A TALE OF TWO CITIES

BY

CHARLES DICKENS

Abridged and Edited with Notes and Introduction by

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UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
27 and 29 West 23d St., 120 Summer St., 714–716 Canal St.,
NEW YORK, BOSTON, NEW ORLEANS.

LBAp '05
A FRENCH NOBLEMAN OF THE 18TH CENTURY.
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INTRODUCTION

I

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The "two cities" of this story are London and Paris. In the first chapter we find ourselves travelling, with Mr. Jarvis Lorry, from London, by the post-road, to Dover; then across the Strait of Dover to Calais, on the French coast, and so by post-road again to Paris. The object of this journey of Mr. Lorry's is to bring from Paris to London Dr. Manette, whose fortunes form the main thread of "A Tale of Two Cities." But the fortunes of Dr. Manette and his family are closely interwoven with the events of the most interesting period in the history of France, the period of the French Revolution. Indeed, it was the fascination that the great drama of the French Revolution exercised over the imagination of Charles Dickens that impelled him to write "A Tale of Two Cities." It will help you, therefore, in reading this book to know something about the French Revolution.

Let us notice, first, that our story begins in 1775. Dickens is careful to tell us that it was in November of that year that Mr. Lorry started on his journey to Paris. You will remember that 1775 is the year of the breaking out of the American Revolution. You will remember, too, that France gave aid to the American cause in that struggle. Although the assistance given by the king of France was prompted rather by jealousy of England than by sympathy with the principles of the Revolution, there were many Frenchmen,
such as Lafayette, who believed in the cause of the American patriots. The success of the American Revolution encouraged these men to strive for civil liberty in France.

About the time that our revolution against George III ended, there began a revolution of the French people against their king and his royal government. This struggle was very different from the American Revolution, as you will find in reading "A Tale of Two Cities." The difference is due partly to the fact that French character differs widely from English or American character, and partly to the fact that French history, through all its hundreds of years, had worked out in a very different way from English history. The American colonists inherited from England the ideas that had been developed in English history.

Very early in English history certain important principles of government were established. Of these, I wish to call your attention to just two.

First, the principle was established that all taxes to raise money to carry on the government must be settled by Parliament, and not by the king. Now, Parliament being made up of men elected by the people as their representatives, when Parliament granted money to the king, it was really the people themselves who gave of their own possessions. This idea was not steadily carried out in English history, but, with occasional setbacks, it grew stronger and stronger, until the American Revolution was caused by the attempt of George III to tax his colonies as he would not dare to tax Englishmen. In France, on the contrary, although there was early in its history an assembly, called the Estates-General, somewhat resembling the English Parliament, claiming the power to tax, it became of so little importance that in three hundred years it was called but seven times, and the power to tax fell into the hands of the king. What is worse, the king, to gain favor with the nobles, excused them from certain taxes, and the burden of taxation was carried by the common people! This very important
question of taxation was settled very differently in England and in France.

The second point that we are to notice is this: in England it early became established that no man could be imprisoned without a just trial. Charles I. imprisoned his subjects without granting them legal trial; but we all know what became of Charles I. Now, in France, the king had the power of committing persons to prison without trial, in fact, without statement of cause. Our story shows us how this power of "arbitrary imprisonment" could be used by those who enjoyed court favor for the punishment of their personal enemies.

Thus you see that, while in England the liberties of the people had increased and the power of the king had lessened, in France more and more power had centered in the king, until a certain French sovereign could say, "The state! I am the state!"

You can realize, too, that a time would come when the French people, crushed down so long, would struggle to free themselves. That time came; but, because the people had had no experience in governing themselves, and were, the most of them, very ignorant and very wretched, when they turned, it was much as an animal might, striking and rending and struggling, they hardly knew for what.

But the revolutionists were not all the ignorant poor. There were leaders who were wiser and knew better what liberty means and how to gain it. There were, among the middle classes, many scholarly men, mostly lawyers, who had come to believe ardently that "all men are created equal" and have "unalienable rights." Believing this, and seeing the awful inequality between the lives of the nobles and of the common people about them, they began to preach the doctrine of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." Moreover, many, like Lafayette, of the old nobility had given up the privileges of their birth, and had joined the cause of the people.
The king at this time was Louis XVI., not a bad man, but weak and hesitating. He was capable neither of understanding the troubles of his country nor of making wise plans for relief. The two kings that had reigned before him had been selfish and despotic, spending vast sums of money upon their pleasures. So Louis XVI. was in great need of money for the necessary purposes of government. It was this need that brought about the first step of the French Revolution.

To devise means of raising money, Louis XVI. called together the Estates-General, which had not met for over one hundred and seventy years. This body was made up of representatives elected from the three orders—or Estates, as they were called—of nobles, clergy, and commons. The Estates-General met at Versailles, just eleven miles from Paris—three hundred nobles, three hundred clergy, six hundred commons. It had been the custom, in former times, for each order to cast its vote separately; then, as the nobles and clergy were sure to vote together, against the commons, the vote of the commons really counted for nothing. At this new meeting of the Estates-General, the commons demanded that the whole Assembly should vote together; for, as a few of the nobles and a few of the clergy sympathized with them, they could then make their opinions felt. The king refused; whereupon the commons declared themselves the National Assembly of France, and refused to separate until the wrongs of the state were set right. This was the French "Declaration of Independence."

The first show of force, corresponding to our Concord and Lexington, was far less admirable.

The news of what was being done at Versailles stirred up the people of Paris, already seething with discontent. A committee, selected from the chief men, took the government of the capital into their hands; the French Guards of Paris declared themselves on the side of the people, and were formed into a National Guard with Lafayette as their com-
mander; all the mob element of the great city surged together, and, as if moved by a common impulse, attacked the Bastille, July 14, 1789. This great fortress-prison stood by the gate leading to the suburb of St. Antoine. So many people that had incurred the enmity of the kings or the nobles had worn out their lives within its grim walls, that it expressed to the people the hateful royal power. Our story gives a vivid picture of the attack upon the Bastille, of its fall, and of the slaughter of its defenders. Shortly afterwards it was demolished, and the great key was sent by Lafayette to Washington, as a symbol of the triumph of the spirit of liberty over despotism. The fall of the Bastille taught the people their power.

Paris began the revolution, but the rest of France caught the fire. In the country districts, the peasants rose against their lords, burning the beautiful homes in which the nobles had ruled like petty kings. These sudden night-fires blazed all over France.

The king had been holding his court at Versailles; but, three months after the fall of the Bastille, a mob, composed mostly of women, streamed out to Versailles, and the next day brought the king, his wife, Marie Antoinette, and their little son, Louis, back to Paris with them, crying as they came, “We have the baker, and the baker’s wife, and the baker’s boy; now we shall have bread!” The king, promising to maintain the laws made by the new Assembly, took up his abode in the royal palace, but he was more like a prisoner than a king.

For almost two years after these events, there was comparative quiet. The National Assembly swept away the laws of unequal taxation and the unjust privileges of the nobles, and

1 You will become acquainted with the St. Antoine (saⁿ-toⁿ-twän’) quarter of Paris as you read “A Tale of Two Cities.” We are introduced to it in Chapter IV., Book I. Out of this quarter came, in large part, the mob that stormed the Bastille (bas-tel’).
2 A wonderful description of the taking of the Bastille is given in Carlyle’s “The French Revolution,” Book V., Chapter VI.
3 The key of the Bastille is now at Mount Vernon.
formed a new Constitution. During these two years, the French nobles, in great numbers, fled from France into Austria and Prussia, where they gathered an army, and threatened France with invasion.

Then the king, never sure of the right course to pursue, attempted to flee from Paris and join the exiled nobles in Austria. He got safely out of Paris, but was pursued, overtaken, and brought back. His position after this attempted flight was much worse than it had been before, for the people felt that he had played them false. He was made to feel his defenceless position when he was attacked in his own palace by the mob.

The threatened invasion from Austria was effected in July of the year 1792. Prussians, Austrians, and exiled French nobles came over the border and advanced towards Paris. There was consternation and wild rage in Paris. A second time the mob invaded the king’s palace. This time he saved his life only by flight to the Assembly for protection; the palace was pillaged and destroyed, and his faithful Swiss guard massacred.

A month later the mob did a yet more terrible thing. The prisons of Paris had been crowded with captives that had been seized by the republican authorities on suspicion of giving assistance to the invading nobles. From the second to the sixth of September, bands of assassins forced open the prisons, condemned their victims to death by mock trials, and butchered, it is said, over fourteen hundred prisoners. This terrible event, called in history the “September massacre,” forms an important episode of “A Tale of Two Cities”; it was in September, 1792, that Mr. Jarvis Lorry made his second fateful journey to Paris.

Now events crowd close, and grow more and more terrible. In the same month that the massacres occurred, the king was imprisoned, and the country was declared a republic. In the first month of the next year he was tried and executed; eight months later his queen shared his fate. His little son
is supposed to have died in prison. A curious rumor arose that he was brought by some friends to America, and lived and died in Canada.

The execution of the king caused almost all Europe to declare war against the republic, and all over France sprang up a great army, eager to fight for the new republic, and able to hold her foes at bay.

By this time the wise and moderate party had been swept away by the fierce republicans. The year before, Lafayette had resigned his position and left France. From September, 1793, to July, 1794, was the most awful part of the revolution, so bloody that it is called the "Reign of Terror."

Three terrible men ruled Paris—men who seem almost like fiends: Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. The guillotine was set up in what is now the Place de la Concord; prisoners by forties and fifties at a time were sent to their doom by trials that were a mockery of justice. These scenes in Paris were repeated in other cities of France.

Finally the frenzy of the Reign of Terror wore itself out. All three of the leaders came to violent ends. Marat was assassinated, Danton and Robespierre were guillotined.

When the leaders of the Terror fell, the more moderate party came into power. Then Napoleon arose, and for a time lorded it over France, and almost over Europe. After his fall, through various changes, the present Republic of France was established, in 1871.

Our story takes us only to 1793, but in the closing paragraphs there is a suggestion of the outcome of the French Revolution in the establishment of the present Republic.  

1 Danton (dōⁿ-tŏn'), Marat (mär-ă'), Robespierre (rôbs-pyär'). You will find striking descriptions of these three men in Victor Hugo's "Ninety-three," Part II., Book II., Chapter I.

2 Place de la Concord (pläs dĕ lä kŏn-kord'). This square was first called the Place Louis XV., and was ornamented by a statue of that monarch. In 1792, this statue was torn down, a plaste- figure of Liberty, near which was the guillotine, was erected in its place, and the name of the square was changed to Place de la Guillotine. The present name dates from 1795.

3 Teachers who wish books of reference upon the French Revolution will find a satisfactory brief account of the revolution and its causes in Adams's "The Growth of the
II

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF THE STORY

Two men may make the same journey, and one gain much and one gain little; because one has travelled with open eyes and a keen mind, while the other has gone about sleepy-eyed and sleepy-headed. Reading a book is somewhat like making a journey. To get the good of a book, you must see and think and feel. Charles Dickens said that when he was writing "A Tale of Two Cities" he lived through the experiences of the people that make the story. If you read the book rightly, you will almost do the same thing.

First, let us say a word in regard to seeing.

Here is a company of people whom the author saw very clearly, and whom he wished us to see. In the opening of the book, "the first of the persons with whom this history has business" is introduced to us; then another and another actor passes before the eyes of our mind, until presently we are living in a little world of people created by the power of the author. Observe these people carefully. The author usually gives one main description of each character. Notice under what circumstances he gives this main description. He chooses the time carefully always. Sometimes he gives the description as soon as he introduces the character; sometimes he waits until he has brought his character to a good effective point, and then he describes him. Besides the main description, there are usually little descriptive touches, thrown in here and there, that deepen the impression, and make the mental picture that we have formed grow clearer and clearer.

To illustrate, let us take the case of Lucie Manette, a character of importance in the story. We get our first pict-

French Nation " (Macmillan), Chapters XV. and XVI., and a fuller treatment of the subject in "The French Revolution," by Morris (Scribner & Co.). Both of these books contain copious references to other authorities, the latter having, in an appendix, an extended Bibliography of the French Revolution,
ure of Lucie as she rises to greet Mr. Lorry, in her room in
the Dover inn, as described in the third chapter of the first
book. Dickens gives first an impression of the room in
which she stands, a room dark and sombre. Against this
background we have the picture of a young girl, slight and
fair. One detail of her face is made very impressive, a little
puckering of her brows that gives her a half questioning, half
anxious expression. If nothing were considered besides the
picture produced, the contrast between the dark room and
the fair girl would be very effective, but in this case I think
that there is a particular appropriateness in the dark back-
ground given to the figure of Lucie Manette; it is in accord
with the shadow cast over her young life. The impression
that we get of fair hair is made clearer and clearer as we see
her again and again; the puckering of her brows we watch
for; on two important occasions it tells us much. I think
that you will find that Dickens is fond of emphasizing some
peculiarity of the face or the form of a character, and using
that peculiarity to individualize him by.

Now, let us reduce this slight study of the description of
Lucie Manette to a few questions. When and where does
Dickens give us the first clear picture of Lucie Manette?
What is the background of the figure? Is there anything
particularly appropriate in this background?—This ques-
tion, of course, you could not answer until you had finished
the book. What are the main impressions given by the de-
scription of Lucie? Are these impressions made deeper
through the rest of the book?

These same questions might be asked about any or all of
the important characters of the story. It would not be right
for the author to describe unimportant characters so fully.

There are many other things, besides people, for us to see.
Take for instance the mail-coach on the road to Dover, that
is described so vividly in the first chapter.1 In this descrip-

1 An interesting contrast to this description will be found in Tom Pinch's journey to
London, as set forth in "Martin Chuzzlewit." This journey of Tom Pinch is pub-
tion Dickens makes us feel and hear as well as see. We can feel the mist and cold of the night, hear the lumbering of the coach, the rattle of the harness, and the tread of the passengers as they plod up the hill. It is a fine thing to be able to make things seem as real as Dickens has made them in this description. You will be interested to notice the words that he uses to make us hear various sounds. Go over the chapter and write a list of these words.

After you have thought over the chapter, try to describe some mode of travelling that you know well, and see whether you can find the right words to make it seem real. Suppose you try one of the following subjects: a trolley-car ride on a very warm evening, a ride in an empty hay-cart, a ride in a country stage, a ride in a milk-wagon, a ride on a "bob" down a very slippery hill. Other subjects will suggest themselves to you. Whatever one you choose, be sure that it is something that you know well, and that, in describing, you use words that make clear the feeling of the weather and the sounds that accompany the journeying.

We have spoken about seeing; now let us consider for a moment how we may bring thought to bear upon our story.

One way in which you may use your heads while you are reading is by tracing all the threads of the story. You will find that there are many threads, now separating, now curiously coming together, and all of them uniting to make a piece of the strangely woven fabric of life. It will be a good thing for you to follow out all these lines of the story, and to see how the author has brought them all together. When you see this, you will begin to realize what a work of art it is to write a truly good novel.

As we did in the case of the descriptions, let us make a plan of study. The chief threads of the story, we may say, are three: the Dr. Manette thread, the "French nobleman" thread, and the French Revolution thread. Each thread is made up of different strands. The three threads unite in a lished in "The Booklovers' Magazine," November, 1903, with colored plates, illustrating different phases of English mail-coach travel.
very interesting way. The story begins with the Dr. Manette thread, and through the whole of the first book we are hardly aware of any other, but in truth we are picking up the first little strands of the French Revolution thread. In the first chapter of the second book, a new character is introduced rather abruptly, a young man by the name of Charles Darnay, and for a little while we do not know what his connection with the rest of the story may be. In chapter five of the second book, the thread that I call the "French nobleman" thread begins. We meet a certain marquis in Paris, then follow him to his country estate. Here we find that the Charles Darnay thread is a strand of the "French nobleman" thread of the story. As the story progresses, the "French nobleman" thread unites closely with the Dr. Manette part of the story, and as closely with the French Revolution part. Now, let us ask ourselves some questions. But, before we are ready to answer these questions, we should make a list of the characters that centre around Dr. Manette, of those that centre around the marquis, and of those that centre around the wine-shop keeper and his wife, who are the main figures of the French Revolution part of the story. Now, we may ask these questions: What is the connection between Dr. Manette and the wine-shop keeper? between the marquis and Dr. Manette? between the marquis and the wine-shop keeper? In what chapter of the story do we discover each one of these connections? Have any hints been given of the connection before it is made known? What effect has each connection upon the story? Who is the strongest evil influence in the story? Who is the strongest good influence?

A second direction in which thought should be exercised in reading this book is in learning what the French Revolution was, and what brought it about. Your sympathies will probably be divided about the rights and the wrongs of the French Revolution. Try to see the subject fairly. Remember that it is not upon the people of the poor quarters of Paris, and the like of them in other parts of France, in the
latter part of the eighteenth century, that the responsibility for the Reign of Terror rests, but rather upon the French government for centuries before. Remember, too, that the deeds of the Paris mob are a warning that no government is safe that contains within it the elements out of which mobs are made.

Let me mention a third subject for thought. It is a matter of interest to note some of the peculiarities of Charles Dickens as a writer. You will probably observe with surprise two things in this book: first, that capitals are occasionally used as you have been taught not to use them; second, that the punctuation, also, is in some places contrary to rule. For instance, if you should write, "That's a Blazing strange answer!" your teacher would no doubt strike out the capital B. Again, if you should write, "Perhaps. Perhaps see the great crowd of people, with its rush and roar, bearing down upon them, too!" you would probably receive some such criticism as this: "Do not punctuate as a sentence what is not a sentence." When Dickens capitalized "blazing," he did it to make the word emphatic; when he wrote "perhaps" as if it were a sentence, he again stepped aside from the ordinary usage in order to make the word "perhaps" strike the reader most forcibly. Writers of assured reputation may take such liberties, capitalizing for emphasis, and punctuating for rhetorical and not for grammatical reasons. Collect from your book at least five examples of each of these usages.

Seeing, thinking, and feeling. — Some directions may be given in regard to seeing and thinking; but, when we come to feeling, all that we can say is that clear seeing and honest thinking bring with them right feeling. Feeling that is not based upon such seeing and thinking is quite as apt to be wrong as right.

And now enter upon your story of "A Tale of Two Cities"; and may you, like the man travelling through an interesting country with open eyes and keen mind, find both pleasure and profit.
PRONUNCIATION OF FRENCH NAMES
occurring in A Tale of Two Cities, as given by the Century Dictionary.

Abbaye (ä-bä’).
Bastille (bas-tel’).
Beauvais (bö-vä’).
Calais (kä-lä’)
carmagnole (kär-ma-nyöl’).
chateau (sha-tô’)
Conciergerie (kôn-syerzh-rê’).
Defarge (da-färzh’).
Evrémonde (ä-vrä-môûd’).
Jacques (zhâk).

messieurs (me-syé’).
monseigneur (môn-sa-nyêr’).
monsieur (mê-syé’).
Notre Dame (nô’tr däm).
Place de la Concorde (plâs dê lä kôn kord’).
Saint Antoine (saî-тоn-twân’).
St. Evrémonde (saî-tă-vrä-môûd’).
St. Germain (saî-zher-maî’).

KEY
a as in fat.
ä " " fate.
ä " " father.
e " " met.
e " " mete.
è " " her.
o as in not.
ö " " note.
ô " " nor.
û—the nasal sound of n—peculiar
to French—nearly ng in sing.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES

BOOK THE FIRST

RECALLED TO LIFE

CHAPTER I.

THE MAIL.

It was the Dover Road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover Road lay beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked uphill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish 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. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho, then!" the near leader violently shook his head and everything upon it—like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill.

Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding
up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like. In those days travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber, or in league with robbers. As to the latter, when every posting-house and alehouse could produce somebody in "the Captain’s" pay, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself, that Friday night in November, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, lumbering up Shooter’s Hill, as he stood on his own particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited on a substratum of cutlass.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guards suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which cattle he could with a clear conscience have taken his oath on the two Testaments that they were not fit for the journey.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you’re at the top. I have had trouble enough to get you to it!—Joe!"

"Halloa!" the guard replied.

"What o’clock do you make it, Joe?"

"Ten minutes, good, past eleven."

"My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and

1 Notice the condition of travel: the coach, which we learn to know, inside and out, before we finish our story; the bad roads; the fear of highway-robbers.

2 An old-fashioned gun, short, flaring at the muzzle, holding a number of balls or slugs, and intended to be used at short range, without any particular aim.

3 Under-layer.
not atop of Shooter’s yet? Tst! Yah! Get on with you!”

The emphatic horse, cut short by the whip in a most decided negative, made a decided scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose 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 highwayman.

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\(^1\) the wheel for the descent, and open the coach 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?”

They both listened.

“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!”

With this hurried adjuration,\(^3\) he cocked his blunder-buss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history was on the coach step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him.

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1 A skid is a brake.
2 Probably he meant, “In the King’s name, help to defend the mail-coach!”
3 An earnest appeal.
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."

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

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "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 the passenger, then, with mildly quavering speech. "Who wants me? Is it Jerry?"

("I don't like Jerry's voice, if it is Jerry," growled the guard to himself. "He's hoarser than suits me, is 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—assisted from behind more sly than politely by the other two passengers, who
immediately scrambled into the coach, 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, in gruff soliloquy. "Hallo you!"

"Well! And hallo you!" said Jerry, more hoarsely than before.

"Come on at a foot-pace; d'ye mind me? And if you've got holsters² 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 the passenger stood. The rider stooped, and, casting up his eyes at the guard, handed the passenger a small folded paper.

"Guard!" said the passenger in a tone of quiet business confidence.

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

"There is nothing to apprehend.³ I belong to Tellson’s Bank. You must know Tellson’s⁴ Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown⁵ to drink. I may read this?"

"If so be as you're quick, sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach lamp on that side, 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."

¹ Speaking to himself. ² Case for pistols. ³ Fear. ⁴ Tellson's Bank has a good deal to do with the story. It is a sort of connecting link between London and Paris. ⁵ An English coin worth $1.22 of our money.
Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a Blazing strange answer, too," said he at his hoardest.

"Take that message 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 the passenger opened the coach door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretence of being asleep.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent.

"Tom!" softly over the coach roof.

"Hallo, Joe!"

"Did you hear the message?"

"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."

CHAPTER II.

THE NIGHT SHADOWS.

While the messenger trotted back with the message he was to deliver to the night watchman in his box at the door of Tellson's Bank, by Temple Bar,¹ the mail-coach lumbered, jolted, rattled, and bumped upon its tedious way.

¹ Temple Bar was once one of the gates or barriers of London, but the city grew beyond it, and now it is in the heart of London. It takes its name from the Knights Templars, who, at one time, had a great establishment there. Only their church is left. The place is now occupied by two societies of lawyers, called the Inner and the Middle Temple. From this fact, English lawyers are sometimes called Templars.
As the Bank passenger—with an arm drawn through the leathern strap, which did what lay in it to keep him from pounding against the next passenger, and driving him into his corner, whenever the coach got a special jolt—nodded in his place with half-shut eyes, the little coach windows, and the coach lamp dimly gleaming through them, and the bulky bundle of opposite passenger, became the Bank, and did a great stroke of business. The rattle of the harness was the chink of money. Then the strong-rooms underground at Tellson's opened before him, and he went in among them with the great keys and the feebly burning candle, and found them safe, and strong, and sound, and still, just as he had last seen them.

But, though the Bank was almost always with him, and though the coach (in a confused way) was always with him, there was another current of impression that never ceased to run all through the night. He was on his way to dig some one out of a grave.

Now, which of the multitude of faces that showed themselves before him was the true face of the buried person, the shadows of the night did not indicate; but they were all the faces of a man of five and forty by years, and they differed principally in the passions they expressed, and in the ghastliness of their worn and wasted state. But the face was in the main one face, and every head was prematurely white. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of thisspectre,—

"Buried how long?"

The answer was always the same: "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 staring and bewildered, and then it was, "I don’t know her. I don’t understand."

After such imaginary discourse, the passenger in his fancy would dig, and dig, dig—now with a spade, now with a great key, now with his hands—to dig this wretched creature out.

Dig—dig—dig—until an impatient movement from one of the two passengers would admonish him to pull up the window, draw his arm securely through the leathern strap, and speculate upon the two slumbering forms, until his mind lost its hold of them, and they again slid away into the Bank and the grave.

"Buried how long?"
"Almost eighteen years."
"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"
"Long ago."

The words were still in his hearing as just spoken—distinctly in his hearing as ever spoken words had been in his life—when the weary passenger started to the consciousness of daylight, and found that the shadows of the night were gone.

He 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.
AFTER THE CAPTURE OF THE BASTILLE, JULY 14, 1789.
"Eighteen years!" said the passenger, looking at the sun. "Gracious Creator of Day! To be buried alive for eighteen years!"

CHAPTER III.

THE PREPARATION.

When the mail got successfully to Dover in the course of the forenoon, the head drawer at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach door as his custom was. He did it with some flourish of ceremony, for a mail journey from London in winter was an achievement to congratulate an adventurous traveller upon.

By that time, there was only one adventurous traveller left to be congratulated; for the two others had been set down at their respective roadside destinations. The mildewy inside of the coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity, was rather like a larger dog-kennel. Mr. Lorry, the passenger, 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 packet to Calais to-morrow, drawer?"

"Yes, sir, if the weather holds, and the wind sets tolerable fair. The tide will serve pretty nicely at 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, sir? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please. Show Concord! Gentleman's valise and

1 We should say waiter. The word drawer comes from drawing wine from a cask.
2 A boat, carrying mail, etc., (packet, package) at regular intervals.
3 Calais (cá-lá'): port on the French coast, opposite Dover.
4 The rooms of the old English inns were sometimes named.
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 being always assigned to a passenger by the mail, and passengers by the mail being always heavily wrapped up from head to foot, the room had the odd interest for the establishment of the Royal George, 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 drawer, and two porters, and several maids, and the landlady were all loitering by accident at various points of the road between the Concord and the coffee-room, when a gentleman¹ of sixty, formally dressed in a brown suit of clothes, pretty well worn, but very well kept, with large square cuffs and large flaps to the pockets, passed along on his way to his breakfast.

The coffee-room had no other occupant, that forenoon, than the gentleman in brown. His breakfast-table was drawn before the fire, and as he sat, with its light shining on him, waiting for the meal, he sat so still, that he might have been sitting for his portrait.

Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a hand on each knee, and a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his flapped waistcoat. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for 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 sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighbouring beach, or the specks of sail

¹ Look at this gentleman well; we shall see much of him. Do you think, from the description, that he will have a good or a bad influence in the story?
that glinted in the sunlight far at sea. A face habitually suppressed and quieted was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes. He had a healthy color in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety.

Completing his resemblance to a man who was sitting for his portrait, Mr. Lorry dropped off asleep. The arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the drawer, as he moved his chair to it,—

"I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. 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. We have oftentimes the honor to entertain your gentlemen in their travelling backwards and forwards betwixt London and Paris, sir. A vast deal of travelling, sir, 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 travelling yourself, I think, sir?"

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

"Indeed, sir!"

When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast, he went out for a stroll on the beach.

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough 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 as he had awaited his breakfast, his mind was busily digging, digging, digging in the live red coals.
Mr. Lorry had been idle a long time, and had just poured out his last glassful of wine, when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street, and rumbled into the inn yard. He set down his glass untouched. "This is Mam'selle!" said he.

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.

"So soon?"

Miss Manette had taken some refreshment on the road, and required none then, and was extremely anxious to see the gentleman from Tellson’s immediately, if it suited his pleasure and convenience.

The gentleman from Tellson’s had nothing left for it but to empty his glass, and follow the waiter to Miss Manette’s apartment. It was a large, dark room, furnished with black horsehair, and loaded with heavy dark tables. These had been oiled and oiled, until the two tall candles on the table in the middle of the room were reflected on every leaf.

Mr. Lorry, having got past the two tall candles, saw standing to receive him, by the table between them and the fire, a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding cloak, and still holding her straw travelling hat by its ribbon in her hand. As his eyes rested on a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, and a forehead with a singular capacity (remembering how young and smooth it was) of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright fixed attention, though it included all the four expressions—as his eyes rested on these things, 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. The likeness passed away, and he made his formal bow to Miss Manette.

"Pray take a seat, sir." In a very clear and pleasant young voice: a little foreign in its accent, but a very little indeed.

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

"—Rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the Bank, so good as to be despatched to Paris for the purpose."

"Myself."

"As I was prepared to hear, sir."

She courtesied to him (young ladies made courtesies in those days), with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she. He made her another bow.

"I replied to the Bank, sir, that as it was considered necessary, by those who know, and who are so kind as to advise me, that I should go to France, and that as I am an orphan, and have no friend who could go with me, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection. The gentleman had left London, but I think a messenger was sent after him to beg the favor of his waiting for me here."
“I was happy,” said Mr. Lorry, “to be entrusted with the charge. I shall be more happy to execute it.”

“Sir, 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,” said Mr. Lorry. “Yes—I—”

After a pause he added, again settling the crisp flaxen wig at the ears, —

“It is very difficult to begin.”

He did not begin, but, in his indecision, met her glance.

“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, miss, the story of one of our customers.”

“Story!”

He seemed wilfully to mistake the word she had repeated, when he added in a hurry, “Yes, customers: in the banking business we usually call our connection our customers. He was a French gentleman; a scientific gentleman; a man of great acquirements—a Doctor.”

“Not of Beauvais?”

“Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honor of knowing him there. I was at that time in our French House, and had been—oh! twenty years.

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1 Beauvais (bō-vä'): a town 43 miles northwest of Paris.
2 Monsieur (mé-syé'): literally, my lord, answering to the English Mr.
"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."

"But this is my father’s story, sir; and I begin to think"—the curiously roughened forehead was very intent upon him—"that when I was left an orphan through my mother surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidently advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips.

"Miss Manette, it was I. 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.

"Pray," said Mr. Lorry in a soothing tone, "pray control your agitation—a matter of business. 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\(^1\) who could exercise a privilege\(^2\) 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 filling up blank forms for the consignment of any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time; if his wife had implored the king, the queen, the court, the clergy, for any tidings

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\(^1\) Fellow-countryman.

\(^2\) The privilege that Mr. Lorry here refers to with such horror is a terrible power, and could not be possible in any country where there is true liberty.
of him, 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, sir.”

“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 good.” (Though his manner was less satisfied than his words.) “A matter of business. Regard it as a matter of business—business that must be done. Now, if this Doctor’s wife, though a lady of great courage and spirit, had suffered so intensely from this cause before her little child was born—”

“The little child was a daughter, sir?”

“A daughter. A—a—matter of business—don’t be distressed. Miss, if the poor lady had suffered so intensely before her little child was born, that she came to the determination of sparing the poor child the inheritance of any part of the agony she had known the pains of, by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead—No, don’t kneel! In Heaven’s name, why should you kneel to me?”

“For the truth. Oh, dear, good, compassionate sir, for the truth!”

“A—matter of business. You confuse me, and how can I transact business if I am confused?”

She sat so still when he had very gently raised her, that she communicated some reassurance to Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

“That’s right, that’s right. Courage! Business! You have business before you; useful business. Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you! And when she

1 You see that here Mr. Lorry drops his fiction and speaks directly to Miss Manette. Why did he begin as he did?
died—I believe broken-hearted—having never slackened her unavailing search for your father, she left you, at two years old, to grow to be blooming, beautiful, and happy, without the dark cloud upon you of living in uncertainty whether your father soon wore his heart out in prison, or wasted there through many lingering years."

As he said the words he looked down, with an admiring pity, on the flowing golden hair; as if he pictured to himself that it might have been already tinged with gray.

"There has been no new discovery of money, or of any other property; but—"

He felt his wrist clutched closely, and he stopped.

"—But he has been—been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable; almost a wreck, it is possible; though we will hope the best. Still, alive. Your father has been taken to the house 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 from it through his. She said, in a low, distinct, awe-stricken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream,—

"I am going to see his Ghost! It will be his Ghost—not him!"

"Only one thing more," said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome 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 inquire 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 now 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 awhile 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 under his hand, utterly insensible. So close was her hold upon his arm, 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, and to have red hair, and to be dressed in some extraordinary tight-fitting fashion, and to have on her head a most wonderful bonnet like a Grenadier wooden measure, and good measure, too, or a great Stilton cheese, came running 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 breathless reflection, simultaneously with his coming 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

1 Papers that prove who a person is and that he has a right to do certain things.
2 The person who enters the story in this emphatic manner ends her career therein with equal emphasis, as you will see later.
3 At the same time.
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!” she said, indignantly turning 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, 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, and coaxed her to lay her drooping head upon her shoulder.

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

“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 question hard to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.

1 “Put out,” as we sometimes say.
CHAPTER IV.

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 within reach 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, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. 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 out between their fingers.

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.

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and 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," said he, with a final shrug of the shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another." So saying, he entered the wine-shop.

1 Saint Antoine (san-to'n-twān'): a quarter of Paris inhabited by the lower classes. It was at that time the haunt of many discontented and vicious, as well as very poor people. It lies just to the east of the place where the great prison of the Bastile stood.
This wineshop-keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. 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. Goodhumored-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking too; evidently a man of 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. Madame Defarge was a stout woman, of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge, being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large ear-rings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the

1 Not to be easily pacified, if once aroused.
2 Defarge (da-färzh’). Mark this woman well. She is very important in two ways; first, because she influences the story; second, because there were many women in France like her at this time.
breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wineshop-keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there: two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is our man."

Monsieur Defarge feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?"¹ said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilt wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of Christian name was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"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.

At this second interchange of the Christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

¹ Jacques (zhäk′): same as English, John. These men call each other Jacques, because Jacques is so common a name among the workingmen in France that the name stands for a peasant or workingman. A revolt of the peasants against the nobles that occurred in 1358 is called in history the Jacquerie.
The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking-vessel, and smacked his lips.

"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?"

"You are right, Jacques," was the response of Monsieur Defarge.

This third interchange of the Christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly rustled in her seat.

"Hold then! True!" muttered her husband. "Gentlemen — my wife!"

The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourishes.

"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eye observantly upon her, "good-day."

They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting, when 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.

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word, Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, 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 thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway. It opened from a little black courtyard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by
a great number of people. 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 not at all gently done: a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humor in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but 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?" said the other in the same low voice.

"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.

Such a staircase, with its accessories, in the older and more crowded parts of Paris, would be bad enough now; but, at that time, it was vile indeed to unaccustomed and unhardened senses.

At last, the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped for the third time. There was yet an upper stair-
case, of a steeper inclination, to be ascended before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop, always going a little in advance, turned himself about here, and carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.

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

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"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 his door was left open."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible?" repeated Defarge bitterly. "Yes. And a beautiful world we live in when it is possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done — done, see you! — under that sky there every day. Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper, that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears.

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There, with an admonitory gesture to keep them back, Defarge stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall. Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door — evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention, he 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 under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

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

"A—a—a—business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek.

"Come in, come in!"

"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 set her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a depository for fire-wood and the like, was dim and dark: for the window, of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street: unglazed, and closing up the middle in two 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 through these means, that it was dif-
ficult, on first coming in, to see anything; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in anyone 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.

CHAPTER V.

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 to the salutation, as if it were at a distance,—

"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 haggard eyes had looked at the questioner, before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago.

Some minutes of silent work had passed, and the haggard eyes had looked up again: not with any interest or curiosity, but with a dull mechanical perception, beforehand, that the spot where the only visitor they were aware of had stood was not yet empty.
"I want," said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, "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, similarly, 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." (Laying the palest shadow of a stress upon the second word.)

The opened half-door was opened a little further, and secured at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman, with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labor. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, though they had been really otherwise; but they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had
lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak.

"Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day?" asked Defarge, motioning to Mr. Lorry to come forward.

"What did you say?"

"Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to-day?"

"I can’t say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don’t know."

"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 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, for monsieur’s information?"

"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.

Now that he had no work to hold, he laid the knuckles of the right hand in the hollow of the left, and then the knuckles of the left hand in the hollow of the right, and
then passed a hand across his bearded chin, and so on, in regular changes, without a moment's intermission.

"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."

With a weary sound that was not a sigh, nor a groan, he bent to work again, until the silence was again broken.

"You are not a shoemaker by trade?" said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

"I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learnt it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to—"

He lapsed away, even for minutes, ringing those measured changes on his hands the whole time. His eyes came slowly back, at last, to the face from which they had wandered; when they rested on it, he started, and resumed, in the manner of a sleeper that moment awake, reverting to a subject of last night.

"I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since."

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face—

"Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me?"

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?"
As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns, at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long-obliterated marks of an actively intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were over-clouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but, they had been there. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, that it looked as though it had passed, like a moving light, from him to her.

"Have you recognized him, monsieur?" asked Defarge in a whisper.

"Yes; for a moment. Hush! Let us draw further back. Hush!"

She had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat.

Not a word was spoken, no a sound was made. She stood like a spirit 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. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. 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.

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?"

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips, and kissed them to him; then clasped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.
“You are not the jailer’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 when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame; 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 deep 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, and 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?”

As the concentrating expression returned to his forehead, he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. 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 came to him coherently, though slowly.

“How was this? — Was it you?”

Once more, the two 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 voice, “I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!”

“Hark!” he exclaimed. “Whose voice was 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 — ages 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.

“Oh, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, 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. Kiss me, 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.

"Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. Oh, see! Thank God for us, thank God."

He had sunk in her arms, with his face dropped on her breast: a sight so touching, yet so terrible in the tremendous 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 shaking form had long yielded to the calm that must follow all storms, they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. 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, urged Miss Manette, "as to leave us here. If you will lock the door to secure us from inter-
ruption, I do not doubt that you will find him, when you come back, as quiet as you leave him. In any case, I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight.”

Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were rather 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 travelling papers;¹ 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 to do it.

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 travelling 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 (there was nothing else in the garret but a pallet bed), and he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive, and assisted him to his feet.

In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey under coercion,² he ate and drank what they gave him to eat and drink, 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 of his own.

They began to descend; Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession.

¹ Passports—papers identifying travelers and giving them permission to enter or to leave a country.
² Force.
No crowd was about the door; no people were discernible at any of the many windows; not even a chance passer-by was in the street. An unnatural silence and desertion reigned there. 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 the coach, and his daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry’s feet were arrested on the step by his asking, miserably, for his shoemaking tools and the unfinished shoes. Madame Defarge immediately called to her husband that she would go get them, and went, knitting, out of the lamp-light, through the court-yard. She quickly brought them down and handed them in; and immediately afterwards leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word “To the Barrier!” The postilion 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 theatre-doors, to one of the city gates. Soldiers with lanterns at the guard-house there. “Your papers, travellers!” “See here then, Monsieur the Officer,” said Defarge, getting down, and taking him gravely apart, “these are the papers of monsieur inside, 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.

Beneath that arch of unmoved and eternal lights the

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1 City-gate.
2 The postilion rides one of the horses attached to a coach, and thus takes the place of a driver.
shadows of the night were broad and black. All through
the cold and restless interval, until dawn, they once more
whispered in the ears of Mr. Jarvis Lorry — sitting op-
posite the buried man who had been dug out, and wonder-
ing what subtle powers were forever lost to him, and what
were capable of restoration — the old inquiry, —
"I hope you care to be recalled to life?"
And the old answer, —
"I can’t say."
BOOK THE SECOND

THE GOLDEN THREAD

CHAPTER I.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty.

Outside Tellson's—never by any means in it, unless called in—was an odd-job-man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand. His surname was Cruncher, and he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

The head of one of the regular indoor messengers attached to Tellson's establishment was put through the door, and the word was given—

"Porter wanted!"

"You know the Old Bailey\(^1\) well, no doubt?" said one of the oldest clerks to Jerry the messenger.

"Ye-es, sir," returned Jerry in something of a dogged manner. "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," said Jerry.

"Very well. Find the door where the witnesses go in,\(^{\text{\footnote{\text{A famous London prison.}}}}\)
and show the door-keeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in.'"
"Into the Court, sir?"
"Into the Court."
"Am I to wait in the Court, sir?" he asked.
"I am going to tell you. The door-keeper will pass the note to Mr. Lorry, and do you make any gesture that will attract Mr. Lorry's attention, and show him where you stand. Then what you have to do is, to remain there until he wants you."
"Is that all, sir?"
"That's all. He wishes to have a messenger at hand. This is to tell him you are there."
As the ancient clerk deliberately folded the note, Mr. Cruncher remarked—
"I suppose they'll be trying Forgeries this morning?"
"Treason!"
"That's quartering!" said Jerry.
The messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter through a trap in it.
After some delay and demur, the door grudgingly 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."
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: not far from a wigged gentleman, the

1 This barbarous penalty was still inflicted as a punishment for treason.
2 Lawyers.
prisoner's counsel, who had a great bundle of papers before him: and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention, when Mr. Cruncher looked at him then or afterwards, seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the Court. 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," said Jerry.

"What have you got to do with it, then, if a person may inquire?"

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

The entrance of the Judge, and a consequent great stir and settling down in the Court, stopped the dialogue. Presently the dock became the central point of interest. Two jailers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in, and put to the bar.

Everybody present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him.

The object of all this staring was a young man of 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. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark gray, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck: more to be out of his way than for ornament. 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 (with infinite jingle and jangle)¹ for that he was a false

¹ The words here follow the phrasing of an indictment for treason.
traitor to our serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, prince, our Lord the King, by reason of his having, on divers occasions, and by divers means and ways, assisted Lewis,¹ the French King, in his wars against our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth; that was to say, by coming and going between the dominions of our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, and those of the said French Lewis, and wickedly, falsely, traitorously, and otherwise evil-adverbiously, revealing to the said French Lewis what forces our said serene, illustrious, excellent, and so forth, had in preparation to send to Canada and North America. This much Jerry made out with huge satisfaction, and arrived at the understanding that Charles Darnay stood there before him upon his trial; that the jury was swearing in; and that Mr. Attorney-General² was making ready to speak.

The accused, who was (and who knew he was) being mentally hanged, beheaded, and quartered by everybody there, neither flinched from the situation, nor assumed any theatrical air in it. He 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.

Over the prisoner's head there was a mirror, to throw the light down upon him. A change in his position making him conscious of a bar of light across his face, he looked up; and when he saw the glass his face flushed, and his right hand pushed the herbs away.

¹ When the American Revolution broke out, France, you remember, went to war with England.
² The Attorney-General is an officer who acts as lawyer for the state. He conducts cases against persons who are accused of offences against the state, as Charles Darnay was accused of treason.
It happened that the action 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 immediately, and 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 of the absolute whiteness of his hair, and a certain indescribable intensity of face.

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. The whisper went about, "Who are they?"

"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.

1 Do you know what the author means by this?
FIVE YEARS LATER

CHAPTER II.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mr. Attorney-General had to inform the jury that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or the year before. That it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner’s schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his Majesty’s Chief Secretary of State and most honorable Privy Council. That the lofty example of this immaculate and unimpeachable witness for the Crown, to refer to whom, however unworthily, was an honor, had communicated itself to the prisoner’s servant, and had engendered in him a holy determination to examine his master’s table drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers. That the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty’s forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. That the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions within a few weeks before the date of the very first action

1 Spotless.  
2 Unquestionably honest.
fought between the British troops and the Americans. That for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), and being a responsible jury (as they knew they were), must positively find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not.

When the Attorney-General ceased, a buzz arose in the Court as if a cloud of great blue-flies were swarming about the prisoner. When it toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box: John Barsad, gentleman, by name.

Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite still looking at the ceiling of the Court.²

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn’t precisely remember where it was. What was it? No business of anybody’s. Had he inherited it? Yes, he had. From whom? Distant relation. Very distant? Rather. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtors’ prison?³ Didn’t see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtors’ prison?—Come, once again. Never? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Of what profession? Gentleman. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked downstairs? Decidedly not; once received a kick on the top of a staircase, and fell downstairs of his

¹ What do you think of this “noble” John Barsad? Do you feel sure that he is “immaculate” and “unimpeachable?”
² This is the cross-examination of John Barsad by the “wigged gentleman,” Mr. Stryver, Charles Darnay’s lawyer. What facts about John Barsad is Mr. Stryver trying to bring out?
³ At this time people could be imprisoned for not paying their debts.
own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Swear it was not true? Positively. Ever live by cheating at play? Never. Ever live by play? Not more than other gentlemen do. Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? No. Not in regular government pay and employment to lay traps? Oh dear, no! Or to do anything? Oh dear, no. Swear that? Over and over again. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism? None whatever.

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

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's Bank?"
"I am."

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

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"
"Two."

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

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"
"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"
"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I cannot undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were, is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"
"No."

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

"I have."

"When?"

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

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

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

"Miss Manette!"

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

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the staring curiosity that looked on could, for the moment, nerve him to remain quite still. His hurried right hand parcelled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden; and his efforts to control and steady his breathing shook the lips from which the color rushed to his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"On board of the packet-ship just now referred to, sir, and on the same occasion."

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

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

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Recall it."

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

"When the gentleman came on board—"

"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the Judge, knitting his brows.

"Yes, my Lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

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

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"

"No."
"How many were with him?"
"Two French gentleman."
"Had they conferred together?"
"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."
"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"
"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."
"Like these in shape and size?"
"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near me: I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at papers."
"Now to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette."
"The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me — which arose out of my helpless situation — as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," burst-into tears, "I may not repay him by doing him harm to-day."

Buzzing from the blue-flies.
"He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that his business had, within a few days, taken him to France, and might, at intervals, take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come."
"Did he say anything about America, Miss Manette? Be particular."
"He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jest-
ing way, that perhaps George Washington\(^1\) might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. But there was no harm in his way of saying this: it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Sir, I can do neither.”

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

He answered in a low voice, “There is.”

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

\(^1\) This is interesting to us.
He answered, in a tone that went to every heart, "A long imprisonment."

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

"They tell me so."

"Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

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

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

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

1 This "wigged gentleman," whose name we learn a little farther on, is a person to be particularly noted.
tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

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

The witness was quite sure.

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

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

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

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

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

2 Dissipated.
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.

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 with her father. As he passed out, the jury, who had turned back and paused a moment, spoke, through their foreman.

They were not agreed, and wished to retire.

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

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

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

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

1 Repast.
"Here, sir! It's a fight to get back again. Here I am, sir!"

Mr. Lorry handed him a paper through the throng.

"Quick! Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir."

Hastily written on the paper was the word, "Acquitted."

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

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

CHAPTER III.

CONGRATULATORY.

In the dimly lighted passages of the Court, Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defence, and its counsel, Mr. Stryver, stood gathered around Mr. Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult, by a far brighter light, to recognize in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Yet no one could have looked at him twice without looking again, even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the mournful cadence of his low grave voice, and to the abstraction that overclouded him fitfully, without any apparent reason. While one external
cause, and that a reference to his long lingering agony, would always—as on the trial—evoke this condition from the depths of his soul, it was also in its nature to arise of itself, and to draw a gloom over him, as incomprehensible to those unacquainted with his story as if they had seen the shadow of the actual Bastille\(^1\) 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.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked.

"You have laid me under an obligation to you for life—in two senses," said his late 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 clearly being incumbent on somebody to say, "Much better," Mr. Lorry said it.

"You think so?" said Mr. Stryver. "Well, you have been present all day, and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too."

"And as such," quoth Mr. Lorry, "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

\(^1\) The famous prison in Paris where Dr. Manette was so long confined. This is the first mention of the "dreadful place" referred to by Mr. Lorry in his talk with Lucie Manette at Dover.
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.

His 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.”

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. 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 Mr. Darnay.

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

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

“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 numskulls were deliberating which world you
should belong to — this or some other. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at."

Drawing his 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 and good wine, while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him, and his fully half-insolent manner upon him.

"Now your dinner is done," Carton presently said, "why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay; why don't you give your 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 his face while he drank the toast, Carton flung his glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces; then rang the bell and ordered in another.

"That's a fair young lady to hand to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay!" he said, filling his new goblet.

A slight frown and a laconic "Yes" were the answer.

"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," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "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 you do."
GENERAL VIEW OF THE PART OF PARIS MENTIONED IN "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

Seine River. In it is the Isle de France with Notre Dame visible. The open space with the column in the middle, near the centre of the picture, is the Place de la Concorde. The column in the distance, beyond the Isle de France, marks the site of the Bastille. The St. Antoine quarter is beyond this column. The St. Germain quarter lies along the Seine to the right of the Isle de France. The Conciergerie is on the I-le de France.
"I don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued 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 rejoined, "Nothing in life!"

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, and said, "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."

When he got out of the house, the air was cold and sad, the dull sky overcast, the river dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifeless desert. And wreaths of dust were spinning round and round before the 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 chamber 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.¹ On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday when the waves of four

¹ A well-known street in London.
months had rolled over 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. After several relapses into business absorptions, Mr. Lorry had become the Doctor's friend, and the quiet street corner was the sunny part of his life.

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 brought him otherwise 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.
"As I am at home myself," said Mr. Lorry, "I'll go upstairs."

Although the Doctor's daughter had known nothing of the country of her birth, she appeared to have derived from it that ability to make much of little means which is one of its most useful and most agreeable characteristics. Simple as the furniture was, it was set off by so many little adornments, of no value but for their taste and fancy, that its effect was delightful. The disposition of everything in the rooms, the arrangement of colors, the elegant variety and contrast obtained by thrift in trifles, by delicate hands, clear eyes, and good sense, were at once so pleasant in themselves, and so expressive of their
originator, that, as Mr. Lorry stood looking about him, the very chairs and tables seemed to ask him, with something of that peculiar expression which he knew so well by this time, whether he approved?

There were three rooms on a floor, and, the doors by which they communicated being put open that the air might pass freely through them all, Mr. Lorry walked from one to another. The first was the best room, and in it were Lucie's birds, and flowers, and books, and desk, and work-table, and box of water-colors; the second was the Doctor's consulting-room, used also as the dining-room; the third, changingly speckled by the rustle of the plane-tree in the yard, was the Doctor's bedroom, and there, in a corner, stood the disused shoemaker's bench and tray of tools, much as it had stood on the fifth floor of the dismal house by the wine-shop, in the suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris.

"I wonder," said Mr. Lorry, pausing in his looking about, "that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings by 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 the Royal George Hotel at Dover, and had since improved.

"I should have thought—" Mr. Lorry began.

"Pooh! You'd have thought!" said Miss Pross; and Mr. Lorry left off.

"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," answered Mr. Lorry, with meekness; "how are you?"

"Nothing to boast of," said Miss Pross.

"Indeed!"
“Ah! indeed!” said Miss Pross. “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,” said Miss Pross, whose character (dissociated from stature) was shortness.

“Really, then?” said Mr. Lorry as an amendment.

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

“May I ask the cause?”

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

“Do dozens come for that purpose?”

“Hundreds,” said Miss Pross.

“Dear me!” said Mr. Lorry, as the safest remark he could think of.

“I have lived with the darling—or the darling has lived with me, and paid me for it; which she certainly should never have done, you may take your affidavit, if I could have afforded to keep either myself or her for nothing—since she was ten years old. And it’s really very hard,” said Miss Pross.

Not seeing with precision what was very hard, Mr. Lorry shook his head.

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

“I began it, Miss Pross?”

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

“Oh! If that was beginning it—” said Mr. Lorry.

“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."

Mr. Lorry knew Miss Pross to be very jealous, but he also knew her by this time to be one of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves. He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it better than the faithful service of the heart.

"There never was, nor will be, but one man worthy of Ladybird," said Miss Pross; "and that was my brother Solomon, if he hadn't made a mistake in life."

Here again: Mr. Lorry's inquiries into Miss Pross's personal history had established the fact that her brother Solomon was a heartless scoundrel who had stripped her of everything she possessed, 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 got back to the drawing-room, and had sat down there in friendly relations, "let me ask you—does the Doctor, in talking with Lucie, never refer to the shoemaking time yet?"

"Never."

"Is it not remarkable that Doctor Manette, unquestionably innocent of any crime, as we are well assured he is, should never touch upon that question? 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? Be-
lieve me, Miss Pross, I don’t approach the topic with you out of curiosity, but out of zealous interest.”

“Well! To the best of my understanding, and bad’s the best you’ll tell me,” said Miss Pross, softened by the tone of the apology, “he is afraid of the whole subject.”

“Afraid?”

“It’s plain enough, I should think, why he may be. It’s a dreadful remembrance. Besides that, 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 looked for. “True,” said he, “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. Indeed, it is this doubt, and the uneasiness it sometimes causes me, that has led me to our present confidence.”

“Can’t be helped,” said Miss Pross, shaking her head. “Touch that string, 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 there, 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. She hurries 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 together, walking up and down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself.”
Notwithstanding Miss Pross’s denial of her own imagination, there was a perception of the pain of being monotonously haunted by one sad idea in her repetition of the phrase, walking up and down, which testified to her possessing such a thing.

"Here they are!" said Miss Pross, rising to break up the conference; "and now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon!"

It was a curious corner in its acoustical properties, such a peculiar Ear of a place, 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. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her—which last she only dared to do playfully, or Miss Pross, sorely hurt, would have retired to her own chamber and cried. The Doctor was a pleasant sight too, looking on at them, and telling Miss Pross how she spoiled Lucie, in accents and with eyes that had as much spoiling in them as Miss Pross had, and

1 Relating to sound.
would have had more if it were possible. Mr. Lorry was a pleasant sight too, beaming at all this in his little wig, and thanking his bachelor stars for having lighted him in his declining years to a Home. But no Hundreds of people came to see the sights, and Mr. Lorry looked in vain for the fulfilment of Miss Pross's prediction.

Dinner-time, and still no Hundreds of people.

It was an oppressive day, and, after dinner, Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and that they should sit there in the air. As everything turned upon her and revolved about her, they went out under the plane-tree, and she carried the wine down for the special benefit of Mr. Lorry.

Still the Hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Darnay presented himself while they were sitting under the plane-three, 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 not infrequently the victim of this disorder, and she called it, in familiar conversation, "a fit of jerks."

The Doctor was in his best condition, and looked specially young. The resemblance between him and Lucie was very strong at such times, and, as they sat side by side, she leaning on his shoulder, and he resting his arm on the back of her chair, it was very agreeable to trace the likeness.

He had been talking all day on many subjects, and with unusual vivacity. "Pray, Doctor Manette," said Mr. Darnay, as they sat under the plane-tree—and he said it in the natural pursuit of the topic in hand, which happened to be the 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 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 a character that gives facilities for seeing much of it. They told me a curious thing when I was there."

"What was that?" Lucie asked.

"In making some alterations, the workmen came upon an old dungeon, which had been for many years built up and forgotten. Every stone of its inner wall was covered with inscriptions which had been carved by prisoners—dates, names, complaints, and prayers. Upon a corner stone in an angle of the wall, one prisoner, who seemed to have gone to execution, had cut, as his last work, three letters. They were done with some very poor instrument, and hurriedly, with an unsteady hand. At first they were read as D. I. C.; but, on being more carefully examined, the last letter was found to be G. There was no record or legend of any prisoner with those initials, and many fruitless guesses were made what the name could have been. At length it was suggested that the letters were not initials, but the complete word, Dio. The floor was examined very carefully under the inscription, and, in the earth beneath a stone, or tile, or some fragment of paving, were found the ashes of a paper, mingled with the ashes of a small leathern case or bag. What the unknown prisoner had written will never be read, but he had written something, and hidden it away to keep it from the jailer."

"My father!" exclaimed Lucie, "you are ill!"

1 We shall know later what it was that this story brought to Dr. Manette's mind. What is your idea?
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, and he showed the back of his hand with raindrops on it. But he said not a single word in reference to the discovery that had been told of, and, as they went into the house, the business eye of Mr. Lorry either detected, or fancied he 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-house.

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 upon her, and yet no Hundreds of people. 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 over-powered by heat. When the tea-table was done with, they all moved to one of the windows, and looked out into the heavy twilight. Lucie sat by her father; Darnay sat beside her; Carton leaned against a window.

"The raindrops are still falling, large, heavy, and few," said Doctor Manette. "It comes slowly."

"It comes surely," said Carton.

They spoke low, as people watching and waiting mostly do; as people in a dark room, watching and waiting for Lightning, always do.

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 footprint was there.
"A multitude of people, and yet a solitude!" said Darnay, when they had listened for a while.

"Is it not impressive, Mr. Darnay?" asked Lucie. "Sometimes I have sat here of an evening until I have fancied — but even the shade of a foolish fancy makes me shudder to-night, when all is so black and solemn —"

"Let us shudder too. We may know what it is?"

"It will seem nothing to you. Such whims are only impressive as we originate them, I think; they are not to be communicated. I have sometimes sat alone here of an evening listening, until 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. The corner echoed and re-echoed with the tread of feet; some, as it seemed, under the windows; some, as it seemed, in the room; some coming, some going, some breaking off, some stopping altogether; all in the distant streets, and not one within 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; I told you it was a foolish fancy, but you asked for it. When I have yielded myself to it, I have been alone, and then I have imagined them 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. There is a great crowd bearing down upon us, Miss Manette, and I see them! — by the Lightning." He added the last words,
after there had been a vivid flash which had shown him lounging in the window.

"And I hear them!" he added again, after a peal of thunder. "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 St. 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 to Clerkenwell. 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: though it was usually performed a good two hours earlier.

"What a night it has been!" said Mr. Lorry. "Good-night, Mr. Carton! Good-night, Mr. Darnay! Shall we ever see such a night again together?"

Perhaps. Perhaps see the great crowd of people, with its rush and roar, bearing down upon them, too.

CHAPTER V.

MONSEIGNEUR¹ IN TOWN.

MONSEIGNEUR, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel² in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctu-

¹ Monseigneur (mōn-sē-nyôr’): my lord, a title given to princes and other great lords.
² This term is used by the French for a private city mansion.
ary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiests to the crowd of worshippers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some sullen minds supposed 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 happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lackey carried the chocolate-pot into the sacred presence; a second milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; 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, having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then, what submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation!

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. There, Monseigner 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 snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

"I devote you," said this person, stopping at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the sanctuary, "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.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed, resided. They persisted in changing color sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then they gave a look of treachery and cruelty to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity of helping such a look was to be found in the line of the mouth, and the lines of the orbits of the eyes, being much too horizontal and thin; 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

1 This man, whose name we learn later, is a type of the haughty French nobles that did so much to bring about the French Revolution.
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 patrician¹ custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar 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, the carriage dashed through street, 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, 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 valet² had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

"What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, 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 and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!"³ said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"

¹ Noble. ² A man-servant, who attends on his master's person. ³ A noble, in rank intermediate between a count or earl and a duke.
"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 some 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!"

The people closed round and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say anything; after the first cry they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken was flat and tame in its extreme submission. 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.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "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 heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down on 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 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 its 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 grovelling on his face 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, except as to the spots on his nose: "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; and he leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word, "Go on!"

CHAPTER VI.

MONSEIGNEUR IN THE COUNTRY.

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 travelling carriage (which might have been lighter), conducted by four post-horses and two postilions, fagged up a steep hill.

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 relays of post-horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appoint-

1 The description that we have here of the village on the estate of the marquis is a companion picture to the description of the suburb of Saint Antoine around the wine-shop of Defarge. One shows the condition of the country poor, the other of the city poor, just before the French Revolution.
ments. It had its poor people too. Expressive signs of what made them poor were not wanting; 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.

Heralded by a courier in advance, Monsieur the Marquis drew up in his travelling carriage at the posting-house gate. It was hard by the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

"Bring me hither that fellow!" said the Marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.

"I passed you on the road?"

"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 stopped a little and with his tattered blue cap pointed 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 traveller.

"Monseigneur, the man."
"Idiot! 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 Monsieur the Marquis. Perhaps to observe whether he had any spectre on his conscience.

"Truly, you did well," said the Marquis, "to see a thief accompanying my carriage and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle!"

Monsieur Gabelle was the Postmaster, and some other taxing functionary, united.

"Bah! Go aside!" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, 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 haled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

"Did the man run away, Dolt, when we stopped for the drag?"

"Monseigneur, he precipitated¹ 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, and Monseigneur was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his château.²

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. By degrees lights twinkled in little casements; which lights, as the casements 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

¹ Notice that these people talk very differently from Englishmen or Americans of the same class. This comes from a great difference in the national character. Select some expressions used by these peasants that seem to you different from English fashions of speech.

² Château (sha-tō'): a fine country house.
of a flambeau,\(^1\) 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 VII.

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\(^2\) 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.

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 when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-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 bedchamber and two others.

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\(^1\) Torch.

\(^2\) The Gorgon is a woman, told of in the Greek fables, that had the power, by her glance, of turning people to stone.
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 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; "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he; but he had been expected with Monseigneur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night; 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 sumptuous and choice 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 horizontal lines of black and stone color.

"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, and looked out into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him, looking round for instructions.

"Good," said the imperturbable 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

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1 Not to be disturbed.
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 was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was prayed 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?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at table.

"Yesterday. And you?"

"I come direct."

"From London?"

"Yes. 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," returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there."

The deepened marks in the nose, and 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 re-assuring.

"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,” said the uncle, with a fine pulsation in the two marks. “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\(^1\) would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely.”
“It is possible,” said the uncle, with great calmness. “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. A good opportunity for consideration, surrounded by the advantages of solitude, might influence your des-

\(^1\) A sealed letter. The orders issued by the king or by those to whom he granted the power, for the imprisonment of some person, without stating any cause for such imprisonment, were called by this name.
tiny 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 by interest and importunity. We have lost many privileges; 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 little 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. Even in my father's time we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. Why need I speak of my father's time, when it is 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," answered the nephew, "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 of my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Mar-

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1 The marquis does not speak out very frankly. What does he mean by "little instruments of correction?" What was the favor that the marquis wished to gain from the great court noble?

2 We begin to see what the business was that took Charles Darnay often from England to France.
quis, touching him on the breast with his forefinger—they were now standing by the hearth—"you will forever seek them in vain, be assured."

When he had said it, he took a culminating pinch of snuff, and put his box in his pocket.

"Better to be a rational creature," he added then, after ringing 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," said the nephew sadly; "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?"

"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 been long 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?" said the uncle. "Forgive my curiosity; how do you graciously intend to live?"

"I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day—work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honor, sir, is safe for me in this country. The family name can suffer from me in no other, for I bear it in no other."

"They say, those boastful English, that it is the Refuge of many. You know a compatriot who has found a Refuge there? A Doctor?"

1 Notice that the marquis seems to have some knowledge of Dr. Manette. Do you think that he is friendly to him or not?
“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 his nephew forcibly. At the same time, the thin straight lines of the setting of the eyes, and the thin, straight lips, and the markings in the nose, curved with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolic.

“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 chamber there!—And burn Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will,” he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

The valet come and gone, Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose chamber-robe to prepare himself gently for sleep that hot still night.

“I am cool now,” said Monsieur the Marquis, “and may go to bed.”

So, leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and heard the night break its silence with a long sigh as he composed himself to sleep.

The stone faces on the outer walls stared blindly at the black night for three heavy hours; for three heavy hours the horses in the stables rattled at their racks, and the dogs barked.

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 gray water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the château were opened.

Now the sun was full up and movement began in the village.

The château awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. First, the lonely boar spears and knives of the chase had been reddened as of old; now, doors and windows were thrown open, horses in their stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at doorways, leaves sparkled and rustled at iron-grated windows, dogs pulled hard at their chains, and reared impatient to be loosed.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life and the return of morning. Surely not so the ringing of the great bell of the château, nor the running up and down stairs, nor the hurried figures on the terrace, nor the booting and tramping here and there and everywhere, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was) at a gallop?

It portended that there was one stone face too many up 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 through 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
attached to it was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled—

"Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from Jacques." ¹

CHAPTER VIII.

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 who was conversant with French literature.

A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge, where he read with undergraduates. 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.—Charles Darnay's 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.

¹ Who do you think did this? You know that "Jacques," as these men use the word, means only "a poor man." Notice how the author has prepared for this all through the chapter: the man hanging by the chain under the carriage of the marquis; the something that the marquis thought he saw outside his window-blind; the description of the night.
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. 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."

"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 on less easy.

"I have had the happiness, Doctor Manette, of being so intimate here," so he at length 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’s 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."

There was another blank silence.
CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.
"Shall I go on, sir?"
"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. 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.

"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 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, Doctor Manette, I who have seen you together from day to day?—that between you and Miss Manette there is an affection so unusual, so touching, so belonging
to the circumstances in which it has been nurtured, that it can have few parallels, even in the tenderness between a father and child."

Her father sat silent, with his face bent down. His breathing was a little quickened; but he repressed all other signs of agitation.

"Dear Doctor Manette, always knowing this, always seeing her and you with this hallowed light about you, I have forborne, and forborne, as long as it was in the nature of man to do it. I have felt, and do even now feel, 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, upon whose ear the mournful voice struck with a reproachful sound, "that if my fortune were so cast as that, being one day so happy as to make her my wife, I must at any time put any separation between her and you, I could or would breathe a word of what I now say. Besides that I should know it to be hopeless, I should know it to be a baseness. If I had any such possibility, even at a remote distance of years, harbored in my thoughts and hidden in my heart—if it ever had been there—if it ever could be there—I could not now touch this honored hand."

He laid his own upon it as he spoke.

Answering the touch for a moment, but not coldly, her father rested his hands upon the arms of his chair, and looked up for the first time since the beginning of the conference.

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"I do seek that."
"What is it?"

"It is, that if Miss Manette should bring to you at any time, on her own part, such a confidence as I have ventured to lay before you, you will bear testimony to what I have said, and to your belief in it. I hope you may be able to think so well of me as to urge no influence against me. I say nothing more of my stake in this; this is what I ask. The condition on which I ask it, and which you have an undoubted right to require, I will observe immediately."

"I give the promise," said the Doctor, "without any condition. I believe your object to be, purely and truthfully, as you have stated it. I believe your intention is to perpetuate, and not to weaken, the ties between me and my other and far dearer self. If she should ever tell me that you are essential to her perfect 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,¹ 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.

¹ Have you any vague idea what these "fancies" of Dr. Manette's against Charles Darnay can be? Notice that he will not let Charles tell him his real name, and that some agitation of his mind causes a slight relapse into the condition in which we first saw him in the garret of Ernest Defarge.
"You said something to me," said Doctor Manette, breaking into a smile. "What was it you said to me?"

He was at a loss how to answer until he remembered having spoken of a condition. Relieved as his mind reverted to that, he answered—

"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, as you will remember, 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."

"Give me your hand. She will be home directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go! God bless you!"

It was dark when Charles Darnay left him, and it was an hour later and darker when Lucie came home; she hurried into the room alone—for Miss Pross had gone straight upstairs—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 sound in his bedroom. Passing lightly across the intermediate room, 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 his old unfinished work, were all as usual.

CHAPTER IX.

SYDNEY CARTON.

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 lounging there. When he cared to talk, he talked well; but the cloud of 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 for the streets that environed that house, and for the senseless stones that made their pavements. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there; many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there.

On a day in August, when the sight and scent of flowers in the city streets had some waifs of goodness in them for the worst, of health for the sickliest, and of youth for the oldest, Sydney's feet still trod 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 some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few commonplaces, 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!"

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—

"Pray 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 Holden.

“If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you, 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 for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be.”

“Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton?”

He shook his head.

“No, Miss Manette. 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. In my degradation I have not been so degraded but that 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 had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, 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, 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 Manette, I have come here to realize. Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life the remembrance

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1 When you have finished the book, ask yourself the question whether Lucie Manette did save Sidney Carton.
that I opened my heart to you last of all the world; and that there was something left in me at this time which you could deplore and pity. 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 by no one?"

"If that will be a consolation to you, yes."

"Not even by 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. 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 I make to you is, that you will believe this of me."

"I will, Mr. Carton."

"My last supplication of all is this. 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 or capacity 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, as ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will come, 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, 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 X.

KNITTING.

There had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. It was high noontide, when two dusty men, of whom one was Monsieur Defarge, the other a mender of roads in a blue cap, entered the wine-shop. Their arrival had lighted a kind of fire in the breast of Saint Antoine, fast spreading as they came along, which stirred and flickered in flames of faces at most doors and windows. Yet no one had followed them, and no man spoke when they entered the wine-shop, though the eyes of every man there were turned upon them.

“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, “I have travelled certain leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. I met him — by accident — a day and 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 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.

"Have you finished your repast, friend?" he asked, in due season.

"Yes, thank you."

"Come then! You shall see the apartment that I told you you could occupy. It will suit you to a marvel."

Out of the wine-shop into the street, out of the street into a courtyard, out of the courtyard up a steep staircase, out of the staircase into a garret—formerly the garret where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making 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 appointment 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," was Monsieur Defarge’s not unreasonable reply, "at the commencement."

"I saw him then, messieurs,"¹ began the mender of

¹ Messieurs (me-syê'): gentlemen, plural of monsieur.
roads, "a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. 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 he is unluckily found. Go on!"

"I am again at work upon the hillside, and the sun is again about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools, 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 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. I see 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 same spot!"

He described it as if he were there, and it was evident that he saw it vividly; perhaps he had not seen much in his life.

"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."

"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. 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\(^1\) 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, yourself excepted, 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 hazard of his life, darted out before the horses with the petition in his hand."

"And once again listen, Jacques," said the kneeling Number Three, "the guard, horse and foot, surrounded the petitioner, and struck him blows. You hear?"

"I hear, messieurs."

"Go on, then," said Defarge.

"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

\(^1\) Now you are sure who it was that killed the marquis. Did Defarge know this man personally?
the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water."

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 mid-day, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. 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.

"That's all, messieurs. 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.

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.

"The château and all the race?" inquired the first.

"The château and all the race," returned Defarge.

"Extermination."

1 Here we see the beginnings of the French Revolution; the growing anger of the people against the nobles, and the determination to revenge.
"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. Knitted¹ in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge."

CHAPTER XI.

STILL KNITTING.

*MADAME DEFARGE* spoke to her husband,—

"Say then, my friend: what did Jacques of the police tell thee?"

"Very little to-night, 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, making it French by pronunciation. But he had been so careful to get it accurately, that he then spelt it with perfect correctness.

"Barsad," repeated madame. "Good. Christian name?"

"John."

¹ A strange sort of cipher record!
“John Barsad,” repeated madame, after murmuring it once to herself. “Good. His appearance; is it known?”

“Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; generally, rather handsome visage; eyes, dark; face, thin, long, and sallow; nose, aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister.”

“Eh, my faith! It is a portrait!” said madame, laughing. “He shall be registered to-morrow.”

Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her. 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 head-dress 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 new-comer.

“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, generally rather handsome visage, complexion dark, eyes dark, thin, long, and sallow face, aquiline nose, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination towards the left cheek, which imparts a sinister 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.

It was remarkable; but, the taste of Saint Antoine

1 Constantly and carefully. The word comes from two words meaning sitting down to.
seemed to be decidedly opposed to a rose on the head-dress 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, of those who had been there when this visitor entered, was there one left.

"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 concerning 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

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1 What did Madame Defarge mean by the rose in her head-dress?
itself in his sinister face; but stood with an air of gos-
siping gallantry, leaning his elbow 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 soft 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-ship. “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 too. “Good-day!”

“Good-day!” answered Defarge, dryly.

“The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me,” pursued the spy, “that I have the honor of cherishing some interesting associations with your name.”  

1 Where have we heard this name before?
“Indeed!” said Defarge, with much indifference.

“Yes, indeed. When Doctor Manette was released, you, his old domestic, had the charge of him, I know. He was delivered to you. You see I am informed of the circumstances?”

“Such is the fact, certainly,” said Defarge. He had had it conveyed to him, in an accidental touch of his wife’s elbow as she knitted that he would do best to answer, but always with brevity.

“It was to you,” said the spy, “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 to 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.

“Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman; to 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 intelligence had a palpable 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 was not trustworthy. The spy would have been

1 Very plain. The word literally means plain enough to be touched, touchable.
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; taking occasion to say in a genteel manner, before he departed, that he looked forward to the pleasure of seeing Monsieur and Madame Defarge again. For some minutes after he had emerged into the outer presence of Saint Antoine, 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 Mam'selle Manette?"

"As he has said it," returned madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, "it is probably false. But it may be true."

"If it is — " Defarge began again; 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," said Madame Defarge with her usual composure, "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

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1 Written down, as doomed to death.
come,” answered madame. “I have them both here, of a certainty; and they are both here for their merits; that is enough.”

CHAPTER XII.

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 to-morrow. She had reserved this last evening for her father, and they sat alone under the plane-tree.

“You are happy, my dear 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 engaged herself in her usual work, nor had she read to him. She had employed herself in both ways, at his side under the tree, many and many a time; but this time was not quite like any other, and nothing could make it so.

“And I am very happy to-night, dear father. I am deeply happy in the love that Heaven has so blessed, my love for Charles, and Charles’s 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 part us, even by the length of a few of these streets, I should be more unhappy and self-reproachful now than I can tell you. Even as it is—”
Even as it was, she could not command her voice.
"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. Or, if it had been no other, 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."
He embraced her, solemnly commended her to Heaven, and humbly thanked Heaven for having bestowed her on him. By and by they went into the house.
There was no one bidden to the marriage but Mr. Lorry; there was even to be no bridesmaid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it by taking to themselves the upper rooms, and they desired nothing more.
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 beforehand.
All things, however, were in their places; all was quiet; and he lay asleep, his white hair picturesque on the untroubled pillow, and his hands lying quiet on the coverlet. She put her needless candle in the shadow at a distance, crept up to his bed, 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 withdrew her hand, kissed his lips, and went away. So the sunrise came, and the shadows of the leaves of the plane-tree moved upon his face as softly as her lips had moved in praying for him.

CHAPTER XIII.

NINE DAYS.

The marriage day was shining brightly, and they were ready outside the closed door of the Doctor'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, through a gradual process of reconcilement to the inevitable, would have been one of absolute bliss, 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 plate 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," said Miss Pross, "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. "Now, my dear Lucie," drawing his arm soothingly round her waist, "I hear them moving in the next room, and Miss Pross and I, as two formal folks of business, 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 as loving as your own; he shall be taken every conceivable care of; during the next fortnight, while you are in Warwickshire and thereabouts, even Tellson's shall go to the wall (comparatively speaking) before him. And when, at the fortnight's end, on your other fortnight's 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."

For a moment he held the fair face from him to look at the well-remembered expression on the forehead, and then laid the bright golden hair against his little brown wig, with a genuine tenderness and delicacy, which, if such things be old-fashioned, were as old as Adam.

The door of the Doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale\(^1\) — which had not been the case when they went in together — that

\(^1\) You know what Charles Darnay was to tell Dr. Manette on his marriage morning. You know who Charles Darnay really was, although you do not yet know his father's name. The disclosure of that name must have caused Dr. Manette's pallor.
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 like a cold wind.

He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her downstairs to the chariot 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 the dark obscurity of one of Mr. Lorry’s pockets. They returned home to breakfast, and all went well, and 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, gently disengaging himself from her enfolding arms, “Take her, Charles! She is yours!” And her agitated hand waved to them from a chaise window, and she was gone.

The corner being out of the way of the idle and curious, and the preparations having been very simple and few, the Doctor, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross were left quite alone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall that Mr. Lorry had observed a great change to have come over the Doctor.

He had naturally repressed much, and some revulsion might have been expected in him when the occasion for repression was gone. But it was the old scared, lost look
that troubled Mr. Lorry; and through his absent manner of clasping his head and drearily wandering away into his own room when they got upstairs, Mr. Lorry was reminded of Defarge, the wineshop-keeper, and the starlight ride.

"I think," he 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 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 old staircase alone, having asked no question of the servant. Going thus into the Doctor's rooms, 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. "Oh me! oh, me! All is lost!" cried she, 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 himself 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 him 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 mechanically submissive manner, without pausing in his work.

"You know me, my dear friend? Think again. This is not your proper occupation. Think, dear friend!"

Nothing would induce him to speak more.

Two things at once impressed themselves on Mr. Lorry as important above all others; the first, that this must be kept secret from Lucie; the second, that it must be kept secret from all who knew him. In conjunction with Miss Pross, he took immediate steps towards the latter precaution by giving out that the doctor was not well, and required a few days of complete rest. In aid of the kind deception to be practised on his daughter, Miss Pross was to write, describing his having been called away professionally, and referring to an imaginary letter of two or three hurried lines in his own hand, represented to have been addressed to her by the same post.

These measures, advisable to be taken in any case, Mr. Lorry took in the hope of his coming to himself. If that should happen soon, he kept another course in reserve; which was, to have a certain opinion that he thought the best on the Doctor's case.

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 finally lay himself down he fell asleep. In the morning he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's hope darkened, and his heart grew heavier again, and grew yet heavier and heavier every day. The third day came and went, the fourth, the fifth. Five days, six days, seven days, eight days, nine days.

With a hope ever darkening, and with a heart always growing heavier and heavier, Mr. Lorry passed through this anxious time. The secret was well kept, and Lucie was unconscious and happy; but he could not fail to observe that the shoemaker, whose hand had been a little out at first, was growing dreadfully skilful, and that he had never been so intent on his work, and that his hands had never been so nimble and expert as in the dusk of the ninth evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OPINION.

Worn out by anxious watching, Mr. Lorry fell asleep at his post. On the tenth morning of his suspense, 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 rubbed his eyes and 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 (which Mr. Lorry could distinctly see), though still very pale, was calmly studious and attentive.

Within a few minutes, Miss Pross stood whispering at Mr. Lorry’s side. 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. If he appeared to be in his customary state of mind, Mr. Lorry would then cautiously proceed to seek direction and guidance from the opinion he had been, in his anxiety, so anxious to obtain.

Miss Pross submitting herself to his judgment, the scheme was worked out with care. The Doctor was summoned in the usual way, and came to breakfast.

So far as it was possible to comprehend him without overstepping those delicate and gradual approaches which Mr. Lorry felt to be the only safe advance, he at first supposed that his daughter’s marriage had taken place yesterday. An incidental allusion, purposely thrown out, to the day of the week, and the day of the month, set him thinking and counting, and evidently made him uneasy. In all other respects, however, he was so composedly himself that Mr. Lorry determined to have the aid he sought. And that aid was his own.

Therefore, when the breakfast was done and cleared away, and 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 the case of a particularly dear friend of mine. Pray give your mind to it, and advise me well for his sake — and, above all, for his daughter's — his daughter's, my dear Manette."

"If I understand," said the Doctor in a subdued tone, "some mental shock —?"

"Yes!"

"Be explicit," said the Doctor. "Spare no detail."

Mr. Lorry saw that they understood one another, and proceeded.

"My dear Manette, it is the case of an old and a prolonged shock, of great acuteness and severity, to the affections, the feelings, the — the — as you express it — the mind. The mind. It is a case of a shock from which he has recovered so completely as to be a highly intelligent man. But, unfortunately, there has been" — he paused and took a deep breath — "a slight relapse."

The Doctor, in a low voice, asked, "Of how long duration?"

"Nine days and nights."

"How did it show itself? I infer," glancing at his hands again, "in the resumption of some old pursuit connected with the shock?"

"That is the fact."

"Now, did you ever see him," asked the Doctor, distinctly and collectedly, though in the same low voice, "engaged in that pursuit originally?"

"Once."

"And when the relapse fell on him, was he in most respects — or in all respects — as he was then?"

"I think in all respects."

"You spoke of his daughter. Does his daughter know of the relapse?"
"No. It has been kept from her, and I hope will always be kept from her. It is known only to myself and to one other who may be trusted."

The Doctor grasped his hand and murmured, "That was very kind. That was very thoughtful!" Mr. Lorry grasped his hand in return, and neither of the two spoke for a little while.

"Now, my dear Manette," said Mr. Lorry at length, in his most considerate and most affectionate way, "I am a mere man of business, and unfit to cope with such intricate and difficult matters. There is no man in this world on whom I could so rely for right guidance as on you. Tell me, how does this relapse come about? Could a repetition of it be prevented? Pray discuss it with me; pray enable me to see it a little more clearly, and teach me how to be a little more useful."

Doctor Manette sat meditating after these earnest words were spoken, and Mr. Lorry did not press him.

"I think it probable," said the Doctor, breaking silence with an effort, "that the relapse you have described, my dear friend, was not quite unforeseen by its subject."

"Was it dreaded by him?" Mr. Lorry ventured to ask.

"Very much." He said it with an involuntary shudder.

"Now," said Mr. Lorry, gently laying his hand on the Doctor's arm again, after a short silence on both sides, "to what would you refer this attack?"

"I believe," returned Doctor Manette, "that there had been a strong and extraordinary revival of the train of thought and remembrance that was the first cause of the malady. Some intense associations of a most distressing nature were vividly recalled, I think. It is probable that there had long been a dread lurking in his mind that those associations would be recalled — say, under certain
circumstances—say, on a particular occasion. He tried to prepare himself in vain; perhaps the effort to prepare himself made him less able to bear it."

"Would he remember what took place in the relapse?" asked Mr. Lorry, with natural hesitation.

The Doctor looked desolately round the room, shook his head, and answered in a low voice, "Not at all."

"Now, as to the future," hinted Mr. Lorry.

"As to the future," said the Doctor, recovering firmness, "I should have great hope. I should hope that the worst was over."

"Well, well! That's good comfort. I am thankful!" said Mr. Lorry.

"I am thankful!" repeated the Doctor, bending his head with reverence.

"The occupation resumed under the influence of this passing affliction so happily recovered from," said Mr. Lorry, clearing his throat, "we will call—Blacksmith's work. Blacksmith's work. We will say, to put a case and for the sake of illustration, that he had been used, in his bad time, to work at a little forge. We will say that he was unexpectedly found at his forge again. Is it not a pity that he should keep it by him?"

The Doctor shaded his forehead with his hand, and beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"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 ground.

"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 here he shook his head and stopped.
"You see," said Doctor Manette, turning to him after an uneasy pause, "it is very hard to explain, consistently, the innermost working of this poor man's mind. He once yearned so frightfully for that occupation, and it was so welcome when it came; no doubt it relieved his pain so much, by substituting the perplexity of the fingers for the perplexity of the brain; 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—mind! I ask for information, as a plodding man of business. 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; for he gained in firmness as he saw the Doctor disquieted. "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!

"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."
THE BASTILLE AS IT WAS. ENTRANCE TO ST. ANTOINE AT THE RIGHT.
Mr. Lorry readily engaged for that, 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. The precaution that had been taken to account for his silence, Mr. Lorry had previously explained to him, and he had written to Lucie in accordance with it, and she had no suspicions.

On the night of the day on which he left the house, Mr. Lorry went into his room with a chopper, saw, chisel, 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—for which, indeed, in her grimness, she was no unsuitable figure. The burning of the body (previously reduced to pieces convenient for the purpose) 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, while engaged in the commission of their deed, and in the removal of its traces, almost felt, and almost looked, like accomplices in a horrible crime.

CHAPTER XV.

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

A wonderful corner for echoes, it has been remarked, 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 bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the
tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

The time passed and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle-side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine Friend of children seemed to take her child in His arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her.

Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound them all together, weaving the service of her happy influence through the tissue of all their lives, and making it predominate nowhere, 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. Lo, Miss Pross, in harness of string awakening the echoes, as an unruly charger, whip-corrected, snorting and pawing the earth under the plane-tree in the garden!

The echoes rarely answered to the actual 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 one other thing regarding him was whispered in the echoes, which had been whispered by all true echoes for ages and ages.

No man ever really loved a woman, lost her, and knew her with a blameless though an unchanged mind when she was a wife and a mother, but her children had a strange sympathy with him—an instinctive delicacy of pity for him. What fine hidden sensibilities are touched
in such a case, no echoes tell; but it is so, and it was so here. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie held out her chubby arms, and he kept his place with her as she grew.

But there were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner 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 himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot wild night, and they were all three reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

“I began to think,” said Mr. Lorry, pushing his brown wig back, “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! Is the tea-board still there, Lucie? I can’t see.”

“Of course it has been kept for you.”

“Thank ye, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed?”

“And sleeping soundly.”

“That’s right; all safe and well! 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 very loud, though, are they not? Only hear them!”

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.

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 shrivelled 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 muskets 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 devise. 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 centre 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 to-day. Madame’s resolute right hand was occupied with an ax, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

“Where do you go, my wife?”

“I go,” said madame, “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.

1 The great prison which we know as the place where Dr. Manette was confined for eighteen years was an object of the special hatred of the people. It represented to them the arbitrary power of the king and the nobles, a power that darkened their lives and shut them out from hope. Here prisoners were confined for state offences by these terrible “sealed orders.” The beginning of the Revolution was an attack by the people of Paris upon the Bastille, July 14, 1789.
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 cannonier—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 thirsty 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 wagon-loads 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 parley—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 lower 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 of 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 bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

"The Prisoners!"
"The Records!"
"The secret cells!"
"The instruments of torture!"
"The Prisoners!"

Of all these cries, "The 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 space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all 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 gray 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, 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 water-falls 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 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 only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood ashes on the hearth. There were a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the 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 gun 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 prized 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.

"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-keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hôtel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer conspicuous in his gray 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; remained immovable close to him through the streets, as Defarge and

1 City Hall.
the rest bore him along; remained immovable close to him when he was got 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.

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters¹ 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 Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life! For they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge’s wine-shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red.

CHAPTER XVI.

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 stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant

¹ This is a portion of one of the letters: "If for my consolation Monseigneur would grant me, for the sake of God and the most blessed Trinity, that I could have news of my dear wife; were it only her name on a card, to show me that she is alive! It were the greatest consolation I could receive; and I should forever bless the name of Monseigneur." It is dated at the Bastille, October 7, 1752. This extract is given by Carlyle in his "French Revolution."
soul and his poor reduced body together. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste.

For in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary, in the dust, 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.

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.” It was the turn of the mender of roads to say it this time, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.
“To-night?” said the mender of roads.
“To-night,” said the man, putting the pipe in his mouth.

“Where?”

“Here.”

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with the hail driving in between them like a pygmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

“Show me!” said the traveller then, moving to the brow of the hill.

“About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village.”

“Good. When do you cease to work?”

“At sunset.”

“Will you wake me before departing? 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 wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

The man slept on 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, 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. A curious contagion of whispering was upon it, and also, when it gathered together at the fountain in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his housetop alone, and looked in that direction too; glanced down from behind his chimneys at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sacristan,¹ who kept the keys of the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin² by and by.

The night deepened. The trees environing the old château, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they threatened the pile of building massive and dark in the gloom. 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 strangely visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, picking out transparent places, and showing where balustrades, arches, and windows were. Then it soared higher, and grew broader and brighter. Soon, from a score of the great windows, flames burst forth, and the stone faces, awakened, stared out of fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there was saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splash-

¹ A church officer who takes care of a church. Sexton comes from this word.
² A warning signal given by means of a bell.
ing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the
space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam
stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, Gabelle! Help,
every one!'" The toscin rang impatiently, but other help
(if that were any) there was none. 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," said they
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, 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 offi-
cers looked towards the soldiers, who looked at the fire;
gave no orders; and answered, with shrugs and biting of
lips, "It must burn."

As the rider rattled down the hill again, and through
the street, the village was illuminating. The mender of
roads, and the two hundred and fifty particular friends,
inspired as one man and woman by the idea of lighting
up, had darted into their houses, and were putting can-
dles in every dull little pane of glass.

The château burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by
the fire, scorched and shrivelled. Great rents and splits
branched out in the solid walls, like crystallization; stu-
pified 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 had seized hold of the toscin,
and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang for joy.
CHAPTER XVII.

DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK.

In such risings of fire and risings of sea — the firm earth shaken by the rushes of an angry ocean which had now no ebb, but was always on the flow, higher and higher, to the terror and wonder of the beholders on the shore — 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.

Many a night and many a day had its inmates listened to the echoes in the corner, with hearts that failed them when they heard the thronging feet. For the footsteps had become to their minds as the footsteps of a people, tumultuous under a red flag and with their country declared in danger, changed into wild beasts by terrible enchantment long persisted in.

The Court was gone. Royalty was gone; had been besieged in its Palace and "suspended," when the last tidings came over from France.

The August of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two was come, and Monseigneur was by this time scattered far and wide.

As was natural, the headquarters and great gathering-place of Monseigneur, in London, was Tellson's Bank. Spirits are supposed to haunt the places where their bodies most resorted, and Monseigneur without a guinea haunted the spot where his guineas used to be.

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.

1 The word is here used for the French nobility in general.
"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?" said Mr. Lorry. "Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of travelling, a disorganized country, a city that may not even be safe for you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry with cheerful confidence, "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 of hard upon four score, when there are so many people there much better worth 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. As to the uncertain travelling, 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!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "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,” Mr. Lorry lowered his voice, “you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. Now, a judicious selection from these with the least possible delay, and the burying of them, or otherwise getting of 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 do you really go to-night?”

“I really go to-night, 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 body-guard on Sunday nights for a long time past, and I am used to him. 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 that I heartily admire your gallantry and youthfulness.”

“I must say, 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.”

The House¹ approached Mr. Lorry, and laying a soiled

¹ Head of the firm.
and unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed. The House laid the letter down so close to Darnay that he saw the direction — the more quickly, because it was his own right name. The addressed, turned into English, ran: "Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evrémonde,¹ of France. Confided to the cares of Messrs. Tellson and Co., Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning, Doctor Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay that the secret of his name should be — unless he, the Doctor, dissolved the obligation — kept inviolate between them. Nobody else knew it to be his name; his own wife had no suspicion of the fact: Mr. Lorry could have none.

"No," said Mr. Lorry in reply to the House; "I have referred it, I think, to everybody now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found."

Darnay touched his shoulder, and said —
"I know the man."
"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry.
"You know where to deliver it?"
"I do."
"Will you undertake to 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 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, Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents: —

¹ St. Evrémonde (saⁿ-tä-vrå-mõỗid'). This, then, is the true name of Charles Darnay.
Prison of the Abbaye\(^1\), 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\(^2\). 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 collected no rent; that I had recourse to no process. 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 succor 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 dolorous 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 servant, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him so reproachfully in the face, that, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the passers-by.

\(^1\) Abbaye (ä-bä’): a French military prison.

\(^2\) The revolutionists called the nobles that escaped from France “emigrants.” Many of the escaped nobles fled to Austria and there collected troops to invade France. This aroused the anger of the revolutionists against all “emigrants.”
His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

As he walked to and fro with his resolution made, he considered that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone. Lucie should be spared the pain of separation; and her father, always reluctant to turn his thoughts towards the dangerous ground of old, should come to the knowledge of the step as a step taken, and not in the balance of suspense and doubt.

He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Tellson’s, 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," said Mr. Lorry, "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 pocket-book in his hand.

"Gabelle."

"Gabelle. And what is the message to the unfortunate Gabelle in prison?"

"Simply, ‘that he has received the letter, and will come.’"

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey to-morrow 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, at length, the reasons that he had for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to the Doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest assurances. To both he wrote that he would despatch 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. Early in the evening he embraced his wife and her scarcely less dear namesake, pretending that he would return by and by (an imaginary engagement took him out, and 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, and no sooner; 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 THE THIRD

THE TRACK OF A STORM

CHAPTER I.

IN SECRET.

The traveller fared slowly on his way, who fared towards Paris from England in the autumn of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. More than enough of bad roads, bad equipages, and bad horses he would have encountered to delay him, though the fallen and unfortunate King of France had been upon his throne in all his glory; but the changed times were fraught with other obstacles than these. 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.

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 guard-house in this small place had been such, that he felt his journey to have come to a crisis. And he was, therefore, as little surprised as a man could be, to find himself awakened at the small inn to which he had been remitted until morning, in the middle of the night.

Awakened by a timid local functionary and three armed patriots in rough red caps, and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

“Emigrant,” said the functionary, “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 functionary. “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. “Rise and dress yourself, emigrant.”

Darnay complied, and was taken back to the guard-house, 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 hence he started with it on the wet, wet roads at three o’clock in the morning.

The escort were two mounted patriots in red caps and tri-colored cockades, armed with national muskets and sabres, who rode one on either side of him. The escorted governed his own horse, but a loose line was attached to his bridle, the end of which one of the patriots kept girded
round his wrist. In this state they traversed without change, except of horses and pace, all the mire-deep leagues that lay between them and the capital.

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.

"Where are the papers of this prisoner?" demanded a resolute-looking man in authority, who was summoned out by the guard.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to take notice that he was a free traveller 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 personage in authority showed some disorder and surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention.

He left both escort and escorted without saying a word, however, and went into the guard-room; meanwhile they sat upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was held by a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, the latter far outnumbering the former; and that while ingress into the city for peasants' carts bringing in supplies, and for similar traffic and traffickers, was easy enough, egress, even for the homliest people, was very difficult. The red cap and tricolored cockade were universal, both among men and women.

1 The red cap and the tricolor (red, white, and blue) were the symbols of the French Revolution.
When he had sat in his saddle some 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, drunk and sober, a receipt for the escorted, and requested him to dismount. He did so, and the two patriots, leading his tired horse, turned and rode away without entering the city.

He accompanied his conductor into a guard-room, smelling of common wine and tobacco. Some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse dark aspect presided over these.

"Citizen Defarge," said he 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 offence?"

The officer looked up from his slip of paper for a moment.

"We have new laws, Evrémonde, and new offences, since you were here." He said it with a hard smile, and went on writing.

1 Evrémonde (ã-vrä-mônd').
"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, sanded it, and handed it to Defarge, with the words "In secret."

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.

"It is you," said Defarge in a low voice, as they went down the guard-house 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! Will you render me a little help?"

"None." Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him.

"Will you answer me a single question?"

"Perhaps. According to its nature. You can say what it is."

"In this prison that I am going to so unjustly, shall I have some free communication with the world outside?"

"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 similarly 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, 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," Defarge doggedly rejoined, "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. They walked on in silence. In one narrow, dark, and dirty street, through which they passed, 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. On the road he had heard absolutely nothing. The escort and the universal watchfulness had completely isolated him.

That he had fallen among far greater dangers than those which had developed themselves when he left England, he of course knew now. He could not but admit to himself that he might not have made this journey, if he could have foreseen the events of a few days. And yet his misgivings were not so dark as, imagined by the light of this later time, they would appear.
Of unjust treatment in detention 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."

The prison of La Force was a gloomy prison, dark and filthy, and with a horrible smell of foul sleep in it.

"Come!" said the chief, 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 to a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps (the prisoner of half an hour already counted them), the jailer opened a low black door, and they passed into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp, but was not dark.

"Yours," said the jailer.

"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 them. At present you may buy your food, and nothing more."

There were in the cell a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. When the jailer was gone, Darnay thought, "Now am I left as if I were dead."
CHAPTER II.

THE GRINDSTONE.

Tellson's Bank, established in the Saint Germain\textsuperscript{1} 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 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.

Monsiegneur gone, Monsiegneur's house had been confiscated. For all things moved so fast, and decree followed decree with that fierce precipitation, that now, upon the third night of the autumn month of September, patriot emissaries\textsuperscript{2} of the law were in possession of Monsiegneur's house, and had marked it with the tricolor, and were drinking brandy in its state apartments.

What money would be drawn out of Tellson's henceforth, and what would lie there, lost and forgotten; what plate and jewels would tarnish in Tellson's hiding-places, while the depositors rusted in prisons, no man could have said, that night, any more than Mr. Jarvis Lorry could, though he thought heavily of these questions. He sat by a newly lighted wood fire (the blighted and unfruitful year was prematurely cold), and on his honest and courageous face there was a deeper shade than the pendent lamp could throw — a shade of horror.

He occupied rooms in the Bank, in his fidelity to the House of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root-ivy. It chanced that they derived a kind of security

\textsuperscript{1} St. Germain (sañ-zher-mañ'): the quarter of Paris occupied by the rich, as St. Antoine was occupied by the poor.

\textsuperscript{2} Agents.
from the patriotic occupation of the main building, but the true-hearted old gentleman never calculated about that. On the opposite side of the courtyard, under a colonnade, was extensive standing for carriages — where, indeed, some carriages of Monsiegneur yet stood. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great flaring flambeaux, and in the light of these, standing out in the open air, was a large grindstone; a roughly mounted thing, which appeared to have hurriedly been brought there from some neighboring smithy, or other workshop. Rising and looking out of the window at these harmless objects, Mr. Lorry shivered, and retired to his seat by the fire. He had opened, not only the glass window, but the lattice blind outside it, and he had closed both again, and he shivered through his frame.

"Thank God," said Mr. Lorry, clasping his hands, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night! May He have mercy on all who are in danger!"

Soon afterwards the bell at the great gate sounded. The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired a vague uneasiness respecting the Bank. It was well guarded, and he got up to go among the trusty people who were watching it, 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 so concentrated and intensified, that it seemed as though it had been stamped upon her face expressly to give force and power to it in this one passage of her life.

"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, "Oh, my dear friend! My husband!"

"Your husband, Lucie?"

"Charles."

"What of Charles?"

"Here."

"Here, in Paris?"

"Has been here 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."

The old man 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.
ON THE ROAD TO THE GUILLOTINE.
"No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!" He got his arm round her and held her. "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; for more depends upon it than you can think, or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night; you cannot possibly stir out. I say this because what I must bid you to 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, and put his hand upon the Doctor's arm and looked out with him into the courtyard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women: not enough in number, 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 evidently been set up there for their purpose, as in a convenient and retired spot.

But such awful workers and such awful work!

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 their limbs and bodies. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it.

All this was seen in a moment, as the vision of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window, and the Doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy 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 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, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and 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 heart of the concourse at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line 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.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW.

One of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry, when business hours came round, was this: — 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 hazarded for Lucie and her child, without a moment's demur; but the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

Noon coming, and the Doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term in that Quarter, near the Banking-house. 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, the words—

"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, as 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 women had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might, ascended the staircase of the new domicile, 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, to the end that she may know them—that she may identify them. I believe," said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his re-assuring 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 gruff 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 rooted conviction that she was much more than a match for any foreigner, was not to be shaken by distress and danger, 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 ground be-
side 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."

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, 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. So much of what had happened in that dreadful time as could be kept from the knowledge of Lucie was so well concealed from her, that not until long afterwards, when France and she were wide apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenceless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace.

To Mr. Lorry the Doctor communicated that the crowd
had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That in the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a notable sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been accorded to him to have Charles Darnay 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. That the man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held inviolate in safe custody. That immediately, on a signal, the prisoner was removed to the interior of the prison again; but that he, the Doctor, had obtained permission, and had remained in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over.

Greater things than the Doctor had at that time to contend with would have yielded before his persevering purpose. While he kept himself in his place, as a physician whose business was with all degrees of mankind, bond and free, rich and poor, bad and good, 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 or permanent connections abroad.

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 strong and 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 Notre 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 had yielded fruit equally on hill and plain, under the bright sky of the South and under the clouds of the North, along the fruitful banks of the broad rivers, and in the sand of the sea-shore.

There was no pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Though days and nights circled as regularly as when time was young, and the evening and the morning were the first day, other count of time there was none. Hold of it was lost in the raging fever of a nation, as it is in the fever of one patient. 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 gray.

Among these terrors, and the brood belonging to them, the Doctor walked with a steady head, confident in his power, cautiously persistent in his end, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last. Yet the current of the time swept by so strong and deep, and carried the time away so fiercely, that Charles had lain in prison one year and three months when the Doctor was thus steady and confident.

1 Notre Dame (nōtr-dām'); a great cathedral in Paris, the name means "Our Lady."
2 This is the patriot army raised by the new Republic of France to meet the armies of Austria, Prussia, England, Holland, Spain; for all these nations had declared war against the French people.
CHAPTER V.

BENEATH THE PRISON WINDOW.

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 tumbrels\(^1\) now jolted heavily, filled with Condemned. Lovely girls; bright women, brown-haired, black-haired, and gray; 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 leathsome prisons, and carried to her through the streets to slake her devouring thirst. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death; the last, much the easiest to bestow, O Guillotine!

If the suddenness of her calamity, and the whirling wheels of the time, had stunned the Doctor's daughter into awaiting the result in idle despair, it would but have been with her as it was with many. But from the hour when she had taken the white head to her fresh young bosom in the garret of Saint Antoine, she had been true to her duties. She was truest to them in the season of trial, as all the quietly loyal and good will always be.

As soon as they were established in their new residence, and her father had entered on the routine of his avocations, 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 belief that they would soon be reunited—the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting

\(^1\) Rude carts.
aside of his chair and his books—these, and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner especially, among the many unhappy souls in prison and the shadow of death—were almost the only outspoken reliefs of her heavy mind.

She did not greatly alter in appearance. The plain, dark dresses, akin to mourning dresses, which she and her child wore, were as neat and as well attended to as the brighter clothes of happy days. She lost her color, and the old intent expression was a constant, not an occasional thing; otherwise, she remained very pretty and comely. Sometimes, at night on kissing her father, she would burst into the grief she had repressed all day, and would say that her sole reliance, under Heaven, was on him. He always resolutely answered: "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 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 be unsafe 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 inclement for her child to be with her, they went
together; at other times she was alone; but she never missed a single day.

In all weather, 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 a fortnight 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.

Lifting her eyes, she exclaimed, "Oh, my father!" for he stood before her.

"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."


"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 to-morrow."
"For to-morrow!"

"There is no time to lose. I am well prepared. He has not received the notice yet, but I know that he will presently be summoned for to-morrow, and removed to the Conciergerie;¹ I have timely information. You are not afraid?"

She could scarcely answer, "I trust in you."

CHAPTER VI.

TRIUMPH.

The dread Tribunal of five Judges, Public Prosecutor, and determined Jury sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the jailers 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.

The passage to the Conciergerie was short and dark; and 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.

"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. 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

¹ Conciergerie (kön-syerzh-rö'): an old prison in Paris. It was here that the queen was imprisoned.
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. Under the President sat Doctor Manette, in his usual quiet dress.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public 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 the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree; 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 — he submitted before the word emigrant, in the present acceptation 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 Alexandre 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 a moment before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the street 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, save 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 hazard, 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 left off 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 did not doubt 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.

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 Aristocrat 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 on 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 with which the populace sometimes 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 such fraternal 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.

They put him into a great chair they had among them, and which they had taken either out of the Court itself, or one of its rooms or passages. 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 he more than once doubted his mind being in confusion, and that he was in the tumbrel on his way to the Guillotine.

In wild dream-like procession, they carried him into the courtyard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before, to prepare her, 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 against the waterspout of the Carmagnole; after kissing little Lucie, who was lifted up to clasp her arms round 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 own 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 daring," he remonstrated; "don't tremble so. I have saved him."

1 Carmagnole (kār-ma-nyōl'): a wild dance that the revolutionists performed, often in the street, to express their patriotic zeal. Nothing could show more forcibly the character of the people.
"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.

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 offence 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.

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying the money; the latter, the basket. Every afternoon, at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose eyes were red with felicity; "if you are ready, I am."
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 fire-light 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 floors, 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 to-day. 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 to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow."

Doctor Manette, whom this visitation had so turned into stone that he stood with the lamp in his hand, as if he were a statute made to hold it, moved after these words were spoken, put the lamp down, and confronting the speaker, and taking him, not ungently, by the loose front of his red woollen 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 be-
fore all. The People is supreme. Evrémonde, we are pressed."

"One word," 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.

"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 to-morrow. 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, reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery, and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross bethought herself of the wine they wanted. After peeping into several wine-shops, she stopped at the sign of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the National Palace, once (and twice) the Tuileries, where the aspect of things rather took their fancy. It had a quieter look

1 You remember that Junius Brutus roused the early Romans to expel their kings, and that Marcus Brutus, in a later time, was one of those that assassinated Caesar.
than any other place of the same description 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 their wine was measuring 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 outward aspect of a Frenchman and a thorough Republican; the woman, evidently English.

"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, bursting into tears. "Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question?"

"Then hold your meddlesome tongue," said Solomon, "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,” said Solomon. “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 reticule through her tears with great difficulty, paid for the wine. As she did so, Solomon turned to the followers of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity 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!” cried Miss Pross, “to give me such a greeting, and show me no affection.”

“There. Con-found 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,” said her brother Solomon, “I am not surprised; 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 ways as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official.”

“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.”

He was saying the affectionate word 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. 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. 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 negligently 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 would 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 jailers. 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, to which you are no stranger, 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, what I had done at random, seemed to shape itself into a purpose, 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 irresistibly asked.

"You apprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won't."

"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!"
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. 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 an undisguised 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."

"Now, I trust," said Sydney, "that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow—you said he would be before the Tribunal again to-morrow, Mr. Barsad?—"

"Yes; I believe so."
"— In as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. In short, 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 to-day may be condemned to-morrow. 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. Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, 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 pay of the aristocratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom, the English traitor and agent of all mischief 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. Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad. Take time."

It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards that Sidney Carton knew nothing of. He knew that under the overthrown government he had
been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge’s wine-shop. Besides that all secret men are men soon terrified, here were surely cards enough of one black suit to justify the holder in growing rather livid as he turned them over.

“You scarcely seem to like your hand,” said Sydney with the greatest composure. “Do you play?”

The Sheep of the prisons turned to Sydney Carton and said, with 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. Ask me to do anything in my office putting my head in great danger, and I had better trust my life to the chances of a refusal than the chances of consent. 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,” 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.”

“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.

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 on the hearth, over against 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 insured access to him once."

Mr. Lorry’s countenance fell.

"It is all I could do," said Carton. "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. It was obviously the weakness of the position. There is no help for it."

"But access to him," said Mr. Lorry, "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 a true feeling and respect both in his tone and in his touch, that Mr. Lorry, who had never seen the better side of him, 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. 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\(^1\) 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, 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 to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"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 to-morrow?"

"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. Sydney stopped 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

\(^1\) That is, of killing himself in his cell.
way well, several dark and dirty streets—much dirtier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleaned 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 tortuous, uphill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man.

Giving this citizen 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. "Hi! hi! hi!"

Sydney Carton took no heed, and the chemist said—"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, on 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," said he, glancing upward at the moon, "until to-morrow. I can't sleep."

It was not a reckless manner, the 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, 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.”

Few coaches were abroad, for riders in coaches were liable to be suspected, and gentility hid its head in red nightcaps, and 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 a 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,¹ 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, that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long, bright rays. And looking along

¹ A small island in the Seine, in the midst of Paris. The city began on this island and then spread on each side of the river. Here Notre Dame is situated.
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 afoot 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 got back, and it was easy to surmise where the good old man was 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 a-buzz, 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. If there had been any eyes to notice the influence of her look on
Sydney Carton, it would have been seen to be the same influence exactly.

Before that unjust Tribunal there was little or no order of procedure, insuring to any accused person any reasonable hearing. There could have been no such Revolution, if all laws, and forms, and ceremonies had not first been so monstrously abused that the suicidal vengeance of the Revolution was to scatter them all to the winds.

Every eye was turned to the jury. The same determined patriots and good republicans as yesterday and the day before, and to-morrow and the day after.

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-vender 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 denounced 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 expounded the story of the imprisonment, and of his having been a mere boy in the Doctor's service, and of the release, 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."

"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 pris-
oner, 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 jailer. I examine it very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone had 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 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 in 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 labori-
ously 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 in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at 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 me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage-door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly
alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

"You are Doctor Manette?" said one.

"I am."

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

"Gentlemen," I returned, "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 me between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. I was not.

"Gentlemen," said I, "pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honor to seek my assistance, and what is 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 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. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?"

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing in, after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about and drove on at its former speed.

"I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I de-
scribe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding place. * * * *

"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterwards when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding glove, across the face.

"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs. But the other of the two, 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 I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had relocked), I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of
them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearing of a Noble, and the letter E.

"I saw this within the first minute of my 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. My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing; and in moving the scarf aside, the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my 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.

"'See, gentlemen,' said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, '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. * * * *

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then 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, indifferently furnished—evidently recently occupied and temporarily used. The only spark of encouragement in the case was, that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquillized the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.
"For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume),
I had 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.’
"I was startled and asked, ‘Is it a pressing case?’
"‘You had better see,’ he carelessly answered; and
took up a light. * * *
"The other patient lay in a back-room across a second
staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable. On
some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under
his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not
more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back,
with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast,
and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could
not see where his wound was, as I kneeled on one knee
over him; but I could see that he was dying of a wound
from a sharp point.
"‘I am a doctor, my poor fellow,’ said I. ‘Let me
examine it.’
"‘I do not want it examined,’ he answered; ‘let it
be.’
"It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me
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 with-
out delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my
eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this
handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a
wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were
a fellow-creature.
"‘How has this been done, monsieur?’ said I.
"‘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.’
"There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy or about his fate.

"The boy's eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

"'Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She—Have you seen her, Doctor?'

"I said, 'I have seen her.'

"'She is my sister, Doctor. 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's 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 from us.'

"Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. 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 my sister away. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our 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 around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and stray 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. Let him break 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.'

"My 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?'

"'He is not here,' I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the 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.'

"I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But,
invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely: obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.

" 'Marquis,' said the boy, turning 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 the 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 his finger yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead. *

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

"I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

"'Is she dead?' asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.

"'Not dead,' said I; '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,' I answered him, 'in sorrow and despair.'

"He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at
them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine 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 are things to be seen, and not spoken of.'

"I listened to the patient's breathing, and avoided answering.

"'Do you honor me with your attention, Doctor?'

"'Monsieur,' said I, 'in my profession, the communications of patients are always received in confidence.' I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind by what I had heard and seen.

"Her breathing was so difficult to trace that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me. * * * *

"I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion or failure in my memory; it can recall, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

"She lingered for a week. Towards the last, I could understand some few syllables that she said to me by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

"My patient died two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when
I had first seen her. I was alone with her, 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. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding whips, and loitering up and down.

"'At last she is dead?' said the elder when I went in. "She is dead,' said I. "'I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words as he turned round.

"He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau\(^1\) of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

"'Pray excuse me,' said I. 'Under the circumstances, no.'

"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side. * * * *

"I am weary, weary, weary — worn down by misery. I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

"Early in the morning, the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first, I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone: in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what court influence was, and what the immunities\(^2\) of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept

1 A roll of coins.  
2 Freedom from penalty.
the matter a profound secret, even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

"I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed, when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me. * * * *

"I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. I 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 I had seen that nobleman very lately.

"My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my 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. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas, to this wretched hour, I am ignorant of both.

* * * * * * *

"These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day.

"She was a good, compassionate lady and not happy in her marriage. How could she be? The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband, too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to 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 and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

"She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, 'It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?' The child answered her bravely, 'Yes!' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

1 This is, of course, Charles Darnay.
"As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, upstairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—Oh, my wife, beloved of my heart! My fair young English wife!—we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"An urgent case in the Rue St. Honore, he said. It would not detain me; he had a coach in waiting.

"It brought me here; it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here; I was brought to my living grave.

"If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the 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 auditory, 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 anathematized by Saint Antoine, and was wrought into the fatal register. The man never trod ground whose virtues and services would have sustained him in that place, that day, against such denunciation.

“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!

1 Now we understand the connection between Charles Darnay and Dr. Manette, and why the discovery of the true name of Darnay at the time of his marriage with Lucie so agitated Dr. Manette.

2 Cursed.
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 augment 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 Court's emptying itself by many passages 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 jailer 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 acquiesced in, 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 his bosom.
“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!”

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 prisoners’ 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 their old friend 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.

"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 some words. The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterwards, and told her grandchildren, when she was a handsome old lady, that she heard him say, "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."

"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."

"I intend to try. I will not rest a moment."

"If I go to Mr. Lorry's at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from your 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."

CHAPTER XII.

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."

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 the place.

As Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked (in very indifferent 1 French) 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 he took up a Jacobin journal and feigned

1 Poor.
to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear to you, like Evrémonde!"

Carton followed the lines and words of his paper with a slow forefinger, and with a studious and 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 editor, 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.

"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 to-day; 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. 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 deprecatory 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 to-day, 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 listen-
er'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.

"As to thee," pursued madame implacably, address-
ing her husband, "if it depended on thee—which, hap-
pily, it does not—thou wouldst 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 wrath-
fully; "and see you, too, my little Vengeance; see you,
both! Listen! For other crimes as tyrants and oppres-
sors, 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 to-day, 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 brother was my brother, that father was my father, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descend 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."

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 Defarge took him to the door, and put her arm on his, in pointing out the road. The English customer was not without his 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 now, and had only left her for a few minutes to come and keep his appointment. Her father had not been seen since he quitted 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?

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," said he, "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."

Lost, utterly lost!

It was so clearly beyond hope to reason with him, or try to restore him, that—as if by agreement—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 momentary fancy, or a dream, Mr. Lorry saw him shrink into the exact figure that Defarge had had in keeping.

"The last chance is gone," said Carton; "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 monotonously 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 stopped 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 to-morrow. I shall see him to-morrow, 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 reasons 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. Don't look 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 to-morrow; 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 unquestionably be guilty of this crime, and this woman would wait to add that strength to her case, and 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 travelling 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 to-morrow 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, to-night, 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 to-morrow: 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-by!"

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.

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 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 ignorant as she of his father’s and uncle’s responsibility for that misery, until the paper had been read. 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. And he told him this very strongly, with the hope of rousing him from any despondency or dangerous retrospect towards which he foresaw he might be tending.

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.

He awoke in the sombre 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.

1 Place of trial.
The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clock struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself.

Twelve gone forever.

He had been apprised that the fatal hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrels jolted heavily and slowly 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, he heard One struck away from him without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and he turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage outside the door.

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 a 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 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" — the apprehension came suddenly into his mind — "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 cravat 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!"

1 Idea.
With wonderful quickness, and with a strength, both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, 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 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, looked 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'?" Carton asked.
"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"
"No; I am not armed."
"What is it in your hand?"
"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." 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 that 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, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, 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 hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard 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 tale¹ 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 overpowerèd 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.

¹ Count.
"Man, man!" returned Carton, 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.

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. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: 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 divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A jailer, 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 what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he
could but dimly discern 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 spare face in which there was no vestige of color, and large, widely opened, patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand, "I am a 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 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 the same hour of that 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 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."

"Hah! Evrémonde has an assignation 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. Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

"I am he. Necessarily, being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. It is Jarvis Lorry who has alighted and stands with his hand on the coach door, replying to a group of officials. They 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 car-
riage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveller.

"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 skirting 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 visible existence, 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 foaled.

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.

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. Oh, 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.

In that same juncture of time when the Fifty-Two awaited their fate, Madame Defarge held darkly ominous council with The Vengeance and Jacques Three of the Revolutionary Jury.

"See you," said madame, "I care nothing 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 Evremonde people are to be exterminated, and the wife and child must follow the husband and father."

Madame Defarge beckoned the juryman and The Vengeance a little nearer to the door, and there expounded her further views to them thus:

"She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Re-
public. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her.

"What an admirable woman; what an adorable woman!" exclaimed Jacques Three, rapturously. "Ah, my cherished!" cried The Vengeance; and embraced her.

"Take you my knitting," said Madame Defarge, placing it in her lieutenant's hands, "and have it ready for me in my usual seat. Keep me my usual chair. Go you there straight, for there will probably be a greater concourse than usual to-day."

"I willingly obey the orders of my Chief," said The Vengeance with alacrity, and kissing her cheek. "You will not be late?"

"I shall be there before the commencement."

Now, when the journey of the travelling coach, at that very moment waiting for the completion of its load, had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. Finally, he had proposed, after anxious consideration, that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty to leave the city, should leave it at three o'clock in the lightest-wheeled conveyance known to that period. Unencumbered with luggage, they would soon overtake the coach, and, passing it and preceding it on the road, would order its horses in advance, and greatly facilitate its progress during the precious hours of the night, when delay was the most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy.

"Now, what do you think, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, or stand, or move, or live: "what do you think of our not starting from this courtyard? Another carriage
having already gone from here to-day, it might awaken suspicion."

"My opinion, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "is as you're right. Likewise wot I'll stand by you, right or wrong."

"By the cathedral door," said Miss Pross. "Would it be much out of the way to take me in near the great cathedral¹ door between the two towers?"

"No, miss," answered Mr. Cruncher.

"Then, like the best of men, said Miss Pross, "go to the posting-house straight and make that change."

With an encouraging nod or two, Mr. Cruncher immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed.

The having originated a precaution which was already in course of execution was a great relief to Miss Pross. The necessity of composing her appearance, so that it should attract no special notice in the streets, was another relief.

Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water, and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, 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. 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.

¹ Notre Dame.
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 standing 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 chamber 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 Englishwoman."

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.

"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 deduce, from look and manner, what the unintelligible words meant.

"Woman imbecile and pig-like," said Madame Defarge, frowning. "I take 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," said Miss Pross, "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."

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!"

But her courage was of that emotional nature that it brought the irrepressible 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 some disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross's face, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.
"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. 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."

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms 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 buffeted 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 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 fruitless help. Happily, she bethought herself of the consequences of what she did 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.

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 was 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 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 aspect.

"I don't hear you," said Miss Pross. "What do you say?"

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.

"I feel," said Miss Pross, "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!" said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed. "Wot can she have been a-takin' to keep her courage up? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, miss?"

"I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing. Oh, my good man, there was first a great crash, and then a great stillness, and that stillness seemed 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 those 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 FOREVER.

Along the Paris streets the death-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrels carry the day's wine to La Guillotine.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrels, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of 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 tumbrel, 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, in a long street of
St. Honoré, 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 tumbrels, stands the spy and prison-sheep. 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?" said 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, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, 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 miss now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "Thérèse!"

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. 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 tumbrels! And Evrémonde will be despatched 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 to do it, the tumbrels 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 to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbrel 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 seamstress 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, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope
and comfort here to-day. 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. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together, on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"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 spare 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 peacefulest 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 any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time, and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself, and wearing out.

"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 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 place—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.”