popular works, poems, plays, and articles. They sometimes treated the government, the clergy, and religion with such contempt that the government tried to suppress their books. The authors were often imprisoned and the publishers fined. This effort of the government to prohibit freedom of speech was another hardship.

The stories of the American Revolution had a great deal to do with making the French people think about their tremendous burden of taxation, especially since they had nothing to do with making their own laws. The pension system also made them indignant, for by this arrangement the king paid huge sums of money to nobles for no reason at all. Many reformers tried to remedy the condition of the poor people, but nothing could be done until the two privileged classes would agree to give up their special privileges, which, of course, they never intended to do.

THE WRONGS OF THE PEOPLE

Louis XVI succeeded his grandfather when he was only twenty years old. He was poorly educated, inactive, rather dull, unsociable, very fond of hunting and working in a workshop, not at all the man of the hour. Although well-meaning, with none of the vices of his grandfather, he was not capable. His wife was the beautiful Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa, queen of Austria. She was only nineteen when she became wife of the dauphin of France, light-hearted, disliking the formality of court life, and often shocking the people by her gaiety. The king wanted to help the people and at first tried very hard to do so. At the head of finances he placed Turgot, who tried to bring about economy, especially at the court of Versailles. The luxurious living there cost about twelve million dollars a year. He also tried to abolish the pension system, which cost another twelve million dollars a year. Then he tried to reduce the restrictions on the grain trade, allowing the people to buy and to sell where they pleased; to abolish guilds, which had too much power over trades and industries; and to let any one practice any trade he wished. Turgot also tried to abolish forced labor on the roads and to tax the land of all landholders, both nobles and clergy. The nobles and clergy made such a protest against all these laws that Turgot was abruptly dismissed by the king, 1776, but his administration advanced the cause of the people and helped to bring about the Revolution.

Other ministers followed Turgot in swift succession, but the nobles and clergy refused to accept the only solution for the problem of discontent—to share the burdens of taxation. The government was carried on by the king and his council at court and by parlements, about twelve in all, scattered through the provinces, with the most important one at Paris. These parlements tried lawsuits and registered any new laws. Sometimes they sent protests to the king instead of registering the laws; sometimes their protests were printed and sold on the streets at a penny a copy.

The king could command obedience, but just before the Revolution the parlements began to say that a law enforced in this way was not legal. When bankruptcy threatened, the parlements refused to consent to further loans.

In 1787 the Parlement of Paris refused to register two new laws of the king's and insisted that a meeting should be called of the Estates General, which combined all three estates. There had not been such a meeting since 1614, nearly two hundred years before. Even when these meetings were held, the Third Estate had little power, as the nobles and clergy each had a vote apiece and the commons, though outnumbering the others by far, had only one vote to the two of the others. Suddenly the Parlement of Paris heard that the king's ministers were going to try to take away the right of parlement to register the king's decrees, and consequently parlement's right to protest.

When the king's commissioners tried to proclaim the edicts which abolished the right of the parlements to register laws, there were riots and anger everywhere. Since the treasury was empty, however, the king's ministers decided that there must be a meeting of the Estates General, that is, a full council at Paris with all three estates represented.

When the delegates met at Versailles in 1789, the commons refused to vote separately as had always been the custom, because thereby the nobles and clergy, with two votes, could always defeat the commons, who, though far more numerous, had only one vote.

On June 17 the Third Estate declared itself a national assembly, since it represented at least ninety-six per cent of the people. Three days later the commons, burning with indignation, had been unable to meet in their old hall because preparations were going on for a full session of the three estates at which the king was to speak. There had been a number of similar delays to postpone the meeting. So the commons met in a tennis court. They took a solemn oath that they would never separate until they had established a constitution. This was the famous Oath of the Tennis Court.

For some time the people had been clamoring for their rights, and now they began to demand them:

(1) The right of the nation to grant all taxes voluntarily through the Estates General. (2) The right of the annexed provinces to keep all liberties promised when annexed, and the right of each parlement in these provinces to examine each edict of the king and refuse to register it if it violated any rights. (3) The right of the judges to retain their offices, no matter how anxious the king might be to dismiss them. (4) The right of every citizen, if arrested, to be brought immediately before a competent court and to be tried only by the regular judges.

This latter was to do away with one terrible practice of the king, who could give *lettres de cachet* to members of the two privileged classes. These were sealed warrants for arrest and imprisonment of any one, secretly, without any accusation and without any trial, for any length of time.

The king, urged on by the queen, his brother, and the court party, got up his courage to resist. At a full meeting of the Three Estates he made promise of reform, then commanded the estates to meet separately. The nobles and clergy followed him as he withdrew, but the commons sat still. Later a minister returned, haughtily reminding them of the king's command. Then rose Mirabeau, spokesman for the Third Estate, who said in a loud voice: "Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people and that nothing but the point of the bayonet will drive us away."

By this time the city of Paris, about twelve miles away, was in an uproar. The wrath of the people was rising against the king and upper classes. The king, becoming alarmed, at last ordered the nobles and clergy to sit with the commons in joint session, just what the commons had demanded from the beginning. The people had won the victory. Since friends and retainers of the king, Marie Antoinette, and the king's brother, wanted to put down the Third Estate, the king sent Swiss and German soldiers, in the employ of France, to Paris, there to suppress any vio-

lence if he should send the deputies of the Third Estate home. The people in Paris became more excited, thinking that these troops stationed near the city might attack them. Finally it was rumored they really were about to attack the unarmed people. The better middle class united with the mobs and began preparations for defense. They drew up barricades in the streets and sacked every gunshop in Paris for arms. The soldiers failed to appear, and the maddened crowd spent its fury on the Bastille. Camille Desmoulins, a brilliant young journalist, rushed into the garden of the Palais Royal, where there were crowds of people, and urged them to arm and defend themselves. All night mobs surged about the streets in search of weapons, breaking into bakeries and taverns to satisfy their hunger and thirst. They obtained many weapons and much ammunition at the Hôtel des Invalides.

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

On July 14, the next day, when they were still hunting for more arms and ammunition, one of the lawless bands made its way to the ancient fortress of the Bastille, which stood in the poorer quarter of the city. Here the mob expected to find arms, but the governor of the fortress refused to supply the crowd with weapons. The Bastille appeared like a detested place of tyranny to the people, for it had long been used as a place of confinement for those whom the king had allowed to be imprisoned by the lettres de cachet. It was not a penitentiary, but a prison for state offenders, an emblem of absolute royal authority and of feudal tyranny. On this account it was hateful to lovers of liberty. While there seemed no hope of taking the fortress, the walls of which, ten feet thick, towered high above them, the attempt was made. Negotiations with the governor were opened, and during these negotiations a part of the crowd pressed across a drawbridge into the court and were fired upon by the garrison inside. Meanwhile the mob on the outside continued

an ineffectual but desperate attack, until the governor was forced by the garrison to surrender, on condition that the troops should be allowed to retire unmolested. The draw-bridge was then let down, and the crowd rushed into the gloomy pile. They found only seven prisoners, whom they freed with great enthusiasm. But the better element in the crowd was unable to restrain the violent and cruel class who proposed to avenge the slaughter of their companions in the courtyard of the Bastille. Consequently the Swiss soldiers, who formed the garrison, were killed, and their heads, with that of De Launay, the governor, were paraded about the streets on pikes. This act was acclaimed as a heroic deed, and its anniversary is still celebrated as the chief national holiday in France. Late at night the king at Versailles was awakened from sleep and told of the event. "This is revolt," he exclaimed. "No, sire," answered the messenger, "it is revolution."

When the news of what the mob had done in Paris reached the provinces, the people in those places began to storm the castles of their noble masters, who had to flee for their lives. Many of the castles and many abbeys were burned to the ground. Others were ransacked from top to bottom, the peasants being very careful, if possible, to see that the parchments, the feudal titles to their little farms, were destroyed. The day after the Bastille was captured its destruction was commenced. It was razed to the ground. A bronze column has been erected on its site.

The key of the Bastille was sent by Lafayette to Washington "as a trophy of the spoils of despotism." In a letter accompanying the gift Lafayette wrote: "That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, and therefore the key goes to the right place." This key, about seven inches long, may be seen in a case at Mount Vernon, where there is also a model of the Bastille. The nobles became terrified and began to leave France in great numbers. Those who remained realized that to save themselves from the fury of the masses they must give up their special privileges. In a single night the nobles and clergy

gave up their rights to rents, tolls, fees, feudal dues, and gaming privileges.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

The National Assembly drew up the declaration of *The Rights of Man*, August 26, 1789, one of the most notable documents in the history of Europe. It was in imitation of what had been done by the American patriots. The king hesitated to ratify it, and there were rumors that he was calling troops to put down the Revolution. A regiment had arrived from Flanders and were entertained at Versailles. Some young nobles at the banquet, in honor of the queen, who was present, trampled under foot the tricolored cockades and substituted for them white cockades, the emblem of the Bourbon kings. The report of these proceedings caused the wildest excitement in Paris. Rumors of the intended flight of the king to Metz and of plots against the national cause made more excitement. Besides, bread had failed, and the poorer classes were savage from hunger.

On the fifth of October, several thousand women and a number of armed men trudged the twelve miles to Versailles to ask bread of the king. The National Guards, infected with the same idea, forced their commander Lafayette to lead them in the same direction. The mob encamped in the streets of Versailles for the night. Early the next morning they broke into the palace, killed two of the guards, and forced their way into the apartment of the queen, who barely escaped with her life to the king's apartments. The timely arrival of Lafayette alone saved the entire royal family from being massacred. The mob demanded that the king should go with them to Paris, and he was obliged to yield. The royal family was placed in the Tuileries, and Lafayette was charged with the duty of guarding the king. This was called the "joyous entry of October 6." The starving people thought this meant more food, and they shouted about the royal carriage: "Here comes the Baker

and the Baker's wife and the Baker's child." The palace of Versailles, with royalty and courtiers all vanished, and left bespattered with blood, was never again to be a favorite residence of the kings of France.

The National Assembly promptly followed the king to Paris and held its meetings in a riding school near the Tuileries. This was a great mistake, for the mobs in Paris constantly interfered with its deliberations. Mirabeau foresaw this and urged the removal of the king and the National Assembly to some outlying town. But nothing was done, and what he predicted came to pass.

The king was kept a close prisoner in the Tuileries, and the National Assembly was busy making sweeping reforms. One of the most important of its measures was the confiscation of the property of the Church. But it was necessary that the government should provide some means for supporting the clergy. It solved the problem by decreeing popular election of all the clergy, bishops and parish priests alike, with salaries paid from the nation. All were to be required to take the oath of allegiance to the new constitution. Thus the Church was to be governed by the state, not by its own independently elected heads. Consequently, the lower orders of clergy, who heretofore had been sympathetic with the people, became hostile to the National Assembly.

The electoral system was also reformed. Those citizens only could vote for members of the National Assembly who paid a tax equal to three days' labor. This law naturally deprived the poorer people of a voice in the government, in spite of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, which assured equal privileges to all. But the National Assembly succeeded in bringing about many remarkable changes in spite of its mistakes. In a little more than two years it carried out its tremendous task of modernizing France. Perhaps no body of men has accomplished so much in so short a time.

For some time there was no great disorder. The deputies worked away on the new constitution, and on February 4, 1790, the king visited the assembly and solemnly pledged

himself and the queen to a limited monarchy. But Louis and Marie Antoinette were secretly in correspondence with the king of Prussia and the emperor of Austria, trying to induce them to intervene. The nobles still in France and those who had fled the country were also plotting.

THE FLIGHT OF THE KING

On June 20, 1791, the king and the royal family attempted to make their way out of France to join the emigrant nobles. Under cover of night and in disguise they escaped from the Tuileries and went toward the frontier. When within about twenty-five miles from the end of the journey, they were recognized and brought back to Paris.

In the meantime, the lower classes, feeling that they had merely exchanged the nobles for the middle classes as their masters, were clamorously discontented. Their leaders organized Jacobin Clubs, so called because they met in a room at the Jacobin Monastery. This group was the most radical and blood-thirsty. The Jacobins, however, were not the only party. There were also the Girondists, composed of many prominent men from the district about Bordeaux, who wished to establish a more conservative government somewhat like the American republic. There were also the Cordeliers, so named because of the Franciscan monastery where they held their meetings. The brothers of St. Francis wore as a girdle a rope or cord with three knots in it. Hence the name *Cordeliers*.

The two brothers of Louis XVI had escaped from France and were the leaders of those emigrant nobles who were trying to get other countries to help them restore the aristocracy in France.

Continental monarchs certainly had no sympathy with a revolution which treated kings with such scant courtesy as the French were exhibiting. The emperor of Austria, brother of Marie Antoinette, and the king of Prussia then announced that the restoration of the French king to power was of "common interest to all sovereigns in Europe."

In August, 1791, they prepared troops to enter France. While this was more of a threat, in the first place, than anything else, it greatly excited and terrified the Revolutionists.

It was just about this time that the National Assembly at last finished the constitution which had occupied the members for more than two years. The king swore to obey it faithfully. The Assembly then broke up and gave way to the regular congress provided for by the new constitution, — the Legislative Assembly — which held its first meeting on October 1, 1791. This was composed of young and inexperienced men, for the members of the National Assembly had taken an oath that they would not be members of the Legislative Assembly, since it would not be exactly proper, some of them thought, for them to hold positions in an organization which they themselves had created. Hence the new governing body, the Legislative Assembly, was not strong enough nor wise enough to control the affairs of France.

On June 20, 1792, some of the lesser leaders of the Paris population resolved to celebrate the anniversary of the Tennis Court Oath. They made a procession which was permitted to march through the riding school where the Assembly sat. The ensigns of the mob were a calf's heart on the point of a pike, labeled "The Heart of an Aristocrat" and a pair of knee breeches representing the older costume of a gentleman, which was now going out of fashion, since the Girondists, in order to show their democratic sentiments, had adopted the long trousers which had been worn before only by workingmen. To give up knee breeches, and become a "Sansculotte," or "Breechless" patriot, was considered an unmistakable sign of love for the Revolution. After visiting the Assembly the crowd went into the neighboring palace of the Tuileries. They wandered through the beautiful apartments shouting against the king, who might have been killed if he had not consented to drink to the health of the "Nation" whose representatives were roughly crowding him into a window, and to put on a red "liberty cap," the badge of the "citizen patriots."

In the meantime, the Duke of Brunswick advanced with an army, to restore Louis XVI to his old power (July, 1792). The duke declared that they would put an end to the Revolution; that those who resisted would be punished; that if Paris offered the least violence to king or queen, or again permitted the Tuileries to be invaded, his armies would burn the whole city. The Assembly now declared the country to be in danger. The leaders in Paris determined to force the Assembly to depose the king. Danton and others on the radical side had been preparing the way for a republican form of government, by speeches and written articles. Danton was becoming almost as popular with the masses as Mirabeau had been. Dr. Marat, a physician and scholar, who had published many scientific works before the Revolution, was now conducting a very violent radical paper called “The Friend of the People” in which he denounced nobility, clergy, and middle classes, taking the part of the great mass of working people in the towns and peasants in the fields. Desmoulins, who had incited the people to storm the Bastille, also conducted a newspaper which strengthened the radical element in Paris. These leaders were all strongly against the king.

“THE MEN OF MARSEILLES”

After very careful preparations an attack on the Tuileries was planned. Five hundred members of the National Guard from the city of Marseilles were urged to join in this attack. They came, all the way from the Mediterranean Sea, dragging their cannon through the July dust for hundreds of miles. They entered Paris singing a most thrilling and exciting song. The people liked it so well that they began to learn it immediately. At first it was known as the song that the men from Marseilles sang, then just by the title *The Song from Marseilles*; but it finally became known only as the *Marseillaise* and was adopted as the national song of France. The French wanted a song that did not praise the officials and government of their country. They wanted

something entirely opposite from *God Save the King*. It was composed by the young Frenchman, Rouget de Lisle, an engineer, 1792.

On August 10, 1792, came the crisis in the French Revolution. The radicals, having seized the city government, stirred up the insurrection. The night before, members of the Jacobin clubs rang the bells of Paris to call out the insurrectionists and prepare for the attack. From the slums and from every section of the city multitudes came, arming themselves with pikes and muskets. In the early morning the mobs gathered about the palace of the Tuileries. There were fifteen hundred Swiss guards there, and many other thoroughly trained and faithful defenders of the court. King Louis might have saved his throne if he had been a brave man. With his family he had taken refuge in the neighboring riding school, where they were respectfully received by the Assembly, holding meetings there, and were assigned a safe place in the newspaper reporters' gallery. From this place the king sent the message to his Swiss guards that they were not to fire on the mobs. This was a terrible mistake.

The men from Marseilles, "six hundred Marseillais who knew how to die," led in the attack. The Swiss fired on them and drove them back. This is what they would have continued to do, but the king's order came telling them not to fire. The mobs came again, but the Swiss had received the order not to fire. The infuriated mobs struck down the guards in their tracks or hunted them to death as they were trying to escape. The Swiss were massacred almost to the last man. All day the king sat in the Assembly chamber. He heard the roar of the cannon and the shrieks of his dying guards without. He heard also the debate on the motion that he be suspended from his great office as king of France, and saw its final passage by a unanimous vote. The mob had overawed the Assembly. The number of Swiss guards killed was seven hundred. Their faithfulness and devotion are commemorated by one of the most impressive monuments in Europe, the

so-called *Lion of Lucerne*, in Switzerland. In a large recess in a cliff a dying lion, pierced by a lance, protects with its paw the Bourbon lilies. The figure, cut out of the natural rock, was designed by the celebrated Danish sculptor, Thorvaldsen.

The Legislative Assembly wanted other countries to believe that they were peaceful and intended no conquest; that they simply believed in universal brotherhood, to illustrate which they conferred privileges of French citizenship upon a number of distinguished foreigners: Priestley, Wilberforce, Schiller, Washington, and Kosciusko. Also they extended the right of voting to every one.

But nothing prevented the army of the allies from hurrying on toward Paris to avenge the slaughter of the royal guards and to rescue the king. Paris was all excitement. "We must stop the enemy," cried Danton, "by striking terror into the royalists." To do this the most horrible massacre was planned. It was resolved that the royalists and priests, thrown into prison on suspicion, should be killed; this would also make more room in the crowded prisons. The city government of Paris, called the *Commune*, decided on this cold-blooded massacre. A hundred or more men acted as executioners just outside the prison doors, and to them the prisoners were handed over after a hasty examination before self-appointed judges. When the assassins grew weary, refreshments were brought to them — "bread and wine for the laborers who were delivering the nation from its enemies." Refreshed by the bread and wine, they resumed their work of emancipating France. This was the horrible *September Massacre* ("Jail Delivery") September 1-5, 1792. More than twelve hundred men, women, and children were killed.

On September 20, 1792, the French army defeated the allies. The rejoicing of the French was naturally great, and they resolved now to carry the principles of the Revolution into other lands and against other kings.

In the meantime, after the king had been deposed, the government naturally fell with him. This meant that the

Legislative Assembly must provide a new body to draft a second constitution. Its first act was to force the abdication of the king.

The ardent republicans believed that Louis should be put to death for treason, as it was known that he had secretly encouraged the enemies of France to invade the country. The fallen monarch was therefore tried by the Convention. He was pronounced guilty and by a small majority was condemned to death. On January 21, 1793, Louis was sent to the guillotine, a newly invented machine for cutting off heads (still used in France at the present day). He died bravely. In the following October, 1793, Marie Antoinette, condemned for the same offense by a revolutionary tribunal, was executed in the same manner. All titles of nobility were now abolished. Every one was to be addressed simply as *citizen*. Incited by the success of the French armies, the Convention called upon all nations to rise against despotism and pledged the aid of France to any people wishing to secure freedom. This call to the peoples of Europe to rise against their kings and to set up republican governments was a fresh challenge to the other countries to make war upon the French Revolutionists.

Thus things went from bad to worse. The kings of Europe, fearful for their thrones and their necks, formed a coalition to accomplish what Prussia and Austria failed to do. In addition, the people of France were divided among themselves. Then followed the most fearful period in the history of the struggle — the Reign of Terror, with which so great a part of *The Tale of Two Cities* is concerned. It lasted from September, 1793, to July, 1794, about ten months.

Afraid of enemies from within and enemies from without, the government established a Committee of Safety with almost unlimited powers. One of the worst laws under which this committee ruthlessly sent people to death was called the *Law of Suspects*, under which one could be imprisoned for mere suspicion. Thousands of people were sent to prison for no crime at all.

"THE NATIONAL RAZOR"

The guillotine was now fed daily with the best blood of France. Two weeks after the execution of the queen, twenty of the chiefs of the Girondists were executed. Hundreds of others followed. Most illustrious of all the victims after the queen was Madame Roland, who was accused of being the friend of the Girondists. Her husband, Jean Roland, had been a high official in the government. He and his lovely wife made their home the headquarters of many of their Girondist friends, where the interests of their country were discussed and plans formulated for the future of the people of France. As Madame Roland was about to be executed, she saw a statue of liberty and exclaimed:

"Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in your name!" She was very beautiful, even as she rode in the rough cart to the guillotine, in a simple white dress, her long black glossy hair falling in curls and ringlets. Her husband had not been summoned, being at some distance and so escaping the Jacobins. When he heard that his wife had been executed, he killed himself with his cane sword. His body was found by the roadside. A paper in his pocket contained his last words which were: "Whoever you are who finds these remains, respect them, as those of a man who consecrated his life to usefulness, and who dies as he has lived, virtuous and honest.—On hearing of my wife's death I would not remain another day on this earth so stained with crimes."

The bloodthirsty Dr. Marat had been most responsible for the death of the Girondists. He took such an active part in having thousands go to their death that it seemed as if he were the great power of the Reign of Terror. A beautiful young girl living in Normandy, Charlotte Corday, thought that if Marat could be killed the Reign of Terror would be over. Knowing that it would be immediate death to her, she went to Paris with a concealed dagger and, managing to enter his home, stabbed him to death. A few days later she was executed on the guillotine. But the death of

Marat made no difference in the Reign of Terror. After Marat's death, the two great leaders were Danton and Robespierre. Both were sincere men, intensely anxious to improve France, and they both believed that the use of the guillotine was necessary to rid the country of its enemies. Since Danton did not believe in so much bloodshed, Robespierre and some of the extreme radicals began to condemn him. The Jacobins were divided into three factions, headed by Hebert, Robespierre, and Danton.

Hebert and his followers were the first to fall, going to their execution because they were too radical. Danton and his party were the next to follow, because they were not radical enough. The last words of Danton to the executioner were: "Show my head to the people; they do not see the like every day." The request was granted. As Danton was passing the home of Robespierre while being carted to the guillotine, he shouted in a powerful voice, "You will soon follow us!" With him on his last ride was the witty, brilliant Desmoulins who also had joined the moderates, he who had led the attack on the Bastille.

Robespierre was now the leader in France. During this time the great Committee of Public Safety at Paris was ruling France in a most frightful manner. The revolutionary tribunal had absolute power and now had persons convicted and sentenced to death without any witnesses, evidence, or any trial whatever. The Convention had lost all its power. There was a terrible slaughter at the guillotine daily. Over two hundred thousand persons were crowded into the prisons of Paris and of the departments, simply on suspicion. In seven weeks thirteen hundred and seventy-six persons were guillotined at Paris — an average of twenty-eight a day.

In the provinces matters were even worse in certain sections. Some of the cities which had been favorable to the Girondists and had tried to support them were made horrible examples of the vengeance of the revolutionists. The Convention passed the decree, "The city of Lyons shall be destroyed; every house occupied by a rich man shall be

demolished." The decree was carried out to the extent that one of the most aristocratic quarters of the city was torn down. At Nantes the agent of the Great Committee was a man by the name of Carrier. At first he caused his victims to be shot singly or to be guillotined, but finding these methods too slow, he urged quicker methods to be used. The fusillades consisted in gathering the victims in large companies and then mowing them down with cannon and musket. Another way, known as *noyades*, was to have a hundred or more persons crowded into an old hulk, which was then towed out into the Loire river and scuttled. In these ways Carrier killed five thousand persons in four months, many of them women and little children.

THE END OF THE TERROR

The Reign of Terror had lasted about nine months when a reaction came. The people began to rebel against the horrible massacres and grew afraid of Robespierre's continual slaughter, never knowing who would be the next victim. A conspiracy was formed against him, and the Convention was induced to order his arrest. This was done on July 27, 1794. He called upon the Commune of Paris to defend him, but the Convention was able to maintain its authority and to send him to the guillotine. St. Just, his fellow worker, who was also responsible for the Reign of Terror, was guillotined at the same time. After this the Revolutionary Tribunal did not convict very many of those who were brought before it, but it had those executed who had been leaders in the worst atrocities. The public prosecutor in Paris, the terrorists who had ordered the massacres at Nantes and Lyons, were sent to the guillotine. Within a few months the Jacobin Club at Paris was closed by the Convention and the Commune of Paris abolished.

The National Convention had done a great deal to improve the government of France. Its committees had raised a million troops, organized and equipped them with arms and sent them forth to victory. Some of the reforms

planned by the National Assembly had been developed and carried on. The Convention had made a great system of elementary education for the new republic which was later carried out. A new code of laws was made to take the place of the old laws of France, although Napoleon revised them and so gained all the credit. The system of weights and measures known as the *metric system*, which the Convention introduced, has been adopted by most nations of continental Europe and is used by men of science in England and America. The land which had been taken from the church and the runaway nobles was sold in small lots, so the number of small landholders was increased. Then the Convention drew up a constitution for the new republic. This placed the executive power in a body called the *Directory*, consisting of five persons, and provided two legislative bodies known as the Council of Five Hundred and the Council of Ancients. It was also provided that two thirds of the new legislature should be composed of members of the National Convention. This displeased the Paris mobs, and on October 5, 1795, forty thousand men advanced to attack the Tuileries where the Convention was sitting. But Napoleon Bonaparte had been ordered to defend this place and had his troops all ready for the mob. As they advanced his men fired great blasts of grapeshot at them which made them disperse very quickly. Then he had them all disarmed, which put an end to mob violence.

Though the French Revolution was such a horrible disaster to France, it brought changes which greatly benefited that country and propagated ideas of democracy that have been good for the whole world. People not only began to think about their rights, but also about their responsibilities. The common people now had a chance, which had not always been possible under the old governments. The ideas of *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, have affected all the governments of the world. One lesson learned was the great power in the masses, when directed against a common object. This was not only learned by privileged classes but by the masses themselves, and this knowledge gave them a

place in the councils of the world that they had never had before.

QUESTIONS AND PROJECTS

1. What is a revolution? 2. Name two revolutions besides our own American Revolution. Why do people ever want a revolution? 3. Why did the French want a change of government? 4. Who were the privileged classes in France? 5. The Third Estate?

6. What were the social conditions in France before the Revolution? Compare these with social conditions in France today. 7. How have decorators and artists made the name of Louis XIV familiar to us? 8. What can you say about customs and duties paid in France before the Revolution? Compare with the system in the United States today. 9. What reforms did Turgot try to bring about? 10. Describe the parlement system.

11. What were the four principles of the Declaration of Rights? 12. What was the meeting of the Estates General? 13. Describe the Tennis Court Oath. 14. What act of the king caused the people to arm themselves? 15. Describe the time and manner of the fall of the Bastille. Who led the attack? 16. What became of the great key of the Bastille? Explain. 17. What was the position of Lafayette during the French Revolution? 18. Who were the Emigrants, and what were their plans? 19. Who were the Jacobins? 20. Tell about the Sansculottes.

21. Who were the Girondists? 22. Describe the attack on the Tuileries, with special reference to the men from Marseilles. 23. What was the September Massacre? 24. Describe the accusation against Louis XVI and the sentence. 25. What does the Lion of Lucerne commemorate?

26. How long did the Reign of Terror last? Why was it instituted? 27. What was the Law of Suspects? 28. What was the effect of the French Revolution on France and the rest of the world? 29. How did the American Revolution affect the French people?

EXERCISES AND PROJECTS

1. Bring to class all the French pictures relating in any way to the people or places mentioned in the sketch. (Some mod-

ern pictures, though names have been changed, vividly recall this period.) 2. Sketch the history of the Place de la Concorde. 3. Can you mention any other novels in which Notre Dame is mentioned?

4. Discuss the statement that Napoleon was a greater patriot than Washington. 5. Do you think the French Revolution did more harm than good? 6. Do you think the present government of France or America preferable to a limited monarchy?

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS

WHY DICKENS IS GREAT

THE people we remember longest are those who have had much influence, who have caused greater things to happen, or not to happen, than those about them. It is necessary to discover in what manner Charles Dickens had such great influence, what he caused to happen which showed greater strength than that of others about him, what made him stand above other people not only of his own time but of all times. For there is no doubt that Charles Dickens is better remembered than any other novelist. He has been not only the most popular novelist of the nineteenth century but is still the writer whose books, as a whole, have had a greater sale than those of any other novelist of the present day. During the World War there were more of these novels read in the army camps than any others.

Success is measured by the handicaps overcome as well as by surpassing achievements. Dickens showed his great strength, courage, and remarkable personality by overcoming the two very great handicaps of poverty and lack of education. He was born at Landport in Portsea on the southern coast of England, February 7, 1812, being the second child in the family, of which there were six more children later. His father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the navy pay office with a salary of eighty pounds a year (about \$388), not enough for such a large family even in those times when money had greater value than in later times. Although the salary was increased afterwards to three hundred and fifty pounds (about \$1697) his father was never able to live within his income. He seemed to be always poor and improvident, a man of considerable ability but not capable of any kind of financial management.

DICKENS'S BOYHOOD

The boyhood of Dickens was probably quite unhappy, for it was full of hardship and worry. Much of the story of *David Copperfield* was his own life and Mr. Micawber (in the same book), genial, hopeful, sorrowful, despairing, jolly, easy-going, always waiting for "something to turn up" was the character of his own father. Mrs. Dickens is said to have been a great deal like Mrs. Nickleby — not very intellectual, impractical, often rather simple and almost frivolous, although always kind, affectionate and of excellent character. At one time Mrs. Dickens tried to help out the family income by starting a private school for young ladies. On the front door was a door-plate reading, "Mrs. Dickens's Establishment." Charles was sent around to distribute circulars describing the advantages of this school; but though he left these at many doors, nobody ever came to the school, and he could not remember seeing his mother make any preparation for receiving pupils if they should come. But his mother taught him to read when he was very young and also to construe a little Latin, which showed that she was above the average mother of those times.

At the age of eight began the first regular school experience of Charles Dickens. For one year he attended the school of a Mr. Giles in Clover Lane, Chatham, where John Dickens, his father, happened to be stationed at the time. Mr. Giles did a great deal for the young boy with his sympathy, intelligence, and ability to interest him in books. It was here that Dickens began to read a great deal. When the child was almost ten years old, the family moved to London; and on account of the constantly increasing poverty of his father, they were forced to live in a very poor house in one of the poorest of the London suburbs. About those early years Dickens said: "I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; and that very often we had not too much for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested."

He was arrested because he could not pay his bills, and

placed in the Marshalsea Prison for debtors. Dickens has left a description of his first visit to his father in prison. "My father was waiting for me in the lodge, and we went up to his room (on the story next to the top but one), and cried very much. And he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and sixpence, he would be happy; but a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched. I see the fire we sat before, now; with two bricks inside the rusted grate, one on each side, to prevent its burning too many coals. Some other debtor shared the room with him, who came in by and by; and as the dinner was a joint-stock repast, I was sent up to 'Captain Porter' in the room overhead, with Mr. Dickens's compliments and I was his son, and could he, Captain P. lend me a knife and fork?"

Later he said: "I know my father to be as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world. Everything that I can remember of his conduct to his wife, or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction is beyond all praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched night and day, unweariedly and patiently many nights and days. He never undertook any business charge, or trust that he did not jealously, conscientiously, punctually, honorably, discharge. His industry has always been untiring. He was proud of me, in his way. . . . But in the ease of his temper, and the straitness of his means, he appeared to have utterly lost at this time the idea of educating me at all, and to have utterly put from him the notion that I had any claim upon him, in that regard, whatever. So I degenerated into cleaning his boots of a morning, and my own; and making myself useful in the work of the little house; and looking after my younger brothers and sisters; and going on such errands as arose out of our poor way of living." In *The Uncommercial Traveler* Dickens gives a picture of himself as a child. He was a "very queer small boy," nine years old, with delicate health; fond of reading, having read many

books unusual to be read by so young a child. In *David Copperfield* a list of these books is given which included *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. He tells us also that he used to impersonate the characters Tom Jones or Roderick for weeks at a time.

When Charles was twelve years old, a relative who had recently become interested in the blacking business suggested that the boy take a position in this warehouse; so he went to work for the firm, pasting labels on bottles and boxes, a job that he thoroughly detested. He said of himself during that time: "No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship; compared these every-day associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with grief and humiliation of such considerations that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life. . . . At last, one day, my father and the relative quarreled, quarreled by letter, for I took the letter from my father to him which caused the explosion, but quarreled very fiercely. It was about me. All that I am certain of is that soon after I had given him the letter, my cousin (he was a sort of cousin by marriage) told me he was very much insulted about me, and that it was impossible to keep me after that. I cried very much, partly because it was so sudden, and partly because in his anger he was violent about my father, though gentle to me. Thomas, the old soldier, comforted me, and

said he was sure it was for the best. With a relief so strange that it was like oppression, I went home.

“My mother set herself to accommodate the quarrel, and did so next day. She brought home a request for me to return next morning, and a high character of me, which I am very sure I deserved. My father said I should go back no more, and should go to school. I do not write resentfully or angrily, for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am; but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back.”

He was twelve when he left the blacking warehouse, and up to this time he had felt lonely and neglected very many times. Now he was sent to school at Wellington House Academy for about two years. This was his last school experience. The school, although not an extra fine one, gave him the companionship which he had always wanted. He was a day scholar for about two years. This period did not seem to make much impression on his mind, except to brighten his life and make his disposition more cheerful. From twelve to fourteen he worked as an attorney's clerk at a salary of thirteen shillings sixpence a week, afterward increased to fifteen shillings. Here he picked up the knowledge of human life, criminals, law and judicial proceedings which he used so effectively in his stories. But he did not intend to be a lawyer's clerk all his life. His father, after leaving the debtor's prison, had taken up journalism, and Charles decided to follow his example. He began the study of shorthand, working very hard at this. At the same time he spent much time reading in the library of the British Museum.

DICKENS TURNS REPORTER

In a year or two he became an expert stenographer. He was nineteen when he became a reporter for the *True Sun* and entered the gallery of the House of Commons to report the proceedings for the paper. When he was twenty-three

he became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*; and from this time his future as a writer seemed established. He soon began to write for periodicals. His first article was a little story called "A Dinner at Poplar Walk." This, he says, he dropped very secretly into "a dark letter box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet-Street." It was printed in the *Old Monthly Magazine* when he was twenty-one years old. He was overcome with joy at this event. "I walked down to Westminster Hall" he later wrote, "and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the streets and were not fit to be seen there."

Other articles were printed in the same magazine and were later collected and printed in two small volumes under the title of *Sketches by Boz* (an old family nickname in the Dickens family). These little sketches give a good description of London in the time of Dickens. They were favorably received and encouraged the author to attempt more writing.

As a new writer he was asked to write a series of comic sketches on sporting subjects. It was suggested that he write the adventures of the members of some eccentric club. So Dickens wrote the *Pickwick Papers*. The story came out in twenty monthly installments, costing one shilling a number, and finally was published in book form. This story made Dickens famous, and he was asked to write more stories. A new class of characters representing certain odd phases of life became well known to the public. Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, Mr. Winkle and others were made familiar to all peoples. There was an enormous demand for copies of these stories. Dickens remained just as popular to the day of his death. In England alone, during the twelve years succeeding his death, more than 4,239,000 volumes were sold. Before he had finished *Pickwick*, he began work on *Oliver Twist*, and the two were running in monthly installments at the same time.

He made his characters, who were almost always poor and humble people, enormously popular; and he did a great deal

toward making their lot an easier one. In *Oliver Twist* he denounced the wretched way in which poorhouses cared for their dependents. In *Nicholas Nickleby* he described Mr. Squeers's school so vividly that several masters threatened to sue him for describing a school which their guilty consciences recognized as their own. In *Bleak House* he satirized the slow and expensive procedure of the courts.

DICKENS IN AMERICA

It was a great test of his strength of character when he visited America in 1842, for the Americans were so glad to see him that he was treated much as Lindbergh was treated when he landed in Paris. There was one continuous joyful celebration and a most tremendous desire to see him all the time he was in America. Describing that time in some of his letters, he said: "How can I give you the faintest notion of my reception here; of the crowds that pour in and out the whole day; of the people that line the streets when I go out; of the cheering when I went to the theater; of the copies of verses of congratulation, welcomes of all kinds, balls, dinners, assemblies without end? . . . What can I tell you about any of these things which will give you the slightest notion of the enthusiastic greeting they give me, or the cry that runs through the whole country!"

The public did not give him any rest day or night. When he went through New England, his journey was like that of a president of the United States. At some of the smaller cities through which he passed, almost the entire population turned out, and the train was stopped to give the people a chance to see him. In the larger cities where he spoke there were gigantic receptions before and after the lecture. Regarding more of his visit he said: "Dana, the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, is a very nice fellow indeed; and in appearance not at all the man you would expect. He is short, mild looking and has a care worn face. The professors at the Cambridge University, Longfellow, Felton, Jared Sparks, are noble fellows. Bancroft is a famous man;

a straight forward, manly earnest heart. Dr. Channing I will tell you more of, after I have breakfasted with him. We leave here next Saturday. We go to a town called Worcester, about seventy-five miles off, to the house of the governor of this place; and stay with him all Sunday. On Monday we go on by railroad about fifty miles farther to a town called Springfield, where I am met by a 'reception committee' from Hartford twenty miles farther, and carried on by the multitude. On Wednesday I have a public dinner there. On Friday I shall be obliged to present myself in public again, at a place called New Haven, about thirty miles farther. On Saturday evening I hope to be in New York." In this place he met Washington Irving for whom he had much admiration. His stay in Washington is described in his own words: "I have the privilege of appearing on the floor of both houses here, and go to them every day. They are very handsome and commodious. There is a great deal of bad speaking, but there are a very great many remarkable men, in the legislature; such as John Quincy Adams, Clay, Preston, Calhoun, and others: with whom I need scarcely add I have been placed in the friendliest relations. Adams is a fine old fellow — seventy-six years old, but with the most surprising vigor, memory, readiness and pluck. Clay is perfectly enchanting; an irresistible man. There are some very noble specimens, too, out of the West. Splendid men to look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Indians in quickness of eye and gesture, Americans in affectionate and generous impulse."

But all this admiration and love for Dickens by the Americans did not blind him to their faults any more than the affection of his own people blinded him to the faults of the English nation. When he reached home after his visit Dickens published a volume called *American Notes*, in which he gave some fine descriptions of his visits and criticized favorably and unfavorably. It is interesting to know that this book was the means of Helen Keller's beginning her education. As she was deaf and blind since she was a little more than a year old, her future seemed hopeless.

One day when she was six her mother remembered reading in Dickens's *American Notes* the description of the marvelous achievements of the deaf and blind girl Laura Bridgman, who was educated in a school in Boston which Dickens had praised very highly. Mrs. Keller sent to this school for a teacher for Helen, and Miss Anne Sullivan (Mrs. Macey) was sent, one of the most wonderful teachers the world has ever known. The miraculous attainments of Helen Keller are known to all peoples at the present time. (Mark Twain said that Helen Keller and Napoleon were the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century.)

As the years went by, novels followed one another in rapid succession. After *American Notes* came *Martin Chuzzlewit*, also containing descriptions of American life. Then, after a trip abroad during which he still wrote, Dickens became manager of a group of amateur actors at Manchester. They called themselves the "Plendid Strollers" and under Dickens's direction became quite famous. They played the rollicking comedy of Ben Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*. In 1852 they presented a farce entitled *Mr. Nightingale* before Queen Victoria.

The greatest novel of all came out in 1850. *David Copperfield* contains the humor and pathos of his earlier works with his ability at character drawing finally developing into character building, which most critics consider a still higher and more difficult form of art.

THE HEIGHT OF FAME

During the last years of his life, when he was about fifty-eight, Dickens gave readings from his own books. From the favorable position in which the public held him Dickens felt sure that he would be well received, and he was not at all disappointed. In fact, he was more successful than he had imagined he could be. This was due to his dramatic ability as well as to his interesting readings and his popularity with people in general. He soon began to memorize all his selections for his readings which made him still more entertain-

ing. After traveling over the British Isles, he visited the United States for the second time to give readings in this country also. Here he was again received with wild enthusiasm and his readings were wonderfully popular. He said, regarding this time: "It is really impossible to exaggerate the magnificence of the reception or the effect of the reading. The whole city will talk of nothing else to-day. Every ticket for those announced here [Boston] and in New York, is sold." Dickens gave readings in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Buffalo, Albany, Springfield, Portland, Maine, and in every place he went he was given the same ovation. But his health began to decline before he left this country. Such hard and constant work for so many years showed its effect in a weakened constitution.

When he returned to England, however, he wished to make one more series of readings. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was the subject which was appearing in the magazine *All the Year Round*. This story gave promise of being the best of any of the previous novels. But it was never finished. The mystery was never solved. Dickens died very suddenly at his home, Gadshill Place, near Rochester, on June 9, 1870. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Almost the whole world mourned the loss of this greatest writer of the nineteenth century. In his will he said regarding his funeral: "I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner; that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial; that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hat band, or other such revolting absurdity. I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb without the addition of 'Mr.' or 'Esquire.' I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto." Everything was done that could

possibly be done to carry out these wishes, but no one could have prevented the great display of grief in nearly every country and the many testimonials to his memory. Dickens had ten children, seven of whom were living at the time of his death.

Carlyle described the appearance of Dickens in a letter to John Carlyle in 1840. "He is a fine little fellow — Boz, I think. Clear blue, intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly. Large, protrusive, rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme mobility, which he shuttles about — eyebrows, eyes, mouth and all — in a very singular manner while speaking . . . a quiet, shrewd-looking little fellow, who seems to guess pretty well that he is and what others are."

Daniel Webster said that Dickens had done more to better the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament.

This novel is slightly different from the other books by the same author. It is the only one in which the incidents are stronger than the characters, where they show what they are by their acts, rather than by what they say. The background of the story is the French Revolution, and the author keeps close to the facts as he had studied them in Carlyle's famous history of that period. When Dickens asked Carlyle to send him one of the books to which he had referred in his *French Revolution*, Carlyle sent a wagon load of books to Gadshill. Many of these Dickens studied very faithfully, as his novel shows. It is purposely dramatic, for Dickens expected it to be made into a real play. Since its publication, four stage versions have been made and used successfully.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEMES AND PRÉCIS WRITING

1. Write one paragraph on the life of Charles Dickens, of two hundred words, describing his home life, education, work, and books in general.

2. Prepare an oral composition on three events during the time of Dickens.

3. Prepare an oral composition on three contemporaries of Dickens, telling for what reason each one is well remembered.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

CHARACTERS

DR. MANETTE, French, prisoner in the Bastille

LUCIE MANETTE, his daughter

MADAME MANETTE, English, his wife

MR. LORRY, English, bank clerk in Paris and London

MISS PROSS, English, Lucie Manette's maid

ERNEST DEFARGE, French, wine seller in Paris

MADAME DEFARGE, French, his wife

CHARLES DARNAY, French (*Charles Evrémonde*, a French noble)

SYDNEY CARTON, English, a lawyer

STRYVER, English, a lawyer

JOHN BARSAD (*Solomon Pross*) English, a spy

ROGER CLY, English, a spy

JERRY CRUNCHER, English, odd-job man at Tellson's Bank
(working secretly in digging up and selling dead bodies)

MARQUIS ST. EVRÉMONDE, French, uncle of Charles Darnay

GASPARD, French, assassin of Marquis St. Evrémonde

ROAD MENDER, afterwards a wood-sawyer

THE MONSEIGNEUR AT COURT, who gives the reception

YOUNG JERRY CRUNCHER AND HIS MOTHER, English

THE VENGEANCE, French

JACQUES ONE, TWO, AND THREE

BOOK I. RECALLED TO LIFE

TIME: 1757-1775

PLACE: *London and Paris*

CHAPTER I BURIED ALIVE

The Period

ONE evening, in the year 1757, a young man was walking near the bank of the Seine in Paris when a carriage came along behind him, driven very fast. As he stood aside to let the carriage pass, afraid that it might otherwise run him down, a head was put out the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to the young man by his name. He answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of him that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before he came up with it. He noticed that they were wrapped in cloaks and appeared to conceal themselves. They were greatly alike in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as could be seen) face, too.

“You are Doctor Manette?” said one.

The young man replied that he was.

“Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais?” said the other; “the young physician, an expert surgeon, who, within the last year or two, has made a rising reputation in Paris?”

“I am that Doctor Manette, of whom you speak so graciously.”

“ We have been to your residence,” said the first, “ and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage? ”

The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place the young doctor between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. He was not.

“ Gentlemen, pardon me, but I usually inquire the name of those who seek my assistance, and the nature of the case to which I am summoned.”

The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second.

“ Doctor, your clients are people of high condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it.— Will you please to enter the carriage? ”

He could do nothing but comply, and he entered it in silence. They both entered after him. The carriage turned about and drove on at its former speed.

After a time it passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. About two miles farther on, they stopped at a solitary house. All three alighted and walked by a damp soft footpath, in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of a large house. It was not opened immediately in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of the two men struck the man who opened it with his heavy riding glove, across the face.

There was nothing in this action to attract particular attention, for common people were struck more commonly than dogs. But the other of the two men, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look

and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike that it was very evident they were twin brothers.

From the time of alighting at the outer gate (which was locked, and which one of the brothers had opened and re-locked) cries were heard, proceeding from an upper room in the house. To this room Doctor Manette was conducted straight, the cries growing louder and louder as they ascended the stairs. The patient was in a high fever of the brain lying on a bed.

The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young, not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. These bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, were armorial bearings of a noble, and the letter *E*.

Doctor Manette saw this, within the first minute of his contemplation of the patient; for in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. His first act was to put out his hand to relieve her breathing, and in moving the scarf aside, the embroidery in the corner caught his sight.

He turned her gently over, placed his hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, "My husband, my father, and my brother!" and then counted up to twelve, and said, "Hush!" For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, "My husband, my father, and my brother!" and would count up to twelve, and say, "Hush!" There was no variation in the order, or the manner. There was no cessation

but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

"How long," asked the Doctor, "has this lasted?"

To distinguish the brothers, the one who exercised the greatest authority will be called the elder. It was the elder who replied.

"Since about this time last night."

"She has a husband, a father, and a brother?"

"A brother."

"I do not address her brother?"

He answered with great contempt, "No."

"She has some recent association with the number twelve?"

The younger brother impatiently answered, "With twelve o'clock."

"See, gentlemen, how useless I am, as you have brought me. If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place."

The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, "There is a case of medicines here," and brought it from a closet and put it on the table.

The Doctor opened some of the bottles, smelt them, and put the stoppers to his lips. They were all narcotic medicines, poisons in themselves.

"Do you doubt them?" asked the younger brother.

"You see, monsieur, I am going to use them."

He made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that was required. As he intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, he sat down by the side of the bed.

There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man downstairs) who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, poorly fur-

nished, evidently recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, "My husband, my father, and my brother!" the counting up to twelve, and "Hush!"

The frenzy was so violent that the Doctor had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but he had looked to them, to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case was that his hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it quieted the figure. It had no effect upon the cries. No pendulum could be more regular.

For the reason that his hand had this effect, he sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said, "There is another patient."

The Doctor was startled and asked, "Is it a pressing case?"

"You had better see," the elder brother carelessly answered, and took up a light.

The other patient lay in a back room far to the rear which was a specie of loft over a stable. On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy, not more than seventeen. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward.

As the Doctor kneeled down over him, he could not see where the wound was, but he could see that the boy was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

"I am a doctor, my poor fellow. Let me examine it."

"I do not want it examined. Let it be."

It was under his hand, and the Doctor soothed him to let him move his hand away. The wound was a sword thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no

skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As the Doctor turned his eyes to the elder brother, he saw him looking down at this handsome boy, whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or a rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow creature.

“How has this been done, monsieur?”

“A crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother’s sword — like a gentleman.”

The boy’s eyes had slowly moved to him, as he had spoken, and they now moved slowly to the Doctor.

“Doctor, they are very proud, these nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She — have you seen her, Doctor?”

The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them as if she were lying in their presence.

“I have seen her.”

“She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too, a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his — that man who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.”

It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak, but his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

“We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior Beings — taxed by him without mercy; obliged to work for him without

pay; obliged to grind our corn at his mill; obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own; pillaged and plundered to that degree that, when we chanced to have a bit of meat, we ate it in fear with the door barred and the shutters closed that his people should not see it and take it away from us. — I say, we were so robbed and hunted that my father said it was a terrible thing for children to be born into such a world, and that we ought to hope our miserable race would die out! Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage — our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks when that man's brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him for a time. He was willing enough to do this, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her to make her willing? ”

The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on the Doctor, slowly turned to the looker-on, and the Doctor saw in the two faces that all the boy said was true.

“ You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed my sister's husband, and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. After driving her husband all day, they kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day. But this did not persuade him to let them take his wife. No! Taken out of his harness one day at noon, to feed —

if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.”

Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrongs. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched, and to cover his wound.

“Then, with that man’s permission, and even with his aid, his brother took her away. His brother took her away—for his pleasure and diversion for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, my father’s heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be *his* vassal. Then I tracked the brother here, and last night, climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand.—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here.”

The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing round him. The doctor glanced about him, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

“She heard me and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw his sword. Let him break it into as many pieces as he will, the sword that he stained with my common blood he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life.”

The Doctor’s glance had fallen, but a few moments before, on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman’s. In another place lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier’s.

“Now, lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?”

“I mark this cross of blood upon him as a sign that I do it.”



W. M. W. 1892

“He is not here,” said the Doctor, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the other brother.

“*He!* Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn my face to him.”

The Doctor did so, raising the boy’s head against his knee. But, invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely, obliging the Doctor to rise, too, or he could not have still supported him.

“Marquis,” said the boy, turned to him, with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, “in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you and yours, to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother the *worst* of a bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him as a sign that I do it.”

Twice he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and as it dropped, he dropped with it, and the Doctor laid him down dead. . . .

When he returned to the bedside of the young woman, he found her raving in the same manner. He knew that this might last for many hours and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave. She never abated the quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always, “My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, hush! ”

This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when Doctor Manette first saw her. He had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her when she began to falter. He did what little could be done, and by and by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead. It was as if the wind and

rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. The Doctor released her arms, and called the woman to assist him to compose her figure.

“Is she dead?” asked the Marquis, described as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.

“Not dead, but like to die.”

“What strength there is in these common bodies,” he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

“There is prodigious strength in sorrow and despair,” answered the Doctor.

The Marquis first laughed at these words and then frowned.

He moved a chair with his foot near to the Doctor, ordered the woman away, and said in a subdued voice:

“Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hinds, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here are things to be seen, and not spoken of.”

Doctor Manette listened to the patient’s breathing and avoided answering.

“Do you honor me with your attention, Doctor?”

“Monsieur, in my profession the communications of patients are always received in confidence.”

He was guarded in his answer, for he was troubled in his mind with what he had heard and seen.

Her breathing was so difficult to trace that the Doctor carefully tried the pulse and heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as he resumed his seat, he found both the brothers intent upon him. She lingered for a week.

Towards the last he could understand some few syllables she said to him by placing his ear close to her lips. She asked him where she was, and he told her; who he was, and

he told her. It was in vain that he asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

Doctor Manette was alone with his patient when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

The brothers were waiting in a room downstairs, impatient to ride away. He had heard them, striking their boots with their riding whips, and loitering up and down.

“At last she is dead?” said the elder, as the Doctor entered.

“She is dead.”

“I congratulate you, my brother,” he said as he turned around.

He had offered the Doctor money which he had postponed taking. He now gave him a roll of gold money, which the Doctor took but laid upon the table, saying,

“Please excuse me. Under the circumstances, no.”

The brothers exchanged looks with each other, but bent their heads to him as the Doctor bent his to them, and they parted without another word on either side.

Early in the morning the roll of gold was left at the Doctor's door in a little box, with his name on the outside. From the first he had anxiously considered what he ought to do. He decided to write privately to the Ministry of France, stating the nature of the two cases to which he had been summoned. He knew what Court influence was, and what the immunities of the nobles were, and he expected that the matter would never be heard of, but he wished to relieve his own mind. He had kept the matter a profound secret, even from his wife, and this, too, he resolved to state in his letter.

He was much engaged that day and could not complete his letter that night. He rose long before his usual time

next morning to finish it. The letter was lying before him just completed when he was told that a lady waited who wished to see him.

The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. Doctor Manette connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that he had seen that nobleman very lately.

She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story; of her husband's share of it, and of the doctor being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a house that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was to help that sister. Doctor Manette could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister. Beyond that he knew no more. Her inducement to come to him, relying on his confidence, had been the hope that he could tell her the name and place of abode, but he could not give her any of the information she desired.

She was a good compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be? The brother disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her. She stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband, too.

When Doctor Manette took her down to the door, he saw a pretty boy about three years old in her carriage.

"For his sake, Doctor," she said, pointing to him in tears, "I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I

have a presentiment that, if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own — it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels, — I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion of his dead mother, on the injured family, if the sister can be discovered.”

She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, “It is for your own dear sake. You will be faithful, little Charles?”

The child answered her bravely, “Yes.”

She took the little boy in her arms, and went away caressing him. Doctor Manette never saw her again. He sealed the letter, and not trusting it out of his own hands, delivered it himself, that day.

That night, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at his gate, demanded to see the Doctor, and softly followed his servant, a boy about twelve years old, Ernest Defarge, upstairs. When Ernest Defarge came into the room where the Doctor sat with his fair young English wife, they saw the messenger who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him. There was a very urgent case of sickness in the Rue St. Honoré. It would not detain the Doctor long. There was a coach in waiting. His wife did not want him to go. She seemed to feel that he would be in danger. But he was not afraid of any harm and followed the messenger.

As soon as the Doctor was a little way from the house, a black muffler was suddenly drawn tightly over his mouth from behind, and his arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the street from a dark corner and identified him with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter Doctor Manette had written, showed it to him, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. The coach took Doctor Manette to the Bastille. It was like

putting him into a grave. He was placed in a cell in secret, with no accusation against him, and with no trial. He was put in so secretly that no one knew what had become of him. He could not have any communication outside the prison, and no one outside knew where he was, except his enemies who always kept it secret. It was just as if Doctor Manette was put into an unknown grave. The Bastille was, to him, a living tomb. He was like one *buried alive*.

CHAPTER II

RECALLED TO LIFE

Foreword

MADAME MANETTE, the young English wife of the French Doctor, tried every possible way to locate her husband, but without success. No one seemed to know how he had disappeared. She appealed to the Court, to the King, to the Queen, to help her to find her husband, or to learn what had happened to him, but she never obtained the slightest news. Tellson's Bank in Paris, which had charge of Doctor Manette's affairs, also tried very hard to discover what had happened to their missing client. One clerk in the bank had been a great friend of Doctor Manette, and he worked for a long time searching constantly for information about his friend's mysterious disappearance, but he never found the slightest clue. It seemed as if the earth had opened and swallowed the brilliant young Doctor without leaving the slightest mark near the place of vanishing.

Two or three months after this terrible event the little child of Doctor Manette and his wife was born, little Lucie Manette. But the mother made up her mind that the child

should never know about her father's mysterious disappearance; she should be brought up with the idea that he was dead. Then the little girl would never in any way know the sorrows of her mother. When she was three years old, her mother died; but she made arrangements, just before her death, to have little Lucie taken over to London and brought up among her own people. This last wish of the desolate wife was fulfilled by the clerk in Tellson's Bank, who had been a friend of her husband's and had helped so diligently in hunting for him. It happened at this time that this clerk was going over to London anyway, for he had been transferred from Tellson's Bank in Paris to Tellson's Bank in London, where he had originally worked, being an Englishman. Mr. Jarvis Lorry, the clerk, with great consideration, placed little Lucie in her London home, but he did not see her again for nearly fifteen years.

In 1775, for some unaccountable reason, Doctor Manette was released from his imprisonment in the Bastille, but he was a mental and physical wreck. His former servant, Ernest Defarge, who had always loved Doctor Manette most devotedly, was now a wine merchant in the St. Antoine suburb of Paris. He took his old master to his home to care for him, but he was told that he must ask no questions and must allow no comments to be made concerning the long disappearance of the Doctor. It was hinted that any one doing this would be in danger of a similar imprisonment. The Doctor was in such a weak state of mind that he did not even know who he was any longer. When asked his name he would answer, "One-hundred-five, North Tower," giving the number of his cell in the Bastille.

Tellson's Bank in Paris wanted to be sure that their old client had really come to life again, so Mr. Lorry was requested to come from London to see if he could identify the physical and mental wreck as the famous young physician

and surgeon, Doctor Manette. After Mr. Lorry had started from London a message was sent after him from the bank telling him that Lucie Manette, now almost eighteen years old, was going with him, and asking him to wait for her at Dover. At first he had been told that he would meet Lucie Manette in Tellson's Bank in Paris, where he was to prepare her for the recovery of her father. When the message was brought to him on his way to Dover, Mr. Lorry knew that it would be in that town where he would have to tell Lucie Manette that her father was not dead, as she had always believed, but had been confined secretly for seventeen years in the Bastille prison.

The Dover Mail stagecoach lumbered up Shooter's Hill about eight miles southeast of London. Mr. Lorry walked uphill in the mire, as the two other passengers did; not because they had the least desire for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail were all so heavy that the horses had three times already come to a stop. With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles, as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach lamps, but a few yards of road. All the three passengers, who plodded up the hill, were wrapped to the cheek bones, and wore boots reaching above the knee. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like.

"Wo-ho," said the coachman, "so, then, one more pull and you're at the top. I've had trouble enough to get you to it. Joe!"

"Hulloa," the guard replied.

“What o’clock do you make it, Joe?”

“Ten minutes past eleven.”

“My blood, and not atop of Shooter’s yet. Tst! yah! get on with you!”

Once more the Dover Mail struggled on, with the boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They stopped whenever the coach stopped, and kept close company with it. If any one of the three had proposed to another to walk on a little ahead, into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a high-wayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the door to let the passengers in.

“Tst, Joe!” cried the coachman, in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

“What do you say, Tom?” asked the guard.

“I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe.”

“I say a horse at a *gallop*, Tom,” returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. “Gentlemen, in the king’s name, all of you.” He cocked his big old-fashioned gun, capable of holding a number of balls, and stood on the offensive.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

“So-ho!” the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar, “Yo, there! Stand: I shall fire.”

The pace was suddenly checked, and with much splashing and floundering a man’s voice called from the mist, “Is that the Dover Mail?”

“Never you mind what it is,” the guard retorted. “What are you?”

“Is that the Dover Mail?”

“ Why do you want to know? ”

“ I want a passenger, if it is.”

“ What passenger? ”

“ Mr. Jarvis Lorry.”

Mr. Lorry showed in a moment that it was his name. The guard, the coachman, and the other two passengers eyed him distrustfully.

“ Keep where you are,” the guard called to the voice in the darkness, “ because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime. Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight.”

“ What is the matter? ” asked this passenger, then, with mildly quavering voice. “ Who wants me? Is it Jerry? ”

“ Yes, Mr. Lorry.”

“ What is the matter? ”

“ A despatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co.”

“ I know this messenger, guard,” said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road from the stage — assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately shut the door, and pulled up the window. “ He may come close; there’s nothing wrong.”

“ I hope there ain’t, but I can’t make so ’nation sure of that,” said the guard. “ Hallo you! ”

“ Well! and hallo you! ” said Jerry in a hoarse voice.

“ Come on at a footpace! d’ye mind me? And if you’ve got guns to that saddle o’ yourn, don’t let me see your hand go nigh ’em. For I’m a devil at a quick mistake, and when I make one it takes the form of Lead. So now let’s look at you.”

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the eddying mist and came to the side of the mail, where Mr. Lorry stood. The rider stooped and handed him a small folded paper.

“Guard,” said Mr. Lorry, in a tone of quiet business confidence.

The watchful guard, with his right hand at the stock of his raised gun, his left at the barrel, and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly, “Sir.”

“There is nothing to be afraid of. I belong to Tellson’s Bank. You must know Tellson’s Bank of London. I am going to Paris on business. I may read this message?”

“If so be as you’re quick, sir.”

He opened the paper in the light of the coach lamp and read, first to himself, and then aloud,

“*Wait at Dover for Mam’selle.*”

“It’s not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, *Recalled to life.*”

Jerry started in his saddle. “That’s a blazing strange answer, too,” he said, in his hoarsest voice.

“Take that answer back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good night.”

With those words this passenger opened the coach door and got in, not at all assisted by his fellow passengers, who had secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a pretence of being asleep.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent. The guard soon replaced his gun in the arm chest.

“Tom,” softly over the coach roof.

“Hulloa, Joe.”

“Did you hear the message, Tom?”

“I did, Joe.”

“What did you make of it, Tom?”

“Nothing at all, Joe.”

“That’s a coincidence, too,” the guard mused, “for I made the same of it myself.”

Jerry, left alone in the mist and darkness, dismounted, not only to ease his spent horse, but to wipe the mud from his face, and shake the wet out of his hat brim, which might be capable of holding about half a gallon. After standing with the bridle over his heavily splashed arm, until the wheels of the Mail were no longer within hearing, he turned to walk down the hill. His eight-mile ride had been all the way from Temple Bar, a famous London gateway near Tellson's Bank where Jerry worked as a porter. But he had a secret employment which none of the bank people ever suspected. For some time he had been making money on the side by digging up dead bodies just after they had been buried in the cemeteries, and selling them to surgeons and doctors for scientific dissection. People guilty of this infamous crime, who would receive a severe punishment if detected, were often called "body-snatchers," or "resurrection men."¹ On account of sometimes being engaged in such work, Jerry naturally was very much startled by the message, "Recalled to life."

"After that there gallop from Temple Bar, old lady, I won't trust your forelegs till I get you on the level," said this hoarse messenger, glancing at his mare, as he walked down the hill.

"'Recalled to life.' That's a blazing strange message. Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry. I say, Jerry, you'd be in a blazing bad way if recalling to life was to come into fashion."

The Mail Coach lumbered, jolted, rattled, and bumped

¹ In Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* there is an example of "body-snatching" by "resurrection men." A young doctor in the little town, wanting to get a body for dissection, hired two men to go out with him to a cemetery to dig up a body that had just been buried that afternoon. The incident turned out to be a terrible tragedy in that ghostly cemetery at midnight, where Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn were silent witnesses.

upon its tedious way, with its three fellow passengers inside. It was a long tiresome journey, and they dropped off to sleep now and then. The bank messenger, Mr. Lorry, with an arm drawn through the leather strap, nodded in his place. It seemed to him that he was on his way to dig some one out of a grave. The one to be taken out appeared to have the face of a man about forty-five years old. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of this spectre:

“Buried how long?”

“Almost eighteen years.”

“You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?”

“Long ago.”

“You know that you are recalled to life?”

“They tell me so.”

“I hope you care to live?”

“I can't say.”

“Shall I show her to you? Will you come and see her?”

The answers to this question were various and contradictory. Sometimes the broken reply was, “Wait, it would kill me if I saw her too soon.” Sometimes it was given in a tender rain of tears, and then it was, “Take me to her.” Sometimes it was bewildered, and then it was, “I don't know her; I don't understand.”

After much imaginary discourse, the passenger, Mr. Lorry, in his fancy, would dig and dig and dig — now with a spade, now with a great key, now with his hands — to dig this wretched creature out. Got out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fall away to dust.

Finally the shadows of the night were gone. Mr. Lorry lowered the window and looked out at the rising sun. Though the earth was cold and wet, the sky was clear, and the sun rose bright, placid and beautiful.

“Eighteen years! Gracious Creator of day! *To be buried alive for eighteen years!*”

When the Mail reached Dover in the forenoon, the head waiter at the Royal George Hotel opened the door of the stage with a flourish of ceremony, for a mail journey from London in winter was a great achievement. By that time there was only one traveler left, for the other two had been set down at their respective destinations. The mildew, inside the coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity, was rather like a larger dog kennel. Mr. Lorry, shaking himself out of it, in chains of straw, a tangle of shaggy wrapper, flapping hat, and muddy legs, was rather like a larger sort of dog.

“There will be a boat to Calais, tomorrow, waiter?”

“Yes, sir, if the weather holds, and the wind sets tolerable fair. The tide will serve pretty nicely about two in the afternoon, sir. Bed, sir?”

“I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom and a barber, and then breakfast.”

“And then breakfast, sir. Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. Show the gentleman to the Concord bedroom. Gentleman’s valise and hot water to Concord. Pull off gentleman’s boots in Concord. (You will find a fine sea-coal fire, sir.) Fetch barber to Concord. Stir about there, now, for Concord.”

The Concord bedchamber was always given to passengers by the mail. These were always wrapped up heavily from head to foot so that the room had the odd interest that, although but one kind of man was seen to go into it, all kinds and varieties of men came out of it. Consequently, another waiter, two porters, several maids and the landlady were loitering around between the Concord room and the coffee-room, when a gentleman of sixty, formally dressed

in a brown suit of clothes, passed along on his way to breakfast.

The coffee-room had no other occupant than the gentleman in brown. His breakfast-table was drawn before the fire, and as he sat waiting for his meal he looked very orderly and methodical. His brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture. His shoes and buckles, too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little flaxen wig which looked like silk or spun glass. His linen was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the beach, or the specks of sail that glinted in the sunlight far at sea.

The Preparation

He had a healthy color in his cheeks, and his face was very cheerful and pleasant. Having been in the stage coach all night, he was very tired and had just dropped off to sleep, when the arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the waiter,

“I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time today. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson’s Bank. Please to let me know.”

“Yes, sir. Tellson’s Bank in London?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, sir. We have often the honor to entertain your gentlemen in their traveling backwards and forwards between London and Paris. A vast deal of traveling in Tellson and Company’s house.”

“Yes, we are quite a French house, as well as an English one.”

“Yes, sir. Not much in the habit of such traveling yourself, I think, sir?”

“Not of late years. It is fifteen years since we — since I — came last from France.”

“Indeed, sir? That was before my time here. Before our people’s time here, sir. The George was in other hands at that time.”

“I believe so.”

“But I would hold a pretty wager, sir, that a house like Tellson and Company was flourishing a matter of fifty, not to speak of fifteen years ago?”

“You might say a hundred and fifty, yet not be far from the truth.”

“Indeed, sir!”

When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast, he went out for a stroll on the beach. The little narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach and ran its head into the chalk cliffs, like a marine ostrich. The beach was a desert of heaps of sea and stones tumbling wildly about, and the sea did what it liked, and what it liked was destruction. It thundered at the town, and thundered at the cliffs, and brought the coast down madly.

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been clear enough at intervals to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapor, Mr. Lorry’s thoughts seemed to cloud, too. When it was dark, and he sat before the coffee-room fire, awaiting his dinner, his mind was busily digging, digging, digging, in the live red coals. He had just finished his dinner when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street and rumbled into the inn-yard.

“This is Mam’selle!” he said.

In a very few minutes the waiter came in to announce that Miss Manette had arrived from London and would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson’s. She had taken some refreshment on the road and required none then. She

was extremely anxious to see the gentleman from Tellson's immediately, if it suited his pleasure and convenience.

She was waiting in the apartment provided for her, standing by a very old dark table. She was in her riding cloak, and held her straw traveling hat by its ribbon in her hand.

As Mr. Lorry's eyes rested on a slight pretty figure, with a great quantity of golden hair that fell in curls about a sweet face, with a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an enquiring look, a sudden vivid likeness passed before him, of a child whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very channel, one cold time, when the hail drifted heavily, and the sea ran high.

"Please take a seat, sir." In a very clear and pleasant young voice.

"I kiss your hand, miss," said Mr. Lorry, with the manners of an earlier date, as he made a formal bow, and took his seat.

"I received a letter from the bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some intelligence — or discovery —"

"The word is not material, miss; either word will do."

"— respecting the small property of my poor father, whom I never saw — so long dead —"

Mr. Lorry moved in his chair, a troubled look in his eyes.

"— rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the bank, so good as to be sent to Paris for the purpose. I replied to the bank that, as it was considered necessary for me to go to France, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during the journey, under that gentleman's protection. The gentleman had left London, but I think a messenger was sent after him to ask the favor of his waiting for me here."

"I was happy to be entrusted with the charge. I shall be more happy to execute it," said Mr. Lorry.

“ I thank you, indeed. I thank you very gratefully. It was told me by the bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are.”

“ Naturally, — yes, — I — ” answered Mr. Lorry.

After a pause, he added, “ It is very difficult to begin. Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business charge to acquit myself of. In your reception of it, don't heed me any more than if I was a speaking machine — truly, I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you the story of one of our customers.”

“ Story? ”

“ Yes. In the banking business we usually call our connection our customers. He was a French gentleman, a scientific gentleman; a doctor of great acquirements.”

“ Not of Beauvais? ”

“ Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honor of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. I was at that time in our French house, and had been — oh — twenty years.”

“ At that time — I may ask, at what time, sir? ”

“ I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married an English lady — and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers. These are mere business relations, miss. There is no friendship in them, no particular interest, nothing like sentiment. I have passed from one to another, in the course of my business life, just as I pass from one of our customers to another in the course of my business day.

In short, I have no feelings. I am a mere machine. To go on — ”

“ But this is my father’s story; and I begin to think — that when I was left an orphan it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you.”

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidingly advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips. He then conducted the young lady to her chair again, and holding the chair back with his left hand, stood looking down into her face while she sat looking up into his. He seemed to be rather nervous, on account of the message he wished to convey, using his right hand by turns to rub his chin, pull his wig at the ears, or emphasize what he said.

“ Miss Manette, it *was* I. And you will see how truly I spoke of myself just now, in saying I had no feelings, and that all the relations I hold with my fellow creatures are mere business relations, when you reflect that I have not seen you for fifteen years since the time when I brought you from France. No; you have been the ward of Tellson’s house since, and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson’s house since. Feelings! I have no time for them, no chance for them. I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle.

“ So far, miss (as you have remarked), this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had not died when he did — Don’t be frightened! How you start! ”

She did, indeed, start. And she caught his wrist with both her hands.

Mr. Lorry brought his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on the fingers that clasped him in so violent a tremble, saying in a soothing tone:

“ Pray control your agitation — a matter of business — . As I was saying — ”

Her look so discomposed him that he stopped, wandered, and began anew.

“As I was saying; if Monsieur Manette had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had been spirited away; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place, though no art could trace him; if he had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege that I in my own time have known the boldest people afraid to speak of in a whisper, across the water there; for instance, the privilege of getting a *lettre de cachet* from the government of France, which is an order to send any one to prison for any length of time, secretly, without any accusation and without any trial; if his wife had implored the King, the Queen, the Court, the Clergy, for any tidings of her husband, and all quite in vain — then the history of your father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the Doctor of Beauvais.”

“I entreat you to tell me more.”

“I will. I am going to. You can bear it?”

“I can bear anything but the uncertainty you leave me in at this moment.”

“You speak collectedly, and you are collected. That’s right. Courage. Business. You have useful business. — Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you, that she wanted to spare her poor child her own suffering, by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead. And when she died, I believe broken-hearted, having never slackened her unavailing search for your father, she left you to grow up beautiful and happy, without the dark cloud upon you of living in uncertainty. There has been no new discovery of money, or of any other property. But — ”

He felt his wrist held closer and he stopped. The expression upon her face was one of pain and horror.

“But he has been — found. He is alive, greatly changed, though we will hope the best. He has been taken to the home of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there; I to identify him if I can; you to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort.”

A shiver ran through her frame, and she said in a low, distinct, awe-stricken tone, as if she were saying it in a dream:

“I am going to see his Ghost. It will be his Ghost — not *him*.”

Mr. Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm.

“There, there, there. See now; the best and worst are known to you now. You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman; and with a fair sea voyage and a fair land journey, you will be soon at his dear side.”

She repeated in the same tone, sunk to a whisper:

“I have been free, I have been happy, yet his Ghost has never haunted me.”

“Only one thing more,” said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a means of enforcing her attention: “He has been found under another name, his own long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to enquire which; worse than useless to seek to know whether he has been for years overlooked or always designedly held prisoner. It would be worse than useless to make any inquiries, because it would be dangerous. Better not to mention the subject, anywhere or in any way, and to remove him — for a while, at all events — out of France. Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Tellson’s, important as they are to French credit, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. This is a secret service altogether. My credentials, entries, and memoranda are all comprehended in the one line, “Recalled to life,” which may mean anything. But

what is the matter? She doesn't notice a word. Miss Manette."

Perfectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat, holding his wrist, utterly insensible, with her eyes open and fixed upon him. So close was her hold upon his that he feared to detach himself lest he should hurt her. Therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving.

A wild-looking woman, whom even in his agitation Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red color, to have red hair, and to have on her head a most wonderful bonnet, like a great Stilton cheese, came rushing into the room in advance of the inn servants, and soon settled the question of his detachment from the poor young lady, by laying a brawny hand upon his chest and sending him flying back against the nearest wall.

("I really think this must be a man," was Mr. Lorry's reflection, as he came against the wall.)

"Why, look at you all," bawled this figure, addressing the inn servants. "Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there, staring at me? I am not so much to look at, am I? Why don't you go and fetch things? I'll let you know, if you don't bring smelling salts, cold water, and vinegar, quick, I will."

There was an immediate dispersal for these restoratives, and she softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness, calling her "my precious" and "my bird" and spreading her golden hair aside over her shoulders with great pride and care.

"And you in brown," turning indignantly to Mr. Lorry, "couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her, without frightening her to death? Look at her, with her pretty pale face and her cold hands. Do you call that being a banker?"

Mr. Lorry was so exceedingly disconcerted by a question so hard to answer that he could only look on, at a distance, with much sympathy and humility, while the strong woman, having banished the inn servants, under the mysterious penalty of letting them know something not mentioned if they stayed there staring, recovered her charge by a regular series of gradations, and coaxed her to lay her drooping head upon her shoulder. This was Miss Pross, Lucie's faithful maid and best friend.

"I hope she will do well now," Mr. Lorry said.

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does. My darling pretty."

"I hope," said Mr. Lorry, after another pause of feeble sympathy and humility, "that you accompany Miss Manette to France?"

"A likely thing, too," replied the strong woman. "If it was ever intended that I should go across salt water, do you suppose Providence would have cast my lot in an island?"

This being another hard question to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.



CHAPTER III

THE WINE SHOP

A LARGE cask of wine had been dropped and broken in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart. The cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine shop, shattered like a walnut shell.

All the people had suspended their business or their idleness to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, had dammed it into little pools. These were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women who bent over their shoulders, to sip before the wine had all run between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths. Others made small mud embankments, to stem the wine as it ran. Others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions. Others devoted themselves to the sodden pieces of the cask, licking and champing the wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

When the wine was gone and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased as suddenly as they had

broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting set it in motion again. The woman who had left on a doorstep the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it. Men with bare arms and haggard faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away, to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood left red marks on the billets, and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth. One tall joker, so besmirched, scrawled upon a wall, with his finger dipped in muddy wine lees — *Blood*.

And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his countenance, the darkness of it was heavy; — cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, *Want*.

The wine shop was a corner shop, better than most others. The master of the wine shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine.

“It’s not my affair,” he said. “The people from the market did it. Let them bring another.”

Then his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way, “Say then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?”

The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significance.

“What, now? Are you a subject for the mad hospital?” asked the wine-shop keeper. He crossed the road and obliterated the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, smearing it over the word. “Why do you write in the public streets? Is there — tell me — is there no other place to write such words in?”

He dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidentally, perhaps not) upon the joker’s heart. The joker rapped it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a fantastic dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out.

“Put it on, put it on,” said the wine shop keeper. “Call wine, wine, and finish there.” With that advice he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker’s dress, as having dirtied the hand on his account, and recrossed the road and entered the wine shop.

He was a large martial looking man of thirty. He wore no coat but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt sleeves were rolled up, too, and his arms were bare to the elbow. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them; good-humored looking, on the whole, but implacable looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. She was a stout woman of his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge from which one might have known that she did not often make mistakes against herself, in any of the

reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge was wrapped in fur and had a bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large earrings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to attract her husband's attention to a couple of unusual strangers.

The wine-shop keeper rolled his eyes about until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, seated in a corner.

"What the devil do *you* do in that galley there?" said Defarge to himself; "I don't know you."

But he pretended not to notice the two strangers, and began to talk to three customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of these to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilt wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques."

"Ah, so much the worse. A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths; and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?"¹

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

The elderly gentleman advanced from his corner and begged the favor of a word.

"Willingly, sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Almost at the first word Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. Then he nodded and went out. The gentleman beckoned to the young lady, and they, too,

¹ The name "*Jacques*" was given to every member of a certain secret club which was preparing for revolution.

went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine shop, joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good humor in his face, and had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

“It is very high; it is a little difficult; better to begin slowly.” Thus Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

“Is he alone?” the latter whispered.

“Alone! God help him! Who should be with him?”

“Is he always alone then?”

“Yes.”

“Of his own desire?”

“Of his own necessity. As he was when I first saw him, after they found me, and demanded to know if I would take him, and at my peril be discreet. As he was then — so he is now.”

“He is greatly changed?”

“Changed!”

The keeper of the wine shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

At last the top of the stair case was gained. The keeper of the wine shop felt in the pocket of the coat he carried and took out a key.

“The door is locked, then, my friend?” said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

“ Ay. Yes,” was the grim reply.

“ You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman confined? ”

“ I think it necessary to turn the key.”

“ Why? ”

“ Why! Because he has lived so long locked up, that he would be frightened — rave — tear himself to pieces — die — come to I know not what harm — if the door was left open.”

“ Is it possible? ”

“ Is it possible! Yes, and a beautiful world we live in, when it is possible! Long live the Devil! Let us go on.”

He struck twice or thrice upon the door and drew the key across it three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered.

He looked back over his shoulder and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely around the daughter's waist and held her, for he felt that she was sinking.

“ I am afraid of it,” she answered, shuddering.

“ Of it? What? ”

“ I mean of him — of my father.”

Rendered in a manner desperate by her state, and by the beckoning of their conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He put her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, and locked it on the inside; took out the key again and held it in his hand. Finally he walked across the room to where the window was. He stopped there and faced around. The garret was dim and dark, for the window of dormer shape was a door in the roof, unglazed, and closing up the middle in two



In the gloomy tiled-paved entry, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips.

pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one-half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything. Long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet, work of that kind was being done in the garret; for with his back towards the door and his face towards the window, where the keeper of the wine shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

a

CHAPTER IV THE SHOEMAKER

GOOD DAY," said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded.

"Good day."

"You are still hard at work, I see."

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment and the voice replied, "Yes, I am working." This time a pair of large, dark, haggard eyes had looked at the questioner before the face had dropped again.

"I want to let in a little more light, here. You can bear a little more?"

The shoemaker stopped his work, looked with a vacant air of listening at the floor on one side of him, then, at the floor on the other side of him, then upward at the speaker.

"What did you say?"

"You can bear a little more light?"

“I *must* bear it, if you let it in.”

The opened half-door was opened a little further, and a broad ray of light fell into the garret. It showed the workman with an unfinished shoe in his lap, pausing in his labor. He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn.

“Are you going to finish that pair of shoes, today?” asked Defarge, motioning Mr. Lorry to come forward.

“What did you say?”

“Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes today?”

“I can’t say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don’t know.” But the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door.

“You have a visitor, you see,” said Monsieur Defarge.

“What did you say?”

“Here is a visitor.”

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

“Come,” said Defarge. “Here is monsieur who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur.”

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

“Tell monsieur what kind of a shoe it is, and the maker’s name.”

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied.

“I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?”

“I said, couldn’t you describe the kind of shoe it is, and the maker’s name?”

“It is a lady’s shoe. It is a young lady’s walking shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand.” He glanced at the shoe with some little passing touch of pride.

“And the maker’s name?” said Defarge.

“Did you ask me for my name?”

“Assuredly I did.”

“One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

“Is that all?”

“One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

He bent to work again, until the silence was again broken.

“You are not a shoemaker by trade?” asked Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

“I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learned it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since.”

“Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me?” Mr. Lorry said.

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

“Monsieur Manette,” Mr. Lorry laid his hand upon Defarge’s arm: “Do you remember nothing of this man? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette?”

He looked at the two less and less attentively. Finally, with a deep long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

“Have you recognized him, monsieur?” said Defarge in a whisper.

“Yes, for a moment. At first I thought it quite hopeless, but I have unquestionably seen the face that I once knew so well. Hush! Let us draw further back. Hush!”

Lucie had moved very near to the bench on which he sat. Not a word was spoken; not a sound was made. She stood beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand for his shoemaker's knife. He had taken it up and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she stayed them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, though they had.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees, in the pauses of his quick and labored breathing, he was heard to say:

“What is this? You are not the jailor's daughter?”

She sighed, “No.”

“Who are you?”

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange thrill struck him, and vividly passed over him. He laid the knife down softly, as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and with another sigh fell to work at his shoemaking. But not for long.

Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it, two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this carefully

on his knee. It contained a very little quantity of hair, not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger. He took her hair into his hand again and looked closely at it.

“It is the same. How can it be? When was it? How was it?”

He turned her full to the light and looked at her.

“She had laid her head upon my shoulder that night when I was summoned out — she had a fear of my going, though I had none — and when I was brought to the North Tower, they found these upon my sleeve. ‘You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit.’ Those were the words I said. I remember them very well.”

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they come coherently, though slowly.

“How was this? *Was it you?*”

Once more the spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said, in a low tone of voice:

“I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us; do not move; do not speak.”

“Hark!” he exclaimed. “Whose voice is that?”

His hands released her, as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. It died out, as everything but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet, and tried to secure it in his breast, but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

“No! No! No! You are too young, too blooming. It can’t be. See what the prisoner is! These are not the hands she knew! This is not the face she knew! This is not a voice she ever heard. No, no! She was, and He was

— before the slow years of the North Tower — years ago. What is your name, my gentle angel? ”

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

“ O, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father was, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you here and now, is that I pray to you to touch me and to bless me, and kiss me! Oh my dear, my dear! ”

His cold white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of Freedom shining on him.

“ If you hear in my voice — I don't know that it is so, but I hope it is, — if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, anything that recalls a beloved head that lay on your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it! If when I hint to you of a home that is before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a home long desolate, while your poor heart pined away, weep for it, weep for it! ”

She held him closer round the neck and rocked him on her breast like a child.

“ If when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that I have come here to take you from it, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you of my name, and of

my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honored father and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it, weep for it! Weep for her, then, and for me! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. O, see! Thank God for us, thank God! ”

He had sunk in her arms, and his face dropped on her breast, a sight so touching, yet so terrible in the wrong and suffering which had gone before it, that the two beholders covered their faces.

When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed, and his heaving breast and shaken form had long yielded to the calls that must follow all storms — emblem to humanity of the rest and silence into which the storm called Life must hush at last — they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. He had gradually dropped to the floor and lay there in a lethargy, worn out. She had nestled down with him, that his head might lie upon her arm; and her hair, drooping over him, curtained him from the light.

“ If, without disturbing him,” she said, raising her hand to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them, after repeated blowings of his nose, “ all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door, he could be taken away — ”

“ But, consider. Is he fit for the journey? ” asked Mr. Lorry.

“ More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city, so dreadful to him.”

“ It is true,” said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. “ More than that, Monsieur Manette is, for all

reasons, best out of France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and post-horses? ”

“ That’s business,” said Mr. Lorry, resuming on the shortest notice his methodical manners, “ and if business is to be done, I had better do it.”

“ Then be so kind as to leave us here. You see how composed he has become, and you cannot be afraid to leave him with me now. In any case I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight. If you will lock the door, to secure us from interruption, I do not doubt that you will find him, when you come back, as quiet as you leave him.”

Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were disinclined to this course, and in favor of one of them remaining. But as there were not only carriage and horses to be seen to but traveling papers, and as time pressed, for the day was drawing to an end, it came at last to their hastily dividing the business that was necessary to be done, and hurrying away.

Then as the darkness closed in, the daughter laid her head down on the hard ground close at the father’s side and watched him. The darkness deepened and deepened, and they both lay quiet, until a light gleamed through the chinks in the wall.

Mr. Lorry and Monsieur Defarge had made all ready for the journey, and had brought with them, besides traveling cloaks and wrappers, bread and meat, wine and hot coffee. Monsieur Defarge put this provender, and the lamp he carried, on the shoemaker’s bench, and he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive and assisted him to his feet. They tried speaking to him, but he was so confused, and so very slow to answer that they took fright at his bewilderment and agreed, for the time, to tamper with him no more. He had a wild, lost manner of occasionally clasping his head in his hands, that had not been seen in him before, yet he had

some pleasure in the mere sound of his daughter's voice, and always turned to it when she spoke.

In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey under coercion he ate and drank what they gave him and put on the cloak and other wrappings that they gave him to wear. He readily responded to his daughter's drawing her arm through his, and took, and kept, her hand in both his own.

They began to descend, Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession. They had not traversed many steps of the long main staircase when he stopped, and stared at the roof and round at the walls.

"You remember the place, my father? You remember coming here?"

"What did you say?"

But before she could repeat the question, he murmured, "Remember? No, I don't remember. It was so very long ago."

That he had no recollection whatever of having been brought from his prison to that house was apparent to them. They heard him mutter,

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower," and when he looked about him, it evidently was for the strong fortress walls which had long encompassed him. On reaching the courtyard he instinctively altered his tread, as in expectation of a drawbridge; and when there was no drawbridge, and he saw the carriage waiting in the open street, he dropped his daughter's hand and clasped his head again.

Only one soul was to be seen, and that was Madame Defarge, who leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing. The prisoner had got into a coach, and his daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry's feet were arrested on the step by his asking, miserably, for his shoe-

making tools and the unfinished shoes. Madame Defarge immediately called to her husband that she would get them, and went, knitting, out of the lamplight, through the courtyard. She quickly brought them down and handed them in; and immediately afterwards leaned against the doorpost, knitting, and saw nothing.

Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word "To the Barrier." The postillion cracked his whip, and they clattered away under the feeble over-swinging lamps.

Under the over-swinging lamps, swinging ever brighter in the better streets, and ever dimmer in the worse, and by lighted shops, gay crowds, illuminated coffee-houses, and theatergoers, to one of the city gates.

Soldiers with lanterns, at the guard house, there.

"Your papers, travelers."

"See here, then, Monsieur the Officer," said Defarge, getting down and taking him gravely aside, "these are the papers of monsieur inside with the white head. They were consigned to me with him at the —" He dropped his voice. There was a flutter among the military lanterns and one of them being handed into the coach by an arm in uniform, the eyes connected with the uniform looked, not an everyday look, or an everynight look, at monsieur with the white head.

"It is well. Forward," from the uniform.

"Adieu," from Defarge. And so, under a short grove of feebler and feebler over-swinging lamps, out under the great grove of stars. All through the cold and restless interval the fancies were whispered in the ears of Mr. Jarvis Lorry, sitting opposite the buried man who had been dug out:

"I hope you care to be recalled to life?" And the old answer, "I can't say."

Doctor Manette was so exhausted that Lucie had to make

a bed for him on the deck of the boat, being afraid to take him into the cabin. The sea was very rough, and Mr. Lorry became so seasick that he could not help her in any way. He had to lie on a couch during the entire voyage. However, she was assisted by the only other passenger on board. This was a young Frenchman who made his home in England and made his living by teaching French and French literature. He often traveled between England and France, so knew the ways of the weather, and was able to keep Doctor Manette protected from the cold winds. Lucie deeply appreciated his sympathy and gentle consideration in caring for her father. His name was Charles Darnay.

* * *

At the time Doctor Manette was released from the Bastille the only living members of the St. Evrémonde family, which had been responsible for putting him into prison, were the one who was designated as the younger brother, the Marquis St. Evrémonde, and his nephew Charles St. Evrémonde, whose father and mother were both dead. Always faithful to the early teachings of his sweet beloved mother, Charles St. Evrémonde had tried all his life to carry out her wishes to help the poor people. He had made it the great duty of his life to search for the sister, whose relatives had been really murdered by his father and uncle. He wanted to help the poor people in every way and constantly tried to influence his uncle, the Marquis St. Evrémonde, to make the burdens of the poor people lighter. His uncle grew to dislike him and even to hate him to such an extent that he would have had him put into the Bastille if he were sure of having sufficient power. Times had changed slightly, and while still a great nobleman he did not possess the power he and his family once had. He would have been reconciled with his nephew if he would have lived like a

nobleman, but this Charles refused to do. He would not live on the toil of such oppressed people. He preferred to make his own living by teaching French and French literature in England. There he was known by the name of Charles Darnay.

BOOK II. THE GOLDEN THREAD

TIME: 1780-1792

PLACE: *London and Paris*

CHAPTER I

FIVE YEARS LATER, 1780

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. 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.

Outside Tellson's, never in it, unless called in, was an odd-job man, porter and messenger, Jerry Cruncher. His home was not in a savory neighborhood and was composed of two rooms in a large tenement. But the two rooms were very decently kept. Early as it was, on this particular March morning, the room in which Jerry Cruncher lay abed was already scrubbed throughout and a very clean white cloth was spread on the lumbering deal table, beneath the cups and saucers. Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patch-work counterpane. At first he slept heavily, but by degrees be-

gan to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface, with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheet to ribbons.

“Bust me, if she ain’t at it again.”¹

A woman of orderly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner.

“What,” looking out of bed for a boot, “you’re at it again, are you?”

After hailing 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 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 are you up to, Aggerwayter?”²

“I was only saying my prayers,” she answered.

“Saying your prayers! You’re a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin 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 boy. You’ve got a religious mother, you have, my son, going and flopping herself down, 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, that the worth of your prayers may be?”

¹ Jerry’s wife was praying constantly that her husband would stop his unlawful and dangerous business of robbing cemeteries.

² Jerry said that his wife aggravated him, so he called her an “aggravater” (*aggerwayter*).

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

“ Worth no more than that! 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 going to be made unlucky by your sneaking. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favor 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 circumvented into the worst of luck. *Bust me,*” all this time putting on his clothes, “ if I ain’t 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 sign of more flopping, give me a call. For I tell you, I won’t be gone agin in this manner. I am as rickety as a hackney coach. I’m as sleepy as laudanum. 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 suspic’ion 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,” Mr. Cruncher betook himself to his boot cleaning and his general preparation for business. In the meantime his son, whose head was garnished with tenderer spikes, kept the required watch upon his mother. He greatly disturbed that poor woman at intervals by darting

out with a suppressed cry of "You are going to flop, mother. Hulloo, father"; and after raising this fictitious alarm, darting away again with an undutiful grin.

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

"Now, Aggerwayter, what are you up to? At it again?"

His wife explained that she had merely asked a blessing.

"Don't do it. I ain't agoing to be blest out of house and home. I won't have my wittles blest off my table. Keep still."

Jerry Cruncher worried his breakfast down, rather than ate it, growling like any four-footed inmate of a menagerie.

Towards nine o'clock he smoothed his ruffled aspect and issued forth to the occupation of the day. It could hardly be called a trade. His stock consisted of a wooden stool, which young Jerry, walking at his father's side, carried every morning to a place beneath the banking-house window. Encamped at a quarter before nine, in good time to touch his three-cornered hat to the oldest of men as they passed into Tellson's, Jerry took up his station on this windy March morning, with young Jerry standing by him.

The head of one of the indoor messengers was put through the door and the word given, "Porter wanted."

"Hooray, father. Here's an early job to begin with."

Having given his father Godspeed, young Jerry seated himself on the stool and cogitated:

"Always rusty. His fingers is always rusty. Where does my father get all that iron rust from? He don't get no iron rust here."

One of the oldest of clerks sent for Jerry, and said to him:

"You know the Old Bailey well, no doubt?"

"Ye-es, sir, I do know the Bailey."

“Just so; and you know Mr. Lorry?”

“I know Mr. Lorry, sir, much better than I know the Bailey; much better 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?”

“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 that you are there, and 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 folded and superscribed the note, Mr. Cruncher, after surveying him in silence, remarked,

“I suppose they'll be trying forgeries this morning?”

“Treason.”

“That's quartering.³ Barbarous.”

“It is the law,” said the ancient clerk, turning his surprised spectacles upon him. “It is the law.”

“It's hard in the law to spile a man, I think. It's hard enough to kill him, but it's werry hard to spile him, sir.”

“Not at all. Not at all. Speak well of the law. Here is the letter. Go along.”

³ The bodies of men executed for certain crimes were sometimes divided into quarters and exhibited in public places.

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.

At this time prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey but were taken to Tyburn for execution; so the Old Bailey was a kind of inn-yard, from which pale travelers set out continually on a violent passage into the other world. It was famous for many kinds of executions. It was famous, too, for the pillory, an old institution that inflicted a punishment of which no one could foresee the extent; also for the whipping post, not very humanizing or softening to behold in action; also for transactions in blood money where spies or other people would be paid by the government of England for detecting acts of treason. This led to framing up crimes against innocent individuals and led to the most frightful mercenary crimes that could be committed under Heaven. But as the ancient bank clerk said, whatever was the law must be just, because it *was* the law. Altogether, the Old Bailey was an illustration of the precept that, "Whatever is, is right." That would be as final as lazy, did it not include the consequence that "nothing that ever was, was wrong."

Making his way through the crowd with the skill of a man accustomed to make his way quietly, the messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter. People then paid to see the trials at the Old Bailey; therefore all the doors were well guarded — except the social doors by which the criminals got there, and those were always left wide open. After some delay the door turned on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court.

"What's on?" he asked in a whisper of the man he found himself next to.

“ Nothing yet.”

“ What’s coming on? ”

“ The treason case.”

“ The quartering one, eh? ”

“ Ah,” returned the man with a relish; “ he’ll be drawn on a hurdle to be half-hanged, and then he’ll be taken down, and sliced before his own face; and then his inside will be taken out and burnt while he looks on, and then his head will be chopped off, and he’ll be cut into quarters. That’s the sentence.”

“ If he’s found guilty, you mean,” Jerry added.

“ Oh, they’ll find him guilty; don’t you be afraid of that.”

Mr. Cruncher’s attention was here diverted to the door-keeper, whom he saw making his way to Mr. Lorry, with the note in his hand. Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentlemen in wigs. He was not far from the prisoner’s lawyer, Mr. Stryver, who had a great bundle of papers before him. On the other side of the table was Mr. Stryver’s clerk, who did nearly all the brain work in every case that his employer had. He was a brilliant but dissipated young lawyer without any ambition. It was known that he prepared all Stryver’s cases for him, but in court he appeared to take no interest in anything. He was an untidy-looking individual, with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court. His name was Sydney Carton.

After some gruff coughing and rubbing of his chin, and signing with his hand, Jerry attracted the notice of Mr. Lorry who had stood up to look for him, and who quietly nodded and sat down again.

“ What’s *he* got to do with the case? ” asked the man he had spoken with.

“ Blest if I know.”

“What have *you* got to do with the case, then, if a person may inquire?”

“Blest if I know that, either,” said Jerry.

The entrance of the Judge, and a great stir and settling down in the court, stopped the dialogue. Presently the dock became the central point of interest. Two jailors brought the prisoner in, who was put to the bar.

Everybody present, except the one wigged gentleman, Sydney Carton, who looked at the ceiling, stared at the prisoner. All the human breath in the place rolled at him like a sea or a wind or a fire. Eager faces strained round pillars to get a sight of him.

He was about five and twenty, well grown and well looking, with a sunburnt cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman, plainly dressed in black or very dark grey. He was quite self-possessed; bowed to the Judge and stood quiet.

Silence in the court! — Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded *not guilty* to an indictment denouncing him as a traitor to our prince, our Lord the King, by having assisted Lewis, the French King, revealing to him what forces our King had in preparation to send to Canada and North America, against the American Colonies. This much Jerry, with his head becoming more and more spiky as the law terms bristled it, made out with satisfaction and so arrived at the understanding that Charles Darnay stood there before him upon his trial; that the jury were swearing in; and that Mr. Attorney-General was ready to speak.

The accused, who 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 jail air and jail fever.

A change in his position turned his face to that side of the court which was on his left. About on a level with his eyes there sat, in that corner of the judge's bench, two persons upon whom his look immediately rested; so much to the changing of his aspect, that all the eyes that were turned upon him, turned to them.

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 to the absolute whiteness of his hair and a certain intensity of face, 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 expressive of terror and compassion that saw nothing but the peril of the accused. This had been so very noticeable that starers, who had had no pity for him, were touched by her, and the whisper went about,

“ Who is she? ”

Jerry, the messenger, who had made his own observations in his own manner and who had been sucking the rust off his fingers in his absorption, stretched his neck to hear who they were. The crowd about him had passed the inquiry on to the nearest attendant, and from him it had been slowly passed back. At last it got to Jerry:

“ Witnesses.”

“ For which side? ”

“ Against.”

“ Against what side? ”

“The prisoner’s.”

The Judge, whose eyes had gone in the general 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.

At this time the English Government paid spies to detect any unpatriotic people and bring information about a person suspected of helping the enemy country. Since these secret informers were given money to find any one who was working against England, they often “framed up” cases against innocent people, in order to get the money. Sometimes the innocent people would be executed as traitors. Then the money obtained under such circumstances was called “blood money.” Charles Darnay was an easy victim for such secret informers, or spies. He had traveled back and forth between England and France a number of times, and he had kept his business to himself, which made it appear rather secret. John Barsad and Roger Cly were two spies for the English government who had framed up a case against Darnay. Cly had been his servant and Barsad had met him while traveling.

Opening of the trial. Silence! Case of Darnay called. Thus Mr. Attorney-General:

“Honorable Judge and Gentlemen of the Jury:

The prisoner, Charles Darnay, yesterday pleaded not guilty to an indictment denouncing him as a false traitor to our illustrious, excellent prince, our Lord the King, because he has many times assisted Lewis, the French King, in his wars against our illustrious, excellent Prince, our Lord the King; that is to say, by coming and going, between the dominions of our Lord the King, and those of the French King Lewis, and wickedly, falsely, traitorously, revealing to the French King what forces of men, ships, supplies, and

so forth, our excellent, illustrious Prince, our Lord the King, had in preparation to send to Canada and North America.

“The prisoner before you today, gentlemen of the jury, though young in years, is old in treasonable practices which claim the forfeit of his life. His correspondence with the public enemy has gone on for a long time. For many years he has been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he can give no honest account. If it were natural for traitors to thrive, his real guilt and wickedness might never have been discovered. But Providence put it into the heart of a person, who is beyond fear and reproach, to find out the nature of the prisoner’s schemes. Struck with horror he reported them to his Majesty’s Chief Secretary of State. This patriot, John Barsad, will be produced before you. He had been the prisoner’s friend, but in an evil hour, detecting his infamy, had resolved to sacrifice on the altar of his country the traitor he could no longer have for a friend. If statues were decreed in Britain, as they were in ancient Greece and Rome for public benefactors, this shining citizen would surely have one.

“Patriotism, gentlemen of the jury, is contagious, as you have no doubt read in poetry. So the bright virtue, known as love of country, in the heart of John Barsad, that immaculate and unimpeachable witness for the Crown, communicated itself to the prisoner’s servant, Roger Cly. This man had a holy determination to examine his master’s table drawers and pockets, and found suspicious papers which he brought away secretly. I am prepared to hear some disparagement attempted of this admirable servant, but for me, in a general way, I prefer him to my brothers and sisters, and honor him more than my father and mother. I call upon the jury to come and do likewise.

“The evidence of these two witnesses, with the documents found in the prisoner’s possession, show that the prisoner was sending away lists of the forces of the King, and of their disposition and preparation, both by land and sea. The papers are not in his handwriting, but that shows he was very artful in his precautions. Five years ago the prisoner was furnishing information to the enemy, within a few weeks before the first battle between the British troops and the Americans. For these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury, as I know you are, and a responsible jury, as *you* know you are, must positively find the prisoner guilty, and make an end of him, whether you like to do it or not. You never can lay your heads upon your pillows, you can never tolerate the idea of your wives laying their heads upon their pillows, you can never endure the notion of your children laying their heads upon their pillows, in short there never can be for you or yours, any laying of heads upon pillows at all, unless the prisoner’s head is taken off. I demand this of you, gentlemen of the jury, in the name of Patriotism.

“Already I consider the prisoner as good as dead and gone ! ”

John Barsad, the most patriotic citizen, who had first reported Charles Darnay as an enemy to England, now took the stand to testify. The Solicitor-General, following the manner of the Attorney-General, questioned him and showed the story of his pure soul to be exactly what the former speaker had said. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, John Barsad would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that Mr. Stryver, the attorney for Darnay, begged leave to ask him a few questions.

STRYVER: “Have you ever been a spy yourself?”

BARSAID: “No. I scorn the base insinuation!”

STRYVER: “What do you live upon?”

BARSAD: "My property."

STRYVER: "Where is your property?"

BARSAD: "I don't precisely remember where it is."

STRYVER: "Did you inherit it?"

BARSAD: "Yes, I did."

STRYVER: "From whom?"

BARSAD: "A distant relation."

STRYVER: "Very distant?"

BARSAD: "Rather."

STRYVER: "Were you ever in prison?"

BARSAD: "Certainly not!"

STRYVER: "Never in a debtor's prison?"

BARSAD: "I don't see what that has to do with it."

STRYVER: "Come, once again. Never in a debtor's prison?"

BARSAD: "Yes."

STRYVER: "How many times?"

BARSAD: "Two or three times."

STRYVER: "Not five or six?"

BARSAD: "Perhaps."

STRYVER: "What is your profession?"

BARSAD: "A gentleman."

STRYVER: "Were you ever kicked?"

BARSAD: "Might have been."

STRYVER: "Ever kicked downstairs?"

BARSAD: "Decidedly not. I once received a kick at the top of a staircase, and fell downstairs of my own accord."

STRYVER: "Were you kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice?"

BARSAD: "Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who made the assault, but it was not true."

STRYVER: "Will you swear it was not true?"

BARSAD: "Positively."

STRYVER: "Ever live by cheating at play?"

BARSAD: "Never."

STRYVER: "Ever live by play?"

BARSAD: "Not more than other gentlemen do."

STRYVER: "Ever borrow money of the prisoner?"

BARSAD: "Yes."

STRYVER: "Ever pay him?"

BARSAD: "No."

STRYVER: "Was not this intimacy with the prisoner in reality a very slight one, forced upon the prisoner in coaches, inns, and boats?"

BARSAD: "No."

STRYVER: "Sure you saw the prisoner with these lists?"

BARSAD: "Certain."

STRYVER: "You don't know anything more about the lists?"

BARSAD: "No."

STRYVER: "You didn't get them yourself, for instance?"

BARSAD: "No."

STRYVER: "Do you expect to be paid anything for this evidence?"

BARSAD: "No."

STRYVER: "You are not in regular government pay and employment to lay traps?"

BARSAD: "Oh, no!"

STRYVER: "Or to do anything?"

BARSAD: "Oh dear, no."

STRYVER: "Swear that?"

BARSAD: "Over and over again."

STRYVER: "No motives but motives of sheer patriotism?"

BARSAD: "None whatever."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL: "Roger Cly" — (The virtuous servant).

A. G.: "Mr. Cly, when did you begin to work for the prisoner?"

R. C.: "About four years ago."

A. G.: "Did you take service with the prisoner in good faith and simplicity, thinking him a good citizen of England, although French by birth?"

R. C.: "I did."

A. G.: "Where did you first meet the prisoner?"

R. C.: "On board a Calais boat. I asked the prisoner if he wanted a handy fellow, and he engaged me."

A. G.: "When did you begin to suspect that the prisoner was a traitor to England?"

R. C.: "Very soon after I began to work for him. I saw him passing papers secretly to French gentlemen. Then I began to keep an eye upon him. In arranging his clothes while traveling, I saw lists similar to these lists in the prisoner's pockets many times. I took these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. I saw the prisoner show these lists to French gentlemen of Calais and similar lists to French gentlemen both at Calais and Boulogne. I love my country, and couldn't bear it, and so gave information."

Mr. Roger Cly was asked to remain on the witness stand while the counsel for the defense asked him some questions.

STRYVER: "Where did you first meet the prisoner?"

R. C.: "On board the Calais boat."

STRYVER: "At that time didn't you beg the prisoner to give you a job?"

R. C.: "No."

STRYVER: "Didn't you tell the prisoner that it would be an act of charity to take you?"

R. C.: "No, I never thought of such a thing."

STRYVER: "Don't you earn money by being a spy?"

R. C.: "Oh, certainly not."

STRYVER: "You are not in the pay and employment of the government to lay traps?"

R. C.: "Of course not."

STRYVER: "You found these lists in the drawer of the prisoner's desk?"

R. C.: "Yes."

STRYVER: "Didn't you put them there yourself?"

R. C.: "Never."

STRYVER: "Were you ever suspected of stealing a silver teapot?"

R. C.: "I was maligned respecting a mustard pot, but it turned out to be plated."

STRYVER: "How long have you known the last witness?"

R. C.: "Seven or eight years."

STRYVER: "Don't you call it a curious coincidence that you two witnesses are so well acquainted?"

R. C.: "Not at all. Most coincidences are curious."

STRYVER: "What is your motive for doing all this?"

R. C.: "True patriotism. I am a true Briton, and hope there are many like me."

Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

A. G.: "Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's Bank?"

MR. LORRY: "I am."

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

MR. LORRY: "It did."

A. G.: "Were there any other passengers in the Mail?"

MR. LORRY: "Two."

A. G.: "Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

MR. LORRY: "They did."

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

MR. LORRY: "I cannot undertake to say that he was."

A. G.: "Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

MR. LORRY: "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."

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

MR. LORRY: "No."

A. G.: "So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

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

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

MR. LORRY: "I have."

A. G.: "When?"

MR. LORRY: "I was returning from France, a few days afterwards, and at Calais the prisoner came on board the boat in which I returned, and made the voyage with me."

A. G.: "At what hour did he come on board?"

MR. LORRY: "At a little after midnight."

A. G.: "In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour?"

MR. LORRY: "He happened to be the only one."

A. G.: "Never mind about happening, Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night?"

MR. LORRY: "He was."

A. G.: "Were you traveling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companions?"

MR. LORRY: "With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

A. G.: "They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

MR. LORRY: "Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa, almost from shore to shore."

A. G.: "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.

A. G.: "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. It was as if he were standing apart with her on the edge of his grave.

A. G.: "Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

M. M.: "Yes, sir."

A. G.: "Where?"

M. M.: "On board the boat just now referred to, and on the same occasion."

A. G.: "You are the young lady just now referred to?"

M. M.: "Oh, most unhappily I am."

JUDGE: "Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

A. G.: "Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

M. M.: "Yes, sir."

A. G.: "Recall it."

M. M.: "When the gentleman came on board —"

JUDGE: "Do you mean the prisoner?"

M. M.: "Yes, my Lord."

JUDGE: "Then say the prisoner."

M. M.: "When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father was in a weak state of health. I was afraid to take him out of the air, and 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 but we four. The prisoner showed me how to 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 harbor. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father, and I am sure he felt it."

A. G.: "Let me interrupt you for a minute. Had he come on board alone?"

M. M.: "No."

A. G.: "How many were with him?"

M. M.: "Two French gentlemen."

A. G.: "Had they conferred together?"

M. M.: "They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

A. G.: "Had any papers been handed about among them similar to these lists?"

M. M.: "Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."

A. G.: "Like these in shape and size?"

M. M.: "Possibly, but indeed I don't know."

A. G.: "Now as to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette?"

M. M.: "The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me — as he was kind and good and useful to my father. I hope," — (beginning to weep) — "I may not repay him by doing him harm today."

A. G.: "Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not per-

fectly 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.”

M. M.: “He told me that he was traveling on business of a delicate and difficult nature which might get people into trouble and that he was therefore traveling 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.”

A. G.: “Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular.”

M. M.: “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.”

Mr. Attorney-General now called the young lady’s father, Doctor Manette.

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

DR. M.: “Once at my lodgings in London, when he called there about three years or three years and a half ago.”

A. G.: “Can you identify him as your fellow passenger on board the boat, or speak of his conversation with your daughter?”

DR. M.: “Sir, I can do neither.”

A. G.: “Is there any particular reason for your being unable to do either?”

DR. M.: "There is."

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

DR. M.: "A long imprisonment."

A. G.: "Were you newly released on the occasion in question?"

DR. M.: "They tell me so."

A. G.: "Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

DR. M.: "None. My mind is a blank, for 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 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 was to show that the prisoner went down in the Dover Mail on that Friday night in November five years ago, got out of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, but traveled back a dozen miles to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information. A witness was called to identify him as having been at that place at that precise time, in the coffee room of a hotel in that garrison and dockyard town.

Mr. Stryver had cross-examined this witness with no result, except that he had never seen the prisoner on any other occasion. It looked as if the testimony of this witness would convict the prisoner, when Sydney Carton, the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to Stryver. After this gentleman had

opened the paper in the next pause, he looked with great attention at the prisoner. Then he said to the witness:

“ You say you are sure it was the prisoner whom you saw? ”

“ Quite sure.”

“ Did you ever see anybody very like the prisoner? ”

“ No; at least not so much like him as that I could be mistaken.”

“ Look well upon my learned friend, there,” said Stryver, pointing to Carton, “ and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other? ”

Allowing for my friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise not only the witness, but everybody present. And when my learned friend there laid aside his wig (and giving no gracious consent when asked to do this), the likeness became much more remarkable. The Judge asked Mr. Stryver whether they were next to try Mr. Carton for treason. Mr. Stryver said “ 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 timber.

Mr. Cruncher had by this time taken quite a lunch of rust off his fingers in following 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, one of the greatest scoundrels upon the earth. 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 an easy victim, because some family affairs in France did require those passages across the Channel — though what those affairs were, a consideration for others forbade him to disclose. How the evidence, wrested from the young lady, whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed, came to nothing, 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. The case rested on 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 the Judge interposed (with as grave a face as if it had not been true), saying that he could not sit upon that bench and permit those allusions.

Mr. Cruncher had next to attend while Mr. Attorney-General turned the whole suit of clothes Mr. Stryver had fitted on the jury, inside out, showing how Barsad and Cly were even a hundred times better than he had thought them, and the prisoner a hundred times worse. Lastly came my Lord the Judge himself, turning the suit of clothes, now inside out, now outside in, but on the whole trimming and shaping them into grave clothes for the prisoner. And now the jury turned to consider.

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. Something especially reckless in his demeanor not only gave him a disreputable look, but so diminished the strong resemblance he bore to the prisoner (which his momentary earnestness had strengthened when they were compared together), that many of the on-lookers, taking note of him now, said they would hardly have thought the two were so alike. Mr. Cruncher made the observation to his neighbor, and added, "I'd hold half

a guinea that *he* don't get no law work to do. Don't look like the sort of one to get any, do he?"

Yet this Mr. Carton took in more of the details of the scene than he appeared to take in; for now, when Miss Manette's head dropped upon her father's breast, he was the first to see it, and to say audibly:

"Officer! Look to that young lady. Help the gentleman to take her out. Don't you see she will fall!"

There was much commiseration for her as she was removed and much sympathy for her father. It had evidently been a great distress to him to have the days of his imprisonment recalled.

The jury spoke through their foreman, saying they were not agreed and wished to retire.—The trial had lasted all day, and the lamps in the court were now being lighted. It began to be rumored that the jury would be out a long time. 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 get something to eat you can, but keep in the way. You will be sure to hear them 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 knuckled his forehead in acknowledgment of this and a shilling.

Mr. Carton came up at that moment and touched Mr. Lorry on the arm:

"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 went to the outside of the bar. The way out of court lay in that direction, and Jerry followed him, all ears, eyes, 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.”

“I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks.”

“What 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 favor.”

An hour and a half limped heavily away, even though assisted off with mutton pies and ale. Jerry the messenger, uncomfortably seated on a bench, had dropped into a doze, when a loud murmur and a rapid tide of people coming up the stairs that led to the court, carried him along with them.

“Jerry, Jerry,” Mr. Lorry was already 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 to himself, 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.



CHAPTER II

CONGRATULATORY

FROM the dimly lighted passages of the court Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette, Mr. Lorry, and Mr. Stryver stood gathered round Mr. Charles Darnay, congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult to recognize in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face, and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. A reference to his long lingering agony would always — as on this occasion — draw

a gloom over him, as incomprehensible to those unacquainted with his story as if they had seen the shadow of the actual Bastille thrown upon him by a summer sun, when the substance was three hundred miles away. Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind. She was the golden thread that united him to a Past beyond his misery, and to a Present beyond his misery. The sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand had a strong beneficial influence with him. Not absolutely always, for she could recall some occasions on which her power had failed, but they were few and slight, and she believed them over.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, his lawyer, whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver, a little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older, stout, loud, red, bluff, free from any drawback of delicacy, had a way of pushing and shouldering himself into companies that argued well for his shouldering his way up in life. He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group:

“I am glad to have brought you off with honor, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, grossly infamous, but not the less likely to succeed on that account.”

“You have laid me under an obligation to you for life,” said his client, taking his hand.

“I have done my best for you, Mr. Darnay, and my best is as good as another man’s, I believe.”

It being incumbent on some one to say, “Much better,” Mr. Lorry said it; perhaps not quite disinterestedly, but with the interested object of squeezing himself back again.

“You think so?” said Mr. Stryver; “well, you ought to know. You are a man of business, too.”

“And as such,” said Mr. Lorry, whom the counsel learned in the law had now shouldered back into the group, just as he had previously shouldered him out of it — “as such I will appeal to Doctor Manette, to break up this conference and order us all to our homes. Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day. We are worn out.”

“Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry,” said Stryver; “I have a night’s work to do yet. Speak for yourself.”

“I speak for myself,” answered Mr. Lorry; “and for Mr. Darnay, and for Miss Lucie, and,—Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all?” He asked her the question pointedly, and with a glance at her father.

Doctor Manette’s face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious look at Darnay: an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, not even unmixed with fear. With this strange expression on him his thoughts had wandered away.

“My father,” said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his.

He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

“Shall we go home, my father?”

With a long breath, he answered, “Yes.”

The friends of the acquitted prisoner had dispersed under the impression — which he himself had originated — that he would not be released that night. The lights were nearly all extinguished in the passages, the iron gates were being closed with a jar and a rattle, and the dismal place was deserted until tomorrow morning’s interest of gallows, pillory, whipping post, and branding iron should repeople it. Walking between her father and Mr. Darnay, Lucie Manette passed into the open air. A hackney coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it.

Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing room, where the lawyers took

off the robes that they wore in court. Another person, who had not joined the group or interchanged a word with any one of them, but who had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had silently strolled out after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

“So, Mr. Lorry! Men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now?”

Nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings; nobody had known of it. He was unrobed, and was none the better for it in appearance.

“If you knew what a conflict goes on in the business mind, when the business mind is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearances, you would be amused, Mr. Darnay.”

Mr. Lorry reddened, and he said, warmly:

“You have mentioned that before, sir. We men of business who serve a house are not our own masters. We have to think of the house more than ourselves.”

“*I* know, *I* know,” rejoined Mr. Carton, carelessly. “Don't be nettled, Mr. Lorry. You are as good as another, I have no doubt; better, I dare say.”

“And indeed, sir,” pursued Mr. Lorry, not minding him, “I really don't know what you have to do with the matter. If you'll excuse me, as very much your elder, for saying so, I really don't know that it is your business.”

“Business! Bless you, *I* have no business,” said Mr. Carton.

“It is a pity you have not, sir.”

“I think so, too.”

“If you had, perhaps you would attend to it.”

“Lord love you, no! — I shouldn't,” said Mr. Carton.

“ Well, sir! ” said Mr. Lorry, thoroughly heated by his indifference, “ business is a very good thing, and a very respectable thing. And, sir, if business imposes its restraints and its silences and impediments, Mr. Darnay as a young gentleman of generosity knows how to make allowance for that circumstance. Mr. Darnay, good night, God bless you, sir! I hope you have been this day preserved for a prosperous and happy life. — Chair there! ”

Perhaps a little angry with himself, as well as with the attorney, Mr. Lorry bustled into the sedan chair, carried by two men, and was taken in this manner to Tellson’s Bank.

Carton, who smelt of port wine and did not appear to be quite sober, laughed then and turned to Darnay.

“ This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone with your counterpart on these street stones? ”

“ I hardly seem yet to belong to this world again, ” returned Charles Darnay.

“ I don’t wonder at it. It’s not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly. ”

“ I begin to think I *am* faint. ”

“ Then why the devil don’t you dine? I dined, myself, while those numbskulls were deliberating which world you should belong to, this or some other. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at. ”

Drawing Mr. Darnay’s arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, and so up a covered way into a tavern. Here they were shown into a little room where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner, while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him and his half insolent manner upon him.

“Do you feel yet that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay?”

“I am frightfully confused regarding time and place, but I am so far mended as to feel that.”

“It must be an immense satisfaction.”

He said it bitterly, and filled up his glass again, saying:

“As to me, the greatest desire I have is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me — except wine like this — nor I for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular.”

Confused by the emotions of the day, and feeling his being here with this double of coarse deportment to be like a dream, Charles Darnay was at a loss how to answer; finally, answered not at all.

“Now your dinner is done, why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay; why don't you give a toast?”

“What health? What toast?”

“Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be. It must be. I'll swear it's there.”

“Miss Manette, then.”

“Miss Manette, then.”

Looking his companion full in the face while he drank the toast, Carton flung the glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces. Then he rang the bell and ordered in another.

“That's a fair young lady to be handed to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay,” Carton said, filling his new goblet.

A slight frown and a laconic “Yes” were the answer.

“That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by. How does it feel? Is it worth being tried for one's life, to be the object of such sympathy and compassion, Mr. Darnay?”

Again Darnay answered not a word.

“She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it to her. Not that she showed she was pleased, but I suppose she was.”

The allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this disagreeable companion had, of his own free will, assisted him in the strait of the day, and he thanked him for it.

“I neither want any thanks nor merit any,” was the careless rejoinder. “It was nothing to do in the first place, and I don’t know why I did it in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question.”

“Willingly, and a small return for your good offices.”

“Do you think I particularly like you?”

“Really, Mr. Carton, I have not asked myself the question.”

“But ask yourself the question now.”

“You have acted as if you do; but I don’t think that you do.”

“I don’t think I do. I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding.”

“Nevertheless,” said Darnay, rising to ring the bell, “there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning and our parting without ill blood on either side?”

Carton rejoining, “Nothing in life,” Darnay rang.

“Do you call the whole reckoning?” said Carton. When Darnay answered in the affirmative, he said:

“Then bring me another pint of this same wine, waiter, and come and wake me at ten.”

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good night. Without returning the wish, Carton rose, too, with something of a threat of defiance in his manner:

“A last word, Mr. Darnay. You think I am drunk?”

“I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton.”

“Think? You know I have been drinking.”

“Since I must say so, I know it.”

“Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me.”

“Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better.”

“Maybe so, Mr. Darnay, maybe not. Don’t let your sober face elate you, however. You don’t know what it may come to. Good night.”

When he was left alone, this strange being took up a candle, went to a glass that hung against the wall, and surveyed himself minutely in it.

“Do you particularly like the man?” he muttered, at his own image. “Why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in *you* to like; you know that. Ah! confound you! What a change you have made in yourself. A good reason for taking to a man, that he shows you what you have fallen away from, and what you might have been. Change places with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was and commiserated by that agitated face as he was? Come on, and have it out in plain words. You hate the fellow.”

He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms, with his hair straggling over the table and a long winding sheet in the candle dripping down upon him.

CHAPTER III

THE JACKAL

THOSE were drinking days, and most men drank hard. So very great is the improvement Time has brought about in such habits that a moderate statement of the quantity of wine and punch which one man would swallow in the course of a night, without any detriment to his reputation as a perfect gentleman, would seem, in these days, a ridiculous exaggeration. The learned profession of the law was certainly not behind any other learned profession in its bacchanalian propensities. Neither was Mr. Stryver, already fast shouldering his way to a large and profitable practice, behind his compeers in this respect, any more than in other parts of the legal race.

A favorite at the Old Bailey, he was constantly advancing in law practice. Shouldering itself towards the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryver might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs, like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank gardenful of flaring companions.

It had once been noted at the bar that, while Mr. Stryver was a glib man and an unscrupulous and a ready and a bold, he had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements which is among the most striking and necessary of an attorney's accomplishments. But a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this. The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at the most important points; and however late at night he sat carousing with Sydney Carton, he always had his points at his fingers' ends in the morning.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men,

was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together between January and December might have floated a king's ship. Stryver never had a case in hand, anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court. They went the same circuit, and even there they prolonged their orgies late into the night, and Carton was rumored to be seen at broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings, like a dissipated cat. At last, it began to get about, among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.¹

"Ten o'clock, sir," said the man at the tavern, whom he had charged to wake him; "ten o'clock, sir."

"What's the matter?"

"Ten o'clock, sir."

"What do you mean? Ten o'clock at night?"

"Yes, sir. Your honor told me to call you."

"Oh, I remember. Very well. Very well."

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, which the man combatted by noisily stirring the fire continuously for five minutes, he got up and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and having revived himself by twice pacing the pavement, turned into the Stryver apartments, and was admitted by the Stryver principal, who had his slippers on and a loose bed gown.

"You are a little late, Memory," said Stryver.

"About the usual time. It may be a quarter of an hour later."

They went into a dingy room, lined with books and littered with papers. There was a blazing fire, and a kettle

¹ The lion brings down his prey, and after he has satisfied his appetite the jackal feeds on what is left.

steamed upon the hob. In the midst of the wreck of papers, a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, brandy, rum, sugar, and lemons.

“You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney.”

“Two tonight, I think. I have been dining with the day’s client, or seeing him dine; it’s all one.”

“That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification. How did you come by it? When did it strike you?”

“I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow, if I had had any luck.”

Mr. Stryver laughed.

“You and your luck, Sydney. Get to work. Get to work.”

Sullenly enough the jackal loosened his dress, went into an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head, sat down at the table, and said:

“Now I am ready.”

“Not much boiling down to be done tonight, Memory,” said Mr. Stryver gaily.

“How much?”

“Only two sets of them.”

“Give me the worst first.”

“There they are, Sidney. Fire away.”

Stryver then composed himself on his back on one side of the drinking table, with his hands in his waistband. Both resorted to the drinking table without stint, but each in a different way. The lion, Stryver, drank and then dozed in between whiles. The jackal sat with knitted brows and intent face, so deep in his task that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass, which

often groped about for a minute or two before it found the glass for his lips. Two or three times the matter in hand became so knotty that the jackal had to go and steep his towels anew. From these pilgrimages to the jug and basin he returned with eccentricities of headgear that no words can describe which were made the more ludicrous by his anxious gravity.

At length Carton had straightened out the work for the next day and explained the methods and details of the cases which Stryver would have in court. At length the jackal had got together a repast for the lion and offered it to him. The lion took it with care and caution, made his selections from it, and his remarks upon it, and the jackal assisted at both.

“And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of punch.”

The jackal removed the towels from his head, which had been steaming again, shook himself, yawned, shivered, and complied.

“You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses, today. Every question told.”

“I always am sound, am I not?”

“I don’t gainsay it. What has roughened your temper? Put some punch to it and smooth it again.”

With a deprecatory grunt, the jackal again complied.

“The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School,” said Stryver, “the old seesaw Sydney, up one minute, and down the next; now in spirits and now in despondency.”

“Ah,” returned the other sighing; “yes, the same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then, I did exercises for other boys and seldom did my own.”

“And why not?”

“God knows. It was my way, I suppose.”

“Carton,” his friend said, in a bullying tone, “your way

is and always was a lame way. Look at *me*. You summon no energy and purpose."

"Oh, botheration," returned Sydney, with a lighter and more good humored laugh. "Don't *you* be moral."

"How have I done what I have done?" said Stryver. "How do I do what I do?"

"Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. But it's not worth your while to apostrophize me or the air about it. What you want to do, you do. You were always in the front rank, and I was always behind."

"I had to get into the front rank. I was not born there, was I?"

"I was not present at the ceremony, but my opinion is, you were," said Carton. At this, he laughed again, and they both laughed.

"Before Shrewsbury and at Shrewsbury, and ever since Shrewsbury," pursued Carton, "you have fallen into your rank, and I have fallen into mine. Even when we were fellow students in the Student Quarter of Paris, picking up French and French law and other French crumbs that we didn't get much good of, you were always somewhere, and I was always nowhere."

"And whose fault was that?"

"Upon my soul I am not sure that it was not yours. You were always driving and riving and shouldering and pressing to that restless degree that I had no chance for my life but in rest and repose. It's a gloomy thing, however, to talk about one's own past, with the day breaking. Turn me in some other direction before I go."

"Well, then! Pledge me to the pretty witness," said Stryver, holding up his glass. "Are you turned in a pleasant direction?"

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

"Pretty witness," he muttered, looking down into his

glass. "I have had enough of witnesses today and tonight. Who's your pretty witness?"

"The picturesque doctor's daughter, Miss Manette."

"*She* pretty?"

"Is she not?"

"No."

"Why man alive, she was the admiration of the whole court!"

"Rot the admiration of the whole court! Who made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty? She was a golden-haired doll."

"Do you know, Sydney, I rather thought at the time that you sympathized with the golden-haired doll, and were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll?"

"Quick to see what happened! If a girl, doll or no doll, faints within a yard or two of a man's nose, he can see it without a telescope. I pledge you, but I deny the beauty. And now I'll have no more drink. I'll get to bed."

When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle, to light him down the stairs, the day was coldly looking in through its grimy windows. When he came out of the house, the air was cold and sad, the dull sky overcast, the river dark and dim. The whole scene was like a lifeless desert. Wreaths of dust were spinning round and round before the morning blast, as if the desert sand had risen far away, and the first spray of it in its advance had begun to overwhelm the city.

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of: *Honorable Ambition, Self-denial, and Perseverance.*

In the fair city of this vision, there were airy galleries from which the loves and graces looked upon him; gardens

in which the fruits of life hung ripening; waters of Hope that sparkled in his sight. A moment and it was gone. Climbing to a high room, in a well of houses, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears.

Sadly, sadly, the sun rose. It rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness; sensible of the blight on him and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

CHAPTER IV

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE

THE quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street corner not far from Soho Square. On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday, four months after the trial for treason, Mr. Jarvis Lorry walked along the sunny streets from Clerkenwell where he lived, on his way to dine with the Doctor. Mr. Lorry spent every Sunday afternoon and evening in the Manette home. On this certain fine Sunday he went earlier than usual, for he had some doubts in his mind which he wished to solve, and knew how the ways of the Doctor's household pointed to that time as a likely time for solving them.

A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant view of forest trees, wild flowers, and fields where the hawthorn blossomed. There was also many a good south wall, not far off, on which the peaches ripened in their season.

The summer sun struck into the corner brilliantly in the earlier part of the day; but when the streets grew hot, the corner was in shadow, though not in shadow so remote but that you could see beyond it into a glare of brightness. It was a cool spot, staid but cheerful, a wonderful place for echoes, and a very harbor from the raging streets.

The Doctor occupied two floors of a large, still house where a number of people lived, but little of whom was ever seen or heard. In a building at the back, attainable by a courtyard, where a plane tree rustled its green leaves, church organs claimed to be made, and silver and gold to be hammered and chased; but very little of these trades, or of a lonely lodger rumored to live upstairs, or of a coach trimmer, or of a counting-house below was seen. The sparrows in the plane tree behind the house and the echoes in the corner before it had their own way from Sunday morning until Saturday night.

Doctor Manette received such patients here as his old reputation and its revival in the floating whispers of his story brought him. His scientific knowledge and skill in conducting ingenious experiments brought him into moderate request, and he earned as much as he wanted.

These things were within Mr. Jarvis Lorry's knowledge, thoughts, and notice when he rang the door bell of the tranquil house in the corner, on the fine Sunday afternoon.

"Doctor Manette at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Lucie at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Pross at home?"

Possibly at home but impossible for maid to know whether Miss Pross wished an admission or denial of the fact.

“As I am at home myself,” said Mr. Lorry, “I’ll go upstairs.”

Lucie was an ideal home maker and housekeeper. Simple as the furniture was, it was set off by so many little adornments of no value but for their taste and fancy that the interior of the Manette home was delightful. There were three rooms on a floor, and the doors by which they communicated being put open that the air might pass through them all, Mr. Lorry smilingly walked from one to another. The first was the best room. In it were Lucie’s birds, flowers, books, desk, work table and box of water colors. The second was the Doctor’s consulting room, used also as the dining room. The third was the Doctor’s bedroom. At the open door of this room Mr. Lorry paused. There, in a corner, stood the shoemaker’s bench and tray of tools.

“I wonder,” said Mr. Lorry aloud, “that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings about him!”

“And why wonder at that?” was the abrupt inquiry, that made him start. It proceeded from Miss Pross, the wild red woman, strong of hand, whose acquaintance he had first made at Dover and had since improved.

“I should have thought —” began Mr. Lorry.

“Pooh! You’d have thought,” interrupted Miss Pross.

“How do you do?” inquired that lady then, sharply, and yet as if to express that she bore him no malice.

“I am pretty well, I thank you. How are you?”

“Nothing to boast of.”

“Indeed.”

“Ah! indeed! I am very much put out about my Ladybird.”

“Indeed?”

“For gracious sake, say something else besides ‘indeed,’ or you’ll fidget me to death.”

“ Really, then? ”

“ Really is bad enough, but better. Yes, I am very much put out.”

“ May I ask the cause? ” said Mr. Lorry.

“ I don’t want dozens of people, who are not at all worthy of Ladybird, to come here looking after her.”

“ Do dozens come here for that purpose? ”

“ Hundreds,” said Miss Pross.

“ Dear me,” said Mr. Lorry, as the safest remark he could make.

“ All sorts of people who are not in the least degree worthy of the pet are always turning up. When you began it — ”

“ I began it, Miss Pross? ”

“ Didn’t you? Who brought her father to life? ”

“ Oh, if that was beginning it — ”

“ It wasn’t ending it, I suppose? I say, when you began it, it was hard enough; not that I have any fault to find with Doctor Manette, except that he is not worthy of such a daughter, which is no imputation on him, for it was not to be expected that anybody should be, under any circumstances. But it really is doubly and trebly hard to have crowds and multitudes of people turning up after him (I could have forgiven him), to take Ladybird’s affections away from me. There never was, nor will be, but one man worthy of Ladybird, and that was my brother Solomon, if he hadn’t made a mistake in life.” (Some time before this Mr. Lorry had learned that Miss Pross’s brother was a heartless scoundrel, who had taken everything she possessed to speculate with, and had abandoned her in her poverty.)

“ As we happen to be alone for the moment and are both people of business,” he said, when they had sat down in the drawing-room of the simple little home, “ let me ask you, —

does the Doctor, in talking with Lucie, never refer to the shoemaking time, yet?"

"Never."

"And yet keeps that bench and those tools beside him?"

"Ah! but I don't say he never refers to it within himself."

"Do you believe that he thinks of it much?"

"I do."

"Do you suppose that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own about the cause of his being imprisoned, even to the name of his oppressor?"

"I don't suppose anything about it but what Ladybird tells me."

"And that is —"

"That she thinks he has."

"Is it not remarkable that Doctor Manette should never talk upon that subject? I will not say with me, though he had business relations with me many years ago, and we are now intimate; I will say, with the fair daughter, to whom he is so devotedly attached and who is so devotedly attached to him. Believe me, Miss Pross, I don't approach the topic with you out of curiosity, but out of a desire to help him."

"Well, to the best of my understanding, and bad's the best you'll tell me, he's afraid of the whole subject."

"Afraid?"

"It's plain enough, I should think, why he may be. It's a dreadful remembrance. His loss of himself grew out of it. Not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again. That alone wouldn't make the subject pleasant, I should think."

It was a profounder remark than Mr. Lorry had expected.

“True, and fearful to reflect upon. Yet a doubt lurks in my mind, Miss Pross, whether it is good for Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him; whether it wouldn't be better for him to talk about these things sometimes.”

“Can't be helped. Touch that thought, and he instantly changes for the worse. Better leave it alone. In short, must leave it alone, like or no like. Sometimes he gets up in the dead of the night and will be heard by us overhead, walking up and down, walking up and down in his room. Ladybird has learned to know then that his mind is walking up and down, walking up and down in his old prison cell. She hurries down to him, and they go on together, walking up and down, walking up and down, until he is composed. But he never says a word of the true reason of his restlessness to her, and she finds it best not to hint at it to him. In silence they go walking up and down, walking up and down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself.”

The corner has been mentioned as a wonderful corner for echoes; it had begun to echo so resoundingly to the tread of coming feet that it seemed as though the very mention of that weary pacing to and fro had set it going.

“Here they are!” said Miss Pross, rising to break up the conference; “and now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon!”

It was such a curious corner in its echoes that as Mr. Lorry stood at the open window, looking for the father and daughter whose steps he heard, he fancied they would never approach. Not only would the echoes die away, as though the steps had gone, but echoes of other steps that never came would be heard in their stead and would die away for good when they seemed close at hand. However,

father and daughter did at last appear, and Miss Pross was ready at the street door to receive them.

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild and red and grim, taking off her darling's bonnet when she came upstairs and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of women.

Dinner time and still no Hundreds of people. In the arrangement of the little household, Miss Pross took charge of the kitchen and always acquitted herself marvelously. Her dinners, of a very modest quality, were always very well cooked and very well served. They were so neat in their contrivances, half-English and half-French, that nothing could be better. Miss Pross's friendship was of the thoroughly practical kind. She had ravaged Soho and the adjacent provinces in search of poor French people whom she would pay to teach her French cooking. From these poor people she had acquired such wonderful arts that the woman and girl who formed the staff of domestics regarded her as quite a sorceress, or Cinderella's godmother; who would send out for a fowl, a rabbit, a vegetable or two from the garden, and change them into anything she pleased.

On Sundays, Miss Pross dined at the Doctor's table, but on other days persisted in taking her meals at unknown periods. On this occasion, Miss Pross, responding to Ladybird's pleasant face and pleasant efforts to please her, unbent exceedingly; so the dinner was very pleasant, too.

It was an oppressive day, and after dinner they went out under the beautiful plane tree in the yard. Still the hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Darnay presented himself, while they were sitting under the plane tree, but he was only one. Doctor Manette received him

kindly, and so did Lucie; but Miss Pross suddenly became afflicted with a twitching in the head and body, and retired into the house. She was frequently the victim of this disorder, and she called it a "fit of the jerks."

The Doctor was in his best condition and looked especially young. The resemblance between him and Lucie was very strong, as they sat side by side, she leaning on his shoulder, and he resting his arm on the back of her chair.

"Doctor Manette," said Mr. Darnay, who had been talking with them about old buildings of London, "have you seen much of the Tower?"

"Lucie and I have been there, but only casually. We have seen enough of it, though, to know that it teems with interest, little more."

"I have been there, as you remember," said Darnay with a smile, though reddening a little angrily, "in another character and not in one that gives facilities for seeing much. They told me a curious thing when I was there."

"What was that?" asked Lucie.

"In making some alterations they came upon an old dungeon, forgotten for many years. Every stone was covered with inscriptions by prisoners. Upon a corner stone, one prisoner, who seemed to have gone to execution, had cut three letters, D-I-G. The floor was examined very carefully and in the earth beneath a stone were found the ashes of a paper, mingled with the ashes of a small leathern case. What the unknown prisoner had written will never be read, but he had written something and hidden it away to keep it from the jailors."

"My father!" exclaimed Lucie, "you are ill!"

He had suddenly started up, with his hand to his head. His manner and his look quite terrified them all.

"No, my dear, not ill. There are large drops of rain falling, and they made me start. We had better go in."

He recovered himself almost instantly. Rain was really falling in large drops. He showed the back of his hand with rain drops on it. But he said not a single word in reference to the discovery that had been told of. Yet, as they went into the house, the business eye of Mr. Lorry detected on his face, as it turned towards Charles Darnay, the same singular look that had been upon it when it turned towards him in the passages of the court. He recovered himself so quickly, however, that Mr. Lorry had doubts of his business eye.

Tea time and Miss Pross making tea, with another fit of the jerks; yet no hundreds of people came. Mr. Carton had lounged in, but he made only two.

The night was so very sultry that, although they sat with doors and windows open, they were overpowered by heat. When the tea table was done with, they all moved to the windows, and looked out into the heavy twilight. Lucie sat by her father, Darnay sat beside her, and Carton leaned against a window. The curtains were long and white, and some of the thunder gusts that whirled into the place caught them up to the ceiling and waved them like spectral wings.

"The rain drops are still falling, large, heavy, and few," said Doctor Manette. "It comes slowly."

"It comes surely," said Carton.

There was a great hurry in the streets, of people speeding away to get shelter before the storm broke. The wonderful corner for echoes resounded with the echoes of footsteps coming and going, yet not a footstep was there.

"Is it not impressive, Mr. Darnay?" asked Lucie. "Sometimes when I have sat here listening, I have made the echoes out to be the echoes of all the footsteps that are coming by and by into our lives."

“There is a great crowd coming one day into our lives, if that be so,” Sydney Carton struck in, in his moody way.

The footsteps were incessant, and the hurry of them became more and more rapid, all in the distant streets and not one in sight.

“Are all these footsteps destined to come to all of us, Miss Manette? or are we to divide them among us?”

“I don’t know, Mr. Darnay. It is a foolish fancy; but when I have been here alone sometimes, I have imagined them to be the footsteps of the people who are to come into my life and my father’s.”

“I take them into mine,” said Carton. “I ask no questions and make no stipulations.—Here they come, fast, fierce and furious.”

It was the rush and roar of rain that he typified, and it stopped him, for no voice could be heard in it. A memorable storm of thunder and lightning broke with that sweep of water, and there was not a moment’s interval in crash, and fire, and rain, until after the moon rose at midnight.

The great bell of Saint Paul’s was striking one in the cleared air when Mr. Lorry, escorted by Jerry, high-booted and bearing a lantern, set forth on his return passage. There were solitary patches of road on the way between Soho and Clerkenwell, and Mr. Lorry, mindful of footpads, always retained Jerry for this service every Sunday evening, though it was usually two hours earlier.

“What a night it has been! almost a night, Jerry, to bring the dead out of their graves!”

“I never see the night, myself, master, — nor yet I don’t expect to — what would do that.”

CHAPTER V

THE MARQUIS ST. EVRÉMONDE IN CITY AND COUNTRY

MONSEIGNEUR, one of the great lords in power at the Court of France, held his fortnightly reception in his grand mansion in Paris. Monseigneur was in his room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiest to the crowd of worshipers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease and was supposed, by some few sullen minds, to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur, without the aid of four strong men besides the cook.

Yes, it took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decoration, and the chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, to conduct the chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One servant carried the chocolate pot into the sacred presence; a second milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that purpose; a third presented the favored napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches) poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring Heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opéra were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so im-

pressible was Monseigneur that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tireless articles of state affairs and state secrets, than the needs of all France. Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was, to let everything go on in its own way; of particular public business, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea that it must all go his way. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea, that the world was made for them. The text of his order (altered from the original by only a pronoun, which is not much) ran:

“The earth and the fullness thereof are mine, saith Monseigneur.”¹

Having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, Monseigneur caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiest to be thrown open, and issued forth to the crowd of worshipers waiting to see him. Then what submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation! As to bowing down in body and spirit, nothing in that way was left for Heaven — which may have been one among other reasons why the worshipers of Monseigneur never troubled it.

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms, then turned and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more. There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuffbox in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out. He stopped at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the Sanctuary said:

¹ Cf. *Psalms*, XXIV, 1.

“I devote you to the Devil!”

With that, he shook the snuff from his fingers as if he had shaken the dust from his feet, and quietly walked downstairs. This was the Marquis St. Evrémonde.

He was a man about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty, with a face like a fine mask, a face of transparent paleness, every feature of it clearly defined. Examined with attention, the countenance might show an expression of treachery and cruelty; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face and a remarkable one.

Its owner went downstairs into the courtyard, got into his carriage, and drove away. Not many people had talked with him at the reception; he had stood in a little space apart, and Monseigneur might have been warmer in his manner. It appeared under the circumstances rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips, of the master. The complaint had sometimes made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that in the narrow streets without footways the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere common people in a barbarous manner. But few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and in this matter, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain in the Saint Antoine suburb of Paris, one of its wheels came to a sickening

little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on, and leave their wounded behind, and why not? But the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands on the horse's bridle.

"What has gone wrong?" said the Marquis, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud, howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis — it is a pity — yes."

The fountain was a little removed; for the street opened, where it was, into a space ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword hilt.

"Killed!" shrieked the man, in wild desperation, extending both arms at their length above his head and staring at him. "Dead!"

Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes. He took out his purse, and said:

"It is extraordinary to me that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses? See! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the people crowded forward, that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle and moving gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the men.

"I know all; I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the Marquis, smiling. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vender of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vender of wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses, there; are they right?"

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it, and could afford to pay for it, when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage, and ringing on the floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge, the vender of wine had stood, a moment before, but the wretched father was

groveling on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark, stout woman, knitting.

“You dogs!” said the Marquis, but smoothly, and with an unchanged front, “I would ride over any of you very willingly and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage and if that brigand were sufficiently near it, he should be crushed under the wheels.”

So cowed was their condition, and so long and hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law, and beyond it, that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye was raised. Among the men, not one, but the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemptuous eyes passed over her and over all the other rats as he leaned back in his seat again and gave the word: “Go on!”

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession; the Minister, the State-Projector, the Farmer-General, the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Ecclesiastic, the Grand Opera, the Comedy, the whole Fancy Ball in a bright continuous flow came whirling by. The rats had crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours. Soldiers and police often passed between them and the spectacle, making a barrier behind which they slunk and through which they peeped. The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it when the women who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball — when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate. The water of the fountain ran, the swift river ran, the day ran

into evening, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, the Fancy Ball was lighted up at supper, all things ran their course.

On the day after the reception in Paris the Marquis St. Evrémonde resumed the journey to his stately mansion in the country. He had spent the night on the way, probably at an inn.

A beautiful landscape, with the corn bright in it, but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitutes for wheat.

Monsieur the Marquis in his traveling carriage (which might have been lighter) conducted by four post-horses and two postilions, fagged up a steep hill. The sunset struck so brilliantly into the traveling carriage when it gained the hilltop that its occupant was steeped in crimson. When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel and the carriage slid downhill in a cloud of smoke, the red glow departed quickly; the sun and the Marquis going down together. There was no glow left when the drag was taken off.

But there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it used as a prison. Round upon all these darkening objects as the night drew on, the Marquis looked with the air of one who was coming near home.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor stable yard for relay of horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people, too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shredding onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain,

washing leaves and grasses and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten. Signs of what made them poor were plain; the tax for the state, the tax for the church, the tax for the lord, tax local and tax general were to be paid here and to be paid there, according to solemn inscription in the little village, until the wonder was that there was any village left unswallowed. Few children were to be seen, and no dogs. As to the men and women, their choice on earth was stated in the prospect — Life on the lowest terms that could sustain it, down in the little village under the mill; or captivity and Death in the dominant prison on the crag.

Heralded by a courier in advance and by the cracking of his postilion's whips, which twined snakelike about their heads in the evening air, as if he came attended by the Furies, Monsieur the Marquis drew up in his traveling carriage at the posting-house gate. It was near the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him. He was casting his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

“Bring that fellow to me!” said the Marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and to listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.

“I passed you on the road?” the Marquis said.

“Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honor of being passed on the road.”

“Coming up the hill, and at the top of the hill, both?”

“Monseigneur, it is true.”

“What did you look at so fixedly?”

“Monseigneur, I looked at the man.”

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed



The village had its one poor street.

under the carriage. All his fellows stooped to look under the carriage.

“What man, pig? And why look there?”

“Pardon, Monseigneur; he swung by the chain of the shoe — the drag.”

“Who?” demanded the traveler.

“Monseigneur, the man.”

“May the Devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?”

“Your clemency, Monseigneur! He was not of this part of the country. Of all the days of my life, I never saw him.”

“Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?”

“With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monseigneur. His head hanging over — like this!”

He turned himself sideways to the carriage, and leaned back, with his face thrown up to the sky, and his head hanging down; then recovered himself, fumbled with his cap, and made a bow.

“What was he like?”

“Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a spectre, tall as a spectre!”

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd; but all eyes, without comparing notes with other eyes, looked at the Marquis.

“Truly, you did well to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Gabelle!” The Marquis spoke as if such vermin could not disturb him.

Monsieur Gabelle was the postmaster and some other taxing functionary united. He had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination and had held

the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

“Bah! Go aside!” said Monsieur Gabelle.

“Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village tonight, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle.”

“Monseigneur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders.”

“Did he run away, fellow? — Where is that accursed?”

The accursed was already under the carriage with some half-dozen particular friends, pointing out the chain with his blue cap. Some half-dozen other particular friends promptly hauled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

“Did the man run away, dolt, when we stopped for the drag?”

“Monseigneur, he precipitated himself over the hillside, head first, as a person plunges into the river.”

“See to it, Gabelle. Go on!”

The half-dozen who were peering at the chain were still among the wheels, like sheep; the wheels turned so suddenly that they were lucky to save their skins and bones; they had very little else to save, or they might not have been so fortunate.

The burst with which the carriage started out of the village and up the rise beyond was soon checked by the steepness of the hill. Gradually, it subsided to a footpace, swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night. The postilions, with a thousand gossamer gnats circling about them in lieu of the Furies, quietly mended the points to the lashes of their whips; the valet walked by the horses; the courier was audible, trotting on ahead into the dim distance.

At the steepest point of the hill there was a little burial

ground, with a cross and a new large figure of Our Saviour on it; it was a poor figure in wood, done by some inexperienced carver, but he had studied the figure from the life — his own life, maybe — for it was dreadfully spare and thin.

To this distressful emblem a woman was kneeling. She turned her head as the carriage came up to her, rose quickly, and presented herself at the carriage door.

“It is you, Monseigneur! Monseigneur, a petition.”

With an exclamation of impatience, but with his unchangeable face, Monseigneur looked out.

“How, then! What is it? Always petitions!”

“Monseigneur. For the love of the great God! My husband, the forester!”

“What of your husband, the forester? Always the same with you people. He cannot pay something?”

“He has paid all, Monseigneur. He is dead.”

“Well, he is quiet. Can I restore him?”

“Alas, no, Monseigneur! But he lies yonder, under a little heap of poor grass.”

“Well?”

“Monseigneur, there are so many little heaps of poor grass?”

“Again, well?”

“Monseigneur, hear me! Monseigneur, hear my petition! My husband died of want; so many die of want; so many more will die of want.”

“Again, well? Can I feed them?”

She looked an old woman, but was young.

“Monseigneur, the good God knows; but I don’t ask it. My petition is, that a morsel of stone or wood, with my husband’s name, may be placed over him to show where he lies. Otherwise, the place will be quickly forgotten; it will never be found when I am dead of the same malady;

I shall be laid under some other heap of poor grass. Monseigneur, they are so many, they increase so fast, there is so much want. Monseigneur! Monseigneur!”

The valet had put her away from the door, the carriage had broken into a brisk trot, the postilions had quickened the pace, she was left far behind, and Monseigneur, again escorted by the Furies, was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his château.

The sweet scents of the summer night rose all around him, and rose, as the rain falls, impartially, on the dusty, ragged, and toil-worn group at the fountain not far away; to whom the mender of roads, with the aid of the blue cap without which he was nothing, still enlarged upon his man like a spectre, as long as they could bear it. By degrees, as they could bear no more, they dropped off one by one, and lights twinkled in little windows; which lights, as the windows darkened and more stars came out, seemed to have shot up into the sky instead of having been extinguished.

The shadow of a large high-roofed house and of many overhanging trees was upon Monsieur the Marquis by that time; and the shadow was exchanged for the light of a torch, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his château was opened to him.

“Monsieur Charles, whom I expect; is he arrived from England?”

“Monseigneur, not yet.”

CHAPTER VI

THE GORGON'S HEAD

IT WAS a heavy mass of building, that château of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone courtyard before it and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the gorgon's head had surveyed it, when it was finished, two centuries ago.

Up the broad flight of shallow steps, Monsieur the Marquis, flambeau preceded, went from his carriage sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable buildings away among the trees. All else was so quiet that the torch carried up the steps and the other torch held at the great door burnt as if they were in a close room of state, instead of being in the open night air. Other sound than the owl's voice there was none, except the falling of the fountain into its stone basin.

The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall grim with certain old boar spears, swords, and knives of the chase; grimmer with certain heavy riding rods and riding whips, of which many a peasant, gone to his benefactor Death, had felt the weight.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his torch bearer going on before, went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This thrown open, admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms; his bedroom and two others. High vaulted rooms with cool, uncarpeted floors,

great andirons in the shape of dogs upon the hearths for the burning of wood in the winter time, and all the luxuries and rich furnishings of the time of Louis the fourteenth. There were also many other objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France.

A supper table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms; a round room, in one of the château's four extinguisher-topped towers. A small lofty room, with its window wide open, and the wooden jalousie blinds closed, so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black, alternating with their broad lines of stone color.

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation for two; "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he; but he had been expected with Monseigneur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive tonight; nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his choice and sumptuous supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup and was raising his glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down.

"What is that?" he calmly asked, looking with attention at the blinds.

"Monseigneur! That?"

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well."

"Monseigneur, it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here."

The servant who spoke had thrown the blinds wide, had looked out into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him, looking round for instructions.

“Good,” said the undisturbed master. “Close them again.”

That was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He was half way through it, when he again stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the château.

“Ask who is arrived.”

It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind Monseigneur, early in the afternoon. He had diminished the distance rapidly, but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur at the posting-houses as being before him.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was asked to come to it. In a little while he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

“You left Paris yesterday, sir?” said Charles Darnay, as he took his seat at the table.

“Yesterday. And you?” said the Marquis.

“I come direct.”

“From London?”

“Yes.”

“You have been a long time coming,” said the Marquis, with a smile.

“On the contrary, I come direct.”

“Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey.”

“I have been detained by” — the nephew stopped a moment in his answer — “various business.”

“Without doubt,” said the polished uncle.

As long as a servant was present, no other words passed

between them. When coffee had been served and they were alone together, the nephew, looking at the uncle and meeting the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask, opened a conversation.

“I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object; and if it had carried me to death, I hope it would have sustained me.”

“Not to death,” said the uncle; “it is not necessary to say to death.”

“I doubt, sir, whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there and help me.”

The lengthening of the fine straight lines in the cruel face looked ominous as to that. The uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, which was so clearly a slight form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

“Indeed, sir,” pursued the nephew, “for anything I know, you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me.”

“No, no, no,” said the uncle, pleasantly.

“But, however that may be,” resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, “I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means and would know no scruple as to means.”

“My friend, I told you so. Do me the favor to recall that I told you so, long ago.”

“I recall it.”

“Thank you,” said the Marquis — very sweetly indeed.

His tone lingered in the air, almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

“In effect, sir,” pursued the nephew, “I believe it to be

at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."

"I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. "Dare I ask you to explain?"

"I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the Court and had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a *lettre de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

"It is possible I might have done so," said the uncle with great calmness. "It is possible, for the honor of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent. Pray excuse me!"

"I perceive that, happily for me, the reception of the day before yesterday was, as usual, a cold one," observed the nephew.

"I would not say happily, my friend," returned the uncle, with refined politeness; "I would not be sure of that. The advantages of solitude, giving a good opportunity for consideration, might influence your destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself. But it is useless to discuss the question. I am, as you say, at a disadvantage. These little instruments of correction, these gentle aids to the power and honor of families, these slight favors that might so incommode you, are only to be obtained now very seldom. They are sought by so many, and they are granted (comparatively) to so few. It used not to be so, but France in all such things is changed for the worse. Our not remote ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding peasants. From this room many such dogs have been taken out to be hanged; in the next room (my bedroom), one fellow, to our knowledge, was stabbed to death on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his daughter — *his* daughter! We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the

mode; and the assertion of our station, in these days, might (I do not go so far as to say would, but might) cause us real inconvenience. All very bad, very bad!"

The Marquis took a gentle pinch of snuff and shook his head:

"We have so asserted our station both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew gloomily, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low."

"There is not a face I can look at, in all this country round about us, which looks at me with any deference on it but the dark deference of fear and slavery," said Charles Darnay in the same gloomy tone.

"A compliment to the grandeur of the family, merited by the manner in which the family has sustained its grandeur. Hah! Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend, will keep the dogs obedient to the whip. Meanwhile, I will preserve the honor of the family if you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall we terminate our conference for the night?"

"A moment more."

"An hour, if you please."

"Sir, we have done wrong, and are reaping the fruits of wrong," said the nephew.

"*We* have done wrong," repeated the Marquis, with an enquiring smile, and pointing first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family, our honorable family, whose honor is of so much account to both of us, in such different ways. Even in my father's time, we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure.

Why need I speak of my father's time, when it was equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin brother, joint inheritor, and next successor from himself?"

"Death has done that," said the Marquis.

"And has left me bound to a system that is frightful to me; responsible for it, but powerless in it; seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother's lips and obey the last look in my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to redress. In trying to do this I have been tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew, you will forever seek them in vain, be assured." Every fine straight line in the clear whiteness of his face was cruelly, craftily, and closely compressed, while he stood looking quietly at his nephew. He touched him on the breast as though his finger were the fine point of a small sword, with which he ran him through the body and said, as they were now standing by the hearth:

"My friend, I will die, perpetuating the system under which I have lived. Better be a rational creature," he rang a small bell on the table, "and accept your natural destiny. But you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me. I renounce them."

"Are they both yours to renounce? France may be, but is the property? It is scarcely worth mentioning, but is it yet?"

"I had no intention to claim it yet. If it passed to me from you tomorrow —"

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable."

"— or twenty years hence —"

"You do me too much honor; still I prefer that supposition."

"— I would abandon it and live elsewhere. It is little

to relinquish. What is it but a wilderness of misery and ruin?"

"Hah," said the Marquis, glancing round the luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough here, but seen in its integrity it is a crumbling waste of mismanagement, extortion, debt, oppression, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah," said the Marquis, in a well satisfied manner.

"If it ever becomes mine, it shall be put into some hands, better qualified to free it slowly (if such a thing is possible) from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who cannot leave it, and who have long been wrung to the last point of endurance, may, in another generation, suffer less. But it is not for me. There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

"And you, forgive my curiosity, how do you intend to live under your new philosophy?"

"I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen may have to do some day — work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honor is safe from me in this country. The family name can suffer from me in no other country for I bear it in no other."

The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bed-chamber to be lighted. It now shone brightly through the door of communication.

The Marquis looked that way, and listened for the retreating step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing how indifferently you have prospered there," he observed, turning his calm face to his nephew with a smile.

"I have already said, that for my prospering there, I may be indebted to you, sir. For the rest, it is my refuge."

"They say, those boastful English, that it is the refuge

of many. You know a compatriot who has found a refuge there, a Doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued. Good night!"

As he bent his head in his most courtly manner, there was a secrecy in his smiling face, and he conveyed an air of mystery to those words which struck the eyes and ears of the nephew forcibly. At the same time, the thin straight lips curved with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolical.

"Yes," repeated the Marquis. "A Doctor with a daughter. Yes. So commences the new philosophy! You are fatigued. Good night!"

It would have done as much good to question any stone face outside the château as to question that face of his. The nephew looked at him in vain, in passing on to the door.

"Good night!" said the uncle. "I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose! Light Monsieur my nephew to his room, there!—And burn Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will," he added to himself.

Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose robe to prepare himself gently for sleep that hot still night. Rustling about the room, his softly slippers making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger. He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom looking again at the scraps of the day's journey that came unbidden into his mind—the slow toil up the hill at sunset, the setting sun, the descent, the mill, the prison on the crag, the little village in the hollow, the peasants at the fountain, and the mender of roads with his blue cap pointing

out the chain under the carriage. That fountain suggested the Paris fountain, the little bundle lying on the step, the women bending over it, and the tall man with his arms up crying, "Dead!"

"I am cool, now, and may go to bed," said Monsieur the Marquis.

So leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let the thin gauze curtains of his bed fall around him, and with a long sigh composed himself to sleep.

For three heavy hours, the stone faces of the château, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. Dead darkness lay on all the landscape. The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, and the fountain at the château dropped unseen and unheard—both melting away like the minutes that were falling from the Spring of Time—through three dark hours. Then the water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the château were opened. Lighter and lighter it grew until at last the sun poured its radiance over the hill and touched the tops of the still trees. Now the sun was full up, and the château awoke. Doors of the out-buildings were thrown open, and horses looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in. Dogs pulled hard at their chains, impatient to be loosed. Doors and windows of the château were opened, and the work of the day began. But suddenly the great bell of the château was heard to ring violently. There was a running up and down of stairs and rushing around on the balconies and terraces. What was the meaning of this sudden booting and tramping here there and everywhere, and the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

What winds conveyed this alarm and hurry to the grizzled mender of roads, already at work on the hill top beyond the village, with his day's dinner (not much to

carry) lying in a bundle that it was worth no crow's while to peck at, on a heap of stones? Had the birds, carrying some grains of it to a distance dropped one over him, as they sow chance seeds? Whether or no, the mender of roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for his life, down the hill, knee-high in dust, and never stopped till he got to the fountain.

All the people were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner and whispering low. Some of the people of the château and some of those of the posting-house, and all of the taxing authorities were armed, more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the little street in a purposeless way fraught with nothing. Already the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends and was smiting himself in the breast with his blue cap. What did all this mean? What did it mean that Monsieur Gabelle was swiftly hoisted up behind a servant on horseback, and the horse, double laden though he was, rushing away at a gallop?

It meant that there was one stone face too many at the château.

The Gorgon had surveyed the building again in the night and had added the one stone face wanting; the stone face for which it had waited about two hundred years.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly startled, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure was a knife. Round its handle was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled:

“Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from Jacques.”

CHAPTER VII

TWO PROMISES

MORE months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language and French literature. As a tutor whose attainments made the student's way unusually pleasant and profitable and as an elegant translator who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, young Mr. Darnay soon became known and encouraged. He was well acquainted, moreover, with the circumstances of his country, and those were of ever-growing interest. So with great perseverance and untiring industry, he prospered.

In London, he had expected neither to walk on pavements of gold nor to lie on beds of roses; if he had had any such exalted expectations, he would not have prospered. He had expected labor, and he found it, and did it, and made the best of it. In this his prosperity consisted. A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge, and the rest of his time he passed in London.

Now from the days when it was always summer in Eden, to these days when it is mostly winter in fallen latitudes, the world of a man has invariably gone one way — the way of the love of a woman.

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice. He had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful as hers when it was confronted with his own on the edge of the grave that had been dug for him. But he had not yet spoken to her on the subject. The assassination at the deserted château far away beyond the heaving water and the long, long dusty roads — the solid

stone château which had itself become the mere mist of a dream — had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

That he had his reasons for this, he knew full well. It was again a summer day, when, lately arrived in London from his college occupation, he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was the close of the summer day, and he knew Lucie to be out with Miss Pross.

He found the Doctor reading in his armchair at a window. He was now a very energetic man indeed, with great firmness of purpose, strength of resolution, and vigor of action. He studied much, slept little, sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was always cheerful. To him now entered Charles Darnay, at sight of whom he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

“Charles Darnay! I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past. Mr. Stryver and Sydney Carton were both here yesterday, and both made you out to be more than due.”

“I am obliged to them for their interest in the matter,” he answered, a little coldly as to them, though very warmly as to the Doctor. “Miss Manette —”

“Is well,” said the Doctor, as he stopped short, “and your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters, but will soon be home.”

“Doctor Manette, I knew she was from home. I took the opportunity of her being from home to beg to speak to you.”

There was a blank silence.

“Yes?” said the Doctor, with evident constraint. “Bring your chair here, and speak on.”

He complied as to the chair, but appeared to find the speaking less easy.

“I have had the happiness, Doctor Manette, of being so intimate here,” so at length he began, “for some year and a half, that I hope the topic on which I am about to touch may not —”

He was stayed by the Doctor putting out his hand to stop him. When he had kept it so a little while, he said, drawing it back:

“Is Lucie the topic?”

“She is.”

“It is hard for me to hear her spoken of in that tone of yours, Charles Darnay.”

“It is a tone of fervent admiration, true homage, and deep love, Doctor Manette!” he said respectfully.

“I believe it. I do you justice. I believe it.”

His constraint was so manifest, and it was so manifest, too, that it originated in an unwillingness to approach the subject that Charles Darnay hesitated.

“Shall I go on, sir?”

Another blank.

“Yes, go on.”

“You anticipate what I would say, though you cannot know how earnestly I say it, how earnestly I feel it, without knowing my secret heart and the hopes and fears and anxieties with which it has long been laden. Dear Doctor Manette, I love your daughter fondly, dearly, disinterestedly, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world, I love her. You have loved yourself; let your old love speak for me!”

The Doctor sat with his face turned away, and his eyes bent on the ground. At the last words, he stretched out his hand again, hurriedly, and cried:

“Not that, sir! Let that be! I adjure you, do not recall that!”

His cry was so like a cry of actual pain, that it rang in Charles Darnay's ears long after he had ceased. He motioned with the hand he had extended, and it seemed to be an appeal to Darnay to pause. The latter so received it, and remained silent.

"I ask your pardon," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone after some moments. "I do not doubt your loving Lucie. You may be satisfied of it."

He turned towards him in his chair, but did not look at him, or raise his eyes. His chin dropped upon his hand, and his white hair overshadowed his face.

"Have you spoken to Lucie?"

"No."

"Nor written?"

"Never."

"It would be ungenerous to affect not to know that your self-denial is to be referred to your consideration for her father. Her father thanks you."

He offered his hand, but his eyes did not go with it.

"I know," said Darnay, respectfully, "how can I fail to know, that between you and Miss Manette there is an affection so unusual that it can have few parallels. Mingled with the affection of a daughter, there is in her heart towards you all the love and reliance of infancy itself. I know perfectly well that, if you had been restored to her from the world beyond this life, you could hardly be invested with a more sacred character. In loving you she sees and loves her mother, at her own age; sees and loves you at my age; loves her mother, broken-hearted; loves you through your dreadful trial and in your blessed restoration. I have known this night and day, since I have known you in your home."

Her father sat silent, with his face bent down.

"Dear Doctor Manette, always knowing this, always

seeing her, with this hallowed light between you, I have held back as long as it was in the nature of man to do it. I have felt that to bring my love — even mine — between you is to touch your history with something not quite so good as itself. But I love her. Heaven is my witness that I love her! ”

“ I believe it,” answered her father mournfully. “ I have thought so before now. I believe it.”

“ But do not believe,” said Darnay, “ that I could or would ever try to put any separation between you and her. Besides that I should know it to be hopeless, I should know it to be a baseness. No, dear Doctor Manette, like you, a voluntary exile from France, driven from it by its oppressions and miseries, I look only to sharing your fortunes, sharing your life and home, and being faithful to you to the death. Not to divide with Lucie her privilege as your child, companion, and friend, but to come in aid of it, and to bind her closer to you, if such a thing can be.”

Her father rested his hands upon the arms of his chair and looked up for the first time since the beginning of the conference. A struggle was evidently in his face, a struggle with that occasional look which had a tendency in it to dark doubt and dread.

“ You speak so feelingly and so manfully, Charles Darnay, that I thank you with all my heart. Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you? ”

“ None, as yet.”

“ Is it the object of this confidence that you may at once ascertain that with my knowledge? ”

“ Not even so. I might not have the hopefulness to do it for weeks. I might (mistaken or not mistaken) have that hopefulness tomorrow.”

“ Do you seek any guidance from me? ”

“ I ask none, sir, but I have thought it possible that you

might have it in your power, if you should deem it right, to give me some."

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"I do seek that."

"What is it?"

"I well understand that without you I could have no hope; that I could retain no place in her heart against her father."

"If that be so, do you see what on the other hand is involved in it?"

"I understand equally well that a word from her father in any suitor's favor would outweigh herself and all the world. For which reason, Doctor Manette, I would not ask that word to save my life."

"I am sure of it. Charles Darnay, my daughter Lucie is, in this one respect, a mystery to me. I can make no guess at the state of her heart."

"May I ask, sir, if you think she is —" As he hesitated her father supplied the rest:

"Is sought by any other suitor?"

"It is what I meant to say."

Her father considered a little before he answered:

"You have seen Mr. Carton here yourself. Mr. Stryver is here too, occasionally. If it be at all, it can only be by one of these."

"Or both," said Darnay.

"I had not thought of both. I should not think either likely. You want a promise from me. Tell me what it is."

"It is that if Miss Manette should bring to you at any time on her part, such a confidence as I have ventured to lay before you — if she should ever tell you that she has affection for me — you will tell her what I have said today about my love for her and that you believe me to be sin-

cere. You have a right to require a condition, which I will observe immediately."

"I give the promise without any condition. I believe your object is to perpetuate, and not to weaken the ties between me and my other far dearer self, my daughter. If she should ever tell me that you are essential to her happiness, I will give her to you. If there were — Charles Darnay, if there were —"

The young man had taken his hand gratefully; their hands were joined as the Doctor spoke:

"—any fancies, any reasons, any apprehensions, anything whatsoever new or old, against the man she really loved—the direct responsibility thereof not lying on his head—they should all be obliterated for her sake. She is everything to me; more to me than suffering, more to me than wrong, more to me—Well! this is idle talk."

So strange was the way in which he faded into silence and so strange his fixed look, when he had ceased to speak, that Darnay felt his own hand turn cold, in the hand that slowly released and dropped it.

"You said something to me," said Doctor Manette, breaking into a smile. "What was it you said to me?"

"Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England."

"Stop!" said the Doctor of Beauvais.

"I wish it, that I may the better deserve your confidence and have no secret from you."

"Stop!" For an instant the Doctor even had his two hands at his ears; for another instant, even had his two hands laid on Darnay's lips.

"Tell me when I ask you, not now. If your suit should

prosper, if Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise? ”

“ Willingly.”

It was dark when Charles Darnay left him, and it was an hour later when Lucie came home. She hurried into the room alone and was surprised to find his reading chair empty.

“ My father,” she called to him, “ father, dear! ”

Nothing was said in answer, but she heard a low hammering in his bedroom. She looked in at his door, and came running back frightened, crying to herself, with her blood all chilled:

“ What shall I do! What shall I do! ”

Her uncertainty lasted but a moment. She hurried back and tapped at his door, and softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they walked up and down together for a long time.

She came down from her bed to look at him in his sleep that night. He slept heavily, and his tray of shoemaking tools, and the old unfinished shoes were all as usual.

CHAPTER VIII

A COMPANION PICTURE

SYDNEY,” said Mr. Stryver, on that selfsame night, or morning, to his jackal; “ mix another bowl of punch; I have something to say to you.”

Sydney had been working double tides that night, and the night before, and the night before that, and a good many nights in succession, making a grand clearance among Mr. Stryver’s papers before the setting in of the long vacation. The clearance was effected at last; the Stryver arrears

were handsomely brought up; everything was got rid of until November should come with its fogs atmospheric and fogs legal, and bring grist to the mill again.

Sydney was none the livelier and none the soberer for so much application. It had taken a deal of extra wet-toweling to pull him through the night; a correspondingly extra quantity of wine had preceded the toweling; and he was in a very damaged condition, as he now pulled his turban off and threw it into the basin in which he had steeped it at intervals for the last six hours.

“Are you mixing that other bowl of punch?” said Stryver the portly, with his hands in his waistband, glancing round from the sofa where he lay on his back.

“I am.”

“Now, look here! I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you, and that perhaps will make you think me not quite so shrewd as you usually do think me. I intend to marry.”

“Do you?”

“Yes. And not for money. What do you say now?”

“I don’t feel disposed to say much. Who is she?”

“Guess.”

“I am not going to guess, at five o’clock in the morning, with my brains frying and sputtering in my head. If you want me to guess, you must ask me to dinner.”

“Well then, I’ll tell you,” said Stryver, coming slowly into a sitting posture. “Sydney, I rather despair of making myself intelligible to you, because you are such an insensible dog.”

“And you,” returned Sydney, busy concocting the punch, “are such a sensitive and poetical spirit.”

“Come!” rejoined Stryver, laughing boastfully, “though I don’t prefer any claim to being the soul of Romance, still I am a tenderer sort of fellow than *you*.”

“You are a luckier, if you mean that.”

“I don’t mean that. I mean I am a man of more — more — ”

“Say gallantry, while you are about it,” suggested Sydney.

“Well! I’ll say gallantry. My meaning is that I am a man,” said Mr. Stryver, inflating himself at his friend as he made the punch, “who cares more to be agreeable, who takes more pains to be agreeable, who knows better how to be agreeable, in a woman’s society, than you do.”

“Go on.”

“No, but before I go on, I’ll have this out with you. You’ve been at Dr. Manette’s house as much as I have, or more than I have. Why, I have been ashamed of your moroseness there! Your manners have been of that silent and sullen and hang-dog kind, that, upon my life and soul, I have been ashamed of you, Sydney! ”

“It should be very beneficial, to a man in your practice at the bar, to be ashamed of anything. You ought to be much obliged to me.”

“You shall not get off in that way. No, Sydney, it’s my duty to tell you, — and I tell you to your face to do you good — that you are a devilish ill-conditioned fellow in that sort of society. You are a disagreeable fellow.”

Sydney drank a bumper of the punch he had made and laughed.

“Look at me,” said Stryver, “I have less need to make myself agreeable than you have, being more independent in circumstances. Why do I do it? ”

“I never saw you do it yet,” muttered Carton.

“I do it because it’s politic! I do it on principle. And look at me! I get on.”

“You don’t get on with your account of your matrimonial intentions. I wish you would keep to that. As to me, — will you never understand that I am incorrigible? ”

“ You have no business to be incorrigible.”

“ I have no business to be at all, that I know of. Who is the lady? ”

“ Now don't let my announcement of the name make you uncomfortable, Sydney, because I know you don't mean half what you say; and if you meant it all, it would be of no importance. I make this little preface, because you once mentioned the young lady to me in slighting terms.”

“ I did? ”

“ Certainly, and in these rooms.”

Sydney Carton looked at his punch, and looked at his complacent friend; drank his punch and looked at his complacent friend.

“ You made mention of the young lady as a golden-haired doll. The young lady is Miss Manette. If you had been a fellow of any sensitiveness or delicacy of feeling in that kind of way, Sydney, I might have been a little resentful; but you are not. Therefore I am no more annoyed when I think of the expression than I should be annoyed at a man's opinion of a picture of mine, who had no eye for pictures, or of a piece of music of mine, who had no ear for music. You couldn't be expected to understand and appreciate a girl like Miss Manette.”

Sydney Carton drank the punch at a great rate; drank it by bumpers, looking at his friend.

“ Now you know all about it, Syd. I don't care about fortune. She is a charming creature, and I have made up my mind to please myself. On the whole I think I can afford to please myself. She will have in me a man already pretty well off, and a rapidly rising man, and a man of some distinction. It is a piece of good fortune for her, but she is worthy of good fortune. Are you astonished? ”

“ Why should I be astonished? ”

“ You approve? ”

“ Why should I not approve? ”

“ Well, you take it more easily than I thought you would, and are less mercenary on my behalf than I thought you would be. I expected you to disapprove on account of my not marrying for money. Yes, Sydney, I have had enough of this style of life, with no other as a change from it. I feel that it is a pleasant thing for a man to have a home, when he feels inclined to go to it (when he doesn't, he can stay away), and I feel that Miss Manette will tell well in any station, and will always do me credit. So I have made up my mind. And now, Sydney, old boy, I want to say a word to you about your prospects. You are in a bad way, you know. You really are in a bad way. You don't know the value of money. You live hard. You'll knock up one of these days, and be ill, and poor. You really ought to think about a nurse. Now let me recommend you to look it in the face. I have looked it in the face in my different way. Look it in the face in your different way. Marry. Provide somebody to take care of you. Never mind your having no enjoyment of women's society, nor understanding of it, nor tact for it. Find out somebody. Find out some respectable woman with a little property — somebody in the landlady way, or lodging-letting way — and marry her against a rainy day. That's the kind of thing for you. Now, think of it, Sydney.”

“ I'll think of it,” said Sydney.

CHAPTER IX

THE FELLOW OF DELICACY

MR. STRYVER, having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the Doctor's daughter, resolved to make her happiness known to her before he left town for the long vacation. He concluded that it would be as well to get all the preliminaries done with, and they could then arrange at their leisure the date of the wedding.

Accordingly, Mr. Stryver invited Miss Manette to Vauxhall Gardens, thinking it a good place in which to tell her of her good fortune. That plan failing, he invited her to Ranelagh, another popular resort; that unaccountably failing too, it behoved him to present himself in Soho, and there declare his noble mind.

Towards Soho, therefore, Mr. Stryver shouldered his way. Going past Tellson's Bank, and he both banking at Tellson's and knowing Mr. Lorry as the intimate friend of the Manettes, it entered Mr. Stryver's mind to go into the bank and reveal to Mr. Lorry the brightness of the Soho horizon. So he pushed open the old door, with the weak rattle in its throat, stumbled down the two steps, got past the two ancient cashiers, and shouldered himself in to the musty back room where Mr. Lorry sat at great books ruled for figures, with perpendicular iron bars to his window, as if that were ruled for figures too.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Stryver. "How do you do? I hope you are well!"

It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place or space. He was so much too big for Tellson's that old clerks in distant corners looked up

with looks of remonstrance, as though he squeezed them against the wall.

“Can I do anything for you, Mr. Stryver?” asked Mr. Lorry, in his business character.

“Why, no, thank you. This is a private visit to yourself, Mr. Lorry. I have come for a private word.”

“Oh indeed!” said Mr. Lorry, giving close attention.

“I am going,” said Mr. Stryver, leaning his arms confidentially on the desk; whereupon, although it was a large double one, there appeared to be not half desk enough for him: “I am going to make an offer of myself in marriage to your agreeable little friend, Miss Manette, Mr. Lorry.”

“Oh dear me!” cried Mr. Lorry, rubbing his chin, and looking at his visitor dubiously.

“Oh dear me, sir?” repeated Stryver, drawing back. “Oh dear you, sir? What may your meaning be, Mr. Lorry?”

“My meaning is, of course, friendly and appreciative, and that it does you the greatest credit, and — in short, my meaning is everything you could desire. But — really, you know, Mr. Stryver —”

“Well!” said Stryver, slapping the desk with his contentious hand, opening his eyes wider, and taking a long breath, “if I understand you, Mr. Lorry, I’ll be hanged!”

Mr. Lorry adjusted his little wig at both ears as a means towards that end, and bit the feather of a pen.

“Darn it all, sir!” said Stryver, staring at him, “am I not eligible?”

“Oh dear, yes! Yes. Oh yes, you’re eligible! If you say eligible, you are eligible.”

“Am I not prosperous?” asked Stryver.

“Oh! If you come to prosperous, you are prosperous.”

“And advancing?”

“If you come to advancing, you know, nobody can doubt that.”

“Then what on earth is your meaning, Mr. Lorry?” demanded Stryver, perceptibly crestfallen.

“Well! I—Were you going there now?” asked Mr. Lorry.

“Straight!” said Stryver with a plump of his fist on the desk.

“Then I think I wouldn’t, if I were you.”

“Why? Now, I’ll put you in a corner,” shaking a forefinger at him. “You are a man of business and bound to have a reason. State your reason. Why wouldn’t you go?”

“Because, I wouldn’t go on such an object without having some cause to believe that I should succeed.”

“Darn me! But this beats everything,” said the angry Stryver. “Here’s a man of business—a man of years—a man of experience—in a bank, and having summed up three leading reasons for complete success, he says there’s no reason at all! Says it with his head on—!”

“When I speak of success, I speak of success with the young lady; and when I speak of causes and reasons to make success probable, I speak of causes and reasons that will tell as such with the young lady. The young lady, my good sir,” said Mr. Lorry, mildly tapping the Stryver arm, “the young lady. The young lady goes before all.”

“Then you mean to tell me, Mr. Lorry,” said Stryver, squaring his elbows, “that it is your deliberate opinion that the young lady at present in question is a mincing fool?”

“Not exactly so. I mean to tell you, Mr. Stryver,” said Mr. Lorry, reddening, “that I will hear no disrespectful word of that young lady from any lips; and that if I knew any man—which I hope I do not—whose taste was so

coarse and whose temper was so overbearing that he could not restrain himself from speaking disrespectfully of that young lady at this desk, not even Tellson's should prevent my giving him a piece of my mind. That is what I mean to tell you, sir. Let there be no mistake about it! "

Mr. Stryver sucked the end of a ruler for a little while, and then stood hitting a tune out of his teeth with it, which probably gave him the toothache. He broke the awkward silence by saying:

"This is something new to me, Mr. Lorry. You deliberately advise me not to go up to Soho and offer myself — *myself*, Stryver of the King's Bench bar? "

"Do you ask me for my advice, Mr. Stryver? "

"Yes, I do."

"Very good. Then I give it, and you have repeated it correctly."

"And all that I can say of it is," laughed Stryver with a vexed laugh, "that this — ha, ha! beats everything past, present, and to come."

"Now understand me," pursued Mr. Lorry. "As a man of business, I am not justified in saying anything about this matter, for as a man of business I know nothing of it. But, as an old fellow who has carried Miss Manette in his arms, who is the trusted friend of Miss Manette and of her father too, and who has a great affection for them both, I have spoken. The confidence is not of my seeking, recollect. Now you think I may not be right? "

"Not I!" said Stryver, whistling. "I can't undertake to find third parties in common sense; I can only find it for myself. I suppose sense in certain quarters; you suppose mincing bread-and-butter nonsense. It's new to me, but you are right, I dare say."

"What I suppose, Mr. Stryver, I claim to characterize for myself. And understand me, sir," said Mr. Lorry,

quickly flushing again, "I will not — not even at Tellson's — have it characterized for me by any gentleman breathing."

"There! I beg your pardon!" said Stryver.

"Granted. Thank you. Well, Mr. Stryver, I was about to say — it might be painful to you to find yourself mistaken; it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit with you. You know the terms upon which I have the honor and happiness to stand with the family. If you please, committing you in no way, representing you in no way, I will try to discover whether my advice to you has been correct, by a little new observation and judgment expressly brought to bear upon it. If you should then be dissatisfied with it, you can test its soundness for yourself. If on the other hand, you should be satisfied with it, and it should be what it now is, it may spare all sides what is best spared. What do you say?"

"How long would you keep me in town?"

"Oh! It is only a question of a few hours. I could go to Soho in the evening and come to your rooms afterwards."

"Then I say yes. I won't go up there now. I am not so hot upon it as that comes to; I say yes, and I shall expect you to look in tonight. Good morning."

Mr. Stryver knew that Mr. Lorry was a man of good judgment, who never made a statement unless he was quite sure it was true. So the more he thought about it, the stronger became his conviction, that he would not stand any chance with Lucie Manette. It was a bitter pill to his vanity; yet he finally swallowed it. "But," he said to himself, "my way out of this is to put you all in the wrong. You shall not put me in the wrong, young lady; I'll do that for you."

Accordingly, when Mr. Lorry called that night, Mr.

Stryver, among a quantity of books and papers littered about for that purpose, seemed to have nothing less on his mind than the subject of the morning. He even showed surprise when he saw Mr. Lorry.

“Well,” said that good-natured emissary, after trying for half an hour to bring up the subject, “I have been to Soho.”

“To Soho?” repeated Stryver, coldly. “Oh, yes, to be sure! What am I thinking?”

“And I have no doubt I was right in the conversation we had. My opinion is confirmed, and I repeat my advice.”

“I assure you,” returned Mr. Stryver, in the friendliest way, “that I am sorry for it on your account, and sorry for it on the poor father’s account. I know this must always be a sore subject with the family; let us say no more about it.”

“I don’t understand you,” said Mr. Lorry.

“I dare say not,” rejoined Stryver, nodding his head in a smoothing and final way; “no matter, no matter.”

“But it does matter.”

“No it doesn’t. I assure you it doesn’t. Having supposed that there was sense where there is no sense, and a laudable ambition where there is not a laudable ambition, I am well out of my mistake, and no harm is done. Young women have committed similar follies often before, and have repented them in poverty and obscurity often before. In an unselfish aspect, I am sorry that the thing is dropped, because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view. In a selfish aspect I am glad that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view—it is hardly necessary to say I could have gained nothing by it. There is no harm at all done. I have not proposed to the young lady, and between ourselves, I am by no means certain, on reflection,

that I ever should have committed myself to that extent. Mr. Lorry, you cannot control the mincing vanities and giddinesses of empty-headed girls. You must not expect to do it, or you will always be disappointed. Now, please say no more about it. I tell you, I regret it on account of others, but I am satisfied on my own account. And I am really very much obliged to you for allowing me to sound you, and for giving me your advice. You know the young lady better than I do. You were right, it never would have done."

Mr. Lorry was so taken aback, that he looked quite stupidly at Mr. Stryver, shouldering him towards the door with an appearance of showering generosity, forbearance, and goodwill on his erring head, saying finally:

"Make the best of it, my dear sir; say no more about it; thank you again for allowing me to sound you; good night!"

Mr. Lorry was out in the night, before he knew where he was. Mr. Stryver was lying back on his sofa, winking at his ceiling.

CHAPTER X

THE FELLOW OF NO DELICACY

IF Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose loungeur. When he cared to talk, he talked well, but the caring for nothing which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness was very rarely pierced by the light within him. And yet he did care something even for the streets that environed that home in Soho

and for the senseless stones that made their pavements. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there.

One day in August, when Mr. Stryver (after notifying his jackal that he had thought better of that marrying affair) had gone into Devonshire for his vacation, Sydney's feet passed along those stones. From being irresolute and purposeless, his feet became animated by an intention; and in the working out of that intention, they took him to the Doctor's door.

He was shown upstairs and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him and received him with a little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But looking up at his face, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton."

"No, but the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates?"

"Is it not — forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips — a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice, too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed. She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so, without looking at her, and said:

"Forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the

knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?"

"If it will do you any good, Mr. Carton. If it would make you happier, it would make me very glad."

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!"

He unshaded his face, after a little while, and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been."

"No, Mr. Carton, I am sure that the best part of it might still be. I am sure that you might be much, much worthier of yourself."

"Say of you, Miss Manette, and although I know better — although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better — I shall never forget it!"

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself, which made the interview unlike any other that could have been held.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you — self flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse, as you know him to be — he would have been conscious, this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me. I ask none. I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you — forgive me again — to a better course? I know this is a confidence," she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears, "I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

“To none, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. The sight of you with your father and of this home, made such a home by you, has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward that I thought were silent forever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down; but I wish you to know that you inspired it.”

“Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think again! Try again!”

“No, Miss Manette; all through it, I have known myself to be quite undeserving; and yet I have had the weakness to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire — a fire, however, inseparable in its nature from myself, quickening nothing, lighting nothing, doing no service, idly burning away.”

“Since it is my misfortune, Mr. Carton, to have made you more unhappy than you were before you knew me — ”

“Don’t say that, Miss Manette, for you would have reclaimed me, if anything could. You will not be the cause of my becoming worse.”

“Since the state of your mind that you describe is, at all events, attributable to some influence of mine — this is what I mean, if I can make it plain — can I use no influence to serve you? Have I no power for good with you at all?”

“The utmost good that I am capable of now, Miss Ma-

nette, I have come here to realize. Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life, the remembrance that I opened my heart to you last of all the world and that there was something left in me that you could deplore and pity."

"Which I entreated you to believe again and again, most fervently, with all my heart, was capable of better things, Mr. Carton!"

"Entreat me to believe it no more, Miss Manette. I have proved myself and I know better. I distress you. I draw fast to an end. Will you let me believe, when I recall this day, that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your pure and innocent breast and that it lies there alone, and will be shared with no one?"

"If that will be a consolation to you, yes."

"Not even to the dearest one ever to be known to you?"

"Mr. Carton," she answered, after an agitated pause, "the secret is yours, not mine; and I promise to respect it."

"Thank you. And again, God bless you."

He put her hand to his lips and moved towards the door.

"Be under no apprehension, Miss Manette, of my ever resuming this conversation by so much as a passing word. I will never refer to it again. If I were dead, that could not be surer than it is henceforth. In the hour of my death, I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance — and shall thank and bless you for it — that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my name, and faults, and miseries were gently carried in your heart. May it otherwise be light and happy!"

He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away, and how much he every day kept down, that Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her.

"Be comforted!" he said, "I am not worth such feel-

ing, Miss Manette. An hour or two hence, and the low companions that I scorn, but yield to, will render me less worthy such tears as those than any wretch who creeps along the streets. Be comforted! But within myself, I shall always be, towards you, what I am now, though outwardly I shall be what you have heretofore seen me. The last supplication, but one, is that you will believe this of me."

"I will, Mr. Carton."

"My last supplication of all is this: and with it I will relieve you of a visitor with whom I well know you have nothing in unison, and between whom and you there is an impassable space. It is useless to say it, I know, but it rises out of my soul. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do anything. If my career were of that better kind, that there was any opportunity of sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind, at some quiet times, ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you — ties that will bind you yet more tenderly and strongly to the home you so adorn — the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. Oh, Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you!"

He said, "Farewell!" said a last "God bless you!" and left her.

CHAPTER XI

THE HONEST TRADESMAN

SITTING on his stool in Fleet Street, Jerry Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral procession was coming along, attended by a mob and a big uproar in the streets.

“Young Jerry. It’s a buryin’.”

“Hooroar, father!”

The young gentleman uttered this exultant sound with mysterious significance. The elder gentleman took the cry so ill that he watched his opportunity and smote the young gentleman on the ear.

“What d’ye mean? What are you hooroaring at? What do you want to convey to your own father, you young rip? This boy is getting too many for me! Him and his hooroars! Don’t let me hear no more of you, or you shall feel some more of me. D’ye hear?”

“I warn’t doing no harm,” Young Jerry protested, rubbing his cheek.

“Drop it then. I won’t have none of *your* no harms. Get atop of that there seat, and look at the crowd.”

His son obeyed and the crowd approached. They were bawling and hissing round a dingy hearse and one dingy mourning coach, in which there was one mourner. He was not in a very comfortable position as the rabble surrounded him, deriding him, making grimaces at him, incessantly groaning and calling out, “Yah! Spies! Tst! Yaha! Spies!” with many compliments too numerous and forcible to repeat.

Funerals had at all times a great attraction for Mr. Cruncher. He asked the first man who ran against him:

“What is it, brother? What’s it about?”

“I don’t know,” said the man. “Spies! Yaha! Tst! Spies!”

He asked another man:

“Who is it?”

“I don’t know,” returned the man, clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless and calling out angrily and very forcibly:

“Spies! Yaha! Tst! Spies!”

At length a person better informed tumbled against him, and from this person he learned that the funeral was the funeral of Roger Cly.

“Was he a spy?” asked Jerry.

“Old Bailey spy. Yaha! Tst! Yah! Old Bailey Spi-i-es!”

“Why to be sure!” exclaimed Jerry, recalling the trial at which he had assisted. “I’ve seen him. Dead, is he?”

“Dead as mutton, and can’t be too dead. Have ’em out, there! Spies! Pull ’em out, there! Spies!”

The idea was so acceptable that the crowd mobbed the two vehicles which had to stop. When they opened the coach doors, the one mourner scuffled out and was in their hands for a moment; but he was so alert, and made such good use of his time, that in another moment he was scurrying away up a by-street, after shedding his cloak, hat, long hatband, and other symbolical tears. These the people tore to ribbons and scattered far and wide. They opened the hearse to take the coffin out, when some genius proposed, instead, to escort it to the cemetery with a joyful celebration. This suggestion was received with acclamation, and the coach was immediately filled with eight inside and a dozen out, while as many people got on the roof of the hearse as could stick upon it. Jerry was one of the first to get inside, where he modestly concealed his

spiky head from the observation of Tellson's, in the further corner of the mourning coach.

The remodeled procession started, with a chimney sweep driving the hearse. A man who went around with a trained bear, a popular street character of the time, was impressed as an additional ornament, and his bear, who was black and very mangy, gave quite an undertaking air to that part of the procession in which he walked.

Its destination was the old Church of Saint Pancras, far off in the fields. It got there in the course of time, and finally accomplished the interment of the deceased Roger Cly in its own way, and highly to its own satisfaction.

Mr. Cruncher did not assist at these closing sports. He remained, however, in the churchyard, to confer and condole with the undertakers. The place seemed to have a soothing influence on him. He procured a pipe from a neighboring public house and smoked it, looking in at the railings and maturely considering the spot.

"Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, talking to himself, "you see that there Cly that day, and you see with your own eyes that he was a young 'un and a straight made 'un."

Whether his meditations made him feel less well or whether his general health had been previously amiss is not so much to the purpose as that he made a call upon his medical adviser, a distinguished surgeon, on his way back.

"Now I tell you what it is!" said Mr. Cruncher to his wife. "If, as a honest tradesman, my ventures goes wrong tonight, I shall make sure that you've been praying agin me, and I shall work you for it just the same as if I seen you do it."

The dejected Mrs. Cruncher shook her head.

"Why, you're at it afore my face!" he exclaimed, with signs of angry apprehension.

“I am saying nothing.”

“Well then, don’t meditate nothing. You might as well flop as meditate. You may as well go agin me one way as another. Drop it altogether.”

“Yes, Jerry.”

“Yes, Jerry,” repeated Mr. Cruncher, sitting down to tea. “Ah! It is yes, Jerry. That’s about it. You may say yes, Jerry.”

“You are going out tonight?” asked his decent wife.

“Yes, I am.”

“May I go with you, father?” asked his son briskly.

“No, you mayn’t. I’m agoing — as your mother knows — afishing. That’s where I’m going to. Going afishing.”

“Your fishing rod gets rayther rusty, don’t it, father?”

“Never you mind.”

“Shall you bring any fish home, father?”

“If I don’t you’ll have short commons tomorrow. That’s questions enough for you. I ain’t agoing out till you’ve been long abed.”

He devoted himself, during the remainder of the evening, to keeping a most vigilant watch on Mrs. Cruncher and sullenly holding her in conversation that she might be prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage.

“And mind you,” he said, “no games tomorrow. If I, as a honest tradesman, succeed in providing a jint of meat or two, none of your not touching of it, and sticking to bread. — If I, as a honest tradesman, am able to provide a little beer, none of your declaring on water. When you go to Rome, do as Rome does. Rome will be a ugly customer to you if you don’t. I’m your Rome, you know. — With your flying into the face of your own wittles and drink! I don’t know how scarce you mayn’t make the wittles and drink here, by your floppin’ tricks and your unfeeling conduct. Look at your boy. He *is* your’n, ain’t he? He’s as thin

as a lath. Do you call yourself a mother, and not know that a mother's first duty is to blow her boy out?"

Thus the evening wore away with the Cruncher family until young Jerry was ordered to bed. Mr. Cruncher beguiled the earlier watches of the night with solitary pipes and did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Towards that small and ghostly hour, he rose up from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cupboard, and brought forth a sack, crowbar, rope, chain, and other fishing tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in a skillful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a pretense of undressing when he went to bed, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness, he followed out of the room, down the court, and out into the street. He was not worried about getting into the house again, for it was full of lodgers, and the door stood open all night. Young Jerry, keeping close to house fronts, walls, and doorways, held his honored parent in view. Soon his honored parent was joined by another fisherman, and the two trudged on together.

Within half an hour from the first starting they were beyond the winking lamps, and the more than winking watchman, and were out upon a lonely road. Another fisherman was picked up here, and that, so silently, that if young Jerry had been superstitious he might have supposed the second fisherman to have, all of a sudden, split himself into two.

The three went on, and young Jerry went on, until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall, surmounted by an iron railing. The wall was about eight or ten feet high.

Crouching down in a corner young Jerry saw the form of his honored parent nimbly scaling an iron gate. He was soon over, and then the second fisherman got over, and then the third. They all dropped softly on the ground within the gate, and lay there a little — listening perhaps. Then they moved away on their hands and knees.

It was now young Jerry's turn to approach the gate, which he did, holding his breath. Crouching down again in a corner there and looking in, he made out the three fishermen creeping through some rank grass, and all the gravestones in the churchyard — it was a large churchyard that they were in — looking on like ghosts in white, while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far before they stopped and stood upright. And then they began to fish.

They fished with a spade at first. Presently the honored parent appeared to be adjusting some instrument like a great corkscrew. Whatever tools they worked with, they worked hard, until the awful striking of the church clock so terrified young Jerry, that he made off, with his hair as stiff as his father's.

But his long-cherished desire to know more about these matters not only stopped him in his running away but lured him back again. They were still fishing perseveringly when he looked in at the gate for the second time, but now they seemed to have got a bite. There was a screwing and complaining sound down below, and their bent figures were strained as if by a weight. By slow degrees the weight broke the earth upon it and came to the surface. Young Jerry very well knew what it would be; but when he saw it, and saw his honored parent about to wrench it open, he was so frightened that he made off again, and never stopped until he had run a mile or more. He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him and

hopping on behind him, bolt upright, upon its narrow end, always on the point of overtaking him. But if he had waited just a little longer in the cemetery he would have learned that the coffin contained nothing more than a lot of rocks and stones. It had been a pretended funeral. The friend of Roger Cly had brought this about so that he could escape the mobs and leave the country.

Young Jerry was awakened after daybreak and before sunrise by the presence of his father in the family room. Something had gone wrong with him; at least young Jerry inferred this from the circumstance of his holding Mrs. Cruncher by the ears and knocking the back of her head against the headboard of the bed.

“I told you I would,” said Mr. Cruncher, “and I did.”

“Jerry, Jerry, Jerry!” his wife implored.

“You oppose yourself to the profit of the business, and me and my partners suffer. You was to honor and obey. Why the devil don’t you?”

“I try to be a good wife to you, Jerry,” the poor woman protested with tears.

“Is it being a good wife to oppose your husband’s business? Is it obeying your husband to dishonor his business? Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the wital subject of his business?”

“You hadn’t taken to the dreadful business then, Jerry.”

“It’s enough for you to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he didn’t. A honoring and obeying wife would let his trade alone altogether. Call yourself a religious woman? If you’re a religious woman, give me a irreligious one! You have no more natural sense of duty than the bed of this Thames River has of a pile, and similarly it must be knocked into you.”

The honest tradesman kicked off his clay-soiled boots

and lay down on the floor. After taking a timid peep at him lying on his back, with his rusty hands under his head for a pillow, his son lay down, too, and fell asleep again.

There was no fish for breakfast, and not much of anything else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper, and kept an iron pot lid by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher, in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying Grace. He was brushed and washed at the usual hour, and set off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling.

Young Jerry, walking along by his father, was a very different young Jerry from him of the previous night, running home through darkness and solitude, from his grim pursuer.

“Father,” he said as they walked along, taking care to keep at arm’s length and to have the stool well between them:

“What’s a resurrection man?”

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement, before he answered:

“How should I know?”

“I thought you knowed everything, father.”

“Hem! Well,—he’s a tradesman,” said Mr. Cruncher, going on.

“What’s his goods, father?” asked the brisk young Jerry.

“His goods,” said his father, walking on and lifting off his hat to give his spikes free play, “is a branch of scientific goods.”

“Persons’ bodies, ain’t it, father?” asked the lively boy.

“I believe it is something of that sort.”

“Oh, father, I should so like to be a resurrection man when I’m quite growed up!”

Mr. Cruncher was soothed, but shook his head in a dubious and moral way.

“It depends upon how you dewelop your talents. Be careful to dewelop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there’s no telling at the present time what you may not come to be fit for.”

As young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself:

“Jerry, you honest tradesman, there’s hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!”

CHAPTER XII

KNITTING

THERE had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o’clock in the morning, sallow faces, looking through the windows, had seen other faces within, bending over measures of wine. This had been the third morning in succession on which there had been early drinking at the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge. But there had been more of brooding than drinking, for many men had listened and whispered who could not have laid a piece of money on the counter to save their souls.

A suspended interest and a prevalent absence of mind were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine shop, as they looked in at every place, high and low, from the King’s palace to the criminal’s jail. Games at cards languished; players at dominoes musingly built towers with them; and drinkers drew figures on the tables with spilt drops of wine. It seemed as if they were all waiting for some one.

It was high noontide when two dusty men passed through

the streets of Saint Antoine and under the swinging lamps; one was Monsieur Defarge and the other a mender of roads in a blue cap. All adust and athirst, the two entered the wine shop.

“Good day, gentlemen!” said Monsieur Defarge.

It may have been a signal for loosening the general tongue. It elicited an answering chorus of “Good day!”

“It is bad weather, gentlemen,” said Defarge, shaking his head.

Upon which every man looked at his neighbor, and then all cast down their eyes and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

“My wife,” said Defarge aloud, addressing Madame Defarge, who presided at the counter: “I have traveled certain miles with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. I met him — by accident — a day and a half’s journey out of Paris. He is a good child, this mender of roads called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!”

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the mender of roads called Jacques, who doffed his blue cap to the company, and drank. In the breast of his blue blouse he carried some coarse dark bread. He ate of this between whiles, and sat munching and drinking near Madame Defarge’s counter. A third man got up and went out. Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine, and stood waiting until the countryman had finished. Madame Defarge took up her knitting and was absorbed in her work.

“Have you finished your repast, friend?” asked Defarge.

“Yes, thank you.”

“Come, then! You shall see the apartment that I told you you could occupy. It will suit you to a marvel.”

As early as six o'clock in the morning, sallow faces, looking through the windows, had seen other faces within, bending over measures of wine.



W. G. W. 1875

They went out of the wine shop into a courtyard and then up a steep staircase to a garret — formerly the garret where a white-haired man made shoes. No white-haired man was there now, but, the three men were there, who had gone out of the wine shop singly.

Defarge closed the door carefully and spoke in a subdued voice:

“ Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five! ”

The mender of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his swarthy forehead with it and said:

“ Where shall I commence, monsieur? ”

“ Commence at the commencement,” said Defarge.

“ I saw him then, messieurs, a year ago this summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I, leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain — like this.”

Again the mender of roads went through the whole performance, in which he ought to have been perfect by that time, seeing that it had been the entertainment of his village during a whole year.

“ Had you ever seen the man before? ” Jacques One asked.

“ Never.”

“ How did you afterwards recognize him then? ” Jacques Three demanded.

“ By his tall figure. When Monsieur the Marquis demands that evening, ‘ Say, what is he like? ’ I make response, ‘ Tall as a spectre.’ ”

“ You should have said, ‘ Short as a dwarf,’ ” returned Jacques Two.

“But what did I know? The deed was not then accomplished. Neither did he confide in me. Observe! Under the circumstances, even, I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur the Marquis indicates me with his finger, standing near our little fountain, and says, ‘To me! Bring that rascal!’ My faith, messieurs, I offer nothing.”

“He is right there, Jacques,” murmured Defarge. “Go on!”

“Good!” said the mender of roads, with an air of mystery.

“The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?”

“No matter the number,” said Defarge. “He is well hidden, but at last is unluckily found. Go on!”

“I am again at work upon the hillside, and the sun is about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below, where it is already dark, when I raise my eyes and see coming over the hill, six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound,—tied to his sides—like this!”

With the aid of his indispensable blue cap he represented a man with his elbows bound fast at his hips, with cords that were knotted behind him.

“I stand aside, messieurs, by my heap of stones, to see the soldiers and their prisoner pass. At first, as they approach, I see no more than that they are six soldiers with a tall man bound; that they are covered with dust, and that the dust moves with them as they come, tramp, tramp! But when they advance quite near to me, I recognize the tall man, and he recognizes me. Ah, but he would be well content to precipitate himself over the hillside once again, as on the evening when he and I first encountered, close to the spot.

“I do not show the soldiers that I recognize the tall man.

He does not show the soldiers that he recognizes me. We do it, and we know it, with our eyes."

"'Come on,' says the chief of that company, pointing to the village. 'Bring him fast to his tomb!' and they bring him faster. I follow. His arms are swelled because of being bound so tight. His wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame. Because he is lame, and consequently slow, they drive him with their guns — like this!"

He imitated the action of a man's being impelled forward by the butt-ends of muskets.

"As they descend the hill like madmen running a race, he falls. They laugh and pick him up again. His face is bleeding and covered with dust, but he cannot touch it; thereupon they laugh again. They bring him into the village. All the village runs to look. They take him past the mill and up to the prison. All the village sees the prison gate open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him — like this!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth. Observant of his unwillingness to mar the effect by opening it again, Defarge said, "Go on, Jacques."

"All the village," pursued the mender of roads, on tiptoe and in a low voice, "withdraws. All the village whispers by the fountain. All the village sleeps. All the village dreams of that unhappy one, within the locks and bars of the prison on the crag, and never to come out of it, except to perish. In the morning, with my tools on my shoulder, eating my morsel of black bread as I go, I make a circuit by the prison, on my way to my work. There I see him, high up, behind the bars of a lofty iron cage, bloody and dusty as last night, looking through. He has no hand free, to wave to me. I dare not call to him. He regards me like a dead man."

Defarge and the three glanced darkly at one another. The looks of all were repressed and revengeful.

“Go on, Jacques,” said Defarge.

“He remains up there in his iron cage some days. The village looks at him by stealth, for it is afraid. But it always looks up, from a distance, at the prison on the crag. In the evening, when the work of the day is done, and it assembles to gossip at the fountain, all faces are turned towards the prison. Formerly they were turned towards the posting-house; now they are turned towards the prison. They whisper at the fountain that, although condemned to death, he will not be executed. They say that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was enraged and made mad by the death of his child. They say that a petition has been presented to the King himself. What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no.”

“Listen then, Jacques,” Number One of that name sternly interposed. “Know that a petition was presented to the King and Queen. All here, except yourself, saw the King take it, in his carriage in the street, sitting beside the Queen. It is Defarge, whom you see here, who at the risk of his life darted out before the horses, with the petition in his hand.”

“And listen once again, Jacques,” said Number Three, “the guard, horse and foot, surrounded the petitioner, and struck him blows. You hear?”

“I hear, messieurs.”

“Go on then,” said Defarge.

“Again, on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that, because he has slain Monseigneur and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants — serfs — what you will — he will be executed as a parricide. One

old man at the fountain says that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burned off before his face; that, into wounds which will be made in his arms, his breast and his legs, there will be poured boiling oil, melted lead, hot resin, wax, and sulphur; finally, that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says all this was actually done to a prisoner¹ who made an attempt on the life of the late king, Louis Fifteen. But how do I know if he lies? I am not a scholar."

"Listen once again then, Jacques!" said Number One. "The name of that prisoner was Damiens, and it was all done in open day, in the open streets of this city of Paris; and there were crowds of ladies of quality and fashion, who were full of eager attention to the last — to the last, Jacques, prolonged until nightfall, when he had lost two legs and an arm, and still breathed! And it was done — why, how old are you?"

"Thirty-five," said the road mender, who looked sixty.

"It was done when you were more than ten years old. You might have seen it."

"Enough!" said Defarge, with grim impatience. "Long live the devil! Go on!"

"Well! Some whisper this, some whisper that. They speak of nothing else. Even the fountain appears to fall to that tune. At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the prison and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing. In the morning by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, a sight to make anybody sick who would drink the water of the fountain. It is just as if they had poisoned the water."

¹ In 1757, Robert François Damiens, a soldier and servant, unsuccessfully tried to stab Louis XV to death.

The mender of roads looked *through* rather than *at* the low ceiling, and pointed as if he saw the gallows somewhere in the sky.

“All work is stopped. All assemble there. Nobody leads the cows out; the cows are there with the rest. At midday, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag — tied so, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed.”

He suggested it, by creasing his face with his two thumbs, from the corners of his mouth to his ears.

“On the top of the gallows is fixed the knife, blade upwards, with its point in the air. He is hanged there forty feet high — and is left hanging, poisoning the water.”

They looked at one another, as he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the perspiration had started afresh when he recalled the spectacle.

“It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening under that shadow! Under it, have I said? When I left the village as the sun was going down to bed and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison — seemed to strike across the earth, messieurs, to where the sky rests upon it! That’s all. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do), and I walked on, that night and half next day, until I met (as I was warned I should) this comrade. With him I came on, now riding and now walking, through the rest of yesterday and through last night. And here you see me! ”

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said:

“Good! You have acted and recounted faithfully. Will you wait for us a little, outside the door? ”

“Very willingly,” said the mender of roads. Defarge escorted him to the top of the stairs, left him seated there, and then returned. The three had risen, and their heads were together when he came back to the garret.

“How say you, Jacques?” demanded Number One. “To be registered?”

“To be registered as doomed to destruction,” returned Defarge.

“Magnificent!” croaked the man with the craving for bloodshed (Jacques Three).

“The château and all the race?” inquired the first.

“The château and all the race,” returned Defarge. “Extermination.”

“Are you sure,” asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, “that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register? Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it — or, I ought to say, will she?”

“Jacques,” returned Defarge, drawing himself up, “if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it — not a syllable of it. Knitted, in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest coward that lives to erase himself from existence than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge.”

“Is this rustic to be sent back soon?” Jacques Two asked. “I hope so. He is very simple. Is he not a little dangerous?”

“He knows nothing,” said Defarge; “at least nothing more than would easily elevate himself to a gallows of the same height. I charge myself with him. Let him remain with me. I will take care of him and set him on his road.”

He wishes to see the fine world — the King, Queen, and Court. Let him see them on Sunday.”

Nothing more was said, and the mender of roads, being found already dozing on the topmost stair, was advised to lay himself down on the bed on the floor and take some rest. He needed no persuasion, and was soon asleep.

Worse quarters than Defarge’s wine shop could easily have been found in Paris for a countrified slave of that degree. Except for a dread of madame, his life was very new and agreeable. But madame sat all day at her counter, so expressly unconscious of him that he shook in his wooden shoes whenever his eye lighted on her. For he felt that it was impossible to tell what she might pretend next. He believed that, if she took it into her brightly ornamented head to pretend that she had seen him do a murder, she would go through with it until the play was played out.

Therefore when Sunday came, the mender of roads was not enchanted, though he said he was, to find that madame was to accompany Monsieur and himself to Versailles about twelve miles from Paris. It was disconcerting to have madame knitting all the way there, in a public conveyance. It was additionally disconcerting to have Madame in the crowd in the afternoon, still with her knitting in her hands, as the crowd waited to see the carriage of the King and Queen.

“ You work hard, madame,” said a man near her.

“ Yes, I have a good deal to do.”

“ What do you make, madame? ”

“ Many things.”

“ For instance? ”

“ For instance,” Madame answered composedly,
“ shrouds.”¹

² grave clothes

The man moved a little farther away as soon as he could, and the mender of roads fanned himself with his blue cap, feeling the air to be mightily close and oppressive. If he needed a King and Queen to restore him, he was fortunate in having his remedy at hand; for soon the large-faced King and the fair-faced Queen came in their golden coach, attended by a glittering multitude of laughing ladies and fine lords in jewels, silks, and splendor. Then there were gardens, courtyards, terraces, fountains, more elegance. The mender of roads was so overcome that he shouted and even wept with sentimental admiration. He cried, "Long live the King, Long live the Queen, Long live everybody and everything!" as if he had never heard of Jacques in his time.

"Bravo!" said Defarge, clapping him on the back when it was over, "you are a good boy!"

The mender of roads was now coming to himself, and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations; but no.

"You are the fellow we want," said Defarge in his ear, "you make these fools believe that it will last forever. Then they are the more insolent, and it is the nearer ended."

"Hey!" cried the mender of roads, reflectively, "that's true."

"These fools know nothing," said Defarge. "While they despise your breath and would stop it forever and ever in you or in a hundred like you, rather than in one of their horses or dogs, they only know what your breath tells them. Let it deceive them, then, a little longer. It cannot deceive them too much."

Madame looked superciliously at the road mender and nodded in confirmation:

"As to you," she said, "you would shout and shed tears

for anything, if it made a show and a noise. Say, would you not?"

"Truly, madame, I think so. For the moment."

"Yes. And if you were shown a flock of birds, unable to fly, and were set upon them to strip them of their feathers for your own advantage, you would set upon the birds of the finest feathers, would you not?"

"It is true, madame."

"You have seen both dolls and birds today," she said, with a wave of her hand. "Now, go home."

* * *

Madame Defarge and her husband returned to Saint Antoine, while a speck in a blue cap toiled through the darkness, and through the dust, down the weary miles of avenue by the wayside, slowly tending towards that point of the compass where the château of the Marquis, now in his grave, listened to the whispering trees. The Defarges came lumbering under the starlight, in their public carriage, to that part of Paris whereunto their journey tended. There was the usual stoppage at the barrier guardhouse, and the usual lanterns came glancing forth for the usual examination and inquiry. Monsieur Defarge alighted, knowing one or two of the soldiers there, and one of the police. The latter he was intimate with, and affectionately embraced.

When they reached Saint Antoine and were picking their way on foot through the black mud of the streets, Madame Defarge spoke to her husband:

"Say then, my husband, what did Jacques of the police tell you?"

"Very little, but all he knows. There is another spy commissioned for our quarter. There may be many more, for all that he can say, but he knows of one."

The man moved a little farther away as soon as he could, and the mender of roads fanned himself with his blue cap, feeling the air to be mightily close and oppressive. If he needed a King and Queen to restore him, he was fortunate in having his remedy at hand; for soon the large-faced King and the fair-faced Queen came in their golden coach, attended by a glittering multitude of laughing ladies and fine lords in jewels, silks, and splendor. Then there were gardens, courtyards, terraces, fountains, more elegance. The mender of roads was so overcome that he shouted and even wept with sentimental admiration. He cried, "Long live the King, Long live the Queen, Long live everybody and everything!" as if he had never heard of Jacques in his time.

"Bravo!" said Defarge, clapping him on the back when it was over, "you are a good boy!"

The mender of roads was now coming to himself, and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations; but no.

"You are the fellow we want," said Defarge in his ear, "you make these fools believe that it will last forever. Then they are the more insolent, and it is the nearer ended."

"Hey!" cried the mender of roads, reflectively, "that's true."

"These fools know nothing," said Defarge. "While they despise your breath and would stop it forever and ever in you or in a hundred like you, rather than in one of their horses or dogs, they only know what your breath tells them. Let it deceive them, then, a little longer. It cannot deceive them too much."

Madame looked superciliously at the road mender and nodded in confirmation:

"As to you," she said, "you would shout and shed tears

for anything, if it made a show and a noise. Say, would you not?"

"Truly, madame, I think so. For the moment."

"Yes. And if you were shown a flock of birds, unable to fly, and were set upon them to strip them of their feathers for your own advantage, you would set upon the birds of the finest feathers, would you not?"

"It is true, madame."

"You have seen both dolls and birds today," she said, with a wave of her hand. "Now, go home."

* * *

Madame Defarge and her husband returned to Saint Antoine, while a speck in a blue cap toiled through the darkness, and through the dust, down the weary miles of avenue by the wayside, slowly tending towards that point of the compass where the château of the Marquis, now in his grave, listened to the whispering trees. The Defarges came lumbering under the starlight, in their public carriage, to that part of Paris whereunto their journey tended. There was the usual stoppage at the barrier guardhouse, and the usual lanterns came glancing forth for the usual examination and inquiry. Monsieur Defarge alighted, knowing one or two of the soldiers there, and one of the police. The latter he was intimate with, and affectionately embraced.

When they reached Saint Antoine and were picking their way on foot through the black mud of the streets, Madame Defarge spoke to her husband:

"Say then, my husband, what did Jacques of the police tell you?"

"Very little, but all he knows. There is another spy commissioned for our quarter. There may be many more, for all that he can say, but he knows of one."

“Eh well!” said Madame Defarge, raising her eyebrows with a cool business air. “It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man?”

“He is English.”

“So much the better. His name?”

“Barsad,” said Defarge, spelling it.

“Barsad. Good. Christian name?”

“John.”

“John Barsad. Good. His appearance, is it known?”

“Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; rather handsome face; eyes dark, face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek; expression, therefore, treacherous.”

“Eh, my faith. It is a portrait!” said Madame, laughing. “He shall be registered tomorrow.”

They turned into the wine shop, which was closed (for it was midnight). Madame Defarge immediately took her post at her desk, counted the small moneys that had been taken during her absence, went through the entries in the books, checked the serving man in every possible way, and finally dismissed him to bed. Then she turned out the contents of the bowl of money for the second time and began knotting them up in her handkerchief, in a chain of separate knots, for safe keeping through the night. All this while Defarge, with his pipe in his mouth, walked up and down, admiring, but never interfering.

The night was hot, and the shop, close shut and surrounded by so foul a neighborhood, was ill-smelling. Monsieur Defarge whiffed the compound of scents away, as he put down his smoked-out pipe.

“You are fatigued,” said madame, raising her glance as she knotted the money. “There are only the usual odors.”

“I am a little tired.”

“You are a little depressed, too,” said madame, whose quick eyes had never been so intent on the accounts but they had had a ray or two for him. “Oh, the men, the men!”

“But my dear!” began Defarge.

“But my dear!” repeated madame, nodding firmly; “but my dear! You are faint of heart tonight, my dear!”

“Well, then,” said Defarge, as if a thought were wrung out of his breast, “it is a long time.”

“It is a long time,” repeated his wife; “and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time. It is the rule.”

“It does not take a long time to strike a man with lightning.”

“How long,” demanded madame composedly, “does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me.”

Defarge raised his head thoughtfully, as if there were something in that, too.

“It does not take a long time,” said madame, “for an earthquake to swallow a town. Eh well! Tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?”

“A long time, I suppose,” said Defarge.

“But when it is ready, it takes place and grinds to pieces everything before it. In the meantime, it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard. That is your consolation. Keep it.”

She tied a knot with flashing eyes, as if it throttled a foe.

“I tell you,” said madame, extending her right hand for emphasis, “that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell you it never retreats, and never stops. I tell you it is always advancing. Look around and consider the lives of all the world that we know, consider the faces of all the world that we know, consider the rage and discontent to which the Jacquerie addresses

itself with more and more of certainty every hour. Can such things last? Bah! I mock you."

"My brave wife," returned Defarge, standing before her with his head a little bent and his hands clasped at his back, "I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time, and it is possible—you know, my wife, it is possible—that it may not come, during our lives."

"Eh well! How then?" demanded madame, tying another knot, as if there were another enemy strangled.

"Well!" said Defarge in a half-complaining tone, "we shall not see the triumph."

"We shall have helped it," returned madame. "Nothing that we do is done in vain. I believe, with all my soul, that we shall see the triumph. But even if not, even if I knew certainly not, show me the neck of an aristocrat and tyrant, and still I would—"

Then madame, with her teeth set, tied a very terrible knot indeed.

"Hold!" cried Defarge, reddening a little as if he felt charged with cowardice; "I too, my dear, will stop at nothing."

"Yes! But it is your weakness that you sometimes need to see your victim and your opportunity to sustain you. Sustain yourself without that. When the time comes, let loose a tiger and a devil, but wait for the time with the tiger and the devil chained—not shown—yet always ready."

Madame enforced this advice by striking her little counter with her chain of money, as if she knocked its brains out, and then gathering the heavy handkerchief under her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose

lay beside her, and she glanced at it now and then. There were a few customers, drinking or not drinking, standing or seated, sprinkled about. A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge which she felt to be a new one. She laid down her knitting, and began to pin her rose in her headdress, before she looked at the figure.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose, the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine shop.

“Good day, madame,” said the newcomer.

“Good day, monsieur.”

She said it aloud, but added to herself, as she resumed her knitting:

“Hah! Good day, age about forty; height about five feet nine; black hair; rather handsome face; complexion dark; eyes dark; thin, long, and sallow face; nose prominent, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek which imparts a treacherous expression! Good day, one and all!”

“Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac and a mouthful of cool fresh water, madame.”

Madame complied with a polite air.

“Marvelous cognac, this, madame!”

It was the first time it had ever been so complimented, and Madame Defarge knew enough of its antecedents to know better. She said, however, that the cognac was flattered, and took up her knitting. The visitor watched her fingers for a few minutes, and took the opportunity of observing the place in general.

“You knit with great skill, madame.”

“I am accustomed to it.”

“A pretty pattern, too.”

“*You* think so?” she said calmly, looking at him with a smile.

“Decidedly. May one ask what it is for?”

“Pastime,” said madame, still looking at him with a smile.

“Not for use?”

“That depends. I may find a use for it one day. If I do — well,” said madame, drawing her breath and nodding her head with a stern kind of playfulness, “I’ll use it!”

It was remarkable, but the people of Saint Antoine did not seem to like the rose on the headdress of Madame Defarge. Two men had entered separately and had been about to order drink when, catching sight of that novelty, they faltered, made a pretence of looking about as if for some friend who was not there, and went away. Nor was there one left of those who had been there when this visitor entered. They had all dropped off. The spy had kept his eyes open, but had not been able to detect any sign. They had lounged away in a poverty-stricken, purposeless, accidental manner, quite natural and unimpeachable.

“John,” thought madame, checking off her work as her fingers knitted, and her eyes looked at the stranger. “Stay long enough, and I shall knit Barsad before you go.”

“You have a husband, madame?”

“I have.”

“Children?”

“No children.”

“Business seems bad.”

“Business is very bad. The people are so poor.”

“Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed, too, as you say.”

“As *you* say,” madame retorted, correcting him and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.

“Pardon me. Certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course.”

“*I* think?” returned madame in a high voice. “I and

my husband have enough to do to keep this wine shop open without thinking. All we think here is how to live. That is the subject we think of, and it gives us, from morning to night, enough to think about, without embarrassing our heads about others. *I think for others? No, no.*"

The spy, who was there to pick up any crumbs he could find or make, did not allow his baffled state to express itself in his sinister face; but stood, with an air of gossiping gallantry, leaning on Madame Defarge's little counter and occasionally sipping his cognac.

"A bad business, this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! the poor Gaspard!" With a sigh of great compassion.

"My faith!" returned madame coolly and lightly, "if people use knives for such purposes, they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price of his luxury was. He has paid the price."

"I believe," said the spy, dropping his voice to a tone that invited confidence, "I believe there is much compassion and anger in this neighborhood, touching the poor fellow? (Between ourselves.)"

"Is there?" asked Madame vacantly.

"Is there not?"

"— Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge.

As the keeper of the wine shop entered at the door, the spy saluted him by touching his hat and saying with an engaging smile:

"Good day, Jacques!"

Defarge stopped short and stared at him.

"Good day, Jacques!" the spy repeated, with not quite so much confidence, or quite so easy a smile, under the stare.

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine shop. "You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge."

"It is all the same," said the spy, airily, but discomfited, "good day!"

"Good day!" answered Defarge, drily.

"I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is — and no wonder — much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine, touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard."

"No one has told me so," said Defarge shaking his head, "I know nothing of it."

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair, looking over that barrier at the person to whom they were both opposed and whom either of them would have shot with the greatest satisfaction.

The spy, well used to his business, did not change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of cognac, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of cognac. Madame Defarge poured it out for him, took to her knitting again and hummed a little song over it.

"You seem to know this quarter well; that is to say, better than I do?" observed Defarge.

"Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so profoundly interested in its miserable inhabitants."

"Hah!" muttered Defarge.

"The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me that I have the honor of cherishing some interesting associations with your name."

"Indeed!" said Defarge, with much indifference.

"Yes, indeed. When Doctor Manette was released, you, his old servant, had the charge of him, I know. He was delivered to you. You see I am informed of the circumstance."

"Such is the fact, certainly," said Defarge. He had it conveyed to him, in an accidental touch of his wife's elbow

as she knitted and hummed her song, that he would do best to answer, but with brevity.

“It was to you that his daughter came; and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by a neat brown monsieur; how is he called?—in a little wig—Lorry—of the bank of Tellson and Company—over in England.”

“Such is the fact,” repeated Defarge.

“Very interesting remembrances!” said the spy. “I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter in England.”

“Yes?” said Defarge.

“You don’t hear much about them now?” said the spy.

“No,” said Defarge.

“In effect,” madame struck in, looking up from her work and her little song, “we never hear about them. We received the news of their safe arrival and perhaps another letter, or perhaps two; but since then, they have gradually taken their road in life—we ours—and we have held no correspondence.”

“Perfectly so, madame. She is going to be married.”

“Going?” echoed madame. “She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me.”

“Oh! You know I am English?”

“I perceive your tongue is, and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is.”

He did not take the identification as a compliment; but he made the best of it, and turned it off with a laugh. After sipping his cognac to the end, he added:

“Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married, but not to an Englishman. She is going to marry one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard (ah, poor Gaspard! It was cruel, cruel!), it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis,

for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet; in other words, the present Marquis. But he lives unknown in England. He is no Marquis there. He is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family."

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the news had a great effect upon her husband. Do what he would, behind the little counter, as to the striking of a light and the lighting of his pipe, he was troubled, and his hand trembled greatly. The spy would have been no spy if he had failed to see it or to record it in his mind.

Having made, at least, this one hit, whatever it might prove to be worth, and no customers coming in to help him to any other, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had drunk and took his leave, saying in a genteel manner, before he departed, that he looked forward to the pleasure of seeing Monsieur and Madame Defarge again.

For some minutes the husband and wife remained exactly as he had left them, lest he should come back.

"Can it be true," said Defarge, in a low voice, looking down at his wife, as he stood smoking with his hand on the back of her chair, "what he has said of Ma'amselle Manette?"

"As *he* has said it," retorted madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, "it is probably false. But it may be true."

"If it is —" Defarge began, and stopped.

"If it is?" repeated his wife.

"— And if it does come, while we live to see it triumph — I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France."

"Her husband's destiny will take him where he is to go and will lead him to the end that is to end him. That is all I know."

"But it is very strange — now, at least, is it not very

strange" — said Defarge, rather pleading with his wife to induce her to admit it, "that after all our sympathy for Monsieur her father and herself, her husband's name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment by the side of that infernal dog's who has just left us?"

"Stranger things than that will happen when it does come. I have them both here, of a certainty; and they are both here for their merits; that is enough."

She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words, and presently took the rose out of the handkerchief that was wound about her head. The people in Saint Antoine either had an instinctive sense that the objectionable decoration was gone, or were on the watch for its disappearance, for they came lounging in very shortly, and the wine shop recovered its habitual aspect.

In the evening the people of this suburb generally sat on doorsteps and window ledges, and came to the corners of vile streets and courts for a breath of air. Then Madame Defarge, with her work in her hand, was accustomed to pass from place to place and from group to group like others of her kind, preparing the poor people for the works of vengeance which were sometime to be made against the rich.

Her husband smoked at his door, looking after her with admiration.

"A great woman," he said, "a strong woman, a grand woman, a *frightfully* grand woman!"

CHAPTER XIII

ONE NIGHT

NEVER did the sun go down with a brighter glory on the quiet corner in Soho than one memorable evening when the Doctor and his daughter sat under the plane tree together. Never did the moon rise with a milder radiance over great London than on that night when it found them still seated under the tree and shone upon their faces through its leaves.

Lucie was to be married tomorrow. She had reserved this last evening for her father, and they sat alone under the plane tree.

“You are quite happy, my father?”

“Quite, my child.”

They had said little, though they had been there a long time. When it was yet light enough to work and read, she had neither read nor sewed, as she had been accustomed to do at other times. This time was not quite like any other, and nothing could make it so.

“And I am very happy tonight, dear father. I am deeply happy in my love for Charles, and his love for me. But if my life were not to be still consecrated to you, or if my marriage were so arranged as that it would separate us, even by the length of a few of these streets, I should be more unhappy and self-reproachful now than I could tell you. Even as it is —”

Even as it was, she could not command her voice.

In the sad moonlight she clasped him by the neck and laid her face upon his breast.

“Dearest dear! Can you tell me this last time that you feel quite, quite sure no new affections of mine and no new duties of mine will ever interpose between us? I know it

well, but do you know it? In your own heart, do you feel quite certain?"

"Quite sure, my darling! More than that," he added, as he tenderly kissed her; "my future is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage, than it could have been without it."

"If I could hope *that*, my father! —"

"Believe it, love! Indeed it is so. Consider how natural and how plain it is, my dear, that it should be so. You, devoted and young, cannot fully appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted —"

She moved her hand towards his lips, but he took it in his, and repeated the word.

"—wasted, my child—should not be wasted, struck aside from the natural order of things—for my sake. Your unselfishness cannot entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this; but only ask yourself, how could my happiness be perfect while yours was incomplete?"

"If I had never seen Charles, my father, I should have been quite happy with you."

He smiled at her unconscious admission that she would have been unhappy without Charles, having seen him, and replied:

"My child, you did see him, and it is Charles. If it had not been Charles, it would have been another. I should have been the cause, and then the dark part of my life would have cast its shadow beyond myself, and would have fallen on you."

It was the first time, except at the trial, of her ever hearing him refer to the period of his suffering. It gave her a strange and new sensation.

"See!" said the Doctor of Beauvais, raising his hand towards the moon. "I have looked at her from my prison window when I could not bear her light. I have looked

at her when it has been such torture to me to think of her shining upon what I had lost that I have beaten my head against my prison walls. I have looked at her, in a state so dull and lethargic, that I have thought of nothing but the number of horizontal lines I could draw across her at the full and the number of perpendicular lines with which I could intersect them." He added in his inward and pondering manner, as he looked at the moon, "It was twenty either way, I remember, and the twentieth was difficult to squeeze in."

The strange thrill with which she heard him go back to that time deepened as he dwelt upon it, but there was nothing to shock her in the manner of his reference. He only seemed to contrast his present happiness with the suffering that was over.

"I have looked at her, speculating thousands of times, upon my child that I had never seen. Whether it was alive. Whether it was a son who would some day avenge his father. (There was a time in my imprisonment when my desire for vengeance was unbearable.) Whether it was a son who would never know his father's story. Whether it was a daughter who would grow to be a woman."

She drew closer to him and kissed his cheek and hand.

"I have pictured my daughter to myself as perfectly forgetful of me — rather, altogether ignorant of me, and unconscious of me. I have cast up the years of her age, year after year. I have seen her married to a man who knew nothing of my fate. I have altogether perished from the remembrance of the living, and in the next generation my place was a blank."

"My father! Even to hear that you had such thoughts of a daughter who never existed strikes to my heart as if I had been that child."

"You, Lucie? It is out of the consolation and restoration you have brought to me, that these remembrances arise, and

pass between us and the moon on this last night. — What did I say just now? ”

“ She knew nothing of you. She cared nothing for you.”

“ So! But on other moonlight nights, when the sadness and the silence have touched me in a different way — I have imagined her in the moonlight coming to me and taking me out to show me that the home of her married life was full of her loving remembrance of her lost father. My picture was in her room, and I was in her prayers. Her life was active, cheerful, useful, but my poor history pervaded it all.”

“ I was that child, my father. I was not half so good, but in my love, that was I.”

“ And she showed me her children,” said the Doctor of Beauvais, “ and they had heard of me, and had been taught to pity me. When they passed a prison of the State, they kept far from its frowning walls, and looked up at its bars, and spoke in whispers. She could never deliver me. I imagined that she always brought me back after showing me such things. But, then, blessed with the relief of tears, I fell upon my knees, and blessed her.”

“ I am that child, I hope, my father. O my dear, my dear, will you bless me as fervently tomorrow? ”

“ Lucie, I recall these old troubles in the reason that I have tonight for loving you better than words can tell and thanking God for my great happiness. My thoughts, when they were wildest, never rose near the happiness that I have known with you and that we have before us.”

Doctor Manette was very cheerful at the little supper. They were only three at table, and Miss Pross made the third. He regretted that Charles was not there; was more than half-disposed to object to the loving little plot that kept him away, and drank to him affectionately.

So the time came for him to bid Lucie good night, and

they separated. But in the stillness of the third hour of the morning Lucie came downstairs again, and stole into his room, not free from unshaped fears. All things however were in their places. All was quiet, and he lay asleep, his white hair picturesque and his hands lying quiet on the coverlet. She put her needless candle in the shadow at a distance, crept up to his bed, and kissed him. Into his handsome face the bitter waters of captivity had worn, but he covered up their tracks with a strong determination that showed, even in his sleep. A more remarkable face was not to be seen in all the wide dominion of sleep that night. She timidly laid her hand on his dear breast and put up a prayer that she might ever be as true to him as her love aspired to be and as his sorrows deserved. Then she kissed him once more and went away.

CHAPTER XIV

NINE DAYS

THE marriage day was shining brightly; and they were ready outside the closed door of Doctor Manette's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church; the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross — to whom the event would have been one of absolute bliss (through a gradual process of reconciliation), but for the yet lingering consideration that her brother Solomon should have been the bridegroom.

“And so,” said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride and who had been moving round her to take in every point of her quiet, pretty dress, “and so it was for this, my sweet Lucie, that I brought you across the Channel, such a baby! Lord bless me! How little I thought

what I was doing! How lightly I valued the obligation I was conferring on my friend Mr. Charles! ”

“ You didn’t mean it,” remarked the matter-of-fact Miss Pross, “ and therefore how could you know it? Nonsense! ”

“ Really? Well, but don’t cry,” said the gentle Mr. Lorry.

“ I am not crying,” said Miss Pross; “ *you* are.”

“ I, my Pross? ” (By this time, Mr. Lorry dared to be pleasant with her, on occasion.)

“ You were just now. I saw you do it, and I don’t wonder at it. Such a present of silverware as you have made ’em is enough to bring tears into anybody’s eyes. There’s not a fork or a spoon in the collection that I didn’t cry over last night after the box came, till I couldn’t see it.”

“ I am highly gratified,” said Mr. Lorry, “ though I had no intention of rendering those trifling articles of remembrance invisible to any one. Dear me! This is an occasion that makes a man speculate on all he has lost. Dear, dear, dear! To think that there might have been a Mrs. Lorry, any time these fifty years, almost! ”

“ Not at all! ” from Miss Pross.

“ You think there never might have been a Mrs. Lorry? ”

“ Pooh! you were a bachelor in your cradle.”

“ Well! ” observed Mr. Lorry, beamingly adjusting his little wig, “ that seems probable, too.”

“ And you were cut out for a bachelor before you were put in your cradle.”

“ Then I think that I was very unhandsomely dealt with and that I ought to have had a voice in the selection of my pattern. Enough! Now, my dear Lucie,” drawing his arm soothingly round her waist, “ I hear them moving in the next room, and Miss Pross and I are anxious not to lose the final opportunity of saying something to you that you

wish to hear. You leave your good father, my dear, in hands as earnest and loving as your own. He shall be taken every care of during the next two weeks while you are in Warwickshire and thereabouts. Even Tellson's shall go to the wall (comparatively speaking) before him. And when, at the end of the two weeks he comes to join you and your beloved husband on your other two weeks' trip in Wales, you shall say that we have sent him to you in the best health and in the happiest frame. Now I hear Somebody's step coming to the door. Let me kiss my dear girl with an old-fashioned bachelor blessing before Somebody comes to claim his own."

The door of the Doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale — which had not been the case when they went in together — that no vestige of color was to be seen in his face. But in the composure of his manner he was unaltered, except that to the shrewd glance of Mr. Lorry it disclosed some shadowy indication that the old air of avoidance and dread had lately passed over him.

He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her downstairs to the carriage which Mr. Lorry had hired in honor of the day. The rest followed in another carriage, and soon, in a neighboring church where no strange eyes looked on, Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette were happily married.

Besides the glancing tears that shone among the smiles of the little group when it was done, some diamonds, very bright and sparkling, glanced on the bride's hand, which were newly released from one of Mr. Lorry's pockets. They returned home to breakfast, and all went well. In due course the golden hair that had mingled with the poor shoemaker's white locks in the Paris garret was mingled with them again in the morning sunlight, on the threshold of the door at parting.

It was a hard parting, though it was not for long. But

her father cheered her, and said at last, disengaging himself from her enfolding arms:

“Take her, Charles! She is yours!”

And her agitated hand waved to them from the carriage window, and she was gone.

When they returned into the shade of the hall, Mr. Lorry noticed a change to have come over the Doctor. He had the old scared look, and an absent manner of clasping his head and drearily wandering away into his own room.

“I think,” Mr. Lorry whispered to Miss Pross, after anxious consideration, “I think we had best not speak to him just now, or at all disturb him. I must look in at Tellson’s; so I will go there at once and come back presently. Then we will take him for a ride into the country, and dine there, and all will be well.”

It was easier for Mr. Lorry to look in at Tellson’s than to look out of Tellson’s. He was detained two hours. When he came back, he ascended the staircase alone, having asked no question of the servant. Going into the Doctor’s room, he was stopped by a low sound of knocking.

“Good God!” he said with a start. “What’s that?”

Miss Pross, with a terrified face, was at his ear. “O me, O me! All is lost!” she cried, wringing her hands. “What is to be told to Ladybird? He doesn’t know me, and is making shoes!”

Mr. Lorry said what he could to calm her and went into the Doctor’s room. The bench was turned towards the light, as it had been when he had seen the shoemaker at his work before, and his head was bent down, and he was very busy.

“Doctor Manette. My dear friend, Doctor Manette!”

The Doctor looked at him for a moment—half-inquiringly, half as if he were angry at being spoken to—and bent over his work again.

He had laid aside his coat and waistcoat; his shirt was

open at the throat, as it used to be when he did that work; and even the old haggard, faded surface of face had come back to him. He worked hard — impatiently — as if in some sense of having been interrupted.

Mr. Lorry glanced at the work in his hand, and observed that it was a shoe of the old size and shape. He took up another that was lying by him, and asked what it was.

“A young lady’s walking shoe,” he muttered, without looking up. “It ought to have been finished long ago. Let it be.”

“But, Doctor Manette. Look at me.”

He obeyed, in the old submissive way, without pausing in his work.

“You know me, my dear friend? Think again. This is not your proper occupation. Think, dear friend!”

Nothing could induce him to speak more. He looked up, for an instant at a time, when he was requested to do so; but no persuasion would extract a word from him. He worked, and worked, in silence, and words fell on him as they would have fallen on an echoless wall, or on the air.

Two things impressed themselves on Mr. Lorry immediately; that this must be kept from Lucie and that it must be kept from all who knew him. With the assistance of Miss Pross he gave out notice that the Doctor was not well, and to Lucie Miss Pross wrote that her father had been called away professionally. In the hope of his recovery Mr. Lorry resolved to watch the Doctor constantly, but without the appearance of doing so. He absented himself from Tellson’s for the first time in his life, and took his post by the window in the same room with Doctor Manette. Here he remained, reading, writing, and trying in as many pleasant and natural ways as he could think of to influence his friend back to his normal state of mind. Miss Pross and he divided the night into two

watches and observed him at intervals from the adjoining room. He paced up and down for a long time before he lay down; but when he did lay himself down, he fell asleep. In the morning he was up early and went straight to his bench and to work. The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's hope darkened; his heart grew heavier and heavier every day. The third day came and went, the fourth, the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth day. The secret was well kept, and Lucie was unconscious and happy; but the shoemaker, whose hand had been a little out at first, was growing dreadfully skillful; and he had never been so intent on his work, and his hands had never been so nimble, as in the dusk of the ninth evening.

Worn out by anxious watching Mr. Lorry fell asleep at his post. The next morning, of the tenth day, he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had overtaken him when it was dark night. He roused himself, but he doubted, when he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For going to the door of the Doctor's room and looking in, he perceived that the shoemaker's bench and tools were put aside again and that the Doctor himself sat reading at the window. He was in his usual morning dress, and his face, though still very pale, was calmly studious and attentive. Mr. Lorry felt giddily uncertain, for a few moments, whether the late shoemaking might not be a disturbed dream of his own. But this was only for a short space of time; for if it were not true how came he, Jarvis Lorry, to have fallen asleep in his clothes on the sofa of Doctor Manette's consulting room and to be debating these points outside the Doctor's bedroom door in the early morning? -

Within a few minutes Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. If he had had any particle of doubt left, her talk would have dissolved it. But he was by that time clear-

headed and had none. He advised that they should let the time go by until the regular breakfast hour, and should then meet the Doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Miss Pross, submitting herself to his judgment, the scheme was worked out with care. Mr. Lorry presented himself at the breakfast hour in his usual white linen. The Doctor was summoned in the usual way and came to breakfast. It was evident that he at first supposed his daughter's marriage had taken place yesterday. An incidental allusion, on purpose, to the day of the week and the day of the month seemed to make him uneasy. In all other respects he was himself.

After breakfast, when he and the Doctor were left together, Mr. Lorry said feelingly:

“My dear Manette, I am anxious to have your opinion, in confidence, on a very curious case in which I am deeply interested. That is to say, it is very curious to me; perhaps to your better information it may be less so.”

Glancing at his hands, which were discolored by his late work, the Doctor looked troubled, and listened attentively. He had already glanced at his hands more than once.

“Doctor Manette,” said Mr. Lorry, touching him affectionately on the arm, “the case is that of a particularly dear friend of mine. Please give your mind to it, and advise me well for his sake — and above all, for his daughter's sake, my dear Manette.”

Mr. Lorry cared so much for these friends that he wanted to help them in every way possible. He knew that Doctor Manette would never speak of his time in the Bastille, the cause and effects, so he made believe that he was consulting him about some one else. But he really was anxious to find out the cause of Doctor Manette's relapse, and see if something could not be done to prevent another. While he

pretended that he was talking about some one else, the Doctor knew that his own condition was being described. He was troubled and depressed but answered the questions gladly and even gratefully, knowing Mr. Lorry to be his best friend. As to a medical adviser, Mr. Lorry asked the questions whether too much work, too much study, too much thinking about his misfortunes without ever saying anything about them to any one might not be injurious. After much conversation Doctor Manette replied that these were not the causes of such a relapse; that the cause had been a vivid remembrance of something connected closely with the misfortune; that there was not much danger of another relapse since the revival of old associations causing the misfortune had been met and finally overcome. Mr. Lorry was very happy to hear Doctor Manette express this hope for the future. However, there was one more question that he wanted to settle. It had never seemed to him to be good for Doctor Manette to keep the shoemaking outfit constantly in his sight, reminding him always of the imprisonment in the Bastille. He did not like to speak of it but at this time he felt that it was necessary. Still pretending to be talking of some one else he led up to the subject of abolishing the shoemaking outfit entirely. In the case being presented he called it a blacksmithing outfit, a forge and tools, saying at last to his friend:

“Is it not a pity that he should always keep this outfit by him?”

It was not so easy to answer this question. The Doctor shaded his forehead with his hand and beat his foot nervously on the floor.

“He has always kept it by him,” said Mr. Lorry, with an anxious look at his friend. “Now, would it not be better that he should let it go?”

Still the Doctor, with shaded forehead, beat his foot nervously on the floor.

“You do not find it easy to advise me?” said Mr. Lorry. “I quite understand it to be a nice question. And yet I think —” And there he shook his head and stopped.

“You see,” said Doctor Manette, turning to him after an uneasy pause, “it is very hard to explain the innermost workings of this poor man’s mind. He once yearned so frightfully for that occupation, and it was so welcome when it came, that he has never been able to bear the thought of putting it quite out of his reach. Even now, when I believe he is more hopeful of himself than he has ever been, and even speaks of himself with a kind of confidence, the idea that he might need that old employment and not find it gives him a sudden sense of terror, like that which one may fancy strikes to the heart of a lost child.” He looked like his illustration as he raised his eyes to Mr. Lorry’s face.

“But may not — mind! I ask for information, as a plodding man of business — may not the retention of the thing involve the retention of the idea? If the thing were gone, my dear Manette, might not the fear go with it?”

There was another silence.

“You see, too,” said the Doctor, tremulously, “it is such an old companion.”

“I would not keep it,” said Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. “I would recommend him to sacrifice it. I only want your authority. I am sure it does no good. Come! Give me your authority, like a dear good man. For his daughter’s sake, my dear Manette!”

Very strange to see what a struggle there was within him! Finally he answered:

“In her name, then, let it be done. I sanction it. But I would not take it away while he was present. Let it be

removed when he is not there. Let him miss his old companion after an absence."

Mr. Lorry readily promised, and the conference was ended. They passed the day in the country, and the Doctor was quite restored. On the three following days he remained perfectly well, and on the fourteenth day he went away to join Lucie and her husband on the two weeks' trip through Wales.

On the night of the day on which he left the house Mr. Lorry went into his room with a hatchet, saw, and hammer, attended by Miss Pross carrying a light. There, with closed doors, and in a mysterious and guilty manner, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoemaker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle as if she were assisting at a murder. The burning of the bench was commenced without delay in the kitchen fire, and the tools, shoes, and leather were buried in the garden. So wicked do destruction and secrecy appear to honest minds that Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross almost felt, and almost looked, like accomplices in a horrible crime.

CHAPTER XV

A PLEA

WHEN the newly married pair came home, the first person who appeared to offer his congratulations was Sydney Carton. They had not been at home many hours when he presented himself. He was not improved in habits, or in looks, or in manner; but there was a certain rugged air of fidelity about him which was new to the observation of Charles Darnay.

He watched his opportunity of taking Darnay aside into a window and of speaking to him when no one overheard.

“Mr. Darnay, I wish we might be friends.”

“We are already friends, I hope.”

“You are good enough to say so, as a fashion of speech, but I don’t mean any fashion of speech. Indeed, when I say I wish we might be friends, I scarcely mean quite that, either.”

Charles Darnay, as was natural, asked him in all good humor and good fellowship, what he did mean.

“Upon my life,” said Carton smiling, “I find that easier to comprehend in my own mind, than to convey to yours. However, let me try. You remember a certain famous occasion when I was more drunk than — usual?”

“I remember a certain famous occasion when you forced me to confess that you had been drinking.”

“I remember it, too. The curse of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I always remember them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me! Don’t be alarmed. I am not going to preach.”

“I am not at all alarmed. Earnestness in you is anything but alarming to me.”

“Ah!” said Carton, with a careless wave of his hand, as if he waved that away. “On the drunken occasion in question (one of a large number, as you know), I was insufferable about liking you and not liking you. I wish you would forget it.”

“I forgot it long ago.”

“Fashion of speech again! But, Mr. Darnay, oblivion is not so easy to me as you represent it to be to you. I have by no means forgotten it, and a light answer does not help me to forget it.”

“If it was a light answer, I beg your forgiveness for it. I had no other object than to turn a slight thing which, to my surprise, seems to trouble you too much, aside. I

declare to you that I have long dismissed it from my mind. Good Heaven, what was there to dismiss! Have I had nothing more important to remember in the great service you rendered me that day?"

"As to the great service, I am bound to avow to you, when you speak of it in that way, that it was mere professional claptrap. I don't know that I cared what became of you when I rendered it. — Mind! I say when I rendered it. I am speaking of the past."

"*You* make light of the obligation, but I will not quarrel with *your* light answer."

"Genuine truth, Mr. Darnay, trust me! I have gone aside from my purpose. I was speaking about our being friends. Now, you know me. You know I am incapable of all the higher and better flights of men. If you doubt it, ask Stryver, and he'll tell you so."

"I prefer to form my own opinion, without the aid of his."

"Well! At any rate, you know me as a dissolute dog, who has never done any good, and never will."

"I don't know that you never will."

"But I do; and you must take my word for it. Well, if you could endure to have such a worthless fellow coming and going at odd times, I should ask that I might be permitted to come and go as a privileged person here; that I might be regarded as a useless (and I would add, if it were not for the resemblance between you and me), an unornamental piece of furniture tolerated for its old service, and taken no notice of. I doubt that I should abuse the permission. It is a hundred to one if I should avail myself of it four times in a year. It would satisfy me to know that I had it."

"Will you try?"

"That is another way to say I am placed on the footing

I have indicated. I thank you, Darnay. I may use that freedom with your name?"

"I think so, Carton, by this time."

They shook hands upon it, and Sydney turned away. Within a minute afterwards, he was, to all outward appearances, as unsubstantial as ever.

When he was gone, in the course of an evening passed with Miss Pross, the Doctor, and Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay made some mention of this conversation in general terms and spoke of Sydney Carton as a problem of carelessness and recklessness. He spoke of him, in short, not bitterly or meaning to bear hard upon him, but as anybody might who saw him as he showed himself.

He had no idea that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair young wife; but when he afterwards joined her in their own rooms, he found her waiting for him with the old pretty lifting of the forehead strongly marked.

"We are thoughtful tonight!" said Darnay, drawing his arm about her.

"Yes, dearest Charles," with her hands on his breast, and the inquiring and attentive expression fixed upon him; "we are rather thoughtful tonight for we have something on our mind tonight."

"What is it, my Lucie?"

"Will you promise not to press one question on me, if I beg you not to ask it?"

"Will I promise? What will I not promise to my love?"

What, indeed, with his hand putting aside the golden hair from the cheek and his other hand against the heart that beat for him!

"I think, Charles, poor Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you expressed for him tonight."

"Indeed, my own, why so?"

“That is what you are not to ask me. But I think — I know — he does.”

“If you know it, it is enough. What would you have me do, my life?”

“I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always, and very lenient on his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart he very, very seldom reveals and that there are deep wounds in it. My dear, I have seen it bleeding.”

“It is a painful reflection to me,” said Charles Darnay, quite astonished, “that I should have done him any wrong. I never thought this of him.”

“My husband, it is so. I fear he is not to be reclaimed. There is scarcely a hope that anything in his character or fortunes is reparable now. But I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things.”

She looked so beautiful in the purity of her faith in this lost man, that her husband could have looked at her as she was for hours.

“And, O my dearest love,” she urged, clinging nearer to him, laying her head upon his breast, and raising her eyes to his, “remember how strong we are in our happiness, and how weak he is in his misery!”

The supplication touched him home. “I will always remember it, dear heart! I will remember it as long as I live.”

He bent over the golden head, and put the rosy lips to his, and folded her in his arms. If one forlorn wanderer then pacing the dark streets could have heard her innocent disclosure and could have seen the tears of pity kissed away by her husband from the soft blue eyes so loving of that husband, he might have cried to the night — and the words would not have parted from his lips for the first time — “God bless her for her sweet compassion!”

CHAPTER XVI

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS

A WONDERFUL corner for echoes, that corner where the doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old directress and companion in a life of quiet happiness, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

Among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of tiny feet, and the sound of prattling words. The shady house was sunny with a child's laugh; her little Lucie.

Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound them all together, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly and soothing sounds. Her husband's step was strong and prosperous among them; her father's firm and equal — those of a successful physician in London. Lo, Miss Pross playing horse with little Lucie, in a harness of string, awakening the echoes, as an unruly charger, whip-corrected, snorting, and pawing the ground under the plane tree in the garden!

Even when there were sounds of sorrow they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said with a radiant smile, "Dear papa and mama, I am sorry to leave you and my pretty sister, but I am called and must go!" those were not tears all of agony that wet his young mother's cheek, as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been entrusted to it. Thus the rustling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them that breath of Heaven. Sighs of the winds that blew over

a little garden tomb were mingled with them also, and both were audible to Lucie, in a hushed murmur — like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore — as the little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the French or English language, of the Two Cities that were blended in her life.

The echoes rarely answered to the tread of Sydney Carton. Some half dozen times a year at most he claimed his privilege of coming in uninvited and would sit among them through the evening, as he had once done often. He never came there heated with wine and was always very quiet, but welcome. Lucie's children loved him. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie held out her chubby arms, and he kept his place with her as she grew. The little boy had spoken of him, almost at the last. "Poor Carton! Kiss him for me!"

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law, like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water, and dragged his useful friend in his wake, like a boat towed astern. As the boat so favored is usually in a rough plight and mostly under water, so Sydney had a swamped life of it. Stryver was rich. He had married a widow with property and three boys, who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads. These three young gentlemen Mr. Stryver, in a very offensive, patronizing manner, had walked before him to the quiet corner in Soho, and had offered as pupils to Lucie's husband, saying coarsely:

"Halloa! here are three lumps of bread and cheese towards your matrimonial picnic, Darnay!" The polite rejection of the three lumps of bread and cheese had quite bloated Mr. Stryver with indignation, which he afterwards turned to account in the training of the young gentlemen,

by directing them to beware of the pride of beggars like that tutor-fellow. He was also in the habit of declaiming on the arts Mrs. Darnay had once put in practice to "catch" him and on how he was too shrewd to be caught.

There were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly all through this space of time. And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France, with a dreadful sea rising.

On a night in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, Mr. Lorry came in late from Tellson's and sat down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot wild night, and they were reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

"I began to think," said Mr. Lorry, "that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. We have been so full of business all day that we have not known what to do first, or which way to turn. There is such an uneasiness in Paris that we have actually a run of confidence upon us. Our customers over there seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is positively a mania among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay.

"A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay? Yes, but we don't know what reason there is in it. People are so unreasonable! Some of us at Tellson's are getting old, and we really can't be troubled out of the ordinary course without due occasion."

"Still, you know how gloomy and threatening the sky is."

"I know that, to be sure; but I am determined to be peevish after my long day's botheration. Where's *Manette*?"

"Here he is," said the Doctor, entering the dark room at the moment.

"I am quite glad you are at home; for these hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long have made me nervous without reason. You are not going out, I hope?" said Mr. Lorry.

"No, I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like."

"I don't think I do like, if I may speak my mind. I am not fit to be pitted against you tonight. Is the tea-board still there, Lucie? I can't see."

"Of course, it has been kept for you."

"Thank you, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed?"

"And sleeping soundly."

"That's right; all safe and well! I don't know why anything should be otherwise than safe and well here, thank God; but I have been so put out all day, and I am not so young as I was! My tea, my dear! Thank you. Now come and take your place in the circle and let us sit quiet, and hear the echoes about which you have your theory."

"Not a theory; it was a fancy."

"A fancy, then, my wise pet," said Mr. Lorry, patting her hand. "They are very numerous and loud, though, are they not? Only hear them!"¹

* * *

Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into anybody's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red, the footsteps raging in Saint Antoine afar off, as the little circle sat in the dark London window.

¹ They were listening to the footsteps in Soho, London. Those in Paris were far different.

Saint Antoine had been that morning a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shriveled branches of trees in a winter wind, all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but guns were being distributed — so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or invent. People who could lay hold of nothing else set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high fever strain and at high fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a center point, so all this raging circled round Defarge's wine shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, labored and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

“Keep near to me, Jacques Three,” cried Defarge; “and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?”

“Eh well! Here you see me!” said madame composed as ever, but not knitting today. Madame’s resolute right hand was occupied with an ax, in place of knitting needles, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

“Where do you go, my wife?”

“I go with you at present. You shall see me at the head of women by and by.”

“Come, then!” cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. “Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!”

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannoneer—Defarge of the wine shop worked like a manful soldier. Two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! “Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the angels or the devils—which you prefer—work!” Thus Defarge of the wine shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

“To me, women!” cried madame his wife. “What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!” And to her, with a shrill cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight

great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagonloads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but still the deep ditch and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress and a parley² — this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it — suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf at the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer courtyard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side. Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb show.

“The prisoners!”

“The records!”

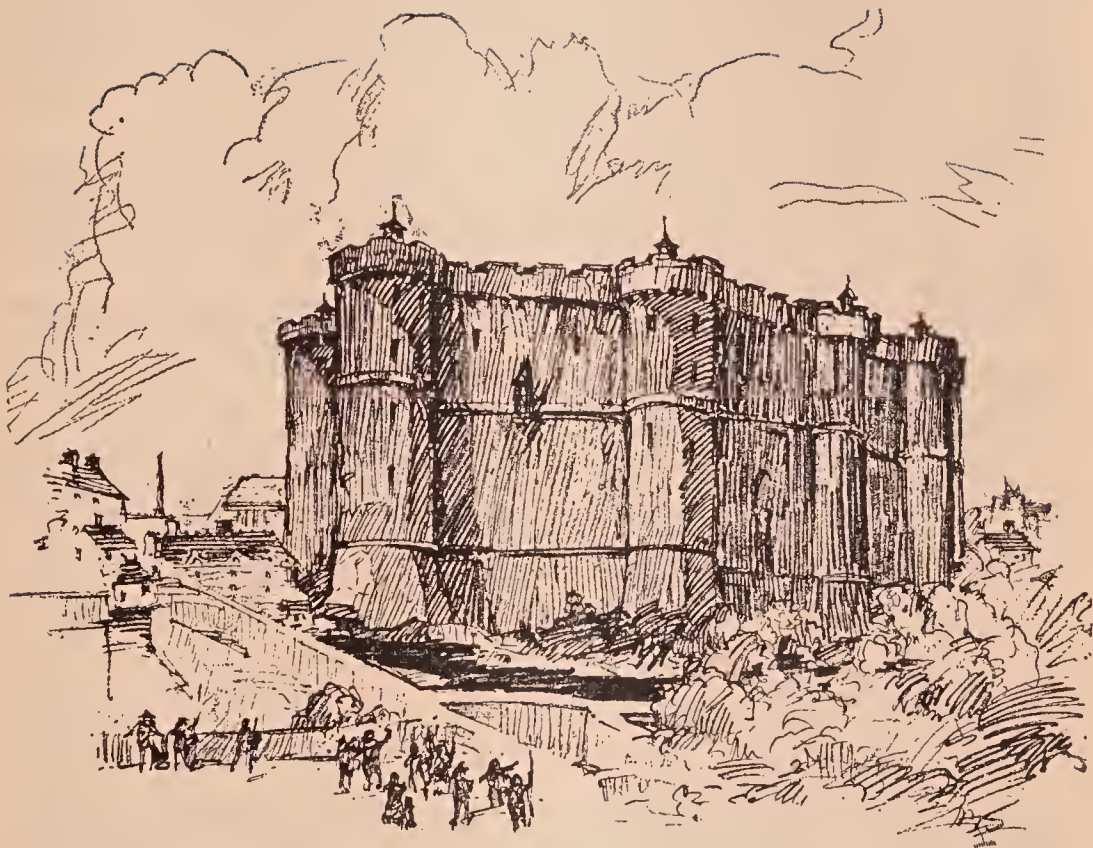
“The secret cells!”

“The instruments of torture!”

“The prisoners!”

Of all these cries and ten thousand incoherences, “The

² The Governor of the Bastille had surrendered, on promise of safety by the Revolutionists, but he was killed by the mobs.



THE BASTILLE—

Gloomy vaults where light of day had never shown.

prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and of space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men — a man with a grey head, who had a lighted torch in his hand — separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving for revengeful murder, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another, even then so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the fortress and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which occasionally some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but when they had done descending, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches, the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull, subdued way, as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

“One Hundred and Five, North Tower!”

There was a small, heavily grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be seen only by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old wood ashes on the hearth, a stool, table, straw bed, four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

“Pass that torch slowly along these walls that I may see them,” said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

“Stop! — Look here, Jacques!”

“A. M.!” croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

“Alexander Manette,” said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his swart forefinger, deeply engrained with gunpowder. “And here he wrote ‘a poor physician.’ And

it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand? A crowbar? Give it me! ”

He had still the linstock of his cannon in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the worm-eaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

“ Hold the light higher! ” he said wrathfully to the turnkey. “ Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see! Here is my knife,” throwing it to him; “ rip open that bed, and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you! ”

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and peering up the chimney, struck and pried at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes, some mortar and dust came dropping down, which he averted his face to avoid; and in it, and in the old wood ashes, and in a *crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself*, he groped with a cautious touch.³

“ Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques? ”

“ Nothing.”

“ Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So! Light them, you! ”

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the courtyard, seeming to recover their sense of hearing as they came down, until they were in the raging flood once more.

They found it surging and tossing in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop

³ Defarge found a manuscript written by Doctor Manette and hidden in this place, but he kept this a secret from every one except his wife.

keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be un-avenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer, conspicuous in his grey coat and red decoration, there was but one quite steady figure, and that was a woman's. "See, there is my husband!" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge!" She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him through the streets, as Defarge and the rest bore him along; remained immovable close to him when he was near his destination, and began to be struck at from behind; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife—long ready—hewed off his head.

The hour was come, when Saint Antoine was to execute the horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do.

"Lower the lamp yonder!" cried Saint Antoine. "Here is one of the governor's soldiers to be left on guard!" The swinging sentinel was posted and the sea rushed on.

In the ocean of faces, with every fierce and furious expression, there were two groups of faces—each seven in number—so contrasting with the rest that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high overhead; all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the Last Day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were

lost spirits. Other seven faces there were, carried higher, faces of officers, seven dead faces, seven goary heads on pikes.

Seven prisoners released, keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters, and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts, — such, and such like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Now, heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Manette, and keep these feet far out of her life! For they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; not easily purified when once stained red.

CHAPTER XVII

ONE WEEK LATER. THE SEA STILL RISES

MADAME DEFARGE sat at her counter presiding over the customers. She wore no rose in her hair now, for government spies had become, even in one short week, afraid to trust themselves in the Saint Antoine suburb of Paris. The lamps across the street had a dangerous, elastic swing to them. One of Madame Defarge's friends knitted beside her, the short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children. This woman, very active with Madame Defarge, had already earned the name of The Vengeance. She was the custodian of the drum which she would beat to arouse the women when going on their fierce raids.

“Hark!” said The Vengeance. “Listen, then! Who comes?”

A fast spreading murmur came rushing along.

“It is Defarge,” said madame. “Silence, patriots!”

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore and looked around him!

“Listen, everywhere!” said madame again. “Listen to him! Say then, my husband, what is it?”

“News from the other world!”

“How, then?” cried madame contemptuously. “The other world?”

“Does everybody here recall old Foulon,¹ who told the starving people that they might eat grass, and who died and went to hell?”

“Everybody!” from all throats.

“The news is of him. He is among us!”

“Among us!” from the universal throat again. “And not dead?”

“Not dead! He feared us so much—and with reason—that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! *Had* he reason?”

Wretched old sinner of more than three score years and ten, if he had never known it yet, he would have known it if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance, custodian of the drum, stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard, as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

“Patriots!” said Defarge, in a determined voice, “are we ready?”

Instantly Madame Defarge’s knife was in her girdle;

¹ His position had been that of Comptroller-General of Finance.

the drum was beating in the streets, and *The Vengeance*, uttering terrific shrieks and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what weapons they had, and came pouring down into the streets. But the women were a sight to chill the boldest. They ran out with streaming hair urging one another and themselves to madness with the wildest cries and actions. "Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter!" Then a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming, "Foulon alive! Foulon, who told my old father he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon, who told my baby it might eat grass! O Mother of God, this Foulon! O Heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father; I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands and brothers and young men, give us the head of Foulon! Give us the heart of Foulon! Give us the body and soul of Foulon! Rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground that grass may grow from him!"

With these cries, numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own friends until they dropped into a passionate swoon and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled under foot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the *Hôtel de Ville*, and might be loosed. Never, if *Saint Antoine* knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the quarter so fast that within a quarter of an hour there was not a



The Hôtel de Ville

human creature in Saint Antoine but a few old women and wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the Hall of Examination (where this old man, ugly and wicked, was) and overflowing into the streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the hall.

“See!” cried madame, pointing with her knife. “See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Ha, ha! That was well done. Let him eat it now!” Madame put her knife under her arm and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people behind madame, explaining the cause of her applause behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the hall and even the streets resounded to the clapping of hands.

The trial was taking two or three hours. Madame Defarge’s expressions of impatience were taken up with marvelous quickness at a distance. Certain men who had climbed up to look in from the windows knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside.

At length the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray as of hope or protection directly down upon the old prisoner’s head. The favor was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him.

It was known directly, to the farthest confines of the crowd. Defarge sprang over a railing and a table and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace — Madame Defarge had followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied — The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the

windows had not yet swooped into the hall, when the cry seemed to go up all over the city:

“Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!” He was pulled and dragged violently to this place.

Down, and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now on his knees; now on his feet; now on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by the hundreds of hands; bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy; now full of agony of action, with a small clear space about him, as the people drew one another back that they might see him; now a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go — as a cat might have done to a mouse — and silently and composedly looked at him while they made him ready and while he besought her; the women screeching at him all the time and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once he went aloft and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking. Twice he went aloft, and the rope broke and they caught him shrieking. Then the rope was merciful and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.²

Nor was this the end of the day's bad work, for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up that it boiled again on hearing, when the day closed in, that the son-in-law³ of Foulon, another of the people's enemies, was coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong in cavalry

² Lafayette had been with Foulon during his capture and death. His pleading with the mob against this murder was at first successful, but only postponed it for a short time.

³ Berthier de Sauvigny, Intendant (superintendent or manager) of Paris.

alone. Saint Antoine seized him — would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company — set his head and heart on pikes and carried the three spoils of the day through the streets.

It was almost morning when Defarge's wine shop parted with its last knot of customers, and monsieur said to madame his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door:

“ At last it is come, my dear! ”

“ Eh well! Almost.”

CHAPTER XVIII

FIRE RISES

THERE was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore. There were soldiers to guard it, but not many. There were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them knew what his men would do — beyond this: that it would probably not be what he was ordered.

Far and wide lay a ruined country, yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shriveled and poor as the miserable people. Everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them — all worn out. The nobles of France had reduced their country to this condition. Monseigneur gave a chivalrous tone to things and was a polite example of luxurious and shining

life; he was often a most worthy individual gentleman; nevertheless, Monseigneur, as a class, had brought things to this. Strange that Creation, designed expressly for Monseigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something short-sighted in the eternal arrangements, surely. Thus it was however; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flints, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But, this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by, Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasures of the chase — now found in hunting the people, now found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of barbarous and barren wilderness. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high caste, chiseled, and otherwise beatified and beatifying features of Monseigneur.

For in these times, as the mender of roads worked solitary in the dust not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it — in these times as he raised his eyes from his lonely labor and viewed the prospect, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts but was now a frequent presence. As it advanced, the mender of roads would discern without surprise that it was a shaggy-haired man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender

of roads, grim, rough, swart, steeped in the mud and dust of many highways, dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds, sprinkled with the thorns and leaves of many byways through woods.

Such a man came upon him like a ghost, at noon in the July weather, as he sat on his heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail.

The man looked at him, looked at the village in the hollow, at the mill, and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what benighted mind he had, he said in a dialect that was just intelligible:

“How goes it, Jacques?”

“All well, Jacques.”

“Touch, then!”

They joined hands, and the man sat down on the heap of stones.

“No dinner?”

“Nothing but supper now,” said the mender of roads with a hungry face.

“It is the fashion,” growled the man. “I meet no dinner anywhere.”

He took out a blackened pipe, filled it, lighted it with flint and steel, pulled at it until it was in a bright glow; then suddenly held it from him and dropped something into it from between his finger and thumb, that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

“Touch, then,” said the mender of roads, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.

“Tonight?” said the mender of roads.

“Tonight,” said the man putting the pipe in his mouth.

“Where?”

“Here.”

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking at one another, with the hail driving in between

them like a pigmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

“Show me!” said the traveler then, moving to the brow of the hill.

“See!” returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. “You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain —”

“To the devil with all that!” interrupted the other, rolling his eye over the landscape. “I go through no streets and past no fountains. Well?”

“Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village.”

“Good. When do you stop working?”

“At sunset.”

“Will you wake me before you leave? I have walked two nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe, and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?”

“Surely.”

The wayfarer smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road mender plied his dusty labor, and the clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky, the little man (who wore a red cap now in place of the blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. The bronze face, the shaggy black hair and beard, the coarse woolen red cap, the rough clothes of homespun stuff and hairy skins of beasts, the powerful frame, and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep inspired the mender of roads with awe. The traveler had traveled far, and his feet were footsore, and his ankles chafed and bleeding. His great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been heavy to drag over many long leagues, and his clothes were chafed into holes, as he himself was

into sores. Stooping down beside him, the road mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or where not; but in vain, for he slept with his arms crossed upon him, and set as resolutely as his lips.

The man slept on, indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness; to sunshine on his face and shadow; to the pattering lumps of dull ice on his body and the diamonds into which the sun changed them, until the sun was low in the west, and the sky was glowing. Then the mender of roads, having got his tools together and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

“Good!” said the sleeper, rising on his elbow. “Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?”

“About.”

“About. Good!”

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself in among the lean kine brought there to drink and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper, it did not creep to bed as it usually did, but came out of doors again and remained there looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only.

Monsieur Gabelle, chief official of the place, became uneasy; went out on his housetop alone, and looked in that direction too; glanced down at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sexton who kept the keys of the church that there might be need to ring the alarm bell by and by.

The night deepened. The trees surrounding the old château moved in a rising wind. Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly and beat at the great door, like a swift messenger rousing those within. East, west, north, and south, through the woods, four heavy-treading,

unkempt figures crushed the high grass and cracked the branches, striding on cautiously to come together in the courtyard. Four lights broke out there, and moved away in different directions, and all was black again.

But not for long. Presently the château began to make itself visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, showing balustrades, arches, and windows. Then it soared higher and grew broader and brighter. Soon, from a score of windows, flames burst forth, and the stone faces on the building stared out of the fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there was a saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain. The horse, in a foam, stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, Gabelle! Help, every one —"

The alarm bell rang impatiently, but there was no help. The mender of roads and two hundred and fifty particular friends stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky.

"It must be forty feet high," they said grimly, and never moved.

The rider from the château and the horse in a foam clattered away through the village and galloped up the stony steep to the prison on the crag. At the gate a group of officers were looking at the fire; removed from them was a group of soldiers.

"Help, gentlemen-officers! The château is on fire! Valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid! Help! Help!"

The officers looked towards the soldiers, who looked at the fire; gave no orders, and answered with shrugs, "It must burn."

The château burned. The nearest trees scorched and shriveled. Trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain. The extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls. Stupefied birds wheeled about and dropped into the furnace. Four fierce figures trudged away, east, west, north and south, along the night-enshrouded roads guided by the beacon they had lighted, towards their next destination.

The illuminated village seized hold of the alarm bell and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang it for joy.

The mender of roads and his two hundred and fifty particular friends, inspired by the idea of lighting up, darted into their houses and put candles in every little pane of glass. The general scarcity of everything made it necessary for candles to be borrowed in a rather imperative manner of Monsieur Gabelle; and in a moment of reluctance and hesitation on that official's part, the mender of roads, once so submissive to authority, remarked that carriages were good to make bonfires with, and post-horses would roast.

Then the village, light-headed with famine, fire, and bell-ringing, remembering that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of rent and taxes — though it was but a small installment of taxes and no rent at all that Gabelle had got in those days, according to the orders of Charles Darnay, — became impatient for an interview with him and, surrounding his house, summoned him to come forth for personal conference. But Monsieur Gabelle heavily barred his door, went up on the roof of his house and hid behind some chimneys, resolved, if his door were broken in, to pitch himself headforemost over the parapet and crush a man or two below.

Probably Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant château for fire and candle and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing, for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his gate, which the people took down in order to hang him in its place. But the friendly dawn appearing at last, and the candles of the village guttering out, the people dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down, bringing his life with him for that while.

Within a hundred miles and in the light of other fires, there were other officials less fortunate that night and other nights, whom the rising sun found hanging across once peaceful streets where they had been born and bred. Also, there were other villagers and townspeople less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows, upon whom the officials and soldiers turned with success and whom they strung up in their turn. But the fierce figures were steadily wending east, west, north, south; and wherever they went, fire burned.

CHAPTER XIX

DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK

IN SUCH risings of fire and risings of sea, three years of tempest were consumed. Three more birthdays of little Lucie had been woven by the golden thread into the peaceful tissue of the life of her home.

Monseigneur, as a class, was like the fabled rustic who raised the devil with infinite pains, to ask him some questions, and then, when he appeared, was so terrified at the sight of him that he could ask this enemy no question, but immediately fled. So Monseigneur, after boldly reading the Lord's Prayer backwards for a great many years and per-

forming many other potent spells for compelling the evil one to appear, no sooner beheld him in his terrors than he took to his noble heels.

The August of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two was come, and the nobles of France were by this time scattered far and wide. Many were in London, and their headquarters and gathering place was at Tellson's Bank. Every newcomer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson's as a matter of course.

On a steaming misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low voice. It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing.

"But although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, rather hesitating, "I must still suggest to you —"

"I understand. That I am too old?"

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of traveling, a disorganized country, a city that may not be safe even for you."

"My dear Charles, you touch some of the reasons for my going, not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me. Nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow nearly four-score, when there are so many people there much better interfering with. As to its being a disorganized city, if it were not a disorganized city, there would be no occasion to send somebody from our house here to our house there, who knows the city and the business of old and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain traveling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restlessly, and like one thinking aloud.

“Indeed! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise! You wish you were going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counsellor.”

“My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born that the thought (which I did not mean to utter here, however) has passed through my mind often. One cannot help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people and having abandoned something to them,” he spoke here in his former thoughtful manner, “that one might be listened to, and might have the power to persuade to some restraint. Only last night, after you had left us, when I was talking to Lucie —”

“When you were talking to Lucie,” Mr. Lorry repeated. “Yes. I wonder you are not ashamed to mention the name of Lucie! Wishing you were going to France at this time of day!”

“However, I am not going,” said Charles Darnay, with a smile. “It is more to the purpose that you say you are.”

“And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles,” here Mr. Lorry lowered his voice, “you can have no idea of the difficulty with which our business is transacted and of the danger in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. The Lord above knows what the consequences would be to numbers of our people if some of our documents were seized or destroyed; and they might be at any time, you know; for who can say that Paris is not set afire today, or sacked tomorrow! Now, a judicious selection from these with the least possible delay and the burying of them, or otherwise getting them out of harm’s way, is within the power (without loss of precious time) of scarcely any one but myself, if any one. And shall I hang back, when Tellson’s knows this and says this — Tellson’s, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years — because I am

a little stiff about the joints? Why, I am a boy, sir, to half a dozen old codgers here! ”

“ How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry! ”

“ Tut! Nonsense, sir! — And, my dear Charles, you are to remember that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. Papers and precious documents were this very day brought to us here (I speak in strict confidence; it is not businesslike to whisper it, even to you), by the strangest bearers you can imagine, every one of whom had his head hanging on by a single hair as he passed the barriers. At another time, our parcels would come and go as easily as in businesslike Old England; but now, everything is stopped.”

“ And do you really go tonight? ”

“ I really go tonight, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay.”

“ And do you take no one with you? ”

“ All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has been my bodyguard on Sunday nights for a long time. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being anything but an English bulldog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at anybody who touches his master.”

“ I must say again that I heartily admire your gallantry and youthfulness.”

“ I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have executed this little commission, I shall, perhaps, accept Tellson’s proposal to retire and live at my ease. Time enough then to think about growing old.”

This dialogue had taken place at Mr. Lorry’s usual desk, with many French nobles swarming within a yard of two of it, boastful of what they would do to avenge themselves on the rascal people before long. Among the talkers was

Stryver, taking the part of the nobles and broaching to them his device for blowing the people up and exterminating them from the face of the earth and for accomplishing many similar objects akin in their nature to the abolition of eagles by sprinkling salt on the tails of the race.

The manager of the bank approached Mr. Lorry and, laying a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed. The letter was so close to Darnay that he saw the name — the more quickly because it was his own right name. The address, turned into English, ran:

“Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evrémonde, of France. Confided to the care of Messrs. Tellson and Co., Bankers, London, England.”

On the marriage morning, Dr. Manette had made it his one urgent request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of his name should be kept between them. No one else knew his real name. His own wife had no suspicion of the fact. Mr. Lorry could have none.

“No,” said Mr. Lorry. “I have referred it, I think, to everybody now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found.”

The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the bank, there was a general set of the current of talkers past Mr. Lorry’s desk. He held the letter out inquiringly, and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of *this* plotting and indignant refugee; and Monseigneur looked at it in the person of *that* plotting and indignant refugee; and This, That, and The Other, all had something disparaging to say, in French or in English, concerning the Marquis who was not to be found.

“Nephew, I believe — but in any case degenerate successor — of the polished Marquis who was murdered,” said one. “Happy to say, I never knew him.”

“A craven who abandoned his post some years ago,” said another — (this Monseigneur had been got out of Paris, legs uppermost and half suffocated, in a load of hay).

“Infected with the new doctrines,” said a third, eyeing the address through his glass in passing; “set himself in opposition to the last Marquis, abandoned the estates when he inherited them, and left them to the ruffianly herd. They will recompense him now, I hope, as he deserves.”

“Hey?” cried the blatant Stryver. “Did he though? Is that the sort of fellow? Let us look at his infamous name. Darn the fellow.”

Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, touched Mr. Stryver on the shoulder and said:

“I know the fellow.”

“Do you, by Jupiter? I am sorry for it.”

“Why?”

“Why, Mr. Darnay? D’ye hear what he did? Don’t ask why in these times.”

“But I do ask why.”

“Then I tell you again, Mr. Darnay, I am sorry for it. Here is a fellow who abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale, and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? Well, I’ll answer you. I am sorry because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That’s why.”

Mindful of the secret, Darnay with great difficulty checked himself, and said: “You may not understand the gentleman.”

“I understand how to put *you* in a corner, Mr. Darnay, and I’ll do it. If this fellow is a gentleman, I *don’t* understand him. You may tell him so with my compliments. You may also tell him, from me, that after abandoning his worldly goods and position to this butcherly mob, I wonder

he is not at the head of them. But no, gentlemen," said Stryver, looking all round him, and snapping his fingers, "I know something of human nature, and I tell you that you'll never find a fellow like this fellow, trusting himself to the mercies of such precious *protégés*. No, gentlemen; he'll always show 'em a clean pair of heels very early in the scuffle, and sneak away."

With those words, and a final snap of his fingers, Mr. Stryver shouldered himself into Fleet Street, amidst the general approbation of his hearers. Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk, in the general departure from the bank.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry. "You know where to deliver it?"

"I do."

"Will you explain that we suppose it to have been addressed here on the chance of our knowing where to forward it and that it has been here for some time?"

"I will do so. Do you start for Paris from here?"

"From here, at eight."

"I will come back to see you off."

Very ill at ease with himself and with Stryver, and most other men, Darnay made his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter and read it. These were its contents:

Prison of the Abbaye, Paris.
June 21, 1792.

MONSIEUR HERETOFORE THE MARQUIS:

After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. On the road I have suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my house has been destroyed—razed to the ground.

The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal and shall lose my life (without your so generous

help), is, they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people, in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. It is in vain I represent that I had collected no rent, had collected no taxes, had taken nothing from them nor disturbed them since long before the people had any power. The only response is that I have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?"

Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant? I cry in my sleep, where is he? I demand of Heaven, will he not come to deliver me? No answer. Ah! Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great Bank of Tilson known at Paris!

For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honor of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to help and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. Oh, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be you true to me!

From this prison here of horror, whence I every hour tend nearer and nearer to destruction, I send you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, the assurance of my sorrowful and unhappy service.

Your afflicted,

GABELLE.

The latent uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him reproachfully in the face. — His resolution was made. He must go to Paris. Yes, the Loadstone Rock was drawing him, and he must sail on, until he struck. He knew of no rock. He saw hardly any danger. That glorious vision of doing good, which is so often the mirage of good minds, arose before him. He even saw himself, in the illusion, with some influence to guide this raging Revolution that was running so fearfully wild. He thought the people might be influenced by him, because he had always tried to help them.

As he walked to and fro, with his resolution made, he decided that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone. Lucie should be spared the pain of any farewell, though it would only be for a short time. Her father should come to the knowledge of his absence without any conversation which might arouse old associations of France. He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Tellson's Bank and take leave of Mr. Lorry. As soon as he arrived in Paris, he would present himself to this old friend, but he must say nothing of his intention now.

A carriage with post-horses was ready at the bank door, and Jerry was booted and equipped.

"I have delivered that letter," said Charles Darnay to Mr. Lorry. "I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take a verbal one?"

"That I will, and readily, if it is not dangerous."

"Not at all, though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye."

"What is his name?" said Mr. Lorry, with his open pocketbook in his hand.

"Gabelle."

"Gabelle. And what is the message to the unfortunate Gabelle?"

"Simply, that 'he has received the letter, and will come.'"

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey tomorrow night."

"Any person mentioned?"

"No."

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old bank into the misty air of Fleet Street.

"My love to Lucie and to little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry,

at parting, "and take precious care of them till I come back."

Charles Darnay shook his head and doubtfully smiled as the carriage rolled away. That night (it was the fourteenth of August) he sat up late and wrote two fervent letters; one was to Lucie, explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris and showing her the reasons he had for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to Doctor Manette, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care. To both he wrote that he would send letters in proof of his safety immediately after his arrival.

It was a hard day, that day of being among them, with the first reservation of their joint lives on his mind. But an affectionate glance at his wife, so happy and busy, made him resolute not to tell her what impended (he had been half moved to do it, so strange it was to him to act in anything without her quiet aid), and the day passed quickly away. Early in the evening he embraced her, and her scarcely less dear namesake, pretending that an engagement took him out. He had secreted a valise of clothes ready; and so he emerged into the heavy mist of the heavy streets, with a heavier heart.

The unseen force was drawing him fast to itself now, and all the tides and winds were setting straight and strong towards it. He left his two letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, took horse for Dover, and began his journey. "For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honor of your noble name!" was the poor prisoner's cry with which he strengthened his sinking heart, as he left all that was dear on earth behind him, and floated away for the Loadstone Rock.

BOOK III. THE TRACK OF A STORM

TIME: *August, 1792 — December, 1793.*

PLACE: *Paris.*

CHAPTER I IN SECRET

THE traveler fared slowly on his way who went towards Paris from England in the autumn of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. Every town gate and village taxing house had its band of citizen patriots, with their national muskets in a most explosive state of readiness, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or sent them on, or stopped them and laid them in hold, as their capricious judgment or fancy deemed best for the dawning Republic One and Indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

A very few French leagues of his journey were accomplished when Charles Darnay began to perceive that for him along these country roads there was no hope of return, until he should have been declared a good citizen at Paris. Whatever might befall now, he must on to his journey's end. Not a mean village closed upon him, not a common barrier dropped across the road behind him, but he knew it to be another iron door in the series that was barred between him and England. This universal watchfulness so encompassed

him that, if he had been taken in a net or were being forwarded to his destination in a cage, he could not have felt his freedom more completely gone.

This universal watchfulness not only stopped him on the highway twenty times in a stage but retarded his progress twenty times in a day, by riding after him and taking him back, riding before him and stopping him, riding with him and keeping him in charge. He had been days upon his journey in France alone when he went to bed tired out, in a little town on the high road, still a long way from Paris.

Nothing but the production of the afflicted Gabelle's letter from his prison of the Abbaye would have got him on so far. His difficulty at the guardhouse in this small place had been such that he felt his journey to have come to a crisis. He was not surprised, therefore, to find himself awakened at the small inn to which he had been remitted until morning in the middle of the night.

He was awakened by a timid local official and three armed patriots in rough red caps and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

"Emigrant," said the local official, "I am going to send you on to Paris, under an escort."

"Citizen, I desire nothing more than to get to Paris, though I could dispense with the escort."

"Silence!" growled a red-cap, striking at the coverlet with the butt-end of his musket. "Peace, aristocrat!"

"It is as the good patriot says," observed the timid local official. "You are an aristocrat, and must have an escort — and must pay for it."

"I have no choice," said Charles Darnay.

"Choice! Listen to him!" cried the same scowling red-cap. "As if it was not a favor to be protected from the lamp-iron!"

“It is always as the good patriot says,” observed the local official. “Rise and dress yourself, emigrant.”

Darnay complied and was taken back to the guardhouse, where other patriots in rough red caps were smoking, drinking, and sleeping by a watch fire. Here he paid a heavy price for his escort and started with it on the wet, wet roads at three o'clock in the morning.

The escort were two mounted patriots in red caps armed with muskets and sabers, who rode one on either side of him. He governed his own horse, but a loose line was attached to his bridle, the end of which was around the wrist of one of the patriots. In this state they set forth with the sharp rain driving in their faces, clattering over the uneven pavement and out upon the mire-deep roads. In this state they traversed without change, except of horses and pace, all the mire-deep leagues that lay between them and the capital. They traveled in the night, stopping an hour or two after daybreak and lying by until the twilight fell. The escort were so wretchedly clothed that they twisted straw round their bare legs and thatched their ragged shoulders to keep the wet off. Apart from the personal discomfort of being so attended, and apart from such considerations of present danger as arose from one of the patriots being chronically drunk, and carrying his musket recklessly, Charles Darnay did not have any serious fears. He reasoned with himself that as soon as the people knew who he was and how he had always been devoted to their cause, they would declare him a good citizen and he would be free. All this would surely happen as soon as he reached Paris and saw Gabelle.

But when they came to the town of Beauvais forty miles north of Paris—which they did at eventide when the streets were filled with people—he could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming. An

ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount at the posting-gate, and many voices called out loudly:

“Down with the emigrant!”¹

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle and, resuming it as his safest place, said:

“Emigrant, my friends! Do you not see me here in France of my own will?”

“You are a cursed emigrant,” cried a blacksmith, making at him in a furious manner through the crowd, hammer in hand; “and you are a cursed aristocrat!”

The postmaster interposed himself between this man and the rider’s bridle (at which he was evidently making), and said soothingly:

“Let him be! He will be judged at Paris.”

“Judged!” repeated the blacksmith, swinging his hammer. “Ay! and condemned as a traitor.” At this the crowd roared approval.

Checking the postmaster, who was for turning his horse’s head to the yard, Darnay said, as soon as he could make his voice heard:

“Friends, you deceive yourselves, or you are deceived. I am not a traitor.”

“He lies!” cried the smith. “He is a traitor since the decree. His life is not his own. His life is forfeit to the people. His cursed life is not his own.”

At that instant when Darnay saw a rush in the eyes of the crowd, which another instant would have brought upon him, the postmaster turned his horse into the yard, the escort rode in close to him, and the postmaster shut and barred the double gates. The blacksmith struck a blow upon them with his hammer, and the crowd groaned; but no more was done.

¹ All emigrants were condemned to perpetual banishment, loss of all property and civil rights, and death if they returned.

“What is this decree that the smith spoke of?” asked Darnay of the postmaster, when he had thanked him, and stood beside him in the yard.

“Truly a decree for selling the property of emigrants and condemning all to death in twenty-four hours who return. That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own.”

“But there are no such decrees yet?”

“What do I know!” said the postmaster, shrugging his shoulders. “There may be, or there will be. It is all the same. What would you have?”

They rested on some straw in a loft until the middle of the night, and rode forward again when all the town was asleep. Among the many wild changes observable on familiar things which made this wild ride unreal was the rarity of sleep. After long and lonely spurring over dreary roads, they would come to a cluster of poor cottages, not steeped in darkness, but all glittering with lights, and would find the people, in a ghostly manner in the dead of the night, circling hand in hand round a shriveled tree of Liberty, or all drawn up together singing a Liberty song. Happily, however, there was sleep in Beauvais that night to help them out of it, and they passed on once more into solitude and loneliness, jingling through the cold and wet, among impoverished fields that had yielded no fruits of the earth that year, diversified by the blackened remains of burnt houses, and by the sudden appearance, from ambuscade, of patriot patrols on the watch on all the roads, sharp reining up across their way.

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it. A guard called out the man who had charge of this barrier, Ernest Defarge, a resolute-looking man in authority, who demanded:

“Where are the papers of this prisoner?”

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveler and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the disturbed state of the country had imposed upon him and which he had paid for.

“Where,” repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, “are the papers of this prisoner?”

The drunken patriot had them in his cap, and produced them. Casting his eyes over Gabelle’s letter, the same person in authority showed some disorder and surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention.

He left escort and escorted without saying a word, however, and went in to the guardroom; meanwhile they sat upon their horses outside the gate.

Looking about him, Charles Darnay observed that while ingress into the city was easy enough, egress was very difficult. Men and women, beasts, and vehicles of various sorts were waiting to go out; but the identification was so strict that they filtered through the barrier very slowly. Some of these people knew their turn for examination to be so far off that they lay down on the ground to sleep or smoke, while others talked together or loitered about. The red cap and tricolor cockade — red, white, and blue rosettes — were universal, both among men and women.

When he had sat in his saddle about one-half hour, taking note of these things, Darnay found himself confronted by the same man in authority, who directed the guard to open the barrier. Then he delivered to the escort a receipt for the escorted, and requested him to dismount. He did so, and the two patriot escorts, leading his tired horse, turned and rode away without entering the city.

He accompanied his conductor into a guardroom, smelling

of common wine and tobacco, where certain soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, were standing and lying about. Some registers were on a desk, and an officer of a coarse dark aspect presided over them.

“ Citizen Defarge,” he said to Darnay’s conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on, “ is this the emigrant Evrémonde? ”

“ This is the man.”

“ Your age, Evrémonde? ”

“ Thirty-seven.”

“ Married, Evrémonde? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Where married? ”

“ In England.”

“ Without doubt. Where is your wife, Evrémonde? ”

“ In England.”

“ Without doubt. You are consigned, Evrémonde, to the prison of La Force.”

“ Just heaven! ” exclaimed Darnay. “ Under what law and for what offense? ”

“ We have new laws, Evrémonde, and new offenses, since you were here.” He said it with a hard smile and went on writing.

“ I entreat you to observe that I have come here voluntarily, in response to that written appeal of a fellow-countryman which lies before you. I demand no more than the opportunity to do so without delay. Is not that my right? ”

“ Emigrants have no rights, Evrémonde,” was the stolid reply. The officer wrote until he had finished, read over to himself what he had written, and handed it to Defarge, with the words “ In secret.” This meant that he was to have no communication with the outside world.

Defarge motioned with the paper to the prisoner that he

must accompany him. The prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two armed patriots attended them.

"Is it you," said Defarge, in a low voice, as they went down the guardhouse steps and turned into Paris, "who married the daughter of Doctor Manette, once a prisoner in the Bastille that is no more?"

"Yes," replied Darnay, looking at him with surprise.

"My name is Defarge, and I keep a wine shop in the Quarter Saint Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me."

"My wife came to your house to reclaim her father? Yes."

The word "wife" seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Defarge to say with sudden impatience:

"In the name of that sharp female newly born, and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

"You heard me say why, a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth?"

"A bad truth for you," said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows and looking straight before him.

"Indeed, I am lost here. All is so different, so changed, so sudden and unfair that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?"

"None." Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him.

"Will you answer me a single question?"

"Perhaps. You can say what it is."

"In this prison that I am going to so unjustly, shall I have some free communication with the outside world?"

"You will see."

"I am not to be buried there, prejudged, and without any means of presenting my case?"

"You will see. But what then? Other people have been buried in worse prisons, before now."

"But never by me, Citizen Defarge."

Defarge glanced darkly at him for answer, and walked on in a steady and set silence. The deeper he sank into this silence, the fainter hope there was — or so Darnay thought — of his softening in any slight degree. He therefore made haste to say:

“It is of the utmost importance to me (you know, Citizen Defarge, even better than I, of how much importance), that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson’s Bank, an English gentleman who is now in Paris, the simple fact, without comment, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me?”

“I will do nothing for you. My duty is to my country and the People. I am the sworn servant of both against you. I will do nothing for you.”

Charles Darnay felt it hopeless to entreat him further, and his pride was touched besides. As they walked on in silence, he noticed how used the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children scarcely noticed him. In one narrow and dirty street an excited orator, mounted on a stool, was addressing an excited audience on the crimes against the people, of the King and the royal family. The few words that he caught from this man’s lips first made it known to Charles Darnay that the King was in prison and that the foreign ambassadors had one and all left Paris. He knew now that he had fallen among far greater dangers than had existed when he left England. He had to admit to himself that he might not have made this journey if he had known the true condition. Perils had thickened about him fast and might thicken faster and faster. And yet his misgivings were not so dark as they would appear imagined by the knowledge of this later time. Troubled as the future was, it was the unknown future, and in its obscurity there was ignorant hope. The

horrible massacre, days and nights long, which, within a few rounds of the clock, was to set a great mark of blood upon the time, was as far out of his knowledge as if it had been a hundred thousand years away. The "sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine" was hardly known to him, or to the generality of people, by name. The frightful deeds that were to be soon done were probably unimagined at that time in the brains of the doers. How could they have a place in the shadowy conceptions of a gentle mind? Of unjust treatment and hardship, and in cruel separation from his wife and child, he foreshadowed the likelihood, or the certainty; but beyond this, he dreaded nothing distinctly. With this on his mind, which was enough to carry into a dreary prison courtyard, he arrived at the prison of La Force.

A man with a bloated face opened the strong wicket, to whom Defarge presented "The emigrant Evrémonde."

"What the devil! How many more of them!" exclaimed the man.

Defarge took his receipt without noticing the exclamation, and withdrew, with his two fellow patriots.

"What the devil, I say again!" exclaimed the jailor, left with his wife. "How many more!"

"One must have patience, my dear!" his wife merely replied.

Three turnkeys who entered responsive to a bell she rang echoed the sentiment, and one added, "For the love of Liberty," which sounded in that place like an inappropriate conclusion.

The prison of La Force was a gloomy prison, dark and filthy, and with a horrible smell of foul sleep in it.

"In secret, too," grumbled the jailor, looking at the written paper. "As if I was not already full to bursting!"

He stuck the paper on a file, in an ill humor, and Charles

Darnay awaited his further pleasure for half an hour, sometimes pacing to and fro, sometimes resting on a stone seat; in either case detained to be imprinted on the memory of the chief and his subordinates.

“Come!” said the chief at length, taking up his keys, “come with me, emigrant.”

Through the dismal prison twilight his new charge accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors clanging and locking behind them, until they came into a large, low, vaulted room, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The women were seated at a long table, reading and writing, knitting, sewing, and embroidering. The men were for the most part standing behind their chairs or lingering up and down the room.

In the instinctive association of prisoners with shameful crime and disgrace, the newcomer recoiled from this company. But the crowning unreality of his long unreal ride was their all at once rising to receive him with every refinement of manner known to the time and with all the engaging graces and courtesies of life.

So strangely clouded were these refinements by the prison gloom, so spectral did they become in the misery through which they were seen, that Charles Darnay seemed to stand in a company of the dead. Ghosts all! The ghost of beauty, the ghost of stateliness, the ghost of elegance, the ghost of wit, the ghost of youth, the ghost of age, all waiting their dismissal from the desolate shore, all turning on him eyes that were changed by the death they had died in coming there.

It struck him motionless. The jailor standing at his side, and the other jailors moving about, looked so coarse contrasted with sorrowing mothers who were there — with the apparitions of the coquette, the young beauty, and the mature woman delicately bred — that it seemed as if this must

be a dream, or that they were all ghosts. Surely, the long unreal ride must have been some progress of disease that had brought him to these gloomy shades!

“In the name of the assembled companions in misfortune,” said a gentleman of courtly appearance, coming forward, “I have the honor of giving you welcome to La Force and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us. May it soon terminate happily. It would be an impertinence elsewhere, but it is not so here, to ask your name and condition?”

Charles Darnay roused himself and gave the required information, in words as suitable as he could find.

“But I hope,” said the gentleman, “that you are not *in secret*?”

“I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so.”

“Ah, what a pity! We so much regret it! But take courage; several members of our society have been in secret at first, and it has lasted but a short time.” Then he added, raising his voice, “I grieve to inform the society — *in secret*.”

There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay crossed the room to a grated door where the jailor awaited him, and many voices — among which were the soft and compassionate voices of women — gave him good wishes and encouragement. He turned at the grated door to render the thanks of his heart. The door closed under the jailor’s hand, and the apparition vanished from his sight for ever.

The wicket opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps (the prisoner of half an hour already counted them), the jailor opened a low black door, and they passed into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp but was not dark.

“Yours,” said the jailor.

“Why am I confined alone?”

“How do I know?”

“I can buy pen, ink, and paper?”

“Such are not my orders. You will be visited, and can ask then. At present, you may buy your food, and nothing more.”

There were in the cell a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. As the jailor made a general inspection of these objects and of the four walls before going out, a fancy wandered through the prisoner that this jailor was so unwholesomely bloated, both in face and person, as to look like a man who had been drowned and filled with water. When the jailor was gone, he thought in the same wandering way, “Now am I left, as if I were dead.”

CHAPTER II

THE GRINDSTONE

TELLSON'S BANK, established in the Saint Germain Quarter of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a courtyard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. The house had belonged to a great nobleman who had lived in it until he had made a flight from the troubles, in his own cook's dress, and got across the borders. A mere beast of the chase flying from hunters, he was no other than the same Monseigneur, the preparation of whose chocolate had once occupied four strong men besides the cook. Monseigneur gone and the four strong men being more than ready to cut his throat on the altar of the dawning Republic one and indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, Monseigneur's

house had been confiscated. Patriot emissaries were in possession of Monseigneur's house, had marked it with the tricolor, and were drinking brandy in its state apartments.

Mr. Lorry occupied rooms in the bank, in his fidelity to the house, of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root ivy. What money would be drawn out of Tellson's henceforth and what would lie there lost and forgotten; what silverware, valuables, and jewels would tarnish in Tellson's hiding places while the owners rusted in prisons, and when they should have violently perished; how many accounts with Tellson's, never to be balanced in this world, must be carried over into the next, no man could have said, that night, any more than Mr. Jarvis Lorry could, though he thought heavily on these questions. He sat by a newly lighted wood fire, and on his honest and courageous face there was a deeper shade than the pendent lamp could throw, — a shade of horror. He had just looked out the window at a terrible sight.

On the opposite side of the courtyard, under a colonnade, was extensive standing for carriages — where, indeed, some carriages of Monseigneur yet stood. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great flaming torches, and in the light of these, standing out in the open air, was a large grindstone — a roughly mounted thing brought hurriedly from some neighboring workshop. But such awful workers, and such awful work!

There was a throng of men and women — not enough, or near enough, to fill the courtyard — not more than forty or fifty in all. The people in possession of the house had let them in at the gate, and they had rushed in to work at the grindstone. It had a double handle, and, turning at it madly were two men, whose faces were more horrible and cruel than those of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. False eyebrows and false moustaches were

stuck upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. As these ruffians turned and turned, their matted locks now flung forward over their eyes, now flung backward over their necks, some women held wine to their mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed blood and fire. The eye could not detect one creature in the group free from the smear of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening stone were men stripped to the waist, with the stain all over limbs and bodies; men in all sorts of rags, with the stain upon those rags; men devilishly set off with spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon, with the stain dyeing those trifles through and through. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. Some of the hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them, with strips of linen and fragments of dress, all deep of the one color. And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched them from the stream of sparks and tore away into the streets, the same red hue was red in their frenzied eyes — eyes which any unbrutalized beholder would have given twenty years of his life to petrify with a well-directed gun.

Mr. Lorry had shivered and retired to his seat by the fire. From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate came the usual night hum of the city, with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to heaven.

“Thank God,” said Mr. Lorry, clasping his hands, “that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town tonight. May He have mercy on all who are in danger!”

Soon afterwards, the bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back!" and sat listening, when his door suddenly opened and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father! Lucie with her arms stretched out to him and with that old look of earnestness concentrated and intensified.

"What is this?" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What has happened? What has brought you here? What is it?"

With the look fixed upon him, in her paleness and wildness, she panted out in his arms imploringly:

"O, my dear friend! My husband!"

"Your husband, Lucie?"

"Charles."

"What of Charles?"

"Here."

"Here in Paris?"

"Has been some days — three or four — I don't know how many — I can't collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us. He was stopped at the barrier and sent to prison."

Mr. Lorry uttered an irrepressible cry. Almost at the same moment the bell of the great gate rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the courtyard.

"What is that noise?" said the Doctor, turning towards the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out! Manette, for your life, don't touch the blind!"

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window and said, with a cool, bold smile:

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. There is no patriot in

Paris — in Paris? In France — who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastille, would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces or carry me in triumph. My old pain has given me a power that has brought us through the barrier and gained us news of Charles there, and brought us here. I knew it would be so. I knew I could help Charles out of all danger. I told Lucie so. — What is that noise?” His hand was again upon the window.

“Don’t look!” cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. “No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!” He got his arm round her, and held her. “Don’t look so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles; that I had no suspicion even of his being in this fatal place. What prison is he in?”

“La Force!”

“La Force! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life — and you were always both — you will compose yourself now, to do exactly as I bid you. More depends upon it than you can think, or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part tonight. You cannot possibly stir out. I say this, because what I must bid you do for Charles’s sake is the hardest thing to do of all. You must instantly be obedient, still, and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are Life and Death in the world you must not delay.”

“I will be submissive to you. I see in your face that you know I can do nothing else than this. I know you are true.”

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key; then came hurrying back to the Doctor, and opened the window and partly opened the blind. He put his hand upon the Doctor’s arm, and looked out with

him into the courtyard for a moment. They drew back from the window, and the Doctor looked for explanation in his friend's pale face.

"They are," Mr. Lorry whispered the words, glancing fearfully round at the locked room, "murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say, if you really have the power you think you have — as I believe you have — make yourself known to these devils and get taken to La Force. It may be too late, I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand and rushed bareheaded out of the room. He was in the courtyard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the impetuous confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried him in an instant to the grindstone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice. Then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line of twenty men long, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of "Live the Bastille prisoner! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastille prisoner in front there! Save the prisoner Evrémonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterwards, when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night knew.

Lucie had, by that time, fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the

child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the pillow beside her pretty charge. O the long, long night, with the moans of the poor wife! And O the long, long night, with no return of her father and no tidings!

Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate sounded, and the irruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered.

“What is it?” cried Lucie, affrighted.

“Hush! The soldiers’ swords are sharpened there; the place is national property now, and used as a kind of armoury, my love.”

Twice more in all, but the last spell of work was feeble and fitful. Soon afterwards the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand, and cautiously looked out again. A man, so besmeared with blood that he looked like a sorely wounded soldier creeping back to consciousness on a field of slain, was rising from the pavement by the side of the grindstone, and looking about him with a vacant air. Shortly, this worn-out murderer saw in the imperfect light one of the carriages of Monseigneur. Staggering to that gorgeous vehicle he climbed in at the door, and shut himself up to take his rest on its dainty cushions.

The great grindstone, Earth, had turned, when Mr. Lorry looked out again, and the sun was red on the courtyard. But the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

CHAPTER III

THE SHADOW

ONE of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry when business hours came round was that he had no right to imperil Tellson's by sheltering the wife of an emigrant prisoner under the bank roof.

His own possessions, safety, life, he would have risked without any hesitation; but the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

At first, his mind reverted to Defarge, and he thought of finding out the wine shop again and taking counsel with its master in reference to the safest dwelling place in the distracted state of the city. But the same suggestion that suggested him, repudiated him; he lived in the most violent quarter, and doubtless was influential there, and deep in its dangerous workings.

Noon coming, and the Doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry consulted Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term near the banking house. As there was no business objection to this and as he foresaw that even, if it were all well with Charles and he were to be released, he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging and found a suitable one, high up in a removed by-street where the closed blinds in all the other windows of a high melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child and Miss Pross, giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had himself. He left Jerry with them, as a figure to fill a doorway that would bear considerable

knocking on the head, and returned to his occupations. A disturbed and doleful mind he brought to bear upon them, and slowly and heavily the day lagged on with him.

It wore itself out and wore him out with it, until the bank closed. He was again alone in his room of the previous night, considering what to do next, when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments, a man stood in his presence who, with a keenly observant look at him, addressed him by his name.

“Your servant,” said Mr. Lorry. “Do you know me?”

He was a strongly made man with dark curling hair, from forty-five to fifty years of age. For answer he repeated, without any change of emphasis:

“Do you know me?”

“I have seen you somewhere.”

“Perhaps at my wine shop?”

Much interested and agitated, Mr. Lorry said: “You come from Doctor Manette?”

“Yes. I come from Doctor Manette.”

“And what says he? What does he send me?”

Defarge gave into his anxious hand an open scrap of paper. It bore the words in the Doctor’s writing:

“Charles is safe, but I cannot safely leave this place yet. I have obtained the favor that the bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let the bearer see his wife.”

It was dated from La Force, within an hour.

“Will you accompany me,” said Mr. Lorry, joyfully relieved after reading this note aloud, “to where his wife resides?”

“Yes,” returned Defarge.

Scarcely noticing yet in what a curiously reserved and mechanical way Defarge spoke Mr. Lorry put on his hat, and they went down into the courtyard. There they found two women, one knitting.

“Madame Defarge, surely!” said Mr. Lorry, who had left her in exactly the same attitude some seventeen years ago.

“It is she,” observed her husband.

“Does madame go with us?” inquired Mr. Lorry, seeing that she moved as they moved.

“Yes. That she may be able to recognize the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety.”

Beginning to be struck by Defarge’s manner, Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him and led the way. Both the women followed, the second woman being The Vengeance.

They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might, ascended the staircase of the apartment, were admitted by Jerry, and found Lucie weeping alone. She was thrown into a transport by the tidings Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that delivered his note — little thinking what it had been doing near him in the night and might, but for a chance, have done to him.

“Dearest, take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this. Kiss our child for me.”

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it that she turned from Defarge to his wife and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a passionate, loving, thankful, womanly action, but the hand made no response — dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check. She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and with her hands yet at her neck looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the lifted eyebrows and forehead with a cold impassive stare.

“My dear,” said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain, “there

are frequent risings in the streets; and although it is not likely they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, that she may know them—that she may identify them. I believe,” said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his reassuring words, as the stony manner of all the three impressed itself upon him more and more, “I state the case, Citizen Defarge?”

Defarge looked gloomily at his wife, and gave no other answer than a rough sound of acquiescence.

“You had better, Lucie,” said Mr. Lorry, doing all he could to propitiate by tone and manner, “have the dear child here, and our good Pross. Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady and knows no French.”

The lady in question, whose conviction was that she was more than a match for any foreigner, was not to be shaken by distress and danger. She appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to The Vengeance, whom her eyes first encountered, “Well, I am sure, Boldface, I hope *you* are pretty well!” She also bestowed a British cough on Madame Defarge, but neither of the two took much heed of her.

“Is that his child?” said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time and pointing her knitting needle at little Lucie as if it were the finger of Fate.

“Yes, madame,” answered Mr. Lorry; “this is our poor prisoner’s darling daughter, and only child.”

The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed to fall so threatening and dark on the child that her mother instinctively kneeled on the floor beside her and held her to her breast. The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed then to fall, threatening and dark, on both the mother and the child.

“It is enough, my husband,” said Madame Defarge. “I have seen them. We may go.”

But the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it — not visible and presented, but indistinct and withheld — to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge’s dress:

“You will be good to my poor husband. You will do him no harm. You will help me to see him if you can?”

“Your husband is not my business here,” returned Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. “It is the daughter of your father who is my business here.”

“For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child’s sake! She will put her hands together and pray you to be merciful. We are more afraid of you than of the others.”

Madame Defarge received it as a compliment and looked at her husband. Defarge, who had been uneasily biting his thumb nail and looking at her, collected his face into a sterner expression.

“What is it that your husband says in that little letter?” asked Madame Defarge, with a lowering smile. “Influence — he says something touching influence?”

“That my father,” said Lucie, hurriedly taking the paper from her breast, but with her alarmed eyes on her questioner and not on it, “has much influence around him.”

“Surely it will release him!” said Madame Defarge. “Let it do so.”

“As a wife and mother,” cried Lucie, most earnestly, “I implore you to have pity on me and not to exercise any power you possess against my innocent husband, but to use it in his behalf. Oh, sister-woman, think of me. As a wife and mother!”

Madame Defarge looked coldly as ever at the suppliant and said, turning to her friend, The Vengeance:

“The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as old as this little child and much less, have not been greatly considered? We have known *their* husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them often enough? All our lives we have seen our sister-women suffer, in themselves and in their children, poverty, nakedness, hunger, thirst, sickness, misery, oppression, and neglect of all kinds?”

“We have seen nothing else,” returned The Vengeance.

“We have borne this a long time,” said Madame Defarge, turning her eyes again upon Lucie. “Judge you! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now?”

She resumed her knitting and went out. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last and closed the door.

“Courage, my dear Lucie,” said Mr. Lorry, as he raised her. “Courage! So far all goes well with us — much, much better than it has of late gone with many poor souls. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart.”

“I am not thankless, I hope, but that dreadful woman seems to throw a shadow on me and on all my hopes.”

“Tut, tut!” said Mr. Lorry; “what is this despondency in the brave little breast? A shadow indeed! No substance in it, Lucie.”

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon himself, for all that, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

CHAPTER IV

CALM IN STORM

DOCTOR MANETTE did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. The crowd had taken him through a scene of horrible slaughter to the prison of La Force. They had taken him to a self-appointed tribunal before which the prisoners were brought singly and by which they were rapidly ordered to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. He was presented by his conductors to this tribunal. He had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and unaccused prisoner in the Bastille. One member of the tribunal had risen and identified him. This man was Defarge.

Then he had ascertained, through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners. He had pleaded hard to the tribunal — of whom some were asleep and some awake, some drunk and some sober, some dirty with murder and some clean — for his life and liberty. In the first frantic greetings lavished on himself, it had been accorded to him to have Charles Darnay brought before this lawless court and tried. He seemed on the point of being at once released when the tide in his favor met with some unexplained check (not intelligible to the Doctor), which led to a few words of secret conference.

The man sitting as president had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held uninjured in safe custody. Immediately, on a signal, the prisoner was removed to the interior of the prison again; but the Doctor had so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son-in-law was not delivered to the mob, whose murder-

ous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings, that he had obtained the permission to remain in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over. The sights he had seen there, with brief snatches of food and sleep by intervals, shall remain untold. The mad joy over the prisoners who were saved had astonished him scarcely less than the mad ferocity against those who were cut to pieces. One prisoner there was, he said, who had been discharged into the street free, but at whom a mistaken savage had thrust a pike as he passed out. Being asked to go to him and dress the wound, the Doctor had passed out at the same gate, and had found him in the arms of a company of Samaritans, who were seated on the bodies of their victims. With an inconsistency as monstrous as anything in this awful nightmare, they had helped the Doctor, and tended the wounded man with the gentlest solicitude — had made a litter for him and escorted him carefully from the spot — had then caught up their weapons and plunged anew into a butchery so dreadful that the Doctor had covered his eyes with his hands and fainted in the midst of it.

As Mr. Lorry received these confidences and as he watched the face of his friend now sixty-two years of age, a fear arose within him that such dread experiences would revive the old danger. But he had never seen his friend in his present aspect; he had never at all known him in his present character. For the first time the Doctor felt, now, that his suffering was strength and power. For the first time he felt that in that sharp fire he had slowly forged the iron which could break the prison door of his daughter's husband and deliver him. "It all tended to a good end, my friend; it was not mere waste and ruin. As my beloved child was helpful in restoring me to myself, I will be helpful now in restoring the dearest part of herself to her; by the aid of Heaven I will do it!" Thus Doctor Manette. And when

Jarvis Lorry saw the kindled eyes, the resolute face, the calm, strong look and bearing of the man whose life always seemed to him to have been stopped like a clock for so many years, and then set going again, he believed.

While Dr. Manette kept himself in his place as a physician whose business was with all degrees of mankind, he used his personal influence so wisely that he was soon the inspecting physician of three prisons, and among them of La Force. He could now assure Lucie that her husband was no longer confined alone, but was mixed with the general body of prisoners. He saw her husband weekly and brought sweet messages to her, straight from his lips. Sometimes her husband himself sent a letter to her, though never by the Doctor's hand, but she was not permitted to write to him; for among the many wild suspicions of plots in the prisons, the wildest of all pointed at emigrants who were known to have made friends abroad.

The Doctor took the lead and direction, and required them as the weak, to trust to him as the strong. The preceding relative positions of himself and Lucie were reversed. "All curious to see," thought Mr. Lorry, "but all natural and right; so take the lead, my dear friend, and keep it; it couldn't be in better hands."

But though the Doctor tried hard and never ceased trying to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too fast for him. The new era began. The King was tried, doomed, and beheaded. The Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, declared for victory or death against the world in arms. The black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Nôtre Dame. Three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the varying soils of France, as if the dragon's teeth had been sown broadcast, and yielded fruit equally

on hill and plain. There was no pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Now, breaking the unnatural silence of a whole city, the executioner showed the people the head of the King — and now, it seemed almost in the same breath, the head of his fair wife, which had had eight weary months of imprisoned widowhood and misery to turn it grey.

A revolutionary tribunal was established in Paris, and forty or fifty thousand revolutionary committees all over the land; also a Law of the Suspected, which struck away all security for life or liberty and delivered over any good and innocent person to any bad and guilty one; prisons were gorged with people who had committed no offense and could obtain no hearing. Above all, one hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world — the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine.

It was the popular theme for jests. It was the best cure for headache. It infallibly prevented the hair from turning grey and imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion. It was the National Razor which shaved close. Who kissed La Guillotine looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It superseded the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied.

It sheared off heads so many that it and the ground it most polluted were a rotten red. It was taken to pieces, like a toy puzzle, for a young devil and put together again when the occasion wanted it. It hushed the eloquent, struck down the powerful, abolished the beautiful and good. It lopped off the heads of twenty-one friends of high public mark one morning in twenty-one minutes. The name of the

strong man of Old Scripture descended to the official who worked it,¹ but, so armed, he was stronger than his namesake, and blinder, and tore away the gates of God's own temple every day.

Among these terrors the Doctor walked with a steady head, confident in his power, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband. Yet the current of the time swept by, so strong and deep, and carried the time away so fiercely, that Charles Darnay had been in prison one year and three months when the Doctor was thus steady and confident. So much more wicked and distracted had the Revolution grown in that December month that the rivers of the south were encumbered with the bodies of the violently drowned by night, and prisoners were shot in lines and squares under the southern wintry sun. Still the Doctor walked among the terrors with a steady head; no man better known than he in Paris at that time. Silent, humane, indispensable in hospital and prison, using his art equally among assassins and victims, he was a man apart. In the exercise of his skill, the appearance and the story of the Bastille captive removed him from all other men. He was not suspected or brought in question, any more than if he had indeed been recalled to life some eighteen years before, or were a spirit moving among mortals.

¹ Sanson, the executioner, was very often called "Samson." The office had been in his family for many generations. Look up the Biblical reference to Samson.

CHAPTER V

THE WOOD-SAWYER

ONE year and three months. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. Every day through the stony streets the tumbrils now jolted heavily, filled with condemned, on the way from prison to the guillotine. Lovely girls; bright women; brown-haired, black-haired, and grey; youths; stalwart men and old; gentle born and peasant born; all red wine for La Guillotine, all daily brought into light from the dark cellars of the loathsome prisons and carried to her through the street to slake her devouring thirst. Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death; — the last, much the easiest to bestow, O Guillotine!

Lucie did not await the result in idle despair. As soon as they were established in their new residence and her father had begun his work as a physician, she arranged the little household as exactly as if her husband had been there. Everything had its appointed place and its appointed time. Little Lucie she taught as regularly as if they had all been united in their English home. The slight devices with which she cheated herself into the show of a belief that they would soon be reunited — the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting aside of his chair and his books — these and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner, among the many unhappy souls in prison and the shadow of death were almost the only outspoken reliefs of her heavy mind. Sometimes at night, on kissing her father, she would burst into the grief she had repressed all day and would say that her only reliance, under Heaven, was on him. He always answered resolutely:

“Nothing can happen to him without my knowledge, and I know that I can save him, Lucie.”

They had not made the round of their changed life many weeks, when her father said to her, on coming home to her one evening:

“My dear, there is an upper window in the prison, to which Charles can sometimes gain access at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it — which depends on many uncertainties and incidents — he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stood in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child; and even if you could, it would not be safe for you to make a sign of recognition.”

“Oh, show me the place, my father, and I will go there every day.”

From that time in all weathers, she waited there two hours. As the clock struck two, she was there, and at four she turned resignedly away. When it was not too wet or cold for her child to be with her, they went together; at other times she was alone; but she never missed a single day.

It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street. The hovel of a cutter of wood into lengths for burning, was the only house at the end; all else was wall. On the third day of her being there, he noticed her.

“Good day, citizeness.”

“Good day, citizen.”

This mode of address was now prescribed by decree. It was a law for everybody.

“Walking here again, citizeness?”

“You see me, citizen.”

The wood-sawyer, who was a little man of many motions (he had once been a mender of roads), cast a glance at the prison, pointed at the prison, and putting his ten fingers



It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street.

before his face to represent bars, peeped through them jocosely.

“But it’s not my business,” he said, and went on sawing wood.

Next day he was looking out for her, and accosted her the moment she appeared.

“What? Walking here again, citizeness?”

“Yes, citizen.”

“Ah! A child, too! Your mother, is it not, my little citizeness?”

“Do I say yes, mamma?” whispered little Lucie, drawing close to her.

“Yes, dearest.”

“Yes, citizen.”

“Ah! But it’s not my business. My work is my business. See my saw! I call it my little Guillotine. La, la, la; la, la, la! And off his head comes!”

The piece of wood fell as he spoke, and he threw it into a basket.

“I call myself the Samson of the firewood guillotine. See here again! Loo, loo, loo; loo, loo, loo! And off *her* head comes! Now a child. Tickle, tickle; pickle, pickle! And off its head comes. All the family!”

Lucie shuddered as he threw two more sticks into his baskets, but it was impossible to be there while the wood-sawyer was at work and not be in his sight. Thenceforth, to secure his goodwill, she always spoke to him first and often gave him drink money, which he readily received.

He was an inquisitive fellow and sometimes, when she had quite forgotten him in gazing at the prison roof and grates, and in lifting her heart up to her husband, she would come to herself to find him looking at her, with his knee on his bench and his saw stopped in its work.

“But it’s not my business!” he would generally say at those times, and would briskly fall to his sawing again.

In all weathers, in the snow and frost of winter, in the bitter winds of spring, in the hot sunshine of summer, in the rains of autumn, and again in the snow and frost of winter, Lucie passed two hours of every day at this place: and every day on leaving it, she kissed the prison wall. Her husband saw her (so she learned from her father) it might be once in five or six times: it might be twice or thrice running; it might be not for a week or two together. It was enough that he could and did see her when the chances served, and on that possibility she would have waited out the day, seven days a week.


These occupations brought her round to the December month, wherein her father walked among the terrors with a steady head. On a lightly snowing afternoon she arrived at the usual corner. It was a day of some wild rejoicing, and a festival. She had seen the houses, as she came along, decorated with little pikes, and with little red caps stuck upon them; also, with tricolored ribbons; also, with the standard inscription (tricolored letters were the favorite), “Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!”

The miserable shop of the wood-sawyer was so small that its whole surface hardly furnished enough space for this legend. He had got somebody to scrawl it up for him, however, who had squeezed Death in with most inappropriate difficulty. On his house top, he displayed pike and cap, as a good citizen must, and in a window he had stationed his saw inscribed as “Little Sainte Guillotine.” His shop was shut and he was not there, which was a relief to Lucie, and left her quite alone.


But he was not far off, for presently she heard a troubled movement and a shouting coming along, which filled her

with fear. A moment afterwards, and a throng of people came pouring around the corner by the prison wall, in the midst of whom was the wood-sawyer hand in hand with The Vengeance. There were about five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping ferocious time that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as chance had brought them together. At first they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woolen rags; but as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance figure gone raving mad arose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another's hands, clutched at one another's heads, spun round alone, caught one another and spun round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While those were down, the rest linked hand in hand, and all spun round together; then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched, and tore, and then reversed the spin, and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again, paused, struck out the time afresh, formed into lines the width of the public way and, with their heads low down, and their hands high up, swooped screaming off. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fallen sport — a something, once innocent, delivered over to all devilry — a healthy pastime changed into a means of angering the blood, bewildering the senses, and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maidenly bosom bared to this, the pretty almost-child's head thus distracted, the delicate foot mincing


La Carmagnole



Ma-dam' Vé - to a - vait pro - mis Ma-dam' Vé - to a - vait pro - mis



De faire é - gor - ger tout Pa - ris, De faire é - gor - ger tout Pa - ris,



Mais le coup a man - qué, Grâce à nos ca - non - niers;



Dan - sons, dan - sons la car-ma - gnole, Vi - ve le son, vi - ve le son,



Dan - sons, dan - sons, la car-ma - gnole, Vi - ve le son du can - on.

in this slough of blood and dirt, were types of the disjointed times. This was the *Carmagnole*.¹

As it passed, leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the doorway of the wood-sawyer's house, the feathery snow fell quietly and lay as white and soft as if it had never been.

"O, my father!" for he stood before her when she lifted up the eyes she had momentarily darkened with her hand; "such a cruel, bad sight."

"I know, my dear, I know. I have seen it many times! Don't be frightened! Not one of them would harm you."

"I am not frightened for myself, my father. But when I think of my husband and the mercies of these people —"

"We will set him above their mercies very soon. I left him climbing to the window, and I came to tell you. There is no one here to see. You may kiss your hand towards that highest shelving roof."

"I do so, father, and I send him my soul with it!"

"You cannot see him, my poor dear?"

"No, father," said Lucie, yearning and weeping as she kissed her hand, "no."

A footstep in the snow. Madame Defarge. "I salute you, citizeness," said the Doctor. "I salute you, citizen." This in passing. Nothing more. Madame Defarge gone, like a shadow over the white road.

"Give me your arm, my love. Pass from here with an air of cheerfulness and courage, for his sake. That was well done." They had left the spot. "It shall not be in vain. Charles is summoned for tomorrow."

"For tomorrow!"

"There is no time to lose. I am well prepared, but there are precautions to be taken that could not be taken until he was actually summoned before the tribunal. He

¹ See page 269.

has not received the notice yet, but I know that he will presently be summoned for tomorrow, and removed to the Conciergerie. I have timely information. You are not afraid?"

She could scarcely answer, "I trust in you."

"Do so, implicitly. Your suspense is nearly ended, my darling; he shall be restored to you within a few hours. I have encompassed him with every protection. I must see Lorry."

He stopped. There was a heavy lumbering of wheels within hearing. They both knew too well what it meant. One. Two. Three. Three tumbrils faring away with their dread loads over the hushing snow.

"I must see Lorry," the Doctor repeated, turning her another way.

The staunch old gentleman was still in his trust; had never left it. He and his books were in frequent requisition as to property confiscated and made national. What he could save for the owners, he saved. No better man living to hold fast by what Tellson's had in keeping, and to hold his peace.

A murky red and yellow sky, and a rising mist from the Seine, denoted the approach of darkness. It was almost dark when they arrived at the bank. The stately residence of Monseigneur was blighted and deserted. Above a heap of dust and ashes in the court ran the letters: "National Property. Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!"

Who could that be with Mr. Lorry in his inner room — the owner of the riding coat upon the chair — who must not be seen? From whom newly arrived in Paris, did Mr. Lorry come out of his inner room, agitated and surprised, to take his favorite in his arms? To whom did he appear to repeat her faltering words, when, raising his voice and turning

his head towards the door of the room from which he had issued, he said:

“Removed to the Conciergerie and summoned for tomorrow?”

CHAPTER VI

TRIUMPH

THE dread tribunal of five judges, public prosecutor, and jury sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening and were read out by the jailors of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard jailor-joke was, “Come out and listen to the Evening Paper, you inside there!”

“Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay!”

So at last began the evening paper at La Force.

When a name was called, its owner stepped apart into a spot reserved for those who were announced as being thus fatally recorded. Charles Darnay had reason to know the usage; he had seen hundreds pass away so.

His bloated jailor, who wore spectacles to read with, glanced over them to assure himself that he had taken his place, and read through his list, making a similar short pause at each name. There were twenty-three names but only twenty were responded to; for one of the prisoners so summoned had died in jail and been forgotten, and two had already been guillotined and forgotten. The list was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the massacre of September, 1792. Every human creature he had since cared for and parted with had died on the scaffold.

The passage to the Conciergerie was short and dark. The

night in its vermin-haunted cells was long and cold. Next day, fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a half, giving less than five minutes to each.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned.

His judges sat upon the bench in feathered hats; but the rough red cap and tricolored cockade was the headdress otherwise prevailing. Looking at the jury and the turbulent audience, he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed and that the criminals were trying the honest men. The lowest, cruelest, and worst populace of a city were directing the scene, noisily commenting, applauding, disapproving, anticipating and precipitating the result without a check. Of the men the greater part were armed in various ways; of the women some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, many knitted. Among these last was one with a spare piece of knitting under her arm as she worked. She was in a front row, by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear and that she seemed to be his wife; but what he most noticed in the two figures was that, although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked towards him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the jury, but at nothing else. Under the President sat Doctor Manette, in his usual quiet dress. As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unconnected with the tribunal, who wore their usual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse garb of the Carmagnole.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the prosecutor as an emigrant whose life was forfeit to the republic under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of death. It was nothing that this law had been made since his return to France. There he was, and there was the law: he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

“Take off his head!” cried the audience. “An enemy to the republic!”

The President rang his bell to silence those cries and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the President desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country (before the word “emigrant” in its present meaning by the tribunal was in use) to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses: Théophile Gabelle and Alexander Manette.

But he had married in England? the President reminded him.

True, but not an Englishwoman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

“Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there.”

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the well-known good physician rent the hall. So capriciously were the people moved that tears immediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the streets and kill him.

On these few steps of his dangerous way, Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's reiterated instructions. The same cautious counsel directed every step that lay before him and had prepared every inch of his road.

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did and not sooner?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, except those he had resigned; whereas, in England he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal risk, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the republic?

The populace cried enthusiastically, "No!" and the President rang his bell to quiet them; which it did not, for they continued to cry "No!" until they stopped of their own will.

The President required the name of that citizen. The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the barrier, but which he believed would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there — had assured him that it would be there — and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it and did so. Citizen Gabelle hinted, with infinite delicacy and politeness, that in the pressure of business imposed on the tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the republic with which it had to deal, he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye — in fact, had rather passed out of the tribunal's patriotic remembrance — until three days ago, when he had been summoned before it and had been set at liberty on the jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered by the surrender of the citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity and the clearness of his answers made a great impression; but as he proceeded, as he showed that the accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment, that the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile; that, so far from being in favor with the aristocratic government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it as the foe of England and friend of the United States — as he brought these circumstances into view with the greatest discretion and with the straightforward force of truth and earnestness, the jury and the populace became one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who like himself had been a witness at that English trial and could corroborate his account of it, the jury declared that they had heard enough and that they were ready with their votes if the President were content to receive them.

At every vote (the jurymen voted aloud and individually) the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices

were in the prisoner's favor, and the President declared him free.

Then began one of those extraordinary scenes by which the people gratified their fickleness, or their better impulses towards generosity and mercy. No sooner was the acquittal pronounced than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time, and so many affectionate embraces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him that after his long and unwholesome confinement he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion: none the less because he knew very well that the very same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity, to rend him to pieces and strew him over the streets.

His removal, to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these caresses for the moment. Five were to be tried next as enemies of the republic, because they had not assisted it by word or deed. These five came down to him before he left the place, condemned to die within twenty-four hours. The first of them told him so, with the customary sign of Death — a raised finger — and they all added in words:

“ Long live the Republic! ”

The five had not had any audience for their trial; for when he and Doctor Manette went through the gate, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in court — except two, for which he looked in vain. Defarge and his wife were not in sight. On his coming out, the concourse made at him anew, weeping, embracing, and shouting, all by turns and all together, until the very tide of the river on the bank of which the mad scene was acted seemed to run mad, like the people on the shore.

They put him into a great chair they had among them

and which they had taken out of the court. Over the chair they had thrown a red flag, and to the back of it they had bound a pike with a red cap on its top. In this car of triumph, not even the Doctor's entreaties could prevent his being carried to his home on men's shoulders, with a confused sea of red caps heaving about him, and casting up to sight from the stormy deep such wrecks of faces, that sometimes he felt as if he were in a tumbril on his way to the Guillotine.

In wild dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and pointing him out, they carried him on. Reddening the snowy streets with the prevailing republican color, in winding and tramping through them, as they had reddened them below the snow with a deeper dye, they carried him thus into the courtyard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before, to prepare Lucie, and when her husband stood upon his feet, she dropped insensible in his arms.

As he held her to his heart and turned her beautiful head between his face and the brawling crowd, so that his tears and her lips might come together unseen, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly, all the rest fell to dancing, and the courtyard overflowed with the Carmagnole. Then they elevated into the vacant chair a young woman from the crowd to be carried as the Goddess of Liberty, and then swelling and overflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's bank, and over the bridge, the Carmagnole absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the Doctor's hand, as he stood victorious and proud before him, after grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who came panting in breathless from his struggle to get through the Carmagnole, after kissing little Lucie who was lifted up to clasp her arms around his neck, and after embracing the ever-zealous and faithful Pross who lifted

her, he took his wife in his arms, and carried her up to their rooms.

“Lucie! My own! I am safe.”

“Oh, dearest Charles, let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to him.”

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she was again in his arms, he said to her:

“And now speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me.”

She laid her head upon her father's breast, as she had laid his poor head on her breast, long, long ago. He was happy in the return he had made her. He was recompensed for his suffering; he was proud of his strength.

“You must not be weak, my darling,” he remonstrated; “don't tremble so. I have saved him.”

CHAPTER VII

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

“**I** HAVE saved him.” It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

The people were so passionately revengeful and fitful; the innocent were so constantly put to death on vague suspicion and black malice. It was so impossible to forget that many as blameless as her husband and as dear to others as he was to her every day shared the fate from which he had been clutched, that her heart could not be so lightened of its load as she felt it ought to be. The shadows of the wintry afternoon were beginning to fall, and even now the dreadful carts were rolling through the streets. Her

mind pursued them, looking for him among the condemned; and then she clung closer to his real presence and trembled more.

Her father, cheering her, showed a compassionate superiority to this woman's weakness which was wonderful to see. No garret, no shoemaking, no One Hundred and Five, North Tower, now! He had accomplished the task he had set himself, his promise was redeemed, he had saved Charles. Let them all lean upon him.

Their housekeeping was of a very frugal kind, not only because that was the safest way of life, involving the least offense to the people, but because they were not rich, and Charles, throughout his imprisonment, had had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his guard, and towards the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant. The citizen and citizeness who acted as porters at the courtyard gate rendered them occasional service; and Jerry (almost wholly transferred to them by Mr. Lorry) had become their daily retainer, and had his bed there every night.

It was an ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, that on the door or doorpost of every house, the name of every inmate must be legibly printed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embellished the doorpost down below; and as the afternoon shadows deepened, the owner of that name himself appeared, from overlooking a painter whom Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay.

In the universal fear and distrust that darkened the time, all the usual harmless ways of life were changed. In



Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name duly embellished the doorpost below.

the Doctor's little household, as in very many others, the articles of daily consumption were purchased every evening in small quantities and at various small shops. To avoid attracting notice, and to give as little occasion as possible for talk and envy, was the general desire.

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had done the buying for the family. Miss Pross carried the money and Jerry the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they went forth on this duty and made and brought home such purchases as were needful. Although Miss Pross, through her long association with a French family, might have known as much of their language as of her own, if she had had a mind, she had no mind in that direction; consequently she knew no more of that "nonsense" (as she was pleased to call it) than Mr. Cruncher did. So her manner of marketing was to plump a noun-substantive at the head of a shopkeeper without any introduction in the nature of an article, and if it happened not to be the name of the thing she wanted, to look round for that thing, lay hold of it, and hold on by it until the bargain was concluded. She always made a bargain for it, by holding up, as a statement of its just price, one finger less than the merchant held up, whatever his number might be.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose eyes were red with felicity; "if you are ready, I am."

Jerry hoarsely professed himself at Miss Pross's service. He had worn all his rust off long ago, but nothing would file his spiky head down.

"There's all manner of things wanted," said Miss Pross, "and we shall have a precious time of it. We want wine, among the rest. Nice toasts these Redheads will be drinking, wherever we buy it."

"It will be much the same thing to your knowledge, miss,

I should think, whether they drink your health or the old un's."

"Who's he?" said Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher, with some diffidence, explained himself as meaning "Old Nick's."

"Ha!" said Miss Pross, "it doesn't need an interpreter to explain the meaning of these creatures. They have but one, and it's Midnight, Murder, and Mischief."

"Hush, dear! Pray be cautious!" cried Lucie.

"Yes, yes, yes, I'll be cautious," said Miss Pross; "but I must say among ourselves, that I do hope there will be no oniony and tobaccoey smotherings in the form of embracings all round, going on in the streets. Now, Ladybird, never you stir from that fire till I come back! Take care of the dear husband you have recovered, and don't move your pretty head from his shoulder as you have it now, till you see me again! May I ask a question, Doctor Manette, before I go?"

"I think you may take that liberty," the Doctor answered, smiling.

"For gracious sake, don't talk about Liberty; we have quite enough of that," said Miss Pross.

"Hush, dear! Again?" Lucie remonstrated.

"Well, my sweet," said Miss Pross, nodding her head emphatically, "the short and the long of it is that I am a subject of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Third;" Miss Pross curtseyed at the name; "and as such, my maxim is, Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save the King!"

Mr. Cruncher, in an access of loyalty, growlingly repeated the words after Miss Pross, like somebody at church.

"I am glad you have so much of the Englishman in you, though I wish you had never taken that cold in your voice," said Miss Pross, approvingly. "But the question, Doctor

Manette. Is there" — it was the good creature's way to pretend to make light of anything that was a great anxiety with them all, and to come at it in this chance manner — "is there any prospect yet, of our getting out of this place?"

"I fear not yet. It would be dangerous for Charles yet."

"Heigh-ho-hum!" said Miss Pross, cheerfully repressing a sigh as she glanced at her darling's golden hair in the light of the fire, "then we must have patience and wait; that's all. We must hold up our heads and fight low, as my brother Solomon used to say. Now, Mr. Cruncher! — Don't you move, Ladybird!"

They went out, leaving Lucie, and her husband, her father, and the child, by a bright fire. Mr. Lorry was expected back presently from the banking house. Miss Pross had lighted the lamp, but had put it aside in a corner that they might enjoy the firelight undisturbed. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather with her hands clasped through his arm; and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper, began to tell her a story of a great and powerful fairy who had opened a prison wall and let out a captive who had once done the fairy a service. All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that?" she cried, all at once.

"My dear!" said her father, stopping in his story and laying his hand on hers, "command yourself. What a disordered state you are in! The least thing — nothing — startles you! *You*, your father's daughter!"

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself, with a pale face, and in a faltering voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as death."

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

“ Oh, father, father! What can this be! Hide Charles. Save him! ”

“ My child,” said the Doctor, rising, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, “ I *have* saved him. What weakness is this, my dear! Let me go to the door.”

He took the lamp in his hand, crossed the two intervening outer rooms, and opened it. A rude clattering of feet over the floor, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

“ The Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay,” said the first.

“ Who seeks him? ” answered Darnay.

“ I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evrémonde; I saw you before the tribunal today. You are again the prisoner of the republic.”

The four surrounded him, where he stood with his wife and child clinging to him.

“ Tell me how and why am I again a prisoner? ”

“ It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie and will know tomorrow. You are summoned for tomorrow.”

Doctor Manette, whom this visitation had so turned into stone that he stood with the lamp in his hand as if he were a statue made to hold it, moved after these words were spoken, put the lamp down, and confronting the speaker, and taking him gently by the loose front of his red woolen shirt, said:

“ You know him, you have said. Do you know me? ”

“ Yes, I know you, Citizen Doctor.”

“ We all know you, Citizen Doctor,” said the other three.

He looked abstractedly from one to another, and said, in a lower voice, after a pause:

“ Will you answer his question to me, then? How does this happen? ”

“ Citizen Doctor,” said the first, reluctantly, “ he has been

denounced to the section of Saint Antoine. This citizen," pointing out the second who had entered, "is from Saint Antoine."

The citizen here indicated nodded his head and added: "He is accused by Saint Antoine."

"Of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, with his former reluctance, "ask no more. If the republic demands sacrifices from you, without doubt you as a good patriot will be happy to make them. The republic goes before all. The people is supreme. Evrémonde, we are pressed."

"One word more," the Doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"It is against rule," answered the first; "but you can ask him of Saint Antoine here."

The Doctor turned his eyes upon that man, who moved uneasily on his feet, rubbed his beard a little, and at length said:

"Well! Truly it is against rule. But he is denounced — and gravely — by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge, and by one other."

"What other?"

"Do *you* ask, Citizen Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Then," said he of Saint Antoine, with a strange look, "you will be answered tomorrow. Now, I am dumb!"

CHAPTER VIII

A HAND AT CARDS

HAPPILY unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont-neuf, reckon-

ing in her mind the number of purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side. They both looked to the right and to the left into most of the shops they passed, kept away from large crowds of people, and turned out of their road to avoid any very excited group of talkers. It was a raw evening, and the misty river, blurred to the eye with blazing lights and to the ear with harsh noises, showed where the barges were stationed in which the smiths worked, making guns for the army of the republic. Woe to the man who played tricks with *that* army, or got undeserved promotion in it! Better for him that his beard had never grown, for the National Razor shaved him close.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross thought of the wine they wanted. After looking into several wine shops, she stopped at the sign of "The Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity," not far from the National Palace.¹ This wine shop had a quieter look than any other they had passed, and though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. Sounding Mr. Cruncher and finding him of her opinion, Miss Pross resorted to the "Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity," attended by her cavalier.

As they were waiting at the counter while their wine was being measured out, a man parted from another man in a corner and rose to depart. In going he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her than Miss Pross uttered a scream and clapped her hands.

In a moment the whole company were on their feet. That somebody was assassinated by somebody vindicating a difference of opinion was the likeliest occurrence. Everybody looked to see somebody fall, but only saw a man and woman standing staring at each other; the man with all the

¹ The Tuileries.

outward aspect of a Frenchman and a thorough republican; the woman, evidently English.

What was said by the people in this wine shop, except that it was something very voluble and loud, would have been as so much Hebrew or Chaldean to Miss Pross and her protector, though they had been all ears. But they had no ears for anything in their surprise. For not only was Miss Pross lost in amazement and agitation but Mr. Cruncher was in a state of the greatest wonder, also.

“What is the matter?” said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream, speaking in a vexed, abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

“Oh, Solomon, dear Solomon!” cried Miss Pross, clapping her hands again. “After not setting eyes upon you or hearing of you for so long a time, do I find you here!”

“Don’t call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?” asked the man, in a furtive, frightened way.

“Brother, brother!” cried Miss Pross, beginning to cry. “Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question?”

“Then hold your meddlesome tongue, and come out, if you want to speak to me. Pay for your wine and come out. Who’s this man?”

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head at her by no means affectionate brother, said through her tears, “Mr. Cruncher.”

“Let him come out too. Does he think me a ghost?”

Apparently Mr. Cruncher did, to judge from his looks. He said not a word, however, and Miss Pross, exploring the depths of her bag through her tears with great difficulty, paid for her wine. As she did so, Solomon turned to the people in the wine shop and offered a few words of explanation in the French language, which caused them all to relapse into their former places and pursuits.

“Now,” said Solomon, stopping at the dark street corner, “what do you want?”

“How dreadfully unkind in a brother nothing has ever turned my love away from! to give me such a greeting, and show me no affection.”

“There. Confound it! There,” said Solomon, making a dab at Miss Pross’s lips with his own. “Now are you content?”

Miss Pross only shook her head and wept in silence.

“If you expect me to be surprised, I am not surprised,” said her brother Solomon. “I knew you were here. I know of most people who are here. If you really don’t want to endanger my existence — which I half believe you do — go your way as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official.”

“My English brother Solomon,” mourned Miss Pross, casting up tearful eyes, “that had the makings in him of one of the best and greatest of men in his native country, an official among foreigners, and such foreigners! I would almost sooner have seen the dear boy lying in his — ”

“I said so,” said her brother, interrupting. “I knew it. You want to be the death of me. I shall be rendered Suspected by my own sister just as I am getting on!”

“The gracious and merciful heavens forbid!” cried Miss Pross. “Far rather would I never see you again, dear Solomon, though I have ever loved you truly and ever shall. Say but one affectionate word to me, and tell me there is nothing angry or estranged between us, and I will detain you no longer.”

Good Miss Pross! As if the estrangement between them had come of any fault of hers. As if Mr. Lorry had not known it for a fact, years ago, in the quiet corner of Soho, that this precious brother had spent her money and left her!

He was saying the affectionate word, however, with grudging condescension, when Mr. Cruncher, touching him on the shoulder, hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question:

“I say! Might I ask the favor? As to whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John?”

The official turned towards him with sudden distrust. He had not previously uttered a word.

“Come!” said Mr. Cruncher. “Speak out, you know.” (Which, by the way, was more than he could do himself.) “John Solomon, or Solomon John? She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And I know you’re John, you know. Which of the two goes first? And regarding that name of Pross, likewise. That warn’t your name over the water.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I don’t know all I mean, for I can’t call to mind what your name was, over the water.”

“No?”

“No. But I’ll swear it was a name of two syllables.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes. T’other one’s was one syllable. I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What, in the name of the Father of Lies, own father to yourself, was you called at that time?”

“Barsad,” said another voice, striking in.

“That’s the name for a thousand pound!” cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in was Sydney Carton. He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding-coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher’s elbow as carelessly as he might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

“Don’t be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry’s, to his surprise, yesterday evening. We agreed that I should not present myself elsewhere until all was well,

or unless I could be useful. I present myself here, to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother than Mr. Barsad. I wish for your sake Mr. Barsad was not a sheep of the prisons."

"Sheep" was a cant word of the time for a spy under the jailors. The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared —

"I'll tell you," said Sydney. "I lighted on you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the walls, an hour or more ago. You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well. Made curious by seeing you in that connection, and having a reason for associating you with the misfortunes of a friend now very unfortunate, I walked in your direction. I walked into the wine shop here, close after you, and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing from your unreserved conversation and the rumor openly going about among your admirers, the nature of your calling. And gradually, after listening to your conversation, what I had done at random, in following you, seemed to shape itself into a purpose for me, Mr. Barsad."

"What purpose?" the spy asked.

"It would be troublesome, and might be dangerous, to explain in the street. Could you favor me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company — at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance?"

"Under a threat?"

"Oh! Did I say that?"

"Then why should I go there?"

"Really, Mr. Barsad, I can't say, if you can't."

"Do you mean that you won't say, sir?" the spy irresolutely asked.

"You apprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won't." Carton's negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully

in aid of his quickness and skill, in such a business as he had in his secret mind, and with such a man as he had to do with. His practised eye saw it, and made the most of it.

“Now, I told you so,” said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister; “if any trouble comes of this, it’s your doing.”

“Come, come, Mr. Barsad!” exclaimed Sydney. “Don’t be ungrateful. But for my great respect for your sister, I might not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal that I wish to make for our mutual satisfaction. Do you go with me to the bank?”

“I’ll hear what you have got to say. Yes, I’ll go with you.”

“I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. This is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in, unprotected; and as your escort knows Mr. Barsad, I will invite him to Mr. Lorry’s with us. Are we ready? Come then!”

Miss Pross recalled soon afterwards, and to the end of her life remembered, that as she pressed her hands on Sydney’s arm, imploring him to do no hurt to Solomon, there was a braced purpose in the arm and a kind of inspiration in the eyes, which not only contradicted his light manner but changed and raised the man. She was too much occupied then with fears for the brother who so little deserved her affection and with Sydney’s friendly reassurances to heed what she observed.

They left her at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry’s which was within a few minutes’ walk. John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire — perhaps looking into their blaze for the picture of that younger elderly

gentleman from Tellson's, who had looked into the red coals at the Royal George at Dover, seventeen years ago. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

"Miss Pross's brother, sir," said Sydney. "Mr. Barsad."

"Barsad?" repeated the old gentleman, "Barsad? I have an association with the name — and with the face."

"I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad," observed Carton, coolly. "Pray sit down."

As he took a chair himself, he supplied the link that Mr. Lorry wanted, by saying to him with a frown:

"Witness at that trial."

Mr. Lorry immediately remembered, and regarded his new visitor with a look of abhorrence.

"Mr. Barsad has been recognized by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of," said Sydney, "and has acknowledged the relationship. I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed:

"What do you tell me! I left him safe and free within these two hours and am about to return to him!"

"Arrested for all that. When was it done, Mr. Barsad?"

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, and I understand from Mr. Barsad's conversation to a friend and brother sheep over a bottle of wine that the arrest has taken place. He left the messengers at the gate, and saw them admitted by the porter. There is no earthly doubt that he is retaken."

Mr. Lorry's business eye read in the speaker's face that it was loss of time to dwell upon the point. Confused, but sensible that something might depend on his presence of mind, he commanded himself, and was silently attentive.

“ Now, I trust,” said Sydney, “ that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead tomorrow — you said he would be before the tribunal again tomorrow, Mr. Barsad? — ”

“ Yes, I believe so.”

“ — In as good stead tomorrow as today. But it may not be so. I own to you, I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette’s not having had the power to prevent this arrest.”

“ He may not have known of it beforehand,” said Mr. Lorry.

“ But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law.”

“ That’s true,” Mr. Lorry acknowledged, with his troubled hand at his chin and his troubled eyes on Carton.

“ In short,” said Sydney, “ this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the Doctor play the winning game; I will play the losing one. No man’s life here is worth purchase. Any one carried home by the people today may be condemned tomorrow. Now the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend I purpose to myself to win, is Mr. Barsad.”

“ You need have good cards, sir,” said the spy.

“ I’ll run them over. I’ll see what I hold. — Mr. Lorry, you know what a brute I am; I wish you’d give me a little brandy.”

It was put before him, and he drank off a glassful — drank off another glassful — pushed the bottle thoughtfully away.

“ Mr. Barsad,” he went on, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards, “ sheep of the prisons, emissary of republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable for being English that an Englishman is less open

to suspicion than a Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That's a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion that Mr. Barsad, still in the employ of the aristocratic English government, is the agent of all mischief, the treacherous foe of the republic crouching in its bosom, so much spoken of and so difficult to find. That's a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad?"

"Not to understand your play," returned the spy, somewhat uneasily.

"I play my ace, denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest section committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry."

He drew the bottle near, poured out another glassful of brandy, and drank it off. He saw that the spy was fearful of his drinking himself into a fit state for the denunciation of him. Seeing it, he poured out and drank another glassful.

"Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad. Take time."

It was a poorer hand than Sydney Carton suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his employment in England, through too much unsuccessful hard swearing — not because he was not wanted there; our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date — he knew that he had crossed the Channel and accepted service in France, first as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there, gradually as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the French people.

He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine shop. He always remembered with fear and trembling that that terrible woman had knitted when he talked with her and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her produce her knitted registers and denounce people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew that he was never safe; that flight was impossible, that he was tied fast under the shadow of the axe, that in this reign of terror a word might bring it down upon him. Once denounced, he foresaw that the dreadful woman would produce against him that fatal register and quash his last chance of life. Besides that all secret men are men soon terrified; here were surely cards enough of one black suit to make the holder of them grow rather pale as he turned them over.

"You scarcely seem to like your hand," said Sydney, with the greatest composure. "Do you play?"

"I think, sir," said the spy, turning to Mr. Lorry, "I may appeal to a gentleman of your years and benevolence to put it to this other gentleman whether he can do such a thing as to play that ace of which he has spoken. I admit that I am a spy, but he is no spy, and why should he so demean himself as to make himself one?"

"I play my ace, Mr. Barsad," said Carton, looking at his watch, "in a very few minutes."

"I should have hoped, gentlemen both, that your respect for my sister —"

"I could not show my respect for your sister any better than by finally relieving her of her brother," said Sydney Carton.

"You think not?"

"I have thoroughly made up my mind about it."

The smooth manner of the spy received such a check from

the inscrutability of Carton that he did not know what to say. While he was at a loss Carton said, resuming his former manner of looking over cards:

“And indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here. That friend and fellow-sheep you were talking to in the wine shop, who spoke of himself as pasturing in the country prisons—who was he?”

“French. You don’t know him,” said the spy quickly.

“French, eh?” repeated Carton, musing, and not appearing to notice him at all, though he echoed his word. “Well, he may be.”

“Is, I assure you,” said the spy, “though it’s not important.”

“Though it’s not important,” repeated Carton, in the same mechanical way — “though it’s not important — No, it’s not important. No. Yet I know the face.”

“I think not. I am sure not. It can’t be,” said the spy.

“It — can’t — be,” muttered Sydney Carton, retrospectively, and filling his glass (which fortunately was a small one) again. “Can’t — be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner, I thought?”

“Provincial,” said the spy.

“No. Foreign!” cried Carton, striking his open hand on the table, as a light broke clearly on his mind. “Cly! Disguised, but the same man. We had that man before us at the Old Bailey.”

“Now, there you are hasty, sir,” said Barsad, with a smile that gave his aquiline nose an extra inclination to one side; “there you really give me an advantage over you. Cly (who I will admit was a partner of mine) has been dead several years. I attended him in his last illness. He was buried in London, at the Church of Saint Pancras-in-

the-Fields. His unpopularity with the blackguard multitude prevented my following his remains to the cemetery, but I helped to lay him in his coffin."

Here Mr. Lorry became aware of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall. Tracing it to its source, he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head.

"Let us be reasonable," said the spy, "and let us be fair. To show you how mistaken you are, I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial, which I happen to have carried in my pocketbook ever since." With a hurried hand he produced and opened it.

"There it is. Oh, look at it; look at it! You may take it in your hand; it's no forgery."

Here Mr. Lorry perceived the reflection on the wall to elongate, and Mr. Cruncher rose and stepped forward. His hair could not have been more violently on end if it had been that moment dressed by the Cow with the crumpled horn in the house that Jack built.

Unseen by the spy, Mr. Cruncher stood at his side and touched him on the shoulder like a ghostly bailiff.

"That there Roger Cly, master," said Mr. Cruncher, with a taciturn and iron-bound visage. "So *you* put him in his coffin?"

"I did."

"Who took him out of it?"

Barsad leaned back in his chair, and stammered, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he warn't never in it. No! Not he! I'll have my head took off, if he was ever in it."

The spy looked round at the two gentlemen; they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry.

"I tell you that you buried paving-stones and earth in

that there coffin. Don't go and tell *me* that you buried Cly. It was a take-in. Me and two more knows it."

"How do you know it?"

"What's that to you? Ecod!" growled Mr. Cruncher. "It's you I have got a old grudge again', is it, with your shameful impositions upon tradesmen! I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

Sydney Carton, who with Mr. Lorry had been lost in amazement at this turn in the business, here requested Mr. Cruncher to explain himself.

"At another time, sir, — the present time is ill-convenient for explainin'. What I stand to, is, that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin. Let him say he was, in so much as a word of one syllable, and I'll either catch hold of his throat and choke him for half a guinea, or I'll out and announce him."

"Humph! I see one thing," said Carton. "I hold another card, Mr. Barsad. Impossible, here in raging Paris, with suspicion filling the air, for you to outlive denunciation when you are in communication with another aristocratic spy who has the mystery about him of having feigned death and come to life again! A plot in the prisons, of the foreigner against the republic. A strong card — a certain guillotine card! Do you play?"

"No!" returned the spy. "I give up. I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death and that Cly was so ferreted up and down that he never would have got away at all but for that sham. Though how this man knows it was a sham is a wonder of wonders to me."

"Never you trouble your head about this man," retorted Mr. Cruncher; "you'll have trouble enough with giving your attention to that gentleman. And look here! Once

more! — I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

The sheep of the prisons turned from him to Sydney Carton, and said with more decision, "It has come to a point. I go on duty soon, and can't overstay my time. You told me you had a proposal; what is it? Now, it is of no use asking too much of me. If you ask me to put my head in great extra danger, I had better trust my life to the chances of a refusal. In short I should make that choice. You talk of desperation. We are all desperate here. Remember! I may denounce you if I think proper, and I can swear my way through stone walls, and so can others. Now what do you want with me?"

"Not very much. You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I tell you once for all, there is no such thing as an escape possible," said the spy firmly.

"Why need you tell me what I have not asked? You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I am sometimes."

"You can be when you choose?"

"I can pass in and out when I choose."

Sydney Carton filled another glass with brandy, poured it slowly out upon the hearth, and watched it as it dropped. It being all spent, he said, rising:

"So far, we have spoken before these two, because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone."

CHAPTER IX

THE GAME MADE

WHILE Sydney Carton and the sheep of the prisons were in the adjoining dark room, speaking so low that not a sound was heard, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry in doubt and mistrust.

“Jerry, come here.”

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

“What have you been, besides a messenger?”

After some cogitation Mr. Cruncher replied:

“Agricultooral character.”

“My mind misgives me much,” said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, “that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson’s as a blind and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, don’t expect me to keep your secret. Tellson’s shall not be imposed upon.”

“I hope, sir,” pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, “that a gentleman wot I’ve had the honor of odd jobbing till I’m grey at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it wos so—I don’t say it is, but even if it wos. It wouldn’t then be all o’ one side. There’d be two sides to ‘it. There might be medical doctors apicking up their guineas where a honest tradesman don’t pick up his fardens—fardens! no, nor yet his half fardens—half fardens! no, nor yet his quarters—abanking away like smoke at Tellson’s, and acocking their medical eyes at that tradesman on the sly, agoing in and out to their own carriages—ah! equally like smoke, if not more so. Well, that ’ud be imposing, too, on Tellson’s. For you cannot sarse the goose and not the gander. And here’s Mrs. Cruncher

afloppin' again' the business to that degree as is ruinatin' — stark ruinatin' ! Whereas them medical doctors' wives don't flop — catch 'em at it — or, if they flop, their floppings goes in favor of more patients. Then wot with undertakers, and wot with parish clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all awaricious and all in it), a man wouldn't get much by it, even if it was so. And wot little a man did get would never prosper with him, Mr. Lorry. He'd never have no good of it; he'd want all along to be out of the line, if he could see his way out, being once in — even if it wos so."

"Ugh!" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless, "I am shocked at the sight of you."

"Now what I would humbly offer to you, sir, even if it wos so, which I don't say it is —"

"Don't prevaricate," said Mr. Lorry.

"No. I will *not*, sir — wot I would humbly offer to you, sir, would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general-light-job you, till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your wishes. If it wos so, which I still don't say it is, let that there boy keep his father's place, and take care of his mother. Don't blow upon that boy's father — do not do it, sir — and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he would have undug — if it wos so — by diggin' of 'em in with a will, and with convictions respectin' the future keepin' of 'em safe. That, Mr. Lorry," said Mr. Cruncher, wiping his forehead with his arm, as an announcement that he had arrived at the conclusion of his discourse, "is wot I would respectfully offer to you, sir. A man don't see all this here agoin' on dreadful round him, in the way of subjects without heads, dear me, plentiful enough fur to bring the price

down to porterage and hardly that, without havin' his serious thoughts of things. And these here would be mine, if it wos so, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good of the cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry. "Say no more now. It may be that I shall yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action — not in words. I want no more words."

Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead as Sydney Carton and the spy returned from the dark room. "Adieu, Mr. Barsad," said the former; "our arrangement thus made, you have nothing to fear from me."

He sat down in a chair near the hearth by Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done.

"Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have ensured access to him once."

Mr. Lorry's countenance fell.

"It is all I could do. To propose too much would be to put this man's head under the axe, and as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. There is no help for it."

"But access to him, if it should go ill before the tribunal, will not save him."

"I never said it would."

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire. His sympathy with his darling, and the heavy disappointment of this second arrest, gradually weakened them; he was an old man now, overborne with anxiety of late, and his tears fell.

"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, in an altered voice. "Forgive me if I notice that you are affected. I could not see my father weep and sit by, careless.

And I could not respect your sorrow more if you were my father. You are free from that misfortune, however."

Though he said the last words with a slip into his usual manner, there was true feeling and respect, both in his tone and in his touch, that Mr. Lorry was wholly unprepared for. He gave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed it.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "Don't tell Her of this interview, or this arrangement with the spy. It would not enable her to go to see him. She might think it was contrived, in case of the worst, to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence."

Mr. Lorry had not thought of that, and he looked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed to be; he returned the look, and evidently understood it.

"She might think a thousand things," Carton said, "and any of them would only add to her trouble. Don't speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came yesterday, I had better not see her. I can put my hand out, to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without that. You are going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate tonight."

"I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you. How does she look?"

"Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful."

"Ah!"

It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh — almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face, which was turned to the fire. A light, or shade (the old gentleman could not have said which) passed from it swiftly, and he lifted his foot to put back one of the little flaming logs which was tumbling forward. He wore a white riding-coat and topboots, and the light of the fire touching

their light surfaces made him look very pale, with his long brown hair, all untrimmed, hanging loose about him. His indifference to fire brought a word of remonstrance from Mr. Lorry; his boot was still upon the hot embers of the flaming log, where it had broken under the weight of his boot.

“ I forgot it,” he said.

Mr. Lorry's eyes were again attracted to his face. Taking note of the wasted air which clouded the naturally handsome features and having the expression of prisoners' faces fresh in his mind, he was strongly reminded of that expression.

“ And your duties here have come to an end, sir? ” said Carton, turning to him.

“ Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my Leave to Pass. I was ready to go.”

They were both silent.

“ Yours is a long life to look back upon, sir,” said Carton, wistfully.

“ I am in my seventy-eighth year.”

“ You have been useful all your life; steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected, and looked up to? ”

“ I have been a man of business ever since I have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy.”

“ See what a place you fill at seventy-eight. How many people will miss you when you leave it empty! ”

“ A solitary old bachelor,” answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. “ There is nobody to weep for me.”

“ How can you say that? Wouldn't She weep for you? Wouldn't her child? ”

“ Yes, yes, thank God. I didn't quite mean what I said.”

“ It is a thing to thank God for, is it not? ”

“ Surely, surely.”

“ If you could say, with truth, to your own solitary heart tonight, ‘ I have secured to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude or respect, of no human creature; I have won myself a tender place in no regard; I have done nothing good or serviceable to be remembered by! ’ your seventy-eight years would be seventy-eight heavy curses, would they not? ”

“ You say truly, Mr. Carton; I think they would be.”

Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire, and after a silence of a few minutes said:

“ I should like to ask you — Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knee seem days of very long ago? ”

Responding to his softened manner, Mr. Lorry answered:

“ Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in the circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now, by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young mother (and I so old), and by many associations of the days when what we call the ‘ World ’ was not so real with me, and my faults were not confirmed in me.”

“ I understand the feeling! ” exclaimed Carton, with a bright flush. “ And you are better for it? ”

“ I hope so.”

Carton terminated the conversation here by rising to help him on with his outer coat. “ But you,” said Mr. Lorry, reverting to the theme, “ you are young.”

“ Yes. I am not old, but my young way was never the way to age. Enough of me.”

“And of me, I am sure,” said Mr. Lorry. “Are you going out?”

“I’ll walk with you to her gate. You know my vagabond and restless habits. If I should prowl about the streets a long time, don’t be uneasy; I shall reappear in the morning. You go to the court tomorrow?”

“Yes, unhappily.”

“I shall be there, but only as one of the crowd. My spy will find a place for me. Take my arm, sir.”

Mr. Lorry did so, and they went downstairs and out in the streets. A few minutes brought them to Mr. Lorry’s destination. Carton left him there, but lingered at a little distance, and turned back to the gate again when it was shut and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day.

“She came out here,” he said, looking about him, “turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps.”

It was ten o’clock at night when he stood before the prison of La Force, where she had stood hundreds of times. A little wood-sawyer, having closed his shop, was smoking his pipe at his shop-door.

“Good night, citizen,” said Sydney Carton, pausing in going by; for the man eyed him inquisitively.

“Good night, citizen.”

“How goes the republic?”

“You mean the Guillotine. Not ill. Sixty-three today. We shall mount to a hundred soon. Samson and his men complain sometimes of being exhausted. Ha, ha, ha! He is so droll, that Samson. Such a barber!”

“Do you often go to see him?”

“Shave? Always. Every day. What a barber! You have seen him at work?”

“Never.”

“Go and see him when he has a good batch. Figure this to yourself, citizen; he shaved the sixty-three today, in less than two pipes! Less than two pipes. Word of honor!”

As the grinning little man held out the pipe he was smoking, to explain how he timed the executioner, Carton was so sensible of a desire to strike the life out of him, that he turned away.

“But you are not English,” said the wood-sawyer, “though you wear English dress?”

“Yes,” said Carton, pausing again, and answering over his shoulder.

“You speak like a Frenchman.”

“I am an old student here.”

“Aha, a perfect Frenchman! Good night, Englishman.”

“Good night, citizen.”

“But go and see that droll dog,” the little man persisted, calling after him. “And take a pipe with you!”

Sydney had not gone far out of sight, when he stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper. Then traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well, several dark and dirty streets—much dirtier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleansed in those times of terror—he stopped at a chemist’s shop, which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a winding, up-hill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man.

Giving this citizen, too, good night, as he confronted him at his counter, he laid the scrap of paper before him.

“Whew!” the chemist whistled softly, as he read it. “For you, citizen?”

“For me.”

“You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen? You know the consequences of mixing them?”

“ Perfectly.”

Certain small packets were made and given to him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, counted out the money for them, and deliberately left the shop.

“ There is nothing more to do,” he said, glancing upward at the moon, “ until tomorrow. I can’t sleep.”

It was not a reckless manner in which he said these words aloud under the fast-sailing clouds, nor was it more expressive of negligence than defiance. It was the settled manner of a tired man who had wandered and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck into his road and saw its end.

Long ago, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise, he had followed his father to the grave. His mother had died, years before. These solemn words which had been read at his father’s grave arose in his mind as he went down the dark streets, among the heavy shadows, with the moon and the clouds sailing on high above him.

“ I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.”

In a city dominated by the axe, alone at night, with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty-three who had been that day put to death and for tomorrow’s victims then awaiting their doom in the prisons, and still of tomorrow’s and tomorrow’s, the chain of association that brought the words home to him might have been easily found. He did not seek it but repeated them and went on.

With a solemn interest in the lighted windows where the people were going to rest, forgetful through a few calm hours of the horrors surrounding them; in the towers of the

churches where no prayers were said; ¹ in the distant burial places; in the abounding jails; and in the streets along which the sixties rolled to death; with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of a city settling down to its short nightly pause in fury, Sydney Carton crossed the Seine again for the lighter streets.

Few coaches were abroad, for riders in coaches were liable to be suspected, and gentility hid its head in red night-caps, put on heavy shoes, and trudged. But the theatres were all well filled, and the people poured cheerfully out as he passed, and went chatting home. At one of the theatre doors there was a little girl with her mother, looking for a way across the street through the mud. He carried the child over, and before the timid arm was loosed from his neck asked her for a kiss.

“I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.”

Now that the streets were quiet and the night wore on, the words were in the echoes of his feet, and were in the air. Perfectly calm and steady, he sometimes repeated them to himself as he walked; but he heard them always.

The night wore out, and as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river walls of the island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if creation were delivered over to Death's dominion.

But the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words,

¹ Religion was expelled from the churches in 1793-1794, and an “age of reason” was declared.

that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long bright rays. And looking along them, with reverently shaded eyes, a bridge of light appeared to span the air between him and the sun, while the river sparkled under it.

The strong tide, so swift, so deep, and certain, was like a congenial friend in the morning stillness. He walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke and was on foot again, he lingered there yet a little longer, watching an eddy that turned and turned purposeless, until the stream absorbed it, and carried it on to the sea. — “Like me!”

A trading boat, with a sail of the softened color of a dead leaf, then glided into his view, floated by him, and died away. As its silent track in the water disappeared, the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of all his poor blindnesses and errors, ended in the words, “I am the resurrection and the life.”

Mr. Lorry was already out when he returned to the bank, and it was easy to surmise where the good old man had gone. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and, having washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of trial.

The court was all astir and abuzz, when the black sheep — whom many fell away from in dread — pressed him into an obscure corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in, she turned a look upon him, so sustaining, so encouraging, so full of admiring love and pitying tenderness, yet so courageous for his sake, that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart. No one noticed it, but the

influence of her look had exactly the same effect on Sydney Carton.

Before that unjust tribunal, there was scarcely any chance of an accused person getting a reasonable hearing. Every eye was turned to the jury. It was composed of life-thirsting, cannibal-looking, bloody-minded jurymen; the whole jury, as a jury of dogs selected to try the deer.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favorable leaning in that quarter today. A fell, uncompromising, murderous business meaning there. Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd and gleamed at it approvingly, and heads nodded at one another before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Re-accused and retaken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night. Suspected and denounced enemy of the republic, aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, in right of such proscription, absolutely dead in law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the public prosecutor.

The President asked, was the accused openly denounced or secretly?

“Openly, President.”

“By whom?”

“Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine vendor of Saint Antoine.”

“Good.”

“Thérèse Defarge, his wife.”

“Good.”

“Alexandre Manette, physician.”

A great uproar took place in the court; and in the midst

of it, Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

“President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child?”

“Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the tribunal would be to put yourself out of law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the republic.”

Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell, and with warmth resumed.

“If the republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the meanwhile, be silent!”

Frantic acclamations were again raised. Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him.

Defarge was produced, when the court was quiet enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly told the story of the imprisonment of Doctor Manette, of his having been a mere boy in the Doctor's service, of the release in 1775, and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

“You did good service at the taking of the Bastille, citizen?”

“I believe so.”

Here an excited woman screeched from the crowd:

“You were one of the best patriots there. Why not say so? You were a cannoneer that day there, and you were

among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell. Patriots, I speak the truth! ”

It was The Vengeance who, amidst the warm commendations of the audience, thus assisted the proceedings. The President rang his bell; but The Vengeance, warming with encouragement, shrieked:

“ I defy that bell! ” wherein she was likewise much commended.

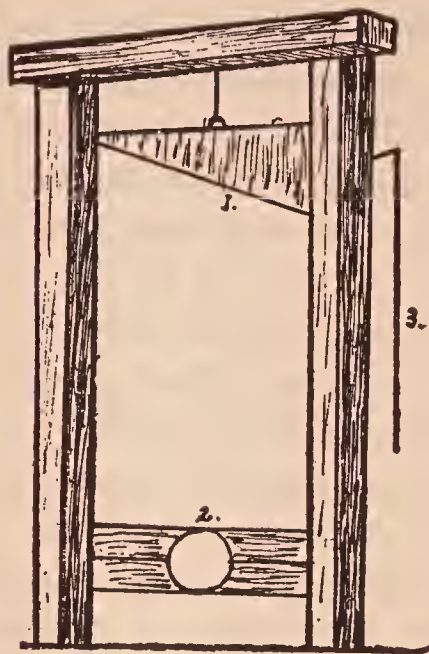
“ Inform the tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille, citizen.”

“ I knew,” said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him; “ I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow citizen who is one of the jury, directed by a jailor. I examine it very closely. In a hole in the chimney where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper. This is that written paper. I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the President.”

“ Let it be read.”

In a dead silence and stillness — the prisoner under trial looking lovingly at his wife, his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father, Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader, Madame Defarge never taking hers from the prisoner, Defarge never taking his from his

feasting wife, and all the other eyes there intent upon the Doctor, who saw none of them—the paper was read as follows.



CHAPTER X

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW

“**I** ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais, and afterwards resident of Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year 1767. I write it at stolen intervals under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust.

“These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in

myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind — that my memory is exact and circumstantial — and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment Seat.

“One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month) in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour’s distance from my place of residence, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast.”

This manuscript of Doctor Manette’s was a description of his experience with the Evrémonde brothers who had caused him to be imprisoned in the Bastille. It told all the particulars as they have been given in the beginning of this story. At the end he had written these words:

“If it had pleased God to put in the hard heart of either of these brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife — so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead — I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth.”

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving and eagerness that had nothing articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the nation but must have dropped before it.

Little need, in presence of that tribunal and that audience, to show how the Defarges had not made the paper public, with the other captured Bastille memorials borne in procession, and had kept it, biding their time. Little need to show that this detested family name had long been cursed by Saint Antoine, and was wrought into the fatal register. The man never trod ground whose virtues and services would have saved him in that place that day against such denunciation.

And all the worse for the doomed man, that the denunciator was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his wife. When the President said (else had his own head quivered on his shoulders), that the great physician of the republic would deserve better still of the republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of aristocrats and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervor, not a touch of human sympathy.

“Much influence around him, has that Doctor?” murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to The Vengeance. “Save him now, my Doctor, save him!”

At every juryman’s vote, there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar. Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an aristocrat, an enemy of the republic, a notorious oppressor of the people. Back to the Conciergerie, and death within four-and-twenty hours!

CHAPTER XI

DUSK

THE wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die fell under the sentence, as if she had been mortally stricken. But she uttered no sound; and so strong was the voice within her, representing that it was she of all the world who must uphold him in his misery and not increase it, that it quickly raised her, even from that shock.

The judges having to take part in a public demonstration out of doors, the tribunal adjourned. The quick noise and movement of the people going out had not ceased, when Lucie stood stretching out her arms towards her husband, with nothing in her face but love and consolation.

“If I might touch him! If I might embrace him once! Oh, good citizens, if you would have so much compassion for us!”

There was but a jailor left, along with two of the four men who had taken him last night, and Barsad. The people had all poured out to the show in the streets. Barsad proposed to the rest, “Let her embrace him then; it is but a moment.” It was silently agreed to, and they passed her over the seats in the hall to a raised place, where he, by leaning over the dock, could fold her in his arms.

“Farewell, dear darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love. We shall meet again, where the weary are at rest!”

They were her husband’s words, as he held her to him.

“I can bear it, dear Charles. I am supported from above: don’t suffer for me. A parting blessing for our child.”

“I send it to her by you. I kiss her by you. I say farewell to her by you.”

“My husband. No! A moment!” He was tearing himself apart from her. “We shall not be separated long. I feel that this will break my heart by and by; but I will do my duty while I can; and when I leave her, God will raise up friends for her, as He did for me.”

Her father had followed her, and would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him, crying:

“No, no! What have you done, what have you done, that you should kneel to us! We know now, what a struggle you made of old. We know now what you underwent when you suspected my descent, and when you knew it. We know now the natural antipathy you strove against, and conquered for her dear sake. We thank you with all our hearts, and all our love and duty. Heaven be with you!”

Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair and wring them with a cry of anguish.

“It could not be otherwise,” said the prisoner. “All things have worked together as they have fallen out. It was the always-vain endeavor to discharge my poor mother's trust that first brought my fatal presence near you. Good could never come of such evil, a happier end was not in nature to so unhappy a beginning. Be comforted, and forgive me. Heaven bless you!”

As he was drawn away, his wife released him, and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer, and with a radiant look upon her face, in which there was even a comforting smile. As he went out at the prisoner's door, she turned, laid her head lovingly on her father's breast, tried to speak to him, and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. Only

her father and Mr. Lorry were with her. His arm trembled as it raised her, and supported her head. Yet there was an air about him that was not all of pity — that had a flush of pride in it.

“Shall I take her to a coach? I shall never feel her weight.”

He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down in a coach. Her father and Mr. Lorry got into it, and he took his seat beside the driver.

When they arrived at the gateway where he had paused in the dark not many hours before to picture to himself on which of the rough stones of the street her feet had trodden, he lifted her again, and carried her up the staircase to their rooms. There he laid her down on a couch, where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

“Don’t recall her to herself,” he said to Miss Pross, “she is better so. Don’t revive her to consciousness, while she only faints.”

“Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton!” cried little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him, in a burst of grief. “Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa! Oh, look at her, dear Carton! Can you, of all the people who love her, bear to see her so?”

He bent over the child, and laid her blooming cheek against his face. Then he put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother.

“Before I go,” he said, and paused — “I may kiss her?”

It was remembered afterwards that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips, he murmured, “A life you love.”

When he had gone out into the next room, he turned suddenly on Mr. Lorry and her father, who were following, and said to the latter:

“ You had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette; let it at least be tried. These judges and all the men in power are very friendly to you, and very recognizant of your services, are they not? ”

“ Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me. I had the strongest assurances that I should save him, and I did.” He returned the answer in great trouble, and very slowly.

“ Try them again. The hours between this and tomorrow afternoon are few and short, but try.”

“ I intend to try. I will not rest a moment.”

“ That’s well. I have known such energy as yours do great things before now — though never,” he added with a smile and a sigh together, “ such great things as this. But try! Of little worth as life is when we misuse it, it is worth that effort. It would cost nothing to lay down if it were not.”

“ I will go,” said Doctor Manette, “ to the prosecutor and the President straight, and I will go to others whom it is better not to name. I will write too — But stay! There is a celebration in the streets, and no one will be accessible until dark.”

“ That’s true. Well! It is a forlorn hope at the best, and not much the forlorn for being delayed till dark. I should like to know how you speed; though, mind! I expect nothing! When are you likely to have seen these dread powers, Doctor Manette? ”

“ Immediately after dark, I should hope. Within an hour or two from this.”

“ It will be dark soon after four. Let us stretch the hour or two. If I go to Mr. Lorry’s at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from our friend or from yourself? ”

“ Yes.”

“ May you prosper! ”

Mr. Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door and, touching him on the shoulder as he was going away, caused him to turn.

“I have no hope,” said Mr. Lorry, in a low and sorrowful whisper.

“Nor have I.”

“If any one of these men, or all of these men, were disposed to spare him — which is a large supposition; for what is his life, or any man’s life to them! — I doubt if they would dare to spare him after the demonstration in the court.”

“And so do I. I heard the fall of the axe in that sound.”

Mr. Lorry leaned his arm upon the doorpost and bowed his face upon it.

“Don’t despond,” said Carton, very gently; “don’t grieve. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise, she might think ‘his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted,’ and that might trouble her.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” returned Mr. Lorry, drying his eyes, “you are right. But he will perish; there is no real hope.”

“Yes. He will perish; there is no real hope,” echoed Carton. And walked with a settled step downstairs.

CHAPTER XII

DARKNESS

SYDNEY CARTON paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. “At Tellson’s banking house at nine,” he said, with a musing face. “Shall I do well, in the meantime, to show myself? I think so. It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here; it is a

sound precaution and may be a necessary preparation. But care, care, care! Let me think it out!"

Checking his steps which had begun to tend towards an object, he took a turn or two in the already darkening street and traced the thought in his mind to its possible consequences. His first impression was confirmed. "It is best," he said, finally resolved, "that these people should know there is such a man as I here." And he turned his face towards Saint Antoine.

Defarge had described himself that day as the keeper of a wine shop in the Saint Antoine suburb. It was not difficult for one who knew the city well to find his house without asking any question. Having ascertained its situation, Carton came out of those closer streets again, dined at a place of refreshment, and fell sound asleep after dinner. For the first time in many years, he had no strong drink. Since last night he had taken nothing but a little light thin wine, and last night he had dropped the brandy slowly down on Mr. Lorry's hearth like a man who had done with it.

It was as late as seven o'clock when he awoke refreshed and went out into the streets again. As he passed along towards Saint Antoine, he stopped at a shop window where there was a mirror and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose necktie, his coat collar, and his wild hair. This done, he went on direct to Defarge's, and went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques Three. This man, whom he had seen upon the jury, stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man and wife. The Vengeance assisted in the conversation, like a regular member of the establishment.

Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked in poor French, as if he did not understand the language, for a small measure of wine. Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and

then a keener, and then a keener, and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he had ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

“English?” asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively raising her dark eyebrows.

After looking at her, as if the sound of even a single French word were slow to express itself to him, he answered, in his former strong foreign accent, “Yes, madame, yes. I am English!”

Madame Defarge returned to her counter to get the wine, and as Carton took up a Jacobin journal and pretended to be puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, “I swear to you, like Evrémonde!”

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him good evening.

“How?”

“Good evening.”

“Oh! Good evening, citizen,” filling his glass. “Ah! and good wine. I drink to the republic.”

Defarge went back to the counter, and said, “Certainly, a little like.”

Madame sternly retorted, “I tell you a good deal like.” Jacques Three pacifically remarked, “He is so much in your mind, see you, Madame.” The amiable Vengeance added, with a laugh, “Yes, my faith! And you are looking forward with so much pleasure to seeing him once more tomorrow.”

Carton followed the lines and words of his paper, with a slow forefinger, and with a studious absorbed face. They were all leaning their arms on the counter close together, speaking low. After a silence of a few moments, during which they all looked towards him, without disturbing his outward attention from the Jacobin paper, they resumed their conversation.

“It is true what madame says,” observed Jacques Three. “Why stop? There is great force in that. Why stop?”

“Well, well,” reasoned Defarge, “but one must stop somewhere. After all, the question is still where?”

“At extermination,” said madame.

“Magnificent!” croaked Jacques Three. The Vengeance also highly approved.

“Extermination is good doctrine, my wife,” said Defarge, rather troubled; “in general, I say nothing against it. But this Doctor has suffered much; you have seen him today; you have observed his face when the paper was read.”

“I have observed his face!” repeated madame, contemptuously and angrily. “Yes. I have observed his face to be not the face of a true friend of the republic. Let him take care of his face!”

“And you have observed, my wife,” said Defarge, in a pleading manner, “the anguish of his daughter, which must be a dreadful anguish to him!”

“I have observed his daughter,” repeated madame; “yes, I have observed his daughter, more times than one. I have observed her today, and I have observed her other days. I have observed her in the court, and I have observed her in the street by the prison. Let me but lift my finger — !” She seemed to raise it (the listener’s eyes were always on his paper), and to let it fall with a rattle on the ledge before her, as if the axe had dropped.

“The citizeness is superb!” croaked the juryman.

“She is an angel!” said The Vengeance, and embraced her.

“As to you,” pursued madame, relentlessly to her husband, “if it depended on you — which, happily, it does not — you would rescue this man even now.”

“No!” protested Defarge. “Not if to lift this glass

would do it! But I would leave the matter there. I say stop there."

"See you then, Jacques," said Madame Defarge, wrathfully; "and see you too, my little Vengeance; see you both! Listen! For other crimes as tyrants and oppressors, I have this race a long time on my register, doomed to destruction and extermination. Ask my husband, is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge, without being asked.

"In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastille falls, he finds this paper of today, and he brings it home, and in the middle of the night when this place is clear and shut, we read it, here on this spot, by the light of this lamp. Ask him, is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge.

"That night, I tell him, when the paper is read through, and the lamp is burnt out, and the day is gleaming in above those shutters and between those iron bars, that I have now a secret to communicate. Ask him, is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge again.

"I communicate to him that secret. I smite this bosom with these two hands as I smite it now, and I tell him, 'Defarge, I was brought up among the fishermen of the seashore, and that peasant family so injured by the two Evrémonde brothers, as that Bastille paper describes, is my family. Defarge, that sister of the mortally wounded boy upon the ground was my sister, that husband was my sister's husband, that brother was my brother, that father was my father, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descends to me!' Ask him, is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge once more.

"Then tell wind and fire where to stop," returned madame, "but don't tell me!"

Both her hearers derived a horrible enjoyment from the deadly nature of her wrath—the listener could feel how

white she was, without seeing her — and both highly commended it. Defarge, a weak minority, interposed a few words for the memory of the compassionate wife of the Marquis; but only elicited from his own wife a repetition of her last reply.

“Tell the wind and the fire where to stop; not me!”

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, perplexedly counted his change, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed towards the National Palace. Madame took him to the door, and put her arm on his, in pointing out the road. The English customer was not without reflections then that it might be a good deed to seize that arm, lift it, and strike under it sharp and deep.

But he went his way, and was soon swallowed up in the shadow of the prison wall. At the appointed hour, he emerged from it to present himself in Mr. Lorry's room again, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. He said he had been with Lucie until just now, and had only left her for a few minutes, to come and keep his appointment. Her father had not been seen since he left the banking house towards four o'clock. She had some faint hopes that his mediation might save Charles, but they were very slight. He had been more than five hours gone. Where could he be?

Mr. Lorry waited until ten; but Doctor Manette not returning, and he being unwilling to leave Lucie any longer, it was arranged that he should go back to her, and come to the banking house again at midnight. In the meanwhile, Carton would wait alone by the fire for the Doctor.

He waited and waited, and the clock struck twelve; but Doctor Manette did not come back. Mr. Lorry returned, and found no tidings of him, and brought none. Where could he be?

They were discussing this question and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged absence when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room, it was plain that all was lost.

Whether he had really been to any one, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, was never known. As he stood staring at them, they asked him no question, for his face told them everything.

"I cannot find it," he said, "and I must have it. Where is it?"

His head and throat were bare, and, as he spoke with a helpless look straying all around, he took his coat off and let it drop on the floor.

"Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere for my bench, and I can't find it. What have they done with my work? Time presses: I must finish those shoes."

They looked at one another, and their hearts died within them.

"Come, come!" he said, in a whimpering miserable way, "let me get to work. Give me my work."

Receiving no answer, he tore his hair, and beat his feet upon the ground like a distracted child.

"Don't torture a poor forlorn wretch," he implored them with a dreadful cry; "but give me my work! What is to become of us, if those shoes are not done tonight?"

Lost, utterly lost!

It was so clearly beyond hope to reason with him, or try to restore him, that they each put a hand upon his shoulder, and soothed him to sit down before the fire, with a promise that he should have his work presently. He sank into the chair, and brooded over the embers, and shed tears. As if all that had happened since the garret time were a fancy or a dream, Mr. Lorry saw him shrink into the exact figure that Defarge had had in keeping.

Affected and impressed with terror as they both were by this spectacle of ruin, it was not a time to yield to such emotions. His lonely daughter, bereft of her final hope and reliance, appealed to them both too strongly. Carton was the first to speak.

“The last chance is gone; it was not much. Yes, he had better be taken to her. But before you go, will you, for a moment, steadily attend to me? Don't ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make and exact the promise I am going to exact; I have a reason — a good one.”

“I do not doubt it,” answered Mr. Lorry. “Say on.”

The figure in the chair between them was all the time rocking itself to and fro and moaning. They spoke in such a tone as they would have used if they had been watching by a sick bed in the night.

Carton stooped to pick up the coat which lay almost entangling his feet. As he did so, a small case in which the Doctor was accustomed to carry the list of his day's duties fell lightly on the floor. Carton took it up, and there was a folded paper in it. “We should look at this?” he said. Mr. Lorry nodded his consent. He opened it, and exclaimed, “Thank God!”

“What is it?” asked Mr. Lorry, eagerly.

“A moment! Let me speak of it in its place. First,” he put his hand in his coat, and took another paper from it, “that is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see — Sydney Carton, an Englishman?”

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing in his earnest face.

“Keep it for me until tomorrow. I shall see him tomorrow, you remember, and I had better not take it into the prison.”

“Why not?”

“ I don't know; I prefer not to do so. Now take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him. It is a similar certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child, at any time, to pass the barrier and the frontier. You see? ”

“ Yes! ”

“ Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil, yesterday. When is it dated? But no matter; don't stay to look; put it up carefully with mine and your own. Now, observe! I never doubted, until within this hour or two, that he had, or could have, such a paper. It is good until recalled. But it may be soon recalled, and I have reason to think will be.”

“ They are not in danger? ”

“ They are in great danger. They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge. I know it from her own lips. I have overheard words of that woman's tonight which have presented their danger to me in strong colors. I have lost no time, and since then, I have seen the spy. He confirms me. He knows that a wood-sawyer, living by the prison wall, is under the control of the Defarges, and has been rehearsed by Madame Defarge as to his having seen Her ” — he never mentioned Lucie's name — “ making signs and signals to prisoners. It is easy to see that the pretence will be the common one, a prison plot, and that it will involve her life — and perhaps her child's — and perhaps her father's — for both have been seen with her at that place. Don't look so horrified. You will save them all.”

“ Heaven grant I may, Carton! But how? ”

“ I am going to tell you how. It will depend on you, and it could depend on no better man. This new denunciation will certainly not take place until after tomorrow; probably not until two or three days afterwards; more probably a week afterwards. You know it is a capital crime to mourn for, or sympathize with, a victim of the

guillotine. She and her father would, of course, be guilty of this crime, and this woman would wait to add that strength to her case to make herself doubly sure. You follow me?"

"So attentively, and with so much confidence in what you say, that for the moment I lose sight," touching the back of the Doctor's chair, "even of this distress."

"You have money, and can buy the means of traveling to the sea coast as quickly as the journey can be made. Your preparations have been completed for some days to return to England. Early tomorrow have your horses ready, so that they may be in starting trim at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"It shall be done!"

His manner was so fervent and inspiring that Mr. Lorry caught the flame and was as quick as youth.

"You are a noble heart. Did I say we could depend upon no better man? Tell her tonight what you know of her danger as involving her child and her father. Dwell upon that, for she would lay her own fair head beside her husband's cheerfully." He faltered for an instant; then went on as before. "For the sake of her child and her father, press upon her the necessity of leaving Paris, with them and you, at that hour. Tell her that it was her husband's last arrangement. Tell her that more depends upon it than she dare believe or hope. You think that her father; even in this sad state, will submit himself to her, do you not?"

"I am sure of it."

"I thought so. Quietly and steadily have all these arrangements made in the courtyard here, even to the taking of your own seat in the carriage. The moment I come to you, take me in, and drive away."

"I understand that I wait for you under all circumstances?"

“ You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England! ”

“ Why, then,” said Mr. Lorry, grasping his eager but so firm and steady hand, “ it does not all depend on one old man, but I shall have a young and ardent man at my side.”

“ By the help of heaven, you shall! Promise me solemnly that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to one another.”

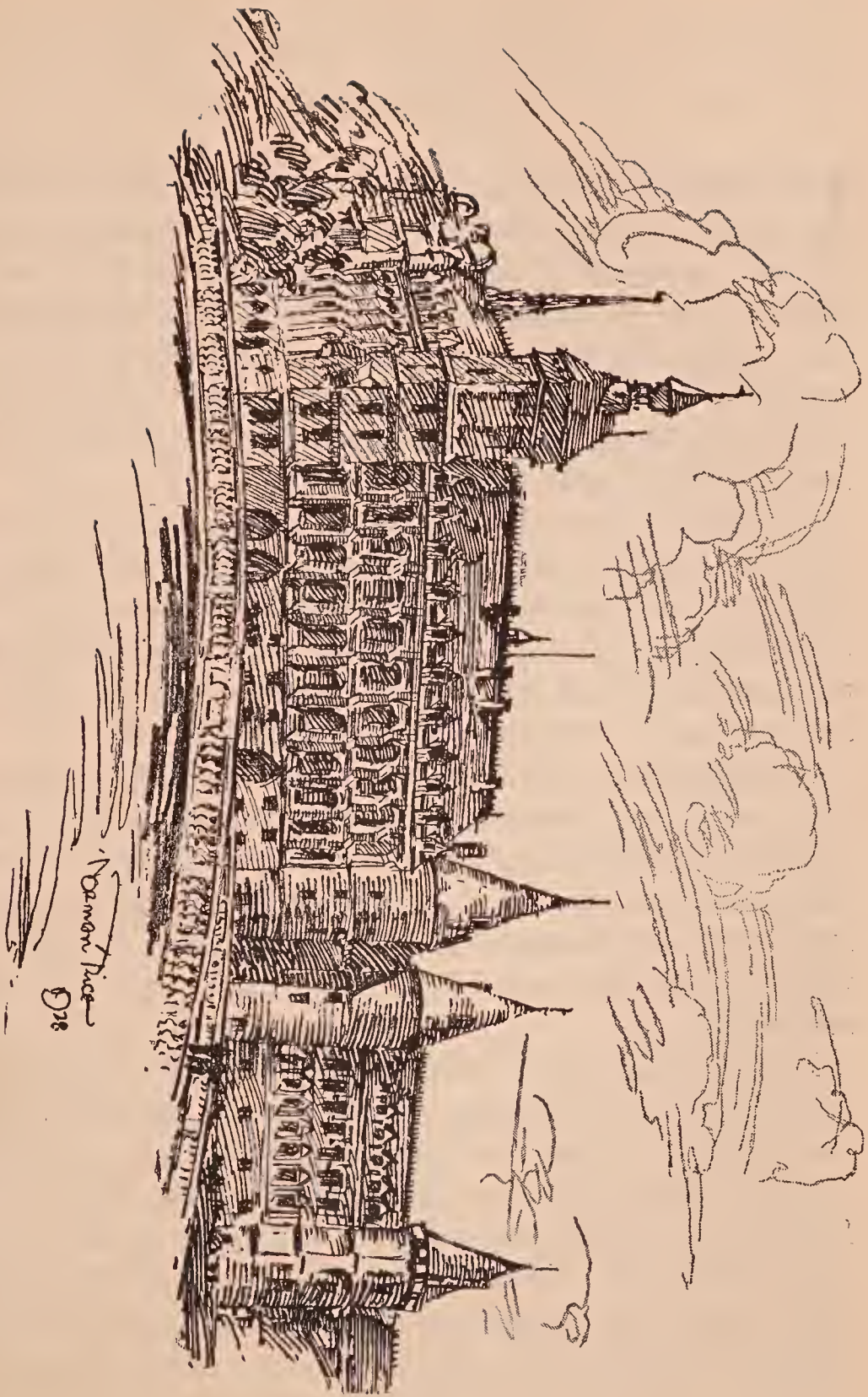
“ Nothing, Carton.”

“ Remember these words tomorrow: change the course, or delay in it — for any reason — and no life can possibly be saved, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed.”

“ I will remember them. I hope to do my part faithfully.”

“ And I hope to do mine. Now, good-bye! ”

Though he said it with a grave smile of earnestness, and though he even put the old man's hand to his lips, he did not part from him then. He helped him to arouse the rocking figure before the dying embers, to get a cloak and hat put upon it, and to tempt it forth to find where the bench and work were hidden that it moaningly besought to have. He walked on the other side of it and protected it to the courtyard of the house where the afflicted heart — so happy in the memorable time when he had revealed his own desolate heart to it — outwatched the awful night. He entered the courtyard and remained there for a few moments alone, looking up at the light in the window of her room. Before he went away, he breathed a blessing towards it, and a farewell.



Conciergerie

178

In the Black Prison of the Conciergerie.

CHAPTER XIII

FIFTY-TWO

IN THE black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea. Two score and twelve were told off; from the farmer-general tax collector of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the young dressmaker of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the tribunal. In every line of the narrative, he had heard his condemnation. He fully understood that no personal influence could save him, that he was sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen. If, for a moment, he succeeded in making himself feel resigned, then his wife and child who had to live after him seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But all this was at first. Before long, the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet and that numbers went the same road wrongfully and trod it firmly every day sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones depended on his quiet fortitude. So by degrees he calmed into the better state, when he could raise his thoughts much higher and draw comfort down.

Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation,

he had traveled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of his real name was the one condition — fully intelligible now — that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her, for her father's sake, never to seek to know whether her father had entirely forgotten about the paper, or had it recalled to him (for the moment or for good), by the story of the Tower, on that old Sunday under the dear old plane tree in the garden. If he had remembered it, there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed with the Bastille, when he had found no mention of it among the relics of prisoners which the people had discovered there and which had been described to all the world. He besought her — though he added that he knew it was needless — to console her father by impressing him with every tender means she could think of, with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing, and her overcoming of her sorrow to devote herself to their dear child, he adjured her, as they would meet in heaven, to comfort her father.

To her father himself, he wrote in the same strain; but he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care. He told him this very strongly, with the

hope of rousing him from any despondency or dangerous brooding spells.

To Mr. Lorry, he commended them all and explained his worldly affairs. That done, with many added sentences of grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He never thought of Carton. His mind was so full of the others that he never once thought of him.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on his straw bed, he thought he had done with this world.

But it beckoned him back in his sleep and showed itself in shining forms. Free and happy, back in the old house in Soho, unaccountably released and light of heart, he was with Lucie again, and she told him it was all a dream, and he had never gone away. A pause of forgetfulness, and then he had even suffered, and had come back to her, dead and at peace, and yet there was no difference in him. Another pause of oblivion, and he awoke in the somber morning, unconscious where he was or what had happened, until it flashed upon his mind, "This is the day of my death!"

Thus had he come through the hours to the day when the fifty-two heads were to fall. And now while he was composed and hoped that he could meet the end with quiet heroism, a new action began in his waking thoughts, which was very difficult to master.

He had never seen the instrument that was to terminate his life. How high it was from the ground; how many steps it had, where he would be stood, how he would be touched, whether the touching hands would be dyed red, which way his face would be turned, whether he would be the first or might be the last—these and many similar questions came into his mind over and over again. Neither were they connected with fear; he was conscious of no

fear. Rather they originated in the desire to know what to do when the time came.

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away.

The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for his loved ones.

He had been told that the final hour was three, but he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, as the tumbrils jolted slowly and heavily through the streets. Therefore he resolved to keep two before his mind as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard one struck away from him, without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English:

"He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features, and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his

look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But he spoke, and it was his voice. He took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her — your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means. I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it — take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them. Put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place. It never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that necktie for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me

take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine! ”

With wonderful quickness, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

“Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished. It never can be done. It has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine.”

“Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?”

“It was when you came in.”

“Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!”

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table.

Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

“Write exactly as I speak.”

“To whom do I address it?”

“To no one.” Carton still had his hand in his breast.

“Do I date it?”

“No.”

The prisoner looked up at each question, Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looking down.

“‘If you remember,’” said Carton, dictating, “‘the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them.’”

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner, chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

“Have you written ‘forget them’?” asked Carton.

“I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?”

“No; I am not armed.”

“What is in your hand?”

“You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words now.” He dictated again. “‘I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief.’” As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer’s face.

The pen dropped from Darnay’s fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

“What vapor is that?” he asked.

“Vapor?”

“Something that crossed me?”

“I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!”

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton — his hand again in his breast — looked steadily at him.

“Hurry, hurry!”

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

“‘If it had been otherwise’”; Carton’s hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; “‘I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise’”; the hand was at the prisoner’s face; “‘I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise,’” Carton looked at the pen and saw it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton’s hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look, but Carton’s hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton’s left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down

his life for him; but within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called, "Enter there! Come in!" and the spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast. "Is your risk very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my risk is not that, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me; I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the spy nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already to go through with this that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the

courtyard you know of; place him yourself in the carriage. Show him yourself to Mr. Lorry. Tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and his promise of last night, and drive away! ”

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The spy returned immediately with two men.

“How, then?” said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. “So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?”

“A good patriot,” said the other, “could hardly have been more afflicted if the aristocrat had drawn a blank.”

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

“The time is short, Evrémonde,” said the spy in a warning voice.

“I know it well,” answered Carton. “Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me.”

“Come then, my children,” said Barsad. “Lift him, and come away!”

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. He listened for any sound that might denote suspicion. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along, but no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clock struck two. Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he knew their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened, and finally his own. A jailor, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, “Follow me, Evrémonde!” and he followed into a large dark room at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and he could only dimly see the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were

standing; some seated. Some were lamenting and in restless motion, but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing to embrace him as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery, but the man went on. A very few moments after that a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet face in which there was no vestige of color, and large widely opened patient eyes, rose from the seat where she had been sitting, and came to speak to him.

“Citizen Evrémonde,” touching him with her cold hand, “I am the poor little seamstress who was with you in La Force.”

He murmured for answer, “True. I forget what you were accused of?”

“Plots. Though the just heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?”

The forlorn smile with which she said it so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

“I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the republic which is to do so much good to us poor will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor, weak little creature!”

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable little girl.

“I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true?”

“It was. But I was again taken and condemned.”

“If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you

let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

The same shadows that are falling on the prison are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes here? Whom have we within? Papers!"

The papers are handed out, and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?"

This is he; this helpless, inarticulately murmuring, wandering old man is pointed out.

"Apparently the Citizen-Doctor is not in his right mind? The Revolution fever will have been too much for him?"

Greatly too much for him.

"Hah! Many suffer with it. Lucie. His daughter. French. Which is she?"

This is she.

"Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evrémonde, is it not?"

"It is," said Mr. Lorry.

"Hah! Evrémonde has an appointment elsewhere. Lucie, her child. English. This is she?"

She and no other.

"Kiss me, child of Evrémonde. Now thou hast kissed a

good republican; something new in thy family; remember it! Sydney Carton. Advocate. English. Which is he?"

He lies here in this corner of the carriage. He, too, is pointed out.

"Apparently the English advocate is in a swoon?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresher air. It is represented that he is not in strong health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the republic.

"Is that all? It is not a great deal, that! Many are under the displeasure of the republic, and must look out at the little window.¹ Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

"I am he. Necessarily, being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has alighted and stands with his hand on the coach door, replying to a group of officials. It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. The officials leisurely walk round the carriage and leisurely mount the box, to look at what little luggage it carries on the roof. The country people hanging about press nearer to the coach doors and greedily stare in. A little child carried by its mother has its short arm held out for it that it may touch the wife of an aristocrat who has gone to the guillotine.

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, countersigned."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postilions! A good journey!"

"I salute you, citizens. — And the first danger passed!"

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry, as he clasps his hands, and looks upward. There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveler.

¹ To be guillotined.

“Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?” asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

“It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much; it would rouse suspicion.”

“Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued!”

“The road is clear, my dearest. So far, we are not pursued.”

Houses in twos and threes pass by us, solitary farms, ruinous buildings, dye works, tanneries, and the like, open country, avenues of leafless trees. The hard uneven pavement is under us, the soft deep mud is on either side. Sometimes we strike into the mud to avoid the stones that clatter us and shake us; sometimes we stick in ruts and sloughs there. The agony of our impatience is then so great, that in our wild alarm and hurry we are for getting out and running — hiding — doing anything but stopping.

Out of the open country, in again among ruinous buildings, solitary farms, dye works, tanneries, and the like, cottages in twos and threes, avenues of leafless trees. Have these men deceived us, and taken us back by another road? Is not this the same place twice over? Thank heaven, no. A village. Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued! Hush! the posting-house.

Leisurely, our four horses are taken out; leisurely, the coach stands in the little street bereft of horses, and with no likelihood upon it of ever moving again; leisurely, the new horses come into view, one by one; leisurely the new postilions follow, sucking and plaiting the lashes of their whips; leisurely, the old postilions count their money, make wrong additions, and arrive at dissatisfied results. All the time our overfraught hearts are beating at a rate that would far outstrip the fastest gallop of the fastest horses ever born.

At length the new postilions are in their saddles, and the

old are left behind. We are through the village, up the hill, and down the hill, and on the low watery grounds. Suddenly, the postilions exchange speech with animated gesticulation, and the horses are pulled up, almost on their haunches. We are pursued?

“Ho! within the carriage there. Speak then!”

“What is it?” asks Mr. Lorry, looking out at window.

“How many did they say?”

“I do not understand you.”

“—At the last post. How many to the guillotine to-day?”

“Fifty-two.”

“I said so! A brave number! My fellow citizen here would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The guillotine goes handsomely. I love it. Hi, forward. Whoop!”

The night comes on dark. He moves more. He is beginning to revive, and to speak intelligibly. He thinks they are still together. He asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O pity us, kind heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but, so far, we are pursued by nothing else.

CHAPTER XIV

THE KNITTING DONE

AT THAT time when the fifty-two awaited their fate, Madame Defarge held a council with The Vengeance and Jacques Three of the revolutionary jury. Not in the wine shop did madame confer, but in the shed of the wood-

sawyer, once a mender of roads. The sawyer himself did not participate in the conference, but abided at a little distance, like an outer satellite who was not to speak until required.

“But our Defarge,” said Jacques Three, “is undoubtedly a good republican?”

“There is no better,” The Vengeance protested in her shrill notes, “in France.”

“Peace, little Vengeance,” said Madame Defarge, laying her hand with a slight frown on her lieutenant’s lips, “hear me speak. My husband, fellow citizen, is a good republican and a bold man; he has deserved well of the republic and possesses its confidence. But my husband has his weaknesses, and he is so weak as to relent towards this Doctor.”

“It is a great pity,” croaked Jacques Three, dubiously shaking his head. “It is not quite like a good citizen. It is a thing to regret.”

“See you,” said madame, “I care not for this Doctor, I. He may wear his head or lose it, for any interest I have in him. It is all one to me. But the Evrémonde people are to be exterminated, and the wife and child must follow the husband and father.”

“She has a fine head for it,” croaked Jacques Three. “I have seen blue eyes and golden hair there, and they looked charming when Samson held them up.”

Madame Defarge cast down her eyes and reflected a little.

“The child also,” observed Jacques Three, “has golden hair and blue eyes. And we seldom have a child there. It is a pretty sight.”

“In a word,” said Madame Defarge, coming out of her short abstraction, “I cannot trust my husband in this matter. Not only do I feel since last night that I dare not

confide to him the details of my projects; but also I feel that if I delay, there is danger of his giving warning, and then they might escape."

"That must never be," croaked Jacques Three. "No one must escape. We have not half enough as it is. We ought to have six score a day."

"In a word," Madame Defarge went on, "my husband has not my reason for pursuing this family to annihilation, and I have not his reason for regarding this Doctor with any feeling. I must act for myself, therefore. Come hither, little citizen."

The wood-sawyer, who held her in respect and himself in the submission of mortal fear, advanced with his hand to his red cap.

"Touching those signals, little citizen," said Madame Defarge sternly, "that she made to the prisoners. You are ready to bear witness to them this very day?"

"Ay, ay, why not! Every day in all weathers, from two to four, always signalling, sometimes with the little one, sometimes without. I know what I know. I have seen with my eyes." He made all manner of gestures while he spoke, as if in imitation of signals that he had never seen.

"Clearly plots," said Jacques Three. "Transparently!"

"There is no doubt of the jury?" inquired Madame Defarge, letting her eyes turn to him with a gloomy smile.

"Rely upon the patriotic jury, dear citizeness. I answer for my fellow jurymen."

"Now, let me see," said Madame Defarge, pondering again. "Yet once more! Can I spare this Doctor to my husband? I have no feeling either way. Can I spare him?"

"He would count as one head," observed Jacques Three in a low voice. "We really have not heads enough. It would be a pity to spare him, I think."

"He was signalling with her when I saw her," argued

increase its progress during the precious night, when delay was the most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of giving real service, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had seen the coach start, *had known who it was that Solomon brought*, and had passed some ten minutes in tortures of suspense. They were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, now drew nearer and nearer. Miss Pross was so agitated that she could hardly speak, or stand, or move, or live, as they consulted in the deserted lodging.

“Now, what do you think, Mr. Cruncher, of our not starting from this courtyard? Another carriage having already gone from here today, it might awaken suspicion.”

“My opinion, miss, is as you’re right. Likewise wot I’ll stand by you, right or wrong.”

“I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures,” said Miss Pross, wildly crying, “that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are *you* capable of forming any plan, my dear good Mr. Cruncher?”

“Respectin’ a future spear o’ life, miss, I hope so. Respectin’ any present use of this here blessed old head of mine, I think not. Would you do me the favor, miss, to take notice o’ two promises and wows wot it is my wish fur to record in this here crisis?”

“Oh, for gracious sake!” cried Miss Pross, still wildly crying, “record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man.”

“First,” said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble and spoke with an ashy and solemn visage, “them poor things well out o’ this, never no more will I do it, never no more!”

“I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher, that you never will do

it again, whatever it is, and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is."

"No, miss, it shall not be named to you. Second, them poor things well out o' this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more!"

"Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be," said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, "I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence. — Oh, my poor darlings!"

"I go so far as to say, miss, moreover — and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself — that my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be aflopping at the present time."

"There, there, there! I hope she is, my dear man, and I hope she finds it answering her expectations."

"Forbid as anything wot I have ever said or done should be wisited on my earnest wishes for them poor creeters now. Forbid it as we shouldn't all flop (if it was anyways convenient) to get 'em out o' this here dismal risk!"

And still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If ever we get back to our native land, you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember of what you have so impressively said, and you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. — Now, let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think!"

Still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If you were to go before," said Miss Pross, "and stop the carriage and horses from coming here, and were to wait somewhere for me, wouldn't that be best?"

Mr. Cruncher thought it might be best.

“Where could you wait for me?”

Mr. Cruncher was so bewildered that he could think of no locality but Temple Bar. Alas! Temple Bar was hundreds of miles away, and Madame Defarge was drawing very near indeed.

“By the cathedral door; would it be much out of the way to take me in near the great cathedral door between the two towers?”

“No, miss.”

“Then, like the best of men, go to the posting-house straight, and make that change.”

“I am doubtful,” hesitating and shaking his head, “about leaving of you alone, you see. We don’t know what may happen.”

“Heaven knows we don’t, but have no fear for me. Take me in at the cathedral, at three o’clock, or as near it as you can. I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher! Think! — not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!”

This discourse, and Miss Pross’s two hands in quite agonized entreaty clasping his, decided Mr. Cruncher. With an encouraging nod or two, he immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed.

She looked at her watch, and it was twenty minutes past two. She had no time to lose, but must get ready at once. Afraid, in her extreme agitation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. She could not bear to have her sight obscured for a minute at a time by the dripping water, but constantly paused, and looked round to see that there was no one watching her.



By the great cathedral door, . . . between the two towers.

In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By strange stern ways, and through much staining blood, those feet had come to meet that water.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her and said:

“The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?”

It flashed upon Miss Pross’s mind that the doors were all open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the room which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge’s dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her. Years had not tamed the wildness or softened the grimness of her appearance; but she, too, was a determined woman in her different way, and she measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

“You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer,” said Miss Pross, in her breathing. “Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an English woman.”

Madame Defarge looked at her scornfully, but still with something of Miss Pross’s own perception that they two were at bay. She saw a tight, hard, wiry woman before her, as Mr. Lorry had seen in the same figure a woman with a strong hand, in the years gone by. She knew full well that Miss Pross was the family’s devoted friend. Miss Pross knew full well that Madame Defarge was the family’s worst enemy.

“On my way yonder,” said Madame Defarge, with a slight movement of her hand towards the fatal spot, “where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come

to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it, I'll hold my own against them."

Each spoke in her own language. Neither understood the other's words. Both were very watchful and intent to learn, from look and manner, what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment. Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear?"

"If those eyes of yours were bed-wiches, and I was an English four-poster, they shouldn't loose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman. I am your match."

Madame Defarge was not likely to follow these remarks in detail, but she so far understood them as to perceive that she was set at nought.

"Woman imbecile and pig-like!" frowning, "I get no answer from you. I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!" This, with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, except the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it," said Miss Pross.

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her, but she now advanced one step.

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross, "I am desperate. I don't care an English twopence for myself. I know that the

longer I keep you here the greater hope there is for my Ladybird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head if you lay a finger on me! ”

Thus Miss Pross, with a shake of her head and a flash of her eyes between every rapid sentence, and every rapid sentence a whole breath. Thus Miss Pross, who had never struck a blow in her life.

But her courage was of that emotional nature that brought tears into her eyes. This was a courage that Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness.

“ Ha, ha! ” she laughed, “ you poor wretch! What are you worth! I address myself to that Doctor.” Then she raised her voice and called out:

“ Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge! ”

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps the expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden doubt, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Thrée of the doors she quickly opened and looked in.

“ Those rooms are all in disorder. There has been hurried packing; there are odds and ends upon the floor. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look.”

“ Never! ” said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

“ If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back,” said Madame Defarge to herself.

“ As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do,” said Miss Pross to herself; “ and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you.”

“I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me. I will tear you to pieces, but I will have you from that door.”

“We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary courtyard. We are not likely to be heard. I pray for bodily strength to keep you here, while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling.”

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike. Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge struck and tore her face; but Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist. “It is under my arm,” said Miss Pross, in smothered tones, “you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you. I bless heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!”

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone, — blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

In the first fright and horror of her situation, Miss Pross passed the body as far from it as she could, and ran down the stairs to call for help. Fortunately she thought of the terrible consequences of doing this, in time to check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again; but she did go in, and even went near it to get the bonnet

and other things that she must wear. These she put on, out on the staircase, first shutting and locking the door and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few moments to breathe and to cry, and then got up and hurried away.

By good fortune she had a veil on her bonnet, or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped. By good fortune, too, she was naturally so peculiar in appearance as not to show disfigurement like any other woman. She needed both advantages, for the marks of griping fingers were deep in her face, her hair was torn, and her dress (hastily composed with unsteady hands) was clutched and dragged a hundred ways.

In crossing the bridge, she dropped the door key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral some few minutes before her escort and waiting there, she thought, what if the key were already taken in a net, what if it were identified, what if the door were opened and the remains discovered, what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder!

In the midst of these fluttering thoughts, the escort Jerry appeared, took her in, and took her away.

"Is there any noise in the streets?" she asked him.

"The usual noises," Mr. Cruncher replied, and looked surprised by the question and by her appearance.

"I don't hear you. What did you say?" asked Miss Pross.

It was in vain for Mr. Cruncher to repeat what he said. Miss Pross could not hear him. "So I'll nod my head," thought Mr. Cruncher, amazed, "at all events she'll see that." And she did.

"Is there any noise in the streets, now?" asked Miss Pross again presently.

Again Mr. Cruncher nodded his head.



Norman Price
D 28

In crossing the bridge, she dropped the key in the river. (The Pont-Neuf, as it appeared at the time of the story.)

“ I don't hear.”

“ Gone deaf in an hour? ” said Mr. Cruncher, ruminating, with his mind much disturbed; “ wot's come to her? ”

“ I feel as if there had been a flash and a crash, and that crash was the last thing I should ever hear in this life.”

“ Blest if she ain't in a queer condition! Wot can she have been atakin' to keep her courage up? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, miss? ”

“ I can hear nothing,” said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her. “ Oh, my good man, there was first a great crash, and then a great stillness, and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts.”

“ If she don't hear the roll of them dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end,” said Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, “ it's my opinion that indeed she never will hear anything else in this world.”

And indeed she never did.

CHAPTER XV

THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOR EVER

ALONG the Paris streets the death carts rumbled, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. There is a guard of horsemen riding beside the tumbrils. Many faces are turned up to these horsemen to ask a question. It would seem to be always the same question, for after the answer there is always a crowd towards the third cart. The horsemen beside that cart frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is to know which is he. He stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse

with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl.

Here and there cries are raised against him. If they move him at all it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the spy. He looks into the first of them: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

"The man cries, "Down, Evrémonde! To the guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the spy entreats him timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit; it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evrémonde then sees the spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, when the tumbrils, with great crowds following, arrive at the guillotine. There is also a great crowd in waiting. In front of the guillotine, seated in chairs, are a number of women busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Thérèse!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge!"

“She never missed before,” says a knitting woman of the sisterhood.

“No; nor will she now,” cries The Vengeance, petulantly. “Thérèse!”

“Louder,” the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear you. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

“Bad fortune!” cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair, “and here are the tumbrils! and Evrémonde will be dispatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!”

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation in the chair to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. *Crash!* — A head is held up, and the knitting women, who scarcely lifted their eyes at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count one.

The second tumbril empties and moves on. The third comes up. *Crash!* — And the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the young girl is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised.

He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine, that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

“But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed.

I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart. I should not have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here today. I think you were sent to me by heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me — just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate — for I cannot write — and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes; better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as I came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind, strong face which gives me so much support, is this: — If the republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think," the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble, "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

“It cannot be, my child; there is no time there, and no trouble there.”

“You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?”

“Yes.”

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The thin hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him — is gone; the knitting women count twenty-two.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.

* * *

They said of him about the city that night that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe — a woman, had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

“I see Barsad, Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the jury-men, the judge, long ranks of the new oppressors, perishing on this same guillotine. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this terrible Revolution.

“I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom,

who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see Her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see Her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honored and held more sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place¹ — then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement — and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

¹ Place de la Concorde, one of the most beautiful squares in the world. The spot where the guillotine stood is commemorated by a monument.

QUESTIONS AND LESSON HELPS

BOOK I

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER I

1. Who was put into prison? What was the name of the prison? In what city? 2. In what year was the person imprisoned? 3. What was his nationality? 4. In what city was he born? 5. In what year was he released from prison? 6. What was the name of the ones who caused the imprisonment? 7. What woman wanted to give money and jewels to a certain poor family? 8. What person said he would be faithful to the request of his mother and try to help the poor family whom his father and uncle had injured? 9. What was the name of the boy servant of the one imprisoned? 10. What was the nationality of the wife of the one imprisoned?

11. Who wrote a letter to the Ministry complaining about the crimes of murder committed by the nobles? 12. Who made a cross of blood in the air and denounced the nobles? 13. Who took his sister away to a place where she would never be a victim of certain nobles? 14. Whom did the nobles harness up like a horse to work in the fields? 15. What became of the husband of the sick girl? Of her father? Of her brother? 16. What taxes in general did the poor people of France pay at this time? 17. What taxes in general did the rich people pay? 18. Who refused gold offered by the rich nobles and why? 19. Of what historical event does this chapter show the cause?

EXERCISES, CHAPTER I

1. In your notebook have a picture of the Bastille, showing the eight great towers and placing below it a few lines telling its origin.
2. Represent this entire scene in a dramatic form, with members of the class taking parts. Five scenes can be made from Chapter I.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTERS II, III, AND IV

1. How long did the imprisonment last? 2. Who was born while the father was in prison? 3. Where was this child taken when about three years of age? 4. Who took the child to that place? 5. How old was the child when the father was released from prison? 6. By what name did her father call himself, when released? 7. What business house in Paris wished to have her father identified? 8. Who

was sent to identify him? 9. From what business house did this person come? 10. Where was this particular business house located?

11. How far is it from London to Dover? At the present time how long does it take to make that journey? How long did it take in 1775? Why? 12. How many passengers were in the particular stage described in this chapter? 13. Where was the bank clerk going? Why? 14. What message was sent to the bank clerk? 15. *A Tale of Two Cities* is the story of — 16. The two cities are — 17. The most important character in *A Tale of Two Cities* is — 18. A very famous prison in Paris was — 19. In 1775 Doctor Manette was released from the — 20. Doctor Manette had been put into the Bastille in the year —

21. — took Doctor Manette from the prison, when he was released, and cared for him. What did Doctor Manette say that his name was? 22. Doctor Manette was a prisoner for nearly — years. 23. Doctor Manette was put into prison by — 24. Doctor Manette was born in the town of — 25. Was Doctor Manette's wife English or French? 26. What famous bank had a branch both in London and Paris? 27. A mental and physical wreck was the condition of — 28. Lucie Manette had been brought up to believe — 29. The bank clerk had taken — over to England when about — years old, to live among her — people.

30. Lucie Manette had — hair, — eyes, — figure, and — face. 31. When Lucie Manette first saw her father, he was making — 32. When the stagecoach reached Dover, how many passengers were there? 33. When Mr. Lorry went to Dover he was about — years of age. 34. At Dover Mr. Lorry told Lucie that her father was — 35. At Dover Mr. Lorry met for the first time — 36. When Tellson's Bank sent a message to Mr. Lorry in the stage coach, he sent back these words — 37. Tellson's Bank was — years old. 38. Gaspard dipped his finger in red wine and wrote on the wall the word — 39. Defarge erased with mud the word that Gaspard wrote on the wall and suggested that he write all such words —

40. Defarge greeted the child of his old master by — 41. When Lucie Manette found her father in the garret over the wine shop, he wore about his neck — 42. When Doctor Manette was about to leave the wine shop and get into the stagecoach with Lucie and Mr. Lorry, Madame Defarge did him the favor of — 43. Describe Ernest Defarge, giving his age and general appearance. 44. Describe Madame Defarge, giving her age and general appearance. 45. Describe the condition of the people in Paris in 1775.

EXERCISES, CHAPTERS II, III, IV

1. What was the other business of Jerry besides working for Tellson's Bank?
2. Why do doctors sometimes want dead bodies?
3. Is this necessary for the advancement of the medical science?

4. How have they learned about the human body? 5. How do they get more advanced knowledge at the present time? 6. Do you think that it would be right for all bodies to be examined after death to determine the nature of the disease and how to treat such diseases in future? 7. Was it the best plan to keep Lucie Manette ignorant of the fate of her father, or would it have been better to have her grow up knowing the truth? 8. When is it wise and when is it not wise (if ever) to tell the children all about their relatives and ancestors? 9. In your notebooks have a picture of the little town of Dover and of an old-fashioned stagecoach. 10. Study dramatization of scenes at the end of the book.

BOOK II

QUESTIONS, CHAPTERS I, II, III

1. What complaint against his wife did Jerry Cruncher make? Did he believe in prayer? Why did he object to his wife's actions? 2. In what way did Dickens criticize Tellson's Bank in London? 3. Describe the Old Bailey. For what is it noted? 4. What remark does Dickens make about "disowning their children," in his comparison of the bank with England? Does this remark sound more like a radical or a conservative? 5. What is the meaning of the criticism that the Old Bailey stood for the old idea that "Whatever is, is right"? How does Dickens answer that? Does this show conservative characteristics in him? 6. In 1780 Charles Darnay was accused of helping what country at war with England? 7. Why was Charles Darnay accused of treason? 8. How long did the trial of Darnay last in the Old Bailey? 9. What occupation did Jerry Cruncher have at the trial of Darnay at the Old Bailey? 10. The four witnesses who gave injurious testimony at Darnay's trial were —?

11. What testimony at this trial was given by Lucie Manette? 12. Describe the reference to George Washington at this trial. Did it prove true? At that time how did many Englishmen regard Washington? Why? Were they justified in their opinions? 13. After the trial what favor did Carton do for Darnay? 14. What message did Mr. Lorry send to the bank after Charles Darnay's trial at the Old Bailey? 15. How does Dickens describe the liquor question of the eighteenth century? 16. In what year did this trial take place? 17. What did Charles Darnay say to Lucie in 1775 concerning the part England had in the war with America? 18. Were trials in the Old Bailey open to the public? Explain. 19. What message did Carton deliver to Darnay about Lucie? 20. What message did Carton deliver from Darnay to Lucie?

21. Why was Doctor Manette affected when looking at Darnay after the trial in the Old Bailey? 22. What remarks of Carton made Mr. Lorry a little angry? Which was right? Is it so necessary as

Mr. Lorry thought to be careful of appearances? What did Mr. Carton think about such things in connection with himself? Would he have been better situated if he had had more of the care for business appearance? 23. Where had Carton studied law besides in England? 24. To what did Stryver refer when he said, "That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification. How did you come by it? When did it strike you?" 25. Who helped Lucie Manette to take care of her father when they were crossing the English Channel in 1775? 26. What four people went from Paris to London in 1775? 27. In what prison was Charles Darnay tried in 1780? 28. What was meant by *blood money*? Do you know any circumstances, past or present, that illustrate this? Was England justified in maintaining the system which Dickens criticized? Have any countries such a system at present? 29. What part did John Barsad take in the trial of Charles Darnay in 1780? 30. What part did Roger Cly take in the trial of Charles Darnay in 1780?

31. Did Dickens criticize the government of his own country unfavorably? Was he justified in doing this? What kind of feeling have the English people towards Dickens? 32. Why was Sydney Carton called a jackal and Mr. Stryver a lion? 33. How did Sydney Carton describe himself to Darnay? 34. What three qualities did Sydney Carton lack? 35. Explain the reference to a mirage in Chapter III. Who was the cause? What, exactly, was this mirage; of what was it composed, in the sudden desires of Carton? Was it necessary for Carton to be so forlorn and dejected? Name five things he could have done to make himself successful. 36. How did Mr. Lorry go from the Old Bailey to Tellson's Bank after the trial? 37. Name some advantages and some disadvantages in having the lawyers and judge in a court room wear robes. 38. How did Sydney Carton's message to Mr. Stryver in court affect the verdict? 39. How old was Doctor Manette when he was let out of prison? 40. Try to get some pictures of London; Temple Bar; Old Bailey; Tower of London; Fleet Street; boats that crossed the English Channel at that time. Place these in a notebook, if possible, or give oral talks about them, explaining references in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

41. Describe Doctor Manette in 1780. Describe Lucie Manette (give ages of both). 42. Describe Charles Darnay in 1780. What was his age? 43. When was the first time in his life Doctor Manette had ever seen Darnay? 44. In the trial what evidence against Darnay was produced from the stagecoach journey in 1775? 45. On what grounds did the jury in the Old Bailey bring in their verdict?

EXERCISES, CHAPTERS I, II, III

1. Précis writing: Write a one-page theme in which the following words are used, with other words and in any order desired. (Title,

The Trial.) Charles Darnay, treason, America, France, not guilty, John Barsad, Roger Cly, spy, English Government, servant, Lucie Manette, papers, 1775, English Channel, French gentlemen, lists, witnesses, jury, arsenal, information, positive, witness, resemblance, Carton, Stryver, Solicitor-General, verdict.

2. Write a theme on the following topic: *The Jackal Removes the Lion's Skin from the Donkey*. Describe a dramatic scene between Stryver and Carton in which they appear at first in their usual nightly occupations. Then develop the determination of Carton to cease being any one's jackal, and to use his own brain for his own advantage. He gets into an argument with Stryver over a certain case, in which an innocent man is made to pay a heavy fine, and then finally takes the case of this man; Stryver, of course, defending the rich man. In this scene Carton tells Stryver just what he will do in the future, having vowed to make something of himself at last. Show the surprise in court the next day when Stryver makes a dismal failure and Carton a brilliant success, and how Carton keeps rising in power.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER IV

1. Describe the Manette home in London. In what district was it situated? Is that district still in existence? For what is it distinguished? What kind of a house was the Manette house? How many rooms did they have? Did any one else live in the same building? 2. Where did the Manettes get their income? 3. Was Lucie a good housekeeper or a good home maker? What is the difference between the two expressions? Which do you like better, if only one could be had? Is it possible to be one and not the other? Is it always possible to be both? 4. Where did Mr. Lorry spend every Sunday afternoon and evening? 5. On one particular Sunday afternoon why did Mr. Lorry go to visit the Manettes earlier than usual? 6. How did Miss Pross answer his questions about Doctor Manette? 7. Who, among Doctor Manette's friends and relatives, knew why he was put into the Bastille? 8. Did Lucie think her father remembered the name of the persons who had put him into prison? 9. What conclusion was Mr. Lorry obliged to accept, regarding this whole matter of Doctor Manette's imprisonment?

10. Name all the "hundreds of people." 11. What work did Miss Pross do? Describe her "practical friendship." 12. What was the most conspicuous object in the courtyard of the Manette home? 13. What was Lucie's fancy about echoing footsteps? What characteristic did this corner have where they lived? 14. What story did Charles Darnay tell on this Sunday afternoon (1780)? 15. Why was Doctor Manette so affected by the story Darnay told while they were sitting under the plane tree? 16. Describe the weather later on that Sunday afternoon. Who were there to the Sunday night supper? What time did Mr. Lorry leave? Who was his bodyguard?

Why? 17. What remark did Mr. Lorry make about the weather as he was on his way home from the Manettes? How did his body-guard answer him?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER V

1. What was the attitude of the nobles towards the poor? 2. Tell something of the luxurious living of Monseigneur. 3. What relative of one of the characters in this book attended the reception? 4. Describe the last man leaving the reception of Monseigneur. What was his feeling towards this high lord of the court? Why? 5. What death occurred at the Paris fountain in the suburb of St. Antoine? 6. In what section of Paris was the wine shop of Defarge situated? 7. Who expressed the desire to crush the people under the wheels of his carriage? Why? 8. Who called Defarge a philosopher? Why? 9. Coming up the hill, and at the top of the hill the Marquis St. Evrémonde passed — 10. At the fountain in the little village the Marquis obtained the information that —

11. Who was Gabelle, and what was his duty? 12. Describe the petition made to the Marquis St. Evrémonde on his way from the little village. 13. What can you say about the farming of this district through which the Marquis passed on his way home? What kinds of crops were raised? What should have been raised? Would this have been possible? 14. Describe the Marquis's traveling outfit as he journeyed from Paris to his country home.

EXERCISES, CHAPTER V

Draw a chart, diagram, or picture of the little village and the surrounding country, showing the important landmarks, buildings, the carriage of the Marquis, etc. There should be at least fourteen different objects in this drawing. Label each in some way.

Write a one-page theme entitled: *The Marquis St. Evrémonde Comes from Paris.*

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER VI

1. What was the meaning of Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three, etc.? 2. Describe the home of the Marquis St. Evrémonde (outside only). 3. What is the reference to the Gorgon's Head in the description of the château? 4. Describe the interior home of the Marquis St. Evrémonde, especially his own apartment. 5. Why did the Marquis St. Evrémonde cause the window to be thrown open as he was eating his supper? 6. Why did Charles Darnay visit his uncle in France? 7. What assistance did the Marquis St. Evrémonde give to his nephew? 8. What assistance did the Marquis St. Evrémonde

refuse to give to his nephew? 9. In what way did Charles Darnay mention a *lettre de cachet* to his uncle?

10. Of what did Charles Darnay accuse his uncle in connection with his trial for treason in England? 11. In what way did the Marquis talk about Charles Darnay and a *lettre de cachet*? 12. Why was the Marquis St. Evrémonde displeased with his nephew? 13. How could Charles Darnay have pleased his uncle? 14. What did the Marquis St. Evrémonde say to Darnay about the Manettes? 15. What happened to the Marquis, the night he returned home from Paris? 16. Why were some of the people at the village armed the day after Darnay visited his uncle in France? 17. In talking at the fountain why did the road mender smite his breast with his blue cap?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER VII

1. In what way did Charles Darnay earn a living in England? 2. What was his feeling towards Lucie Manette? Had he told her about this? 3. Why did he go to see Doctor Manette when he knew Lucie was not at home? 4. What promise did Charles ask Doctor Manette to make? 5. What did Doctor Manette refuse to hear, which Charles wished to tell him? 6. What promise did Doctor Manette ask Charles Darnay to make? 7. At the end of the chapter called "Two Promises," in what condition did Lucie Manette find her father when she returned home? Explain the cause of this. 8. How long a time had elapsed between the events in the chapter called "Two Promises," and the one called "The Gorgon's Head"? 9. In what places did Charles Darnay's business take him? What would be the name of his occupation at the present time? 10. What did Charles Darnay say to Doctor Manette about Lucie's love for her father and the attitude Darnay would always have towards this?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER VIII

1. What information did Stryver give Carton about his future intention of changing his way of living? What lady was mentioned in this plan? 2. Why did Stryver expect Carton to be surprised? 3. Why did Stryver expect Carton to disapprove? 4. How did Stryver compare himself with Carton in respect to fine feelings? In what manner did he explain his meaning? 5. What advice did Stryver give Sydney Carton about his manner of living in the future, about marrying? Why did he do this? 6. Compare Darnay and Stryver in the way each talked on the same subject on the same night. Which character appears the better? Why? Which character had the most self-esteem? How much of this quality should every one possess? Explain. When is there danger of having too much of that quality?

PROJECT, CHAPTER VIII

Chapter VIII can be dramatized very easily. It should first be read in class several times. Then the different students may write their own parts and memorize them. The reading in class should generally be done by students taking different parts. Others can read the descriptions, or these can be indicated in some other way by those who take the parts of the characters.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER IX

1. Why did Mr. Stryver invite Lucie Manette to Vauxhall Gardens? Did she accept the invitation? 2. Why did Mr. Stryver call at Tellson's Bank to see Mr. Lorry? 3. What advice did Mr. Lorry give Mr. Stryver in Tellson's Bank? 4. In what way did Mr. Lorry accommodate Mr. Stryver by calling at the Manette home? 5. How did Mr. Stryver receive the report of Mr. Lorry when he called upon Mr. Stryver one evening, after making a visit of observation at the Manette home to accommodate Mr. Stryver? 6. Did Charles Darnay ask Doctor Manette to speak a good word for him? 7. To what did these words refer "Drive him fast to his tomb"? 8. How old was Doctor Manette at the trial in England? 9. What was Darnay's name in France, and what would have been his occupation in that country (in 1782)? 10. Why was there great excitement at the chateau on the morning after Darnay's arrival? 11. How did Stryver criticize the conduct of Carton at the Manette home? 12. Did Stryver ask Lucie Manette to marry him? 13. Since Stryver was rich, prosperous in business, advancing constantly, do you think a girl would do well to marry him? Explain.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER X

1. After Mr. Lorry called at the Manette home and then went to see Mr. Stryver, what did Mr. Stryver say to Sydney Carton about his plan of marrying? 2. Name the four most important things that Sydney Carton said to Lucie when he called especially to see her. 3. Did Sydney Carton ask Lucie Manette to marry him? 4. What secret did Lucie promise Sydney Carton that she would keep? Was it right for her to promise this? Do you think that if she should marry Charles Darnay, she ought to keep this secret from him? Is it right to keep secrets forever from loved ones? Explain. 5. Was it necessary for Sydney Carton to be so dejected about himself and his place in the world? Was there any reason why he could not have been in a good position in the world, with fine friends, in happy surroundings? What was the greatest reason for his dilapidated condition? Was it something that he was not able to overcome if he had had the mind to do it? 6. What was the last request Carton made of Lucie?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER XI

1. Why was Jerry Cruncher interested in funerals? 2. Describe the funeral of Roger Cly. What became of the single mourner? 3. What did the crowd say about Roger Cly? Where had Jerry seen him before? 4. On the day of Roger Cly's funeral Jerry Cruncher paid a visit to a celebrated —— for the purpose of —— 5. Describe the "fishing tackle" that Jerry Cruncher used. 6. Describe the actions of young Jerry when his father went fishing. 7. When was young Jerry most affected while watching his father fish? 8. Why was Jerry Cruncher especially angry at his wife on the morning after the fishing party? 9. On the morning after the famous "fishing" party which his son had partly witnessed, what question did young Jerry ask his father as they walked to work? 10. What advice did Jerry Cruncher give his son when he expressed the ambition to follow the secret trade of his father?

11. Why was young Jerry so frightened when he saw his father and the other men hoist a coffin up, and prepare to open it? 12. From what does the fear of the dead come, for surely nothing can be more harmless? 13. Why are some people afraid to go through cemeteries at night? 14. Is there reason in this fear? Do people at the present time believe in "spirits"? 15. Do they believe in ghosts? 16. Bring to class some kind of a ghost story or some story in which there are great fears of the dead, cemeteries, superstitions, etc. 17. Ambrose Bierce wrote a little book called *Soldiers and Civilians* which is horribly "ghostly." It is worth reading, however, for the good descriptions of feelings under such conditions.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER XII

1. For whom were the people in the wine shop of Defarge waiting? How long had they been waiting? What was going on in the wine shop meantime? 2. Where did the road mender live? What information did he give the Marquis St. Evrémonde? Where were they at that time? 3. What was the fate of Gaspard? Why did Defarge bring the road mender to Paris to the St. Antoine section, to the wine shop? 4. How long was Gaspard hidden? Where, probably? 5. Where was Gaspard captured? Where was his trial held? Why? 6. What was Madame Defarge knitting? 7. What petition did Defarge present to Louis XVI? How was he answered? 8. What reference was in the words, "Bring him fast to his tomb"? 9. How high was the gallows on which the murderer of the Marquis St. Evrémonde was hanged? What was placed on top of this? Why? What did the road mender mean by "poisoning the water"? 10. Why did Defarge have the road mender tell his story upstairs in the garret and not in the wine shop?

11. In what prison had Gaspard been kept before his execution? 12. What trip did the Defarges make on the Sunday after the road mender came to the wine shop? How far away from the wine shop was this? 13. What sights were seen when the road mender went to Versailles with the Defarges? 14. How was the road mender affected by the gorgeous sights of court life? 15. How long did it take Defarge to go to meet the road mender? How long was Defarge gone from Paris? How long was the road mender gone from his little village? Where did he go after leaving Versailles? 16. After listening to the story of the road mender, what did Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three, and Jacques Four vote to do? What did Defarge mean by "The château and all the race. Extermination?" In what way would that affect one of the characters of the story? 17. What feelings did the road mender have towards Madame Defarge? 18. How did Defarge discover that a spy was to be stationed in St. Antoine? 19. Describe this spy as Defarge described him to his wife. (Age, nationality, etc.) 20. With what signal did the Defarges keep the Jacquerie away while a spy was present? What number Jacques was Defarge?

21. What name did Madame Defarge register while the spy was in the wine shop? 22. Why did the spy talk about Gaspard's execution while in the wine shop? 23. How had the road mender shown his feelings towards death, executions, bloodshed, and suffering of all kinds? 24. How did the spy try to get any information from Defarge about the secret clubs? How did Defarge answer him? 25. What did the spy say about the Manettes in England? What did he say about the "present Marquis St. Evrémonde"? 26. How was Defarge affected by the news John Barsad told in the wine shop about Lucie Manette? In what manner were his feelings shown? 27. What hope did Defarge express concerning the husband of Lucie Manette, after learning that she was going to marry Charles Darnay? 28. What name did Madame Defarge register near the one of John Barsad? 29. Why did Defarge call his wife "a grand woman, a frightfully grand woman"?

EXERCISES AND PROJECTS, CHAPTER XII

1. Madame Defarge said to the road mender: "As to you, you would shout and shed tears for anything, if it made a show and a noise. Say! Would you not?" and he answered, "Truly, madame, I think so. For the moment." Are the majority of people like that? Are most people affected more through their senses than their reason?

2. Write a one-page theme entitled *A Show and a Noise*. Indicate in some way in this theme the difference between weak characters and strong characters, and explain the necessity of not being influenced by a show and a noise. Are some people greatly affected by the noise of ridicule, when directed against them? Do they weakly

give up some undertaking on account of this? Are others urged on by a show and noise to do what they know is not right?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTERS XIII, XIV, XV

1. Describe the "one night" before Lucie's marriage. What was the conversation between her and her father? Was Charles Darnay present? Why? 2. Was Lucie Manette an ideal daughter? Was her father an ideal father? Can you think of any quality these people lacked which make them seem less than ideal today? 3. In what building were Lucie Manette and Charles Darnay married? 4. What wedding presents to Lucie were given by Mr. Lorry? 5. Who were at the wedding of Lucie Manette? 6. Why was Doctor Manette talking with Charles Darnay alone on the morning of the marriage? 7. Why was Doctor Manette so much affected on the day of the wedding? 8. How did Mr. Lorry plan to spend the day of Lucie's wedding? 9. How did Mr. Lorry spend the day after the morning of Lucie's marriage? 10. What occupation did Mr. Lorry follow during the nine days after the wedding?

11. Where did Lucie go on her wedding journey? How long was she to be gone? 12. What opinion did Mr. Lorry ask of Doctor Manette, ten days after Lucie's wedding? (Answer in three parts, concerning *study, work, cause, future, tools, outfit.*) 13. What was Doctor Manette's answer to Mr. Lorry when he asked him his opinion concerning cause, future, and outfit? 14. What promise had been fulfilled the morning of Lucie's marriage? 15. On the fourteenth day after Lucie's marriage Doctor Manette went to — 16. On the night of the fourteenth day after Lucie's marriage what work was done in the kitchen and garden of the Manette home by Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross? 17. When Lucie and Charles Darnay returned from the wedding trip, who returned with them? 18. What plea did Sydney Carton make of Charles Darnay? 19. What plea did Lucie make of Charles Darnay concerning Sydney Carton? Did Lucie tell Darnay what Carton had told her about his feeling for her? Why? 20. Did Charles Darnay think any less of his wife, because she did not tell him Carton's secret? Is there a difference between your own secrets and those of others, as illustrated in this case of Carton and Lucie?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTERS XVI, XVII, XVIII

1. What was "the golden thread"? 2. Explain Mr. Stryver and his "three lumps of bread and cheese." 3. What did Mr. Stryver say about himself and Lucie Manette? 4. Describe Lucie's two children. 5. Describe Lucie's married life until 1789, telling the condition of herself, her father, her husband, Miss Pross and Mr. Lorry. 6. Describe the relation which Carton held towards the Manette family. 7. On

July 14, 1789, why did Mr. Lorry complain of being overworked in Tellson's Bank in London? What were the conditions in Paris at this time? 8. Describe the fall of the Bastille. 9. What part did Madame Defarge have in the storming of the Bastille and in later events of the day? 10. How many prisoners were there? How many guards?

11. Why did Defarge want to go into cell "one hundred five, North Tower"? What did he find there? 12. Describe the procession through the streets of Paris on the night of July 14, 1789. What did the mobs carry? 13. Who was The Vengeance? What was her duty? 14. Who was Foulon? What became of him? Where was his trial held? Of what was he accused? 15. What was the date of Foulon's execution, or murder? 16. On the day of Foulon's death what other well-known person was killed? 17. On the day of Foulon's death what were the three spoils of the day that the crowd carried in a procession through the streets of Paris? 18. In what manner did the son-in-law of Foulon enter Paris? 19. Write a one-page theme on the subject *Foulon*. 20. What was the change on the village of the fountain?

21. Describe the country around this village during the Revolution. 22. Why did a member of the Jacobin Club come to the village one day during the Revolution and ask certain directions of the road mender? 23. Describe the interview of the road mender with the man. 24. Describe the experience of Gabelle on the night when the château was burned. Where did he spend the night? Why? 25. On the night of the fire who rang the alarm bell first? Who were the last to ring the bell? Why? 26. Who went from the village to put out the fire? Why? 27. Who was the owner of the château? Where was he? 28. How were some other revolutionists, engaged in burning houses, treated? 29. Who was the employer of Gabelle? How many taxes and how much rent had he collected for several years, according to the wishes of his employer? 30. How many took part in setting fire to the château near the village?

EXERCISES, CHAPTERS XVI, XVII, XVIII

1. Bring to class pictures of French châteaux. 2. *Château* and *castle* mean the same thing in French. Is there a difference in our English usage? 3. Draw a chart, diagram, or picture of the St. Evrémonde château. 4. What was the object of burning so many châteaux in France? 5. Would it have been wiser to have preserved these buildings with their furnishings for use?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER XIX

1. What is a loadstone? What, in this chapter, would you call the loadstone? 2. In 1792 what was the condition of the nobles

in France? Where had many nobles of France gone? Why? In 1792 who were some of the leaders of the French government? 3. Why was Mr. Lorry going to France in 1792? How old was he at this time? Was he asked to go to Paris? Why was he asked instead of another man? 4. Why did Charles Darnay advise Mr. Lorry not to go? 5. Why did Charles Darnay sometimes wish that he were in France? 6. In London in 1792, where were the headquarters of many French nobles? 7. Who, in London, besides Doctor Manette, knew Charles Darnay's real name? 8. On June 21, 1792, where was Gabelle? From what place had he been taken? 9. How was the journey of Gabelle made in 1792? Who made the same journey, in the opposite direction, but under the same conditions, about nine years before? 10. What request did Gabelle make of Charles Darnay in 1792? Why?

11. When did Charles Darnay tell Lucie he was going to Paris? Why? How? 12. Who went to France with Mr. Lorry? Why? What nationality were both? 13. What remarks did certain nobles in Tellson's Bank make concerning the Marquis St. Evrémonte? 14. What remarks did Stryver make in Tellson's Bank about Charles Darnay as a noble of France, helping the poor people and staying among them later? 15. Who went with Darnay to France? How did he journey from London to Dover? 16. Do you think it right for Charles Darnay to take this journey without consulting his wife and perhaps her father? Why did he not consult them? Did he think they would object? When did he expect to tell Mr. Lorry? 17. If you had been in Darnay's place, would you have gone to Paris to help Gabelle at that particular time? What would you have done? 18. What message did Charles Darnay give to Mr. Lorry to deliver in France? 19. Get a picture of the prison of the Abbaye for your notebook, and write a description of this prison. 20. What is meant by "that glorious vision of doing good," which is so often the mirage of good minds? In what connection are these words used? Why?

BOOK III

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER I

1. What was the storm mentioned? When had it begun? What was the cause? Who started it? 2. In 1792, when Charles Darnay reached Calais, did he travel by stage, carriage, horseback, train? 3. How far is Calais from Paris? Mention some of the handicaps on the journey of Charles Darnay between these two places in 1792. Describe his escort. 4. Why was it necessary that Charles Darnay should have an escort on the way to Paris in 1792? 5. At the town of Beauvais what did the people call Darnay? What did some of them attempt to do? How was he protected at this time? 6. At Beauvais what two new laws in France did Charles Darnay hear of?

7. Who had charge of that gate of Paris at which Darnay finally arrived? 8. What two articles were worn by everybody whom Darnay saw? 9. What became of Darnay's escort? What did Defarge give to them? 10. Who directed the guard to open the gate and let Darnay enter Paris?

11. What did Darnay notice about the procedure of allowing people to enter and leave Paris in 1792? 12. What was the first place to which Defarge took Charles Darnay? What was done at this place? 13. What was the second place to which Defarge took Charles Darnay after he entered the Paris district? Who went with them? 14. As Defarge and Darnay walked along the street what two questions did Defarge ask Charles Darnay? What question did Darnay ask Defarge? How was this answered? 15. What request concerning Mr. Lorry was made, and how was it answered? 16. What information did Darnay get about the condition of France? (Name two important items.) 17. In what manner did the man at the wicket gate at La Force prison receive Darnay? Why? 18. What was meant by *in secret* when Darnay was put into La Force? What did the man at the wicket gate of La Force give Defarge? 19. Tell the history of the guillotine. 20. Describe the inside of La Force prison. 21. Describe the crowd of prisoners Charles Darnay met in the prison of La Force. 22. In what way did Charles Darnay get his food?

EXERCISES, CHAPTER I

1. Bring to class pictures of Calais, Beauvais, and pictures of other French towns. 2. Draw a diagram of the guillotine, with a few lines telling its history and where it is used at the present time. 3. Draw the wall of Paris in 1792, with the various gates. 4. Give the history of this wall. What can you say of its present existence? 5. Get a picture of the streets of Saint Antoine. What kinds of people lived in this district? Does this condition exist at the present time? Do you know any one who has ever been in Paris? in the Saint Antoine section? If so, try to get some "first-hand" information about these places.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER II

1. What became of that French nobleman who had to have four men to serve a cup of chocolate? 2. What kind of a government was established in France in 1792? 3. Where did Mr. Lorry live while in Paris? 4. Describe what Mr. Lorry saw from his window on the first night of the September Massacre. How were prisoners killed? Where? 5. When Doctor Manette and Lucie knew that Charles Darnay had gone to France, Doctor Manette told Lucie that —— 6. Compare the journey of Lucie and her father from Calais to Paris with that of Charles Darnay over the same route. 7. In

1792, at the barrier of Paris, Doctor Manette obtained the news that —— 8. In 1792, Lucie's little girl was —— years old. 9. What did Mr. Lorry tell Doctor Manette concerning Darnay's position in La Force prison? 10. Where did the four stay on the night of their arrival in Paris? 11. Write a one-page theme on the arrival of Doctor Manette, Lucie, her little girl, and Miss Pross, and the way the crowd treated Doctor Manette. 12. Get the names and pictures, if possible, of the leaders in the September Massacre. Get a picture of La Force prison for your notebook.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER III

1. What three people from Saint Antoine came to see Lucie on the second night of her arrival in Paris? 2. Who asked, "Is that *his* child?" 3. What message did Doctor Manette send to Lucie from La Force? 4. Why did not the Manettes stay at the bank with Mr. Lorry while in Paris? 5. Where did the Manettes live while in Paris? At first Mr. Lorry had thought of consulting the Defarges about a place for them; why did he change his mind? 6. Since Charles Darnay had been imprisoned *in secret*, how did it happen that all these people knew about him? Who was responsible for breaking that law? 7. Why did Madame Defarge come to see Lucie the day after Lucie's arrival? What woman came with Madame Defarge? 8. What did Madame Defarge say her business was there, when she went to see Lucie? 9. What request did Lucie make of Madame Defarge? What did Madame Defarge answer? 10. Lucie said a shadow was cast on all her hopes by —— What reason had Lucie to feel in this way? 11. What did Mr. Lorry say about the substance of the shadow that Lucie said was cast on her and all her hopes? What did Mr. Lorry really think about the shadow? 12. In what occupation was Madame Defarge engaged when she called on Lucie?

EXERCISES, CHAPTER III

1. This chapter makes a little one-act play with two scenes; one at the bank when Ernest Defarge calls upon Mr. Lorry when they go down to the courtyard to meet Madame Defarge and The Vengeance; the other at the Manette lodgings. It can be arranged easily by the students themselves. It will be enjoyable to read in class with the students taking parts.

2. Write a one-page theme on the subject *The Shadow* in which the most important ideas of this chapter will be expressed.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER IV

1. How long did the September Massacre last? How many people were killed? 2. When Doctor Manette was taken to La Force he was presented to —— He was identified by ——; he had access

to — and learned that — Then he — that he succeeded in having — but — so finally — four days — 3. When Lucie Manette came to Paris with her father in 1792, he was — years old. 4. In 1792 the King and Queen of France were — 5. At the beginning of the French Revolution in 1789, the president of the United States was — 6. The famous American who visited France to get help in the American Revolution was — 7. In 1792 Doctor Manette was — years old. 8. The first time Charles Darnay saw Defarge was in the year — 9. The first time Lucie Manette ever saw Madame Defarge was in the year — 10. Just after Mr. Lorry had said "Thank God that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town tonight," what happened?

11. What famous Frenchman helped the Americans in the American Revolution? 12. While in Paris Jerry Cruncher lived most of the time at the — 13. When the Manettes were in Paris, during the Revolution, the one among them who had the greatest hope and courage, and strengthened them all was — 14. Where did the Manettes get an income while living in Paris? 15. How long was Charles Darnay in La Force Prison? 16. What were the accusations and sentences against Marie Antoinette and King Louis XVI? 17. What was the *National Razor* of France? 18. What was the name of the public executioner in Paris? 19. Describe the feelings of the people towards the guillotine in 1792-1793. 20. Name the places and describe the means by which thousands of people were killed in other ways besides that of the guillotine. 21. Why did the black flag float from Notre Dame? 22. When was a republican government formed in France?

EXERCISES, CHAPTER IV

1. Write a one-page theme on *Calm in Storm*, showing Doctor Manette's character in those terrible times. Explain some of the conditions of the times.

2. The feeling that one is useless is one of the worst, if not the worst, to experience. Doctor Manette had often been depressed, because so much of his life had seemed useless. Now that particular part of his life was giving him great power; more strength and influence than those possessed who had not lost so many years. This thought made him lose all his depression and assume his true character of strength, wisdom, courage, vigor, cheering and sustaining everybody. Write a one-page theme on the *Dangers of Uselessness*.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER V

1. What were the tumbrils? How were they made? For what had they been used before the Revolution? 2. Describe Lucie's home in Paris in 1792-1793. Was she a good home maker, or a good housekeeper, or both? 3. How was little Lucie's education

managed? 4. Had little Lucie been taught French in England or in France? 5. Where did Lucie spend the time every afternoon between two and four o'clock? 6. Who was the wood-sawyer, and where did he live in 1792-1793? 7. Where did the wood-sawyer live in 1789? 8. What number Jacques was the wood-sawyer? 9. What mode of address had been decreed by the law of France? 10. Did the wood-sawyer suspect why Lucie stood near his home so often? 11. What reason have you for your answer? Did he show any signs of making trouble? 12. How did Lucie try to pacify the wood-sawyer? 13. What did the wood-sawyer call his saw? What did he call himself? 14. Describe the *Carmagnole*. What was the costume? 15. In what way was Lucie affected by the *Carmagnole*? 16. What important information did Doctor Manette give Lucie, just after she had seen the *Carmagnole*? What did he tell her about Charles Darnay in prison as he had just left him? What did he say Lucie would be safe in doing? 17. Had Doctor Manette ever brought any notes from the prison to Lucie? 18. Describe some of the work of Mr. Lorry in Paris. 19. Where did Lucie and her father go, after seeing the *Carmagnole*?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER VI

1. What was meant by "the evening paper" at La Force? 2. How were the officials dressed at the trial of Darnay? 3. What became of all those prisoners whom Charles Darnay had seen on his first night in La Force? When did they leave La Force? 4. Describe the audience at Charles Darnay's trial. How was the audience dressed? What did they say at first about his case? 5. On what charge was Darnay tried? 6. According to whose instructions did Darnay answer the questions put to him? 7. How long was Gabelle in prison? 8. How did Charles Darnay prove that he was not guilty? Name four reasons given by Darnay. 9. In the trial of the fifteen who were tried before Darnay and convicted, how many minutes did each of the fifteen average for his trial and sentence? 10. How much time did the five average who followed Darnay? For what were these five tried? What was the prison sign of death?

11. What was the verdict of the jury in Darnay's case? 12. How did the people feel towards Darnay after his trial? 13. Describe the processions and celebrations in the streets after the first trial of Darnay, and his arrival at home. 14. What can you say about the religion of Charles Dickens from the chapter called "Triumph"? Explain. 15. What kind of government had France in December, 1793? 16. Who were some of the leading government officials in France, December, 1793? 17. Where was Lafayette in December, 1793? 18. Where was Napoleon in December, 1793? 19. What was going on in the United States in December, 1793? 20. In the trial of Charles Darnay, what mention was made of his trial in Eng-

land in 1780? 21. Look up *ex post facto* in the dictionary and then explain how this law applied to the trial of Darnay.

EXERCISES, CHAPTER VI

1. Dramatize the trial of Darnay, assigning the parts and letting each student write out his own part. A more elaborate entertainment could be given by adding to the whole trial scene the two parades, before and after Darnay reached his home, the dance, *Carmagnole*, and the song, *Carmagnole*.

2. Write a one-page theme describing the two parades. Select an interest-provoking title.

3. Write the last eighty-one words in this chapter entirely in indirect discourse.

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER VII

1. How did the Manettes get their supplies of food and at what time of day? 2. What was the ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or Death, concerning the names of residents? 3. What job did Doctor Manette give to Jerry Cruncher just after Darnay was released from prison? 4. How much of the French language did Miss Pross know? 5. In getting the supplies into the house who took charge of the money? 6. What is the meaning of these words, "Nice toasts these red-heads will be drinking, wherever we buy it"? 7. What caution did Lucie give to Miss Pross several times? 8. Who said these words and what is their meaning: "It doesn't need an Interpreter to explain the meaning of these creatures. They have but one, and it's Midnight, Murder, and Mischief." 9. Where, in the story, is a description similar to this? "Take care of the dear husband you have recovered, and don't move your *pretty head from his shoulder as you have it now, 'till you see me again!*"

10. What song are these words from: "Confound their Politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save the king"? 11. Just after Charles Darnay had been released from prison, what very important question did Miss Pross ask Doctor Manette? 12. When it seemed a question of patient and "watchful waiting" just after Darnay was released from prison, in what way did Miss Pross quote her brother? 13. What is the most dramatic line in this chapter? 14. Who were the people who came to Lucie Manette's home in Paris a short time after Darnay was released? 15. Where did Darnay spend the night before he was released from prison?

EXERCISES, CHAPTER VII

1. Write the following lines entirely in indirect discourse, using any new words necessary to give the indirect form but the same meaning as at present.

All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that?" she cried, all at once.

"My dear!" said her father, stopping in his story, and laying his hand on hers, "command yourself. What a disordered state you are in! The least thing — nothing — startles you! *You*, your father's daughter!"

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself, with a pale face, and in a faltering voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as death."

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

2. "It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her." Was this an example of coming events casting their shadows before? Was there a very strong reason for Lucie's fear? Authors call this device of hinting at future events "anticipatory hints." Find similar passages. Do the motion pictures use them?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER VIII

1. Whom did Miss Pross and Jerry meet in the wine shop? What was the name of the wine shop? Can you suggest a reason for this name? What Shakespearian play contains the reason? 2. What position did John Barsad hold under the revolutionary government? 3. In what way were the feelings of Miss Pross hurt? 4. Who hurt the feelings of Miss Pross on the way home from the wine shop? 5. What question did Jerry Cruncher ask John Barsad? 6. Who came from London to Paris, December, 1793? 7. Who told Jerry Cruncher the other name of Miss Pross's brother? 8. Who followed John Barsad from the Conciergerie to the wine shop? 9. What news did Sydney Carton get from the conversation between Roger Cly and his friend in the wine shop? 10. What request did Sydney Carton make of John Barsad just after leaving the wine shop?

11. What information did Mr. Lorry receive from Sydney Carton about Charles Darnay on the night after the first trial of Darnay in Paris? 12. How long did Charles Darnay's triumph last? 13. In the "game of cards" what did Sydney Carton say he expected to win? 14. What did Carton say about the condition of the people living in Paris? 15. What things favorable to Barsad's position did Sydney Carton mention? 16. What was the "ace" which Carton said he would play against Barsad? 17. What evidence was Carton ready to present that John Barsad had once been a friend of aristocratic governments and an enemy of the republic? 18. What did Barsad know about his own condition that Carton did not know? 19. What special fear did John Barsad have in 1793, from certain revolution-

ists? 20. What was the "card" in connection with Roger Cly that Carton said he could play against Barsad?

21. What certificate did Barsad show to Carton in connection with Roger Cly? 22. What information did Jerry Cruncher give that gave Carton more power over John Barsad? 23. What was the feeling of Jerry Cruncher towards John Barsad? What words did Jerry use to express his feelings? Explain. 24. What confession did John Barsad finally make to Sydney Carton? 25. What was the "wonder of wonders" in connection with Jerry Cruncher that John Barsad could not understand? 26. Why did Sydney Carton use these words: "So far, we have spoken before these two, because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone." 27. What was the law of "Denunciation"? How much evidence was needed? 28. What was the law of the "Suspected"? How much evidence was needed? 29. What name was given to the government of France at this time (1793)? 30. What was the attitude of other countries towards France at this time (1793)? 31. At the time of Darnay's trial where was Louis XVI (December, 1793)? Where was Marie Antoinette? Where was the brother of Louis XVI?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER IX

1. Why was Mr. Lorry very angry with Jerry Cruncher about the work that Jerry had called "going fishing"? 2. When Mr. Lorry discovered what other work Jerry had been doing besides that for the bank, what threat against Jerry did Mr. Lorry make? 3. What defense did Jerry make? 4. What plea did Jerry Cruncher make for young Jerry? 5. What was the other line of work that Jerry said he would do in the future, if he ever returned to England and if Mr. Lorry did not inform against him and have him punished? 6. What did Jerry Cruncher say about the possibilities of his "other" private business being carried on in Paris? (Would it be successful?) 7. What reason did Jerry Cruncher give why Mr. Lorry should not have him prosecuted? 8. In what way was the character of Jerry changed by living in Paris? 9. What did Mr. Lorry say his attitude towards Jerry's unlawful conduct would be in the future? 10. What arrangement did Carton make with John Barsad in the dark room?

11. Was Lucie Manette to know about the arrangement Carton had made with Barsad in the dark room? 12. What is the meaning of these words, "She might think it was contrived, in case of the worst, to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence"? 13. Did Lucie Manette know that Sydney Carton was in Paris? Why? 14. Mention three serious questions Carton asked Mr. Lorry about himself on the night of Darnay's second arrest (1793). 15. Where did Carton go after leaving Mr. Lorry, the night of Darnay's second arrest? Why did he go to this place? 16. Describe

the change in the character of the wood-sawyer after he had lived in Paris a few years. Compare this with the change in Jerry Cruncher. 17. What did the wood-sawyer call Sydney Carton? Why? 18. What did Sydney Carton purchase on the night of Darnay's second arrest in Paris (1793)? 19. Tell something of Carton's boyhood; his father, mother, his abilities. 20. What quotation kept going through the mind of Carton, as he walked through the streets of Paris? What scene in his mind did this quotation present to his thoughts constantly? Was there a reason for this? What reason?

21. What kinds of services were *not* said in the churches at this time? 22. Where did Carton spend the night on which Darnay was re-arrested? 23. What three names were said to have denounced Darnay, at his second trial? 24. What was the accusation against Darnay at his second trial? 25. What was the real *Substance of the Shadow*? Why? 26. Describe the feeling of the audience at the second trial. 27. What protest did Doctor Manette make? 28. What account did Defarge give? 29. What did Defarge say that he had found in the Bastille (1789)? 30. Why did the President reprove Doctor Manette? 31. How did the officials of the court regard Doctor Manette at the second trial of Darnay (1793)?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER X

1. What words of comfort did Lucie Manette give to Charles Darnay after the sentence? What did she say about her future life? 2. What was Charles Darnay's feeling towards Doctor Manette after his second trial? 3. Whom did Darnay blame for his misfortune? 4. In what condition was Lucie after Darnay had been taken to his cell? 5. In what way was Lucie taken from the court to her home in Paris? Who had carried her to the coach, and afterwards from the coach to her room? 6. What words did little Lucie say to Sydney Carton, while in Paris? 7. What request concerning his farewell did Sydney Carton make before he left the home of Lucie? 8. What did Carton encourage Doctor Manette to do after the second trial of Darnay?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER XII

1. What wine shop did Carton visit on his third night in Paris? 2. What information did Carton get there? Where did Carton go after visiting the wine shop? Why? 3. Who was the sister of the boy and girl whose deaths Doctor Manette had witnessed in 1757? 4. What two important papers did Carton give Mr. Lorry? 5. What instructions did Sydney Carton give Mr. Lorry? 6. In the wine shop of the Defarges Sydney Carton acted the part of a person who did not — 7. Madame Defarge told her husband that Sydney Carton — 8. What did Carton hear Madame Defarge say about

her husband and his feeling towards the sentence of Darnay? 9. What plan of Madame Defarge did Carton tell Mr. Lorry? 10. What accusation did Madame Defarge intend to bring against Lucie? 11. What promise did Carton ask Mr. Lorry to make him? 12. What very urgent request did Carton give Mr. Lorry, to give Lucie, as coming from Charles Darnay? 13. Why did Carton go to the Defarge's wine shop? Was this a good plan? 14. What did Carton tell Mr. Lorry about the wood-sawyer?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER XIII

1. How did Charles Darnay spend his time in the Conciergerie after his sentence of death? 2. When had Charles Darnay first known that his father and uncle had been responsible for the imprisonment of Doctor Manette? 3. What great request did Darnay make to Lucie in the letter he wrote on the day of his condemnation? of Doctor Manette? of Mr. Lorry? 4. On the "day of his death," about one o'clock, who entered the cell of Darnay? 5. Who said these words, "He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone"? 6. A little after one o'clock on the "day of his death" what was Darnay forced into doing? 7. When Carton dictated to Darnay in prison, to whom was that dictation really directed? 8. What became of the paper that Darnay wrote under Carton's dictation? 9. In the dictation that Darnay wrote under Carton's direction, what is meant by these lines: "If it had been otherwise, I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise, I should but have had so much the more to answer for." 10. Who took Darnay to the coach in which Mr. Lorry, Lucie, little Lucie, and Doctor Manette were waiting for Carton?

11. What did Carton tell John Barsad to tell Mr. Lorry when he took Darnay to the coach? 12. Who placed Darnay in the coach with Mr. Lorry and the Manettes? 13. What were the words of "last night" that Carton told Barsad to tell Mr. Lorry to remember? 14. What person in the prison besides Barsad knew that Carton was taking the place of Darnay? 15. How did Carton take Darnay's place in strengthening any one else sentenced to death? 16. Who took charge of the business arrangements of the stagecoach as it drove through Paris and away towards the coast? Where was Charles Darnay at this time? Where was Sydney Carton? 17. On the day when Darnay was to be executed, how many were to be sent to the guillotine?

EXERCISES, CHAPTER XIII

1. When this story of two cities was on the speaking stage, the name of the play was *The Only Way*, and Sydney Carton was the star actor. Can you think of any other way in which Darnay might have been saved without the death of Carton?

2. Was it right for Carton to sacrifice his own life in this way? Is it one's first duty to look after one's own life? How did Carton reason about this?

3. How would Carton's great sacrifice be considered at the present time?

4. How did Carton ask Lucie to regard this great act of his life for her? (See dictation in the cell.)

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER XIV

1. Who were the four people holding a secret conference at the wood-sawyer's hut? 2. What secret intention did Madame Defarge keep from her husband? Why? 3. When did Madame Defarge decide to do what she intended to do? 4. Why did Jacques ask the question, "But our Defarge is undoubtedly a good republican?" 5. Why did Jacques say about Defarge, "It is not quite like a good citizen"? 6. What request did Madame Defarge make of The Vengeance on the afternoon of the expected execution of Evrémonte? 7. What did Madame Defarge plan to do at eight o'clock on the night of the day when Darnay was to be executed? 8. Did Miss Pross and Jerry know when Darnay escaped from La Force? 9. Did Miss Pross follow exactly the plan of the night before in the arrangement for leaving France? Explain. 10. What were the two promises or vows that Jerry Cruncher made to Miss Pross?

11. What time did Lucie and the others leave Paris? What time did Jerry Cruncher and Miss Pross leave? Why were these to leave later? 12. What did Miss Pross do first, when Madame Defarge confronted her in the apartment? 13. What request of Miss Pross did Madame Defarge make? 14. What action for the protection of Lucie and her family did Miss Pross make which Madame Defarge resisted? 15. In the following sentence explain the word "truth": "I little thought that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, except the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it." 16. Describe the final struggle between Miss Pross and Madame Defarge. How many weapons did Madame Defarge have? 17. Before Miss Pross left Paris what did she do with the door key? 18. What is the name of the cathedral, between the two great towers of which Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher met? 19. Describe the conversation between Jerry Cruncher and Miss Pross as they rode away in the carriage from Paris. 20. Explain these words: "She and Jerry had beheld the coach start; had known who it was that Solomon brought; had passed some ten minutes in tortures of suspense." What is the antecedent of the pronoun *who*? 21. What was meant by these words at La Force Prison: "Come out and listen to the evening paper, you inside there!"

EXERCISES, CHAPTER XIV

1. *Ethical* means "right," "just" — to give to each one according to his worth; never to punish one person for the mistakes of another; never to punish a person for something he could not prevent; not to blame any one for the sins of relatives.

What, then, do you think the ethical purpose of Dickens was in writing *A Tale of Two Cities*? What very important character is involved in this idea?

2. There are four scenes in this chapter; arrange these for dramatic readings: (a) The Secret Conference of Madame Defarge at the Wood-sawyer's Hut. (b) Dialogue between Jerry Cruncher and Miss Pross. (c) Dialogue between Miss Pross and Madame Defarge. Death of Madame Defarge. (d) Dialogue between Jerry Cruncher and Miss Pross.

3. Write a one-page theme entitled *Love Stronger than Hate*.

4. Do you think that love is stronger than hate? Which causes the greater part of the action in this story?

5. Show how Dickens could mix comedy, pathos, and tragedy in this chapter about the ending of Madame Defarge. In what way was each represented?

QUESTIONS, CHAPTER XV

1. Describe the procession of the six tumbrils with the fifty-two prisoners, on the way to the guillotine. Why were there greater crowds than usual on this particular day? Why were they most interested in the third cart? 2. Where was Madame Defarge? 3. Why did Carton place the little girl with her back to the guillotine, when they had arrived at the fatal place? 4. What question did the little girl with Carton, at the guillotine, ask him about the future life? 5. What religious question did Carton answer for the little girl? 6. What was the fate of (a) Barsad? (b) Cly? (c) The Vengeance? (d) Defarge? (e) the jurymen? (f) the judge? 7. Describe the future of the Manettes and their descendants as told in the last chapter of the book. 8. Give instances from this story where Dickens shows his love of justice and his desire to see always both sides of a story. 9. Name six Biblical allusions and explain the uses of these. 10. What anesthetic did Carton use on Darnay? How long had this been discovered?

A TEST ON THE WHOLE BOOK

1. Lucie said a shadow was cast on all her hopes by ——
2. Mr. Lorry did not have the Manettes stay at the bank in Paris because ——
3. The governor of the Bastille was killed by ——

4. Just after Dr. Manette was released from the Bastille, he called himself by the name of ——
5. When the Manettes were in Paris during the Revolution, the one among them who had the greatest hope and courage and strengthened them all was ——
6. Where did the wood-sawyer live in 1792-1793?
7. What was the occupation of the wood-sawyer before the Revolution?
8. In 1792 and 1793 Doctor Manette had the position of ——
9. The National Razor was ——
10. The Carmagnole was —— When? ——
11. The costume of the Carmagnole was ——
12. How long was Darnay in La Force before his trial? ——
13. About how long was Gabelle in prison? ——
14. Who came from England to France the day before Darnay's trial? ——
15. The night before Darnay's trial he stayed in ——
16. At his trial in England Darnay was accused of helping ——
17. At his first trial in Paris Darnay was accused of ——
18. At his second trial in Paris Darnay was accused of ——
19. Under what *ex post facto* law was Darnay arrested?
20. At Darnay's first trial in Paris the jury brought in a verdict of —— because ——
21. The journey of Darnay from prison to his home in Paris was an occasion of great —— by the ——
22. When Charles Darnay arrived home (in Paris) from his trial, the first words and acts of Lucie were ——
23. When Charles Darnay arrived home (in Paris) after his first trial, he told Lucie to —— her father, because ——
24. What duty did Doctor Manette give to Jerry Cruncher just after Darnay was released from prison?
25. The *tumbrils* were —— and were used for ——
26. The sister of the murdered peasant boy and girl, who died in the year 1757, was —— and she lived in ——
27. At Darnay's second trial in Paris (1793) the three persons said to have denounced him were ——, ——, ——
28. The fall of the Bastille occurred in the year —— month of ——, and the —— day.
29. The paper written by Darnay, under Carton's dictation, was really directed to ——, and was placed ——
30. Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three, were members of —— for the purpose of ——
31. A *lettre de cachet* was ——
32. In the kitchen stove and garden of the Manette home, Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross ended the existence of the ——
33. Doctor Manette was put into the Bastille in the year ——
34. In One Hundred Five, North Tower, Defarge found ——
35. The custodian of the drum was ——

36. Madame Defarge was knitting a ——
37. Madame kept members of the secret club from meeting the spy by giving them a signal with a ——
38. When Mr. Lorry left Paris for London, during the French Revolution, he was —— years old.
39. When Mr. Lorry died, he was about —— years old.
40. The very first time Doctor Manette ever saw Charles Darnay was in the year ——
41. Charles Darnay saw Lucie Manette for the first time in the year ——
42. Sydney Carton saw Madame Defarge for the first time in the year ——
43. When the Manettes left Paris for London during the Revolution, little Lucie was about —— years old.
44. The famous American who went to France to get help during the American Revolution was ——
45. The famous Frenchman who came over to America to help the Colonists against England was ——
46. The King and Queen of France during the French Revolution were ——
47. The complete story of *A Tale of Two Cities* (from the time Doctor Manette was imprisoned, until the family left Paris for London, during the French Revolution) extends over a time of —— years.
48. —— was a famous American who lived during the lifetime of Doctor Manette.
49. —— was a famous American who lived during the time of Charles Dickens.
50. Charles Dickens was a ——, a —— and a ——
51. The greatest work that Charles Dickens did was to ——
52. On their wedding trip Charles Darnay and Lucie spent the second two —— traveling through —— with ——
53. The purpose of writing *A Tale of Two Cities* was to ——
54. Who made all the arrangements and compelled the Manettes to leave Paris?
55. Events in which there is an accidental coming together at the same time, or accidentally being at the same place at the same time, are *coincidences*.
Does Charles Dickens make very much use of coincidence? Mention one coincidence. Is enough or too much use of coincidence made in this book?

WHO SAID THESE WORDS? WHERE? (IN WHAT CITY)

1. "She was a golden-haired doll."
2. "Say that my answer was, *recalled to life*."

3. "Much of that wouldn't do for you! You'd be in a blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion!"

4. "I am going to see his ghost! It will be his ghost — not him."

5. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa!"

6. "Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere for my bench, and I can't find it. What have they done with my work?"

7. "You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England!"

8. "I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick!"

9. "She has a fine head for it; I have seen blue eyes and golden hair there, and they looked charming when Samson held them up."

10. "By the cathedral door; would it be much out of the way, to take me in near the great cathedral door between the two towers?"

11. "You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer. Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an English-woman."

12. "Then tell wind and fire where to stop, but don't tell me!"

13. "We know now what you underwent when you suspected my descent and when you knew it."

14. "Shall I take her to a coach? I shall never feel her weight."

15. "So *you* put him in his coffin? — Who took him out of it?"

16. "You must not be weak, my darling; don't tremble so. I have saved him."

17. "See my saw! I call it my little guillotine."

18. "It is the daughter of your father who is my business here."

19. "Make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It may be too late; I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

20. "In the name of that sharp female newly born, and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

21. "Where is that emigrant? I cry in my sleep, where is he? I demand of heaven, will he not come to deliver me? No answer."

22. "Halloa! here are three lumps of bread and cheese towards your matrimonial picnic!"

23. "She is going to marry — the present Marquis. But he lives unknown in England; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family. He is the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet."

24. "Bring him fast to his tomb."

25. "Shall you bring home any fish, father?"

26. "There is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you!"

27. "If you were not in disgrace with the court — a *lettre de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

28. "May the devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?"

29. "I would ride over any of you very willingly and exterminate you from the earth!"

30. "If you had sent the message, *recalled to life*, again, I should have known what you meant this time."

31. "Where does my father get all that iron rust from? He don't get no iron rust here!"

32. "Farewell, dear darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love."

33. "It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?"

34. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, Hush!"

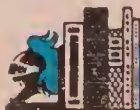
STORIES ABOUT REVOLUTIONARY TIMES

- BALZAC, HONORÉ DE, *The Conscript*
 BEAUMARCHAIS, *The Barber of Seville*
 BEAUMARCHAIS, *The Marriage of Figaro*
 BELLOC, HILAIRE, *The Girondin*
 BESANT, WALTER, *St. Catherine's by the Tower*
 CHAMBERS, ROBERT, *Red Cap and Blue Jacket*
 DUMAS, ALEXANDRE, *La Comtesse de Charnay*
 ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, *Madame Thérèse*
 ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, *The Story of a Peasant*
 ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, *Waterloo*
 ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, *Invasion of France*
 ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, *The Blockade of Phalsbourg*
 ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, *The Country in Danger*
 ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, *Citizen Bonaparte, 1794-1815*
 HUGO, VICTOR, *Ninety-Three*
 MARTINEAU, HARRIET, *The Peasant and the Prince*
 MITCHELL, S. WEIR, *The Adventures of François*
 ORCZY, BARONESS, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*
 OXENHAM, JOHN, *Queen of the Guarded Mounts*
 PEMBERTON, MAX, *My Sword for Lafayette*
 ROBERTS, MARGARET, *Atelier du Lys*
 SABATINI, RAPHAEL, *Scaramouche*
 SABATINI, RAPHAEL, *Trampling of the Lilies*
 TROLLOPE, ANTHONY, *La Vendée*
 WEYMAN, STANLEY J., *The Red Cockade*

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:

AUG

1996



BOOKKEEPER

PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, INC.

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Twp., PA 16066
(412) 779-2111

NS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00014734090

