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A TALE OF TWO CITIES A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION By Charles Dickens

CONTENTS

Book the First Recalled to Life Chapter I
The Period Chapter II The Mail Chapter III The Night Shadows
Chapter IV The Preparation Chapter V The Wine shop Chapter VI
The Shoemaker Book the Second the Golden Thread Chapter I Five
Years Later Chapter II A Sight Chapter III A Disappointment
Chapter IV Congratulatory Chapter V The Jackal Chapter VI
Hundreds of People Chapter VII Monseigneur in Town Chapter VIII
Monseigneur in the Country Chapter IX The Gorgon s Head Chapter X
Two Promises Chapter XI A Companion Picture Chapter XII The Fellow
of Delicacy Chapter XIII The Fellow of no Delicacy Chapter XIV The
Honest Tradesman Chapter XV Knitting Chapter XVI Still Knitting
Chapter XVII One Night Chapter XVIII Nine Days Chapter XIX An
Opinion Chapter XX A Plea Chapter XXI Echoing Footsteps
Chapter XXII The Sea Still Rises Chapter XXIII Fire Rises Chapter XXIV
Drawn to the Loadstone Rock Book the Third the Track of a Storm
Chapter I In Secret Chapter II The Grindstone Chapter III The
Shadow Chapter IV Calm in Storm Chapter V The Wood sawyer
Chapter VI Triumph Chapter VII A Knock at the Door Chapter VIII
A Hand at Cards Chapter IX The Game Made Chapter X The Substance
of the Shadow Chapter XI Dusk Chapter XII Darkness Chapter
XIII Fifty two Chapter XIV The Knitting Done Chapter XV The
Footsteps Die Out For Ever Book the First Recalled to Life I The Period

It was the best of times it was the worst of times it was the age of wisdom it was the age of foolishness it was the epoch of belief it was the epoch of incredulity it was the season of Light it was the season of Darkness it was the spring of hope it was the winter of despair we had everything before us we had nothing before us we were all going direct to Heaven we were all going direct the other way in short the period was so far like the present period that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received for good or for evil in the superlative degree of comparison only There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face on the throne of England there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face on the throne of France In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes that things in general were settled for ever It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy five Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period as at this Mrs Southcott had recently attained her five and twentieth blessed birthday of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster Even the Cock lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years after rapping out its messages as the spirits of this very year last past supernaturally deficient in originality rapped out theirs Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People from a congress of British subjects in America which strange to relate have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock lane brood France less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill making paper money and spending it Under the guidance of her Christian pastors she entertained herself besides with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off his tongue torn out with pincers and his body burned alive because he had not kneeled

down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that rooted in the woods of France and Norway there were growing trees when that sufferer was put to death already marked by the Woodman Fate to come down and be sawn into boards to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris there were sheltered from the weather that very day rude carts bespattered with rustic mire snuffed about by pigs and roosted in by poultry which the Farmer Death had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer though they work unceasingly work silently and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread the rather forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake was to be atheistical and traitorous. In England there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men and highway robberies took place in the capital itself every night families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers warehouses for security the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light and being recognised and challenged by his fellow tradesman whom he stopped in his character of the Captain gallantly shot him through the head and rode away the mail was waylaid by seven robbers and the guard shot three dead and then got shot dead himself by the other four in consequence of the failure of his ammunition after which the mail was robbed in peace that magnificent potentate the Lord Mayor of London was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green by one highwayman who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue prisoners in London gaols fought battles with their turnkeys and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them loaded with rounds of shot and ball thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing rooms musketeers went into St Giles s to search for contraband goods and the mob fired on the musketeers and the musketeers fired on the mob and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them the hangman ever busy and ever worse than useless was in constant requisition now stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals now hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday now burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall to day taking the life of an atrocious murderer and to morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer s boy of sixpence. All these things and a thousand like them came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy five. Environed by them while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded those two of the large jaws and those other two of the plain and the fair faces trod with stir enough and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy five conduct their Greatnesses and myriads of small creatures the creatures of this chronicle among the rest along the roads that lay before them. II 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 as to him beyond the Dover mail as it lumbered up Shooter s Hill. He walked up hill 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 besides once drawing the coach across the road with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Blackheath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard however in combination had read that article of war which forbade a purpose otherwise strongly in favour of the argument that some brute animals are endued with Reason and the team had capitulated and returned to their duty. 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 Whenever the leader made this rattle the passenger started as a nervous passenger might and was disturbed in mind There was a steaming mist in all the hollows and it had roamed in its forlornness up

the hill like an evil spirit seeking rest and finding none A clammy and intensely cold mist it made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another as the waves of an unwholesome sea might do It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach lamps but these its own workings and a few yards of road and the reek of the labouring horses steamed into it as if they had made it all Two other passengers besides the one were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail All three were wrapped to the cheekbones 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 and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind as from the eyes of the body of his two companions 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 ale house could produce somebody in the Captain's pay ranging from the landlord to the lowest stable non descript 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 guard suspected the passengers the passengers suspected one another and the guard they all suspected everybody else 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 and be damned to you for I have had trouble enough to get you to it Joe Halloo the guard replied What o'clock do you make it Joe Ten minutes good past eleven My blood ejaculated the vexed coachman and 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 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 he cocked his blunderbuss 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 they remained in the road below him They all looked from the coachman to the guard and from the guard to the coachman and listened The coachman looked back and the guard looked back and even the emphatic leader pricked up his ears and looked back without contradicting The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and labouring of the coach added to the stillness of the night made it very quiet indeed The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach as if it were in a state of agitation The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard but at any rate the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath and holding the breath and having

the pulses quickened by expectation 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 booked 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 swiftly 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 footpace d'ye mind me And if you've got holsters 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 The rider's horse was blown and both horse and rider were covered with mud from the hoofs of the horse to the hat of the man 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 I belong to Tellson's Bank You must know Tellson's Bank in London I am going to Paris on business A crown 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 Jerry started in his saddle That's a Blazing strange answer too said he at his hoarsest 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 With no more definite purpose than to escape the hazard of originating any other kind of action The coach lumbered on again with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent The guard soon replaced his blunderbuss in his arm chest and having looked to the rest of its contents and having looked to the supplementary pistols that he wore in his belt looked to a smaller chest beneath his seat in which there were a few smith's tools a couple of torches and a tinder box For he was furnished with that completeness that if the coach lamps had been blown and stormed out which did occasionally happen he had only to shut himself up inside keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw and get a light with tolerable safety and ease if he were lucky in five minutes 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 Jerry left alone in the mist and darkness dismounted meanwhile not only to ease his spent horse but to wipe the mud from his face and shake the wet out of his hat brim which might be capable of holding about half a gallon After standing with the bridle over his

heavily splashed arm until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again he turned to walk down the hill After that there gallop from Temple Bar old lady I won't trust your fore legs till I get you on the level said this hoarse messenger glancing at his mare Recalled to life That's a Blazing strange message Much of that wouldn't do for you Jerry I say Jerry You'd be in a Blazing bad way if recalling to life was to come into fashion Jerry III The Night Shadows A wonderful fact to reflect upon

that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other A solemn consideration when I enter a great city by night that every one of those darkly clustered houses encloses its own secret that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there is in some of its imaginings a secret to the heart nearest it Something of the awfulness even of Death itself is referable to this No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved and vainly hope in time to read it all No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water wherein as momentary lights glanced into it I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring for ever and for ever when I had read but a page It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost when the light was playing on its surface and I stood in ignorance on the shore My friend is dead my neighbour is dead my love the darling of my soul is dead it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end In any of the burial places of this city through which I pass is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are in their innermost personality to me or than I am to them As to this his natural and not to be alienated inheritance the messenger on horseback had exactly the same possessions as the King the first Minister of State or the richest merchant in London So with the three passengers shut up in the narrow compass of one lumbering old mail coach they were mysteries to one another as complete as if each had been in his own coach and six or his own coach and sixty with the breadth of a county between him and the next The messenger rode back at an easy trot stopping pretty often at ale houses by the way to drink but evincing a tendency to keep his own counsel and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes He had eyes that assorted very well with that decoration being of a surface black with no depth in the colour or form and much too near together as if they were afraid of being found out in something singly if they kept too far apart They had a sinister expression under an old cocked hat like a three cornered spittoon and over a great muffler for the chin and throat which descended nearly to the wearer's knees When he stopped for drink he moved this muffler with his left hand only while he poured his liquor in with his right as soon as that was done he muffled again No Jerry no said the messenger harping on one theme as he rode It wouldn't do for you Jerry Jerry you honest tradesman it wouldn't suit your line of business Recalled Bust me if I don't think he'd been a drinking His message perplexed his mind to that degree that he was fain several times to take off his hat to scratch his head Except on the crown which was raggedly bald he had stiff black hair standing jaggedly all over it and growing down hill almost to his broad blunt nose It was so like Smith's work so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair that the best of players at leap frog might have declined him as the most dangerous man in the world to go over While he 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 who was to deliver it to greater authorities within the shadows of the night took such shapes to him as arose out of the message and took such shapes to the mare as arose out of her private topics of uneasiness They seemed to be numerous for she shied at every shadow on the road What time the mail coach lumbered jolted rattled and bumped upon its tedious way with its three fellow inscrutables inside To whom likewise the shadows of the night revealed themselves in the forms their dozing eyes and wandering thoughts suggested

Tellson's Bank had a run upon it in the mail. 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, and more drafts were honoured in five minutes than even Tellson's, with all its foreign and home connection, ever paid in thrice the time. Then the strong rooms underground at Tellson's, with such of their valuable stores and secrets as were known to the passenger, and it was not a little that he knew about them, 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 like the presence of pain under an opiate, 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. Pride, contempt, defiance, stubbornness, submission, lamentation succeeded one another, so did varieties of sunken cheek, cadaverous colour, emaciated hands and figures. But the face was in the main one face, and every head was prematurely white. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of this spectre, "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. Got out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fan away to dust. The passenger would then start to himself, and lower the window, to get the reality of mist and rain on his cheek. Yet even when his eyes were opened on the mist and rain, on the moving patch of light from the lamps, and the hedge at the roadside retreating by jerks, the night shadows outside the coach would fall into the train of the night shadows within. The real Banking house by Temple Bar, the real business of the past day, the real strong rooms, the real express sent after him, and the real message returned, would all be there. Out of the midst of them, the ghostly face would rise, and he would accost it again, "Buried how long?" "Almost eighteen years." "I hope you care to live," "I can't say." "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. There was a ridge of ploughed land, with a plough upon it where it had been left last night when the horses were unyoked, beyond a quiet coppice wood, in which many leaves of burning red and golden yellow still remained upon the trees. Though the earth was cold and wet, the sky was clear, and the sun rose bright, placid, and beautiful. "Eighteen years," said the passenger, looking at the sun, "Gracious Creator of day, To be buried alive for

eighteen years IV 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 tomorrow 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 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 bed chamber 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 gentleman 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 waist coat as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence of the brisk fire. 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 which wig it is to be presumed was made of hair but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. 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 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 that it must have cost their owner in years gone by some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy colour in his cheeks and his face though lined bore few traces of anxiety. But perhaps the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people and perhaps second hand cares like second hand clothes come easily off and on. Completing his resemblance to a man who was sitting for his portrait Mr Lorry dropped off to sleep. 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. Tellson's Bank in London sir. Yes. Yes sir. We have oftentimes the honour 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. That was before my time here sir. Before our people's time here sir. The George was in other

hands at that time sir I believe so But I would hold a pretty
wager sir that a House like Tellson and Company was flourishing a matter of
fifty not to speak of fifteen years ago You might treble that and say a
hundred and fifty yet not be far from the truth Indeed sir Rounding
his mouth and both his eyes as he stepped backward from the table the waiter
shifted his napkin from his right arm to his left dropped into a comfortable
attitude and stood surveying the guest while he ate and drank as from an
observatory or watchtower According to the immemorial usage of waiters in all ages
When Mr Lorry had finished his breakfast he went out for a stroll on the beach
The little narrow crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach and ran
its head into the chalk cliffs like a marine ostrich The beach was a desert of
heaps of sea and stones tumbling wildly about and the sea did what it liked and
what it liked was destruction It thundered at the town and thundered at the
cliffs and brought the coast down madly The air among the houses was of so
strong a piscatory flavour that one might have supposed sick fish went up to be
dipped in it as sick people went down to be dipped in the sea A little fishing
was done in the port and a quantity of strolling about by night and looking
seaward particularly at those times when the tide made and was near flood Small
tradesmen who did no business whatever sometimes unaccountably realised large
fortunes and it was remarkable that nobody in the neighbourhood could endure a
lamplighter 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 vapour 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
A bottle of good claret after dinner does a digger in the red coals no harm
otherwise than as it has a tendency to throw him out of work Mr Lorry had been
idle a long time and had just poured out his last glassful of wine with as
complete an appearance of satisfaction as is ever to be found in an elderly
gentleman of a fresh complexion who has got to the end of a bottle 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 with an air of stolid desperation settle his odd little flaxen wig at the
ears and follow the waiter to Miss Manette's apartment It was a large dark room
furnished in a funereal manner 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 gloomily reflected on every leaf as if they were
buried in deep graves of black mahogany and no light to speak of could be
expected from them until they were dug out The obscurity was so difficult to
penetrate that Mr Lorry picking his way over the well worn Turkey carpet
supposed Miss Manette to be for the moment in some adjacent room until having
got past the two tall candles he 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 rifting 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 like a breath along the surface of the gaunt pier glass behind her on the
frame of which a hospital procession of negro cupids several headless and all

cripples were offering black baskets of Dead Sea fruit to black divinities of the feminine gender 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 and cast a troubled look towards the hospital procession of negro cupids. As if they had any help for anybody in their absurd baskets, 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 curtsied to him, young ladies made curtsies 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 favour 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. The young forehead lifted itself into that singular expression but it was pretty and characteristic besides being singular and she raised her hand as if with an involuntary action she caught at or stayed some passing shadow. Are you quite a stranger to me, sir. Am I not. Mr Lorry opened his hands and extended them outwards with an argumentative smile. Between the eyebrows and just over the little feminine nose, the line of which was as delicate and fine as it was possible to be, the expression deepened itself as she took her seat thoughtfully in the chair by which she had hitherto remained standing. He watched her as she mused and the moment she raised her eyes again went on. In your adopted country I presume I cannot do better than address you as a young English lady, Miss Manette. If you please, sir. 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 honour of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations but confidential. I was at that time in our French House and had been, oh, twenty years. At that time I may ask, at what time, sir. I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married an English lady and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers. These are mere business relations, miss, there is no friendship in them, no particular interest, nothing like sentiment. I have passed from one to another in the course of my business life, just as I pass from one of our customers to another in the course of my business day, in short, I

have no feelings I am a mere machine To go on But this is my father s story 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 s 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 He then conducted the young lady straightway to her chair again and holding the chair back with his left hand and using his right by turns to rub his chin pull his wig at the ears or point what he said stood looking down into her face while she sat looking up into his Miss Manette it was I And you will see how truly I spoke of myself just now in saying I had no feelings and that all the relations I hold with my fellow creatures are mere business relations when you reflect that I have never seen you since No you have been the ward of Tellson s House since and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson s House since Feelings I have no time for them no chance of them I pass my whole life miss in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle After this odd description of his daily routine of employment Mr Lorry flattened his flaxen wig upon his head with both hands which was most unnecessary for nothing could be flatter than its shining surface was before and resumed his former attitude 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 bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on the supplicatory fingers that clasped him in so violent a tremble pray control your agitation a matter of business As I was saying Her look so discomposed him that he stopped wandered and began anew As I was saying if Monsieur Manette had not died if he had suddenly and silently disappeared if he had been spirited away if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place though no art could trace him if he had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege that I in my own time have known the boldest people afraid to speak of in a whisper across the water there for instance the privilege of 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 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 O dear good compassionate sir for the truth A a matter of business You confuse me and how can I transact business if I am confused Let us be clear headed If you could kindly mention now for instance what nine times ninepence are or how many shillings in twenty guineas it would be so encouraging I should be so much more at my ease about your state of mind Without directly answering to this appeal she sat so still when he had very gently raised her and the hands that had not ceased to clasp his wrists were so much more steady than they had been 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 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 grey You know that your parents had no great possession and that what they had was secured to your mother and to you There has been no new discovery of money or of any other property but He felt his wrist held closer and he stopped The expression in the forehead which had so particularly attracted his notice and which was now immovable had deepened into one of pain and horror 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 Mr Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm There there there See now see now The best and the worst are known to you now You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman and with a fair sea voyage and a fair land journey you will be soon at his dear side She repeated in the same tone sunk to a whisper I have been free I have been happy yet his Ghost has never haunted me Only one thing more said Mr Lorry laying stress upon it as a 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 a while at all events out of France Even I safe as an Englishman and even Tellson s important as they are to French credit avoid all naming of the matter I carry about me not a scrap of writing openly referring to it This is a secret service altogether My credentials entries and memoranda are all comprehended in the one line Recalled to Life which may mean anything But what is the matter She doesn t notice a word Miss Manette Perfectly still and silent and not even fallen back in her chair she sat under his hand utterly insensible with her eyes open and fixed upon him and with that last expression looking as if it were carved or branded into her forehead 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 colour 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 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 with much feebler sympathy and humility while the strong woman

having banished the inn servants under the mysterious penalty of letting them know something not mentioned if they stayed there staring recovered her charge by a regular series of gradations and coaxed her to lay her drooping head upon her shoulder 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 V 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 knelt 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 Others men and women dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths others made small mud embankments to stem the wine as it ran others directed by lookers on up at high windows darted here and there to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions others devoted themselves to the sodden and lee dyed pieces of the cask licking and even champing the moister wine rotted fragments with eager relish There was no drainage to carry off the wine and not only did it all get taken up but so much mud got taken up along with it that there might have been a scavenger in the street if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices voices of men women and children resounded in the street while this wine game lasted There was little roughness in the sport and much playfulness There was a special companionship in it an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one which led especially among the luckier or lighter hearted to frolicsome embraces drinking of healths shaking of hands and even joining of hands and dancing a dozen together When the wine was gone and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron pattern by fingers these demonstrations ceased as suddenly as they had broken out The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting set it in motion again the women who had left on a doorstep the little pot of hot ashes at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes or in those of her child returned to it men with bare arms matted locks and cadaverous faces who had emerged into the winter light from cellars moved away to descend again and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine The wine was red wine and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris where it was spilled It had stained many hands too and many faces and many naked feet and many wooden shoes The hands of the man who sawed the wood left red marks on the billets and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth and one tall joker so besmirched his head more out of a long squalid bag of a nightcap than in it scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine lees BLOOD The time was to come when that wine too would be spilled on the street stones and when the stain of it would be red upon many there And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance the darkness of it was heavy cold dirt sickness ignorance and want were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence nobles of great power all of them but most especially the last Samples of a people that had undergone

a terrible grinding and regrinding in the mill and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young shivered at every corner passed in and out at every doorway looked from every window fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook The mill which had worked them down was the mill that grinds young people old the children had ancient faces and grave voices and upon them and upon the grown faces and ploughed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh was the sigh Hunger It was prevalent everywhere Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of firewood that the man sawed off Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys and started up from the filthy street that had no offal among its refuse of anything to eat Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread at the sausage shop in every dead dog preparation that was offered for sale Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chestnuts in the turned cylinder Hunger was shred into atomics in every farthing porringer of husky chips of potato fried with some reluctant drops of oil Its abiding place was in all things fitted to it A narrow winding street full of offence and stench with other narrow winding streets diverging all peopled by rags and nightcaps and all smelling of rags and nightcaps and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay Depressed and slinking though they were eyes of fire were not wanting

among them nor compressed lips white with what they suppressed nor foreheads knitted into the likeness of the gallows rope they mused about enduring or inflicting The trade signs and they were almost as many as the shops were all grim illustrations of Want The butcher and the porkman painted up only the leanest scrags of meat the baker the coarsest of meagre loaves The people rudely pictured as drinking in the wine shops croaked over their scanty measures of thin wine and beer and were gloweringly confidential together Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition save tools and weapons but the cutler's knives and axes were sharp and bright the smith's hammers were heavy and the gunmaker's stock was murderous The crippling stones of the pavement with their many little reservoirs of mud and water had no footways but broke off abruptly at the doors The kennel to make amends ran down the middle of the street when it ran at all which was only after heavy rains and then it ran by many eccentric fits into the houses Across the streets at wide intervals one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley at night when the lamplighter had let these down and lighted and hoisted them again a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead as if they were at sea Indeed they were at sea and the ship and crew were in peril of tempest For the time was to come when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have watched the lamplighter in their idleness and hunger so long as to conceive the idea of improving on his method and hauling up men by those ropes and pulleys to flare upon the darkness of their condition But the time was not come yet and every wind that blew over France shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain for the birds fine of song and feather took no warning 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 There his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke he called to him across the way Say then my Gaspard what do you do there The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significance as is often the way with his tribe It missed its mark and completely failed as is often the way with his tribe too What now Are you a subject for the mad hospital said the wine shop keeper crossing the road and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud picked up for the purpose and smeared over it Why do you write in the public streets Is there tell me thou is there no other place to write such words in In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand

perhaps accidentally perhaps not upon the joker's heart The joker rapped it with his own took a nimble spring upward and came down in a fantastic dancing attitude with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand and held out A joker of an extremely not to say wolfishly practical character he looked under those circumstances Put it on put it on said the other Call wine wine and finish there With that advice he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress such as it was quite deliberately as having dirtied the hand on his account and then recrossed the road and entered the wine shop This wine shop 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 Good humoured looking on the whole but implacable looking too evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose a man not desirable to be met rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side for nothing would turn the man Madame Defarge his wife sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in 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 earrings 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 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 wine shop 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 What the devil do you do in that galley there said Monsieur Defarge to himself I don't know you But he 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 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 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 She acknowledged their homage by bending her head and giving them a quick look Then she glanced in a casual manner round the wine shop took up her knitting with great

apparent calmness and repose of spirit and became absorbed in it Gentlemen
said her husband who had kept his bright eye observantly upon her good day
The chamber furnished bachelor fashion that you wished to see and were inquiring
for when I stepped out is on the fifth floor The doorway of the staircase gives
on the little courtyard close to the left here pointing with his hand near
to the window of my establishment But now that I remember one of you has already
been there and can show the way Gentlemen adieu 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 favour
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 to which he had directed
his own company just before It opened from a stinking 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 humour
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 Every
little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building that is to say
the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase left its
own heap of refuse on its own landing besides flinging other refuse from its own
windows The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition so engendered would
have polluted the air even if poverty and deprivation had not loaded it with their
intangible impurities the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable
Through such an atmosphere by a steep dark shaft of dirt and poison the way lay
yielding to his own disturbance of mind and to his young companion's agitation
which became greater every instant Mr Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest Each of
these stoppages was made at a doleful grating by which any languishing good airs
that were left uncorrupted seemed to escape and all spoilt and sickly vapours
seemed to crawl in Through the rusted bars tastes rather than glimpses were
caught of the jumbled neighbourhood and nothing within range nearer or lower than
the summits of the two great towers of Notre Dame had any promise on it of healthy
life or wholesome aspirations At last the top of the staircase was gained and
they stopped for the third time There was yet an upper staircase of a steeper
inclination and of contracted dimensions to be ascended before the garret story
was reached The keeper of the wine shop always going a little in advance and
always going on the side which Mr Lorry took as though he dreaded to be asked any
question by the young lady 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 Long live the Devil 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 But by this time she trembled under such strong emotion and her face expressed such deep anxiety and above all such dread and terror that Mr Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance Courage dear miss Courage Business The worst will be over in a moment it is but passing the room door and the worst is over Then all the good you bring to him all the relief all the happiness you bring to him begin Let our good friend here assist you on that side That's well friend Defarge Come now Business business They went up slowly and softly The staircase was short and they were soon at the top There as it had an abrupt turn in it they came all at once in sight of three men whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged through some chinks or holes in the wall On hearing footsteps close at hand these three turned and rose and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine shop I forgot them in the surprise of your visit explained Monsieur Defarge Leave us good boys we have business here The three glided by and went silently down There appearing to be no other door on that floor and the keeper of the wine shop going straight to this one when they were left alone Mr Lorry asked him in a whisper with a little anger Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette I show him in the way you have seen to a chosen few Is that well I think it is well Who are the few How do you choose them I choose them as real men of my name Jacques is my name to whom the sight is likely to do good Enough you are English that is another thing Stay there if you please a little moment With an admonitory gesture to keep them back he 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 sat 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 firewood 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 difficult on first coming in to see anything and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one the

ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity Yet work of that kind was being done in the garret for with his back towards the door and his face towards the window where the keeper of the wine shop stood looking at him a white haired man sat on a low bench stooping forward and very busy making shoes VI 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 So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour faded away into a poor weak stain So sunken and suppressed it was that it was like a voice underground So expressive it was of a hopeless and lost creature that a famished traveller wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die 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 labour 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 But the question reminded him of his work and he bent over it again Mr Lorry came silently forward leaving the daughter by the door When he had stood for a minute or two by the side of Defarge the shoemaker looked up He showed no surprise at seeing another figure but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it his lips and his nails were of the same pale lead colour and then the hand dropped to his work and he once more bent over the shoe The look and the action had occupied but an instant 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 The task of recalling him from the vagrancy into
which he always sank when he had spoken was like recalling some very weak person
from a swoon or endeavouring in the hope of some disclosure to stay the spirit
of a fast dying man 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 His haggard eyes turned to
Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him but as no help came
from that quarter they turned back on the questioner when they had sought the
ground 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 overclouded 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 and where she now stood looking at him with hands which at first
had been only raised in frightened compassion if not even to keep him off and shut
out the sight of him but which were now extending towards him trembling with
eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast and love it back to
life and hope so exactly was the expression repeated though in stronger
characters on her fair young face that it looked as though it had passed like a
moving light from him to her Darkness had fallen on him in its place He looked
at the two less and less attentively and his eyes in gloomy abstraction sought
the ground and looked about him in the old way Finally with a deep long sigh he
took the shoe up and resumed his work Have you recognised him monsieur
asked Defarge in a whisper Yes for a moment At first I thought it quite
hopeless but I have unquestionably seen for a single moment the face that I once
knew so well 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 There was something awful in
his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him
as he stooped over his labour Not a word was spoken not 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 The two spectators started forward but she stayed them with a motion of her hand She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife though they had He stared at her with a fearful look and after a while his lips began to form some words though no sound proceeded from them By degrees in the pauses of his quick and laboured 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 gaoler'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 concentrated 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 O 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 O my dear my dear His cold white head mingled with her radiant hair which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of Freedom shining on him If you hear in my voice I don't know that it is so but I hope it is if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears weep for it weep for it If you touch in touching my hair anything that recalls a beloved head that lay on your breast when you were young and free weep for it weep for it If when I hint to you of a Home that is before us where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service I bring back the remembrance of a Home long desolate while your poor heart pined away weep for it weep for it

She held him closer round the neck and rocked him on her breast like a child. If when I tell you dearest dear that your agony is over and that I have come here to take you from it and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste and of our native France so wicked to you weep for it weep for it And if when I shall tell you of my name and of my father who is living and of my mother who is dead you learn that I have to kneel to my honoured father and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me weep for it weep for it Weep for her then and for me Good gentlemen thank God I feel his sacred tears upon my face and his sobs strike against my heart O see Thank God for us thank God He had sunk in her arms and his face dropped on her breast a sight so touching yet so terrible in the 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 shaken form had long yielded to the calm that must follow all storms emblem to humanity of the rest and silence into which the storm called Life must hush at last they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground He had gradually dropped to the floor and lay there in a lethargy worn out She had nestled down with him that his head might lie upon her arm and her hair drooping over him curtained him from the light If without disturbing him she said raising her hand to Mr Lorry as he stooped over them after repeated blowings of his nose all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once so that from the very door he could be taken away But consider Is he fit for the journey asked Mr Lorry More fit for that I think than to remain in this city so dreadful to him It is true said Defarge who was kneeling to look on and hear More than that Monsieur Manette is for all reasons best out of France Say shall I hire a carriage and post horses That s business said Mr Lorry resuming on the shortest notice his methodical manners and if business is to be done I had better do it Then be so kind urged Miss Manette as to leave us here You see how composed he has become and you cannot be afraid to leave him with me now Why should you be If you will lock the door to secure us from interruption I do not doubt that you will find him when you come back as quiet as you leave him 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 favour of one of them remaining But as there were not only carriage and horses to be seen to but travelling papers and as time pressed for the day was drawing to an end it came at last to their hastily dividing the business that was necessary to be done and hurrying away 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 No human intelligence could have read the mysteries of his mind in the scared blank wonder of his face Whether he knew what had happened whether he recollected what they had said to him whether he knew that he was free were questions which no sagacity could have solved They tried speaking to him but he was so confused and so very slow to answer that they took fright at his bewilderment and agreed for the time to tamper with him no more He had a wild lost manner of occasionally clasping his head in his hands that had not been seen in him before yet he had some pleasure in the mere sound of his daughter s voice and invariably turned to it when she spoke In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey under coercion he ate and drank what they gave him 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 his own They began to descend Monsieur Defarge going first with

the lamp Mr Lorry closing the little procession They had not traversed many steps of the long main staircase when he stopped and stared at the roof and round at the walls You remember the place my father You remember coming up here What did you say But before she could repeat the question he murmured an answer as if she had repeated it Remember No I don't remember It was so very long ago That he had no recollection whatever of his having been brought from his prison to that house was apparent to them They heard him mutter One Hundred and Five North Tower and when he looked about him it evidently was for the strong fortress walls which had long encompassed him On their reaching the courtyard he instinctively altered his tread as being in expectation of a drawbridge and when there was no drawbridge and he saw the carriage waiting in the open street he dropped his daughter's hand and clasped his head again No crowd was about the door no people were discernible at any of the many windows not even a chance passerby 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 a 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 get them and went knitting out of the lamplight through the courtyard She quickly brought them down and handed them in and immediately afterwards leaned against the 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 They were consigned to me with him at the He dropped his voice there was a flutter among the military lanterns and one of them being handed into the coach by an arm in uniform the eyes connected with the arm looked not an every day or an every night look at monsieur with the white head It is well Forward from the uniform Adieu from Defarge And so under a short grove of feeble and feeble over swinging lamps out under the great grove of stars Beneath that arch of unmoved and eternal lights some so remote from this little earth that the learned tell us it is doubtful whether their rays have even yet discovered it as a point in space where anything is suffered or done the 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 opposite the buried man who had been dug out and wondering what subtle powers were for ever 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 The end of the first book Book the Second the Golden Thread I Five Years Later Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar was an old fashioned place even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty It was very small very dark very ugly very incommodious It was an old fashioned place moreover in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness proud of its darkness proud of its ugliness proud of its incommodiousness They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars and were fired by an express conviction that if it were less objectionable it would be less respectable This was no passive belief but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business Tellson's they said wanted no elbow room Tellson's wanted no light Tellson's wanted no embellishment Noakes and Co's might or Snooks Brothers might but Tellson's thank Heaven Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson's In this respect the House was much on a par with the Country which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable but were only the more respectable Thus it had come to pass that Tellson's was the

triumphant perfection of inconvenience After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat you fell into Tellson's down two steps and came to your senses in a miserable little shop with two little counters where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows which were always under a shower bath of mud from Fleet street and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar If your business necessitated your seeing the House you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back where you meditated on a misspent life until the House came with its hands in its pockets and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight Your money came out of or went into wormy old wooden drawers particles of which flew up your nose and down your throat when they were opened and shut Your bank notes had a musty odour as if they were fast decomposing into rags again Your plate was stowed away among the neighbouring cesspools and evil communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two Your deeds got into extemporised strong rooms made of kitchens and sculleries and fretted all the fat out of their parchments into the banking house air Your lighter boxes of family papers went up stairs into a Barmecide room that always had a great dining table in it and never had a dinner and where even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty the first letters written to you by your old love or by your little children were but newly released from the horror of being ogled through the windows by the heads exposed on Temple Bar with an insensate brutality and ferocity worthy of Abyssinia or Ashantee But indeed at that time putting to death was a recipe much in vogue with all trades and professions and not least of all with Tellson's Death is Nature's remedy for all things and why not Legislation's Accordingly the forger was put to Death the utterer of a bad note was put to Death the unlawful opener of a letter was put to Death the purloiner of forty shillings and sixpence was put to Death the holder of a horse at Tellson's door who made off with it was put to Death the coiner of a bad shilling was put to Death the sounders of three fourths of the notes in the whole gamut of Crime were put to Death Not that it did the least good in the way of prevention it might almost have been worth remarking that the fact was exactly the reverse but it cleared off as to this world the trouble of each particular case and left nothing else connected with it to be looked after Thus Tellson's in its day like greater places of business its contemporaries had taken so many lives that if the heads laid low before it had been ranged on Temple Bar instead of being privately disposed of they would probably have excluded what little light the ground floor had in a rather significant manner Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards and hutches at Tellson's the oldest of men carried on the business gravely When they took a young man into Tellson's London house they hid him somewhere till he was old They kept him in a dark place like a cheese until he had the full Tellson flavour and blue mould upon him Then only was he permitted to be seen spectacularly poring over large books and casting his breeches and gaiters into the general weight of the establishment Outside Tellson's never by any means in it unless called in was an odd job man an occasional porter and messenger who served as the live sign of the house He was never absent during business hours unless upon an errand and then he was represented by his son a grisly urchin of twelve who was his express image People understood that Tellson's in a stately way tolerated the odd job man The house had always tolerated some person in that capacity and time and tide had drifted this person to the post His surname was Cruncher and on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness in the easterly parish church of Houndsditch he had received the added appellation of Jerry The scene was Mr Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging sword alley Whitefriars the time half past seven of the clock on a windy March morning Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty Mr Cruncher himself always spoke of the year of our Lord as Anna Dominoes apparently under the impression that the Christian era dated from the invention of a popular game by a lady who had bestowed her name upon it Mr Cruncher's apartments were not in a savoury neighbourhood and were but two in number even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one

But they were very decently kept Early as it was on the windy March morning the room in which he lay abed was already scrubbed throughout and between the cups and saucers arranged for breakfast and the lumbering deal table a very clean white cloth was spread Mr Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane like a Harlequin at home At first he slept heavily but by degrees began to roll and surge in bed until he rose above the surface with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons At which juncture he exclaimed in a voice of dire exasperation Bust me if she ain't at it agin A woman of orderly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner with sufficient haste and trepidation to show that she was the person referred to What said Mr Cruncher looking out of bed for a boot You're at it agin are you After hailing the morn with this second salutation he threw a boot at the woman as a third It was a very muddy boot and may introduce the odd circumstance connected with Mr Cruncher's domestic economy that whereas he often came home after banking hours with clean boots he often got up next morning to find the same boots covered with clay What said Mr Cruncher varying his apostrophe after missing his mark what are you up to Aggerawayter I was only saying my prayers Saying your prayers You're a nice woman What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me I was not praying against you I was praying for you You weren't And if you were I won't be took the liberty with Here your mother's a nice woman young Jerry going a praying agin your father's prosperity You've got a dutiful mother you have my son You've got a religious mother you have my boy going and flopping herself down and praying that the bread and butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child Master Cruncher who was in his shirt took this very ill and turning to his mother strongly deprecated any praying away of his personal board And what do you suppose you concealed female said Mr Cruncher with unconscious inconsistency that the worth of your prayers may be Name the price that you put your prayers at They only come from the heart Jerry They are worth no more than that Worth no more than that repeated Mr Cruncher They ain't worth much then Whether or no I won't be prayed agin I tell you I can't afford it I'm not a going to be made unlucky by your sneaking If you must go flopping yourself down flop in favour of your husband and child and not in opposition to 'em If I had had any but a unnat'ral wife and this poor boy had had any but a unnat'ral mother I might have made some money last week instead of being counterprayed and countermined and religiously circumvented into the worst of luck B u u ust me said Mr Cruncher who all this time had been putting on his clothes if I ain't what with piety and one blowed thing and another been choused this last week into as bad luck as ever a poor devil of a honest tradesman met with Young Jerry dress yourself my boy and while I clean my boots keep a eye upon your mother now and then and if you see any signs of more flopping give me a call For I tell you here he addressed his wife once more I won't be gone agin in this manner I am as rickety as a hackney coach I'm as sleepy as laudanum my lines is strained to that degree that I shouldn't know if it wasn't for the pain in 'em which was me and which somebody else yet I'm none the better for it in pocket and it's my suspicion that you've been at it from morning to night to prevent me from being the better for it in pocket and I won't put up with it Aggerawayter and what do you say now Growling in addition such phrases as Ah yes You're religious too You wouldn't put yourself in opposition to the interests of your husband and child would you Not you and throwing off other sarcastic sparks from the whirling grindstone of his indignation Mr Cruncher betook himself to his boot cleaning and his general preparation for business In the meantime his son whose head was garnished with tenderer spikes and whose young eyes stood close by one another as his father's did kept the required watch upon his mother He greatly disturbed that poor woman at intervals by darting out of his sleeping closet where he made his toilet with a suppressed cry of You are going to flop mother Halloa father and after raising this fictitious alarm darting in again with an undutiful grin Mr Cruncher's temper was not at all improved when he came to his

breakfast He resented Mrs Cruncher's saying grace with particular animosity
Now Aggerawayter What are you up to At it again His wife explained that she
had merely asked a blessing Don't do it said Mr Crunches looking
about as if he rather expected to see the loaf disappear under the efficacy of his
wife's petitions I ain't a going to be blest out of house and home I won't
have my wittles blest off my table Keep still Exceedingly red-eyed and grim
as if he had been up all night at a party which had taken anything but a convivial
turn Jerry Cruncher worried his breakfast rather than ate it growling over it
like any four-footed inmate of a menagerie Towards nine o'clock he smoothed his
ruffled aspect and presenting as respectable and business like an exterior as he
could overlay his natural self with issued forth to the occupation of the day It
could scarcely be called a trade in spite of his favourite description of himself
as a honest tradesman His stock consisted of a wooden stool made out of a
broken backed chair cut down which stool young Jerry walking at his father's
side carried every morning to beneath the banking house window that was nearest
Temple Bar where with the addition of the first handful of straw that could be
gleaned from any passing vehicle to keep the cold and wet from the odd job man's
feet it formed the encampment for the day On this post of his Mr Cruncher was
as well known to Fleet street and the Temple as the Bar itself and was almost as
in looking Encamped at a quarter before nine in good time to touch his three
cornered hat to the oldest of men as they passed in to Tellson's Jerry took up his
station on this windy March morning with young Jerry standing by him when not
engaged in making forays through the Bar to inflict bodily and mental injuries of
an acute description on passing boys who were small enough for his amiable purpose
Father and son extremely like each other looking silently on at the morning
traffic in Fleet street with their two heads as near to one another as the two
eyes of each were bore a considerable resemblance to a pair of monkeys The
resemblance was not lessened by the accidental circumstance that the mature Jerry
bit and spat out straw while the twinkling eyes of the youthful Jerry were as
restlessly watchful of him as of everything else in Fleet street 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 Hooray father
Here's an early job to begin with Having thus given his parent God speed
young Jerry seated himself on the stool entered on his reversionary interest in
the straw his father had been chewing and cogitated Always rusty His
fingers is always rusty muttered young Jerry Where does my father get all
that iron rust from He don't get no iron rust here II A Sight You
know the Old Bailey well no doubt said one of the oldest of 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 not
unlike a reluctant witness at the establishment in question than I as a honest
tradesman wish to know the Bailey Very well Find the door where the
witnesses go in and show the door keeper this note for Mr Lorry He will then let
you in Into the court sir Into the court Mr Cruncher's eyes
seemed to get a little closer to one another and to interchange the inquiry
What do you think of this Am I to wait in the court sir he asked as
the result of that conference I am going to tell you The 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 and superscribed the note Mr Cruncher after surveying
him in silence until he came to the blotting paper stage remarked I suppose
they'll be trying Forgeries this morning Treason That's quartering
said Jerry Barbarous It is the law remarked the ancient clerk
turning his surprised spectacles upon him It is the law It's hard in
the law to spile a man I think It's hard enough to kill him but it's wery hard
to spile him sir Not at all retained the ancient clerk Speak well

of the law Take care of your chest and voice my good friend and leave the law to take care of itself I give you that advice It s the damp sir what settles on my chest and voice said Jerry I leave you to judge what a damp way of earning a living mine is Well well said the old clerk we all have our various ways of gaining a livelihood Some of us have damp ways and some of us have dry ways Here is the letter Go along Jerry took the letter and remarking to himself with less internal deference than he made an outward show of You are a lean old one too made his bow informed his son in passing of his destination and went his way They hanged at Tyburn in those days so the street outside Newgate had not obtained one infamous notoriety that has since attached to it But the gaol was a vile place in which most kinds of debauchery and villainy were practised and where dire diseases were bred that came into court with the prisoners and sometimes rushed straight from the dock at my Lord Chief Justice himself and pulled him off the bench It had more than once happened that the Judge in the black cap pronounced his own doom as certainly as the prisoner s and even died before him For the rest the Old Bailey was famous as a kind of deadly inn yard from which pale travellers set out continually in carts and coaches on a violent passage into the other world traversing some two miles and a half of public street and road and shaming few good citizens if any So powerful is use and so desirable to be good use in the beginning It was famous too for the pillory a wise old institution that inflicted a punishment of which no one could foresee the extent also for the whipping post another dear old institution very humanising and softening to behold in action also for extensive transactions in blood money another fragment of ancestral wisdom systematically leading to the most frightful mercenary crimes that could be committed under Heaven Altogether the Old Bailey at that date was a choice illustration of the precept that Whatever is is right an aphorism that would be as final as it is lazy did it not include the troublesome consequence that nothing that ever was was wrong Making his way through the tainted crowd dispersed up and down this hideous scene of action with the skill of a man accustomed to make his way quietly the messenger found out the door he sought and handed in his letter through a trap in it For people then paid to see the play at the Old Bailey just as they paid to see the play in Bedlam only the former entertainment was much the dearer Therefore all the Old Bailey doors were well guarded except indeed the social doors by which the criminals got there and those were always left wide open 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 The quartering one eh Ah returned the man with a relish he ll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged and then he ll be taken down and sliced before his own face and then his inside will be taken out and burnt while he looks on and then his head will be chopped off and he ll be cut into quarters That s the sentence If he s found Guilty you mean to say

Jerry added by way of proviso Oh they ll find him guilty said the other Don t you be afraid of that Mr Cruncher s attention was here diverted to the door keeper whom he saw making his way to Mr Lorry with the note in his hand Mr Lorry sat at a table among the gentlemen in wigs not far from a wigged gentleman the prisoner s counsel who had a great bundle of papers before him and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets whose whole attention when Mr Cruncher looked at him then or afterwards seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court 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 gaolers

who had been standing there went out and the prisoner was brought in and put to the bar. Everybody present except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling stared at him. All the human breath in the place rolled at him like a sea or a wind or a fire. Eager faces strained round pillars and corners to get a sight of him. Spectators in back rows stood up not to miss a hair of him. People on the floor of the court laid their hands on the shoulders of the people before them to help themselves at anybody's cost to a view of him. He stood a tiptoe upon ledges, stood upon next to nothing to see every inch of him. Conspicuous among these latter like an animated bit of the spiked wall of Newgate, Jerry stood aiming at the prisoner the beery breath of a whet he had taken as he came along and discharging it to mingle with the waves of other beer and gin and tea and coffee and what not that flowed at him and already broke upon the great windows behind him in an impure mist and rain. The object of all this staring and blaring was a young man of about five and twenty, well grown and well looking, with a sunburnt cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black or very dark grey and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck more to be out of his way than for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will express itself through any covering of the body, so the paleness which his situation engendered came through the brown upon his cheek, showing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He was otherwise quite self possessed, bowed to the Judge and stood quiet. The sort of interest with which this man was stared and breathed at was not a sort that elevated humanity. Had he stood in peril of a less horrible sentence, had there been a chance of any one of its savage details being spared by just so much would he have lost in his fascination. The form that was to be doomed to be so shamefully mangled was the sight, the immortal creature that was to be so butchered and torn asunder yielded the sensation. Whatever gloss the various spectators put upon the interest according to their several arts and powers of self deceit, the interest was at the root of it. Ogreish. Silence in the court. Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded Not Guilty to an indictment denouncing him with infinite jingle and jangle for that he was a false 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 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 with his head becoming more and more spiky as the law terms bristled it made out with huge satisfaction and so arrived circuitously at the understanding that the aforesaid and over and over again aforesaid Charles Darnay stood there before him upon his trial that the jury were swearing in and that Mr Attorney General 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 was quiet and attentive, watched the opening proceedings with a grave interest and stood with his hands resting on the slab of wood before him so composedly that they had not displaced a leaf of the herbs with which it was strewn. The court was all bestrewn with herbs and sprinkled with vinegar as a precaution against gaol air and gaol fever. Over the prisoner's head there was a mirror to throw the light down upon him. Crowds of the wicked and the wretched had been reflected in it and had passed from its surface and this earth's together haunted in a most ghastly manner that abominable place would have been if the glass could ever have rendered back its reflections as the ocean is one day to give up its dead. Some passing thought of the infamy and disgrace for which it had been reserved may have struck the prisoner's mind. Be that as it may, 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. 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 not of an active kind but pondering and self-communing When this expression was upon him he looked as if he were old but when it was stirred and broken up as it was now in a moment on his speaking to his daughter he became a handsome man not past the prime of life His daughter had one of her hands drawn through his arm as she sat by him and the other pressed upon it She had drawn close to him in her dread of the scene and in her pity for the prisoner Her forehead had been strikingly expressive of an engrossing terror and compassion that saw nothing but the peril of the accused This had been so very noticeable so very powerfully and naturally shown that starers who had had no pity for him were touched by her and the whisper went about Who are they Jerry the messenger who had made his own observations in his own manner and who had been sucking the rust off his fingers in his absorption stretched his neck to hear who they were The crowd about him had pressed and passed the inquiry on to the nearest attendant and from him it had been more slowly pressed and passed back at last it got to Jerry Witnesses For which side Against Against what side The prisoner's

The Judge whose eyes had gone in the general direction recalled them leaned back in his seat and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand as Mr Attorney General rose to spin the rope grind the axe and hammer the nails into the scaffold III A Disappointment Mr Attorney General had to inform the jury that the prisoner before them though young in years was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to day or of yesterday or even of last year or of the year before That it was certain the prisoner had for longer than that been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England on secret business of which he could give no honest account That if it were in the nature of traitorous ways to thrive which happily it never was the real wickedness and guilt of his business might have remained undiscovered That Providence however had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes and struck with horror to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and most honourable Privy Council That this patriot would be produced before them That his position and attitude were on the whole sublime That he had been the prisoner's friend but at once in an auspicious and an evil hour detecting his infamy had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom on the sacred altar of his country That if statues were decreed in Britain as in ancient Greece and Rome to public benefactors this shining citizen would assuredly have had one That as they were not so decreed he probably would not have one That Virtue as had been observed by the poets in many passages which he well knew the jury would have word for word at the tips of their tongues whereat the jury's countenances displayed a guilty consciousness that they knew nothing about the passages was in a manner contagious more especially the bright virtue known as patriotism or love of country That the lofty example of this immaculate and unimpeachable witness for the Crown to refer to whom however unworthily was an honour 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 he Mr Attorney General was prepared to hear some disparagement attempted of this admirable servant but that in a general way he preferred him to his Mr Attorney General's brothers and sisters and honoured him more than his Mr Attorney General's father and mother That he called with confidence on the jury to come and do likewise That the evidence of these two witnesses coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced would show the prisoner to have been

furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces and of their disposition and preparation both by sea and land and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. That these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting but that it was all the same that indeed it was rather the better for the prosecution as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That the proof would go back five years and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That for these reasons the jury being a loyal jury as he knew they were and being a responsible jury as they knew they were must positively find the prisoner Guilty and make an end of him whether they liked it or not. That they never could lay their heads upon their pillows that they never could tolerate the idea of their wives laying their heads upon their pillows that they never could endure the notion of their children laying their heads upon their pillows in short that there never more could be for them or theirs any laying of heads upon pillows at all unless the prisoner's head was taken off. That head Mr Attorney General concluded by demanding of them in the name of everything he could think of with a round turn in it and on the faith of his solemn asseveration that he already considered the prisoner as good as dead and gone. When the Attorney General ceased a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blue flies were swarming about the prisoner in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When toned down again the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness box. Mr Solicitor General then following his leader's lead examined the patriot John Barsad gentleman by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr Attorney General had described it to be perhaps if it had a fault a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of 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. Had he ever been a spy himself. No he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon. His property. Where was his property. He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it. No business of anybody's. Had he inherited it. Yes he had. From whom. Distant relation. Very distant. Rather. Ever been in prison. Certainly not. Never in a debtors prison. Didn't see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtors prison. Come once again. Never. Yes. How many times. Two or three times. Not five or six. Perhaps. Of what profession. Gentleman. Ever been kicked. Might have been. Frequently. No. Ever kicked downstairs. Decidedly not. Once received a kick on the top of a staircase and fell downstairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice. Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault but it was not true. Swear it was not true. Positively. Ever live by cheating at play. Never. Ever live by play. Not more than other gentlemen do. Ever borrow money of the prisoner. Yes. Ever pay him. No. Was not this intimacy with the prisoner in reality a very slight one forced upon the prisoner in coaches inns and packets. No. Sure he saw the prisoner with these lists. Certain. Knew no more about the lists. No. Had not procured them himself for instance. No. Expect to get anything by this evidence. No. Not in regular government pay and employment to lay traps. Oh dear no. Or to do anything. Oh dear no. Swear that. Over and over again. No motives but motives of sheer patriotism. None whatever. The virtuous servant Roger Cly swore his way through the case at a great rate. He had taken service with the prisoner in good faith and simplicity four years ago. He had asked the prisoner aboard the Calais packet if he wanted a handy fellow and the prisoner had engaged him. He had not asked the prisoner to take the handy fellow as an act of charity never thought of such a thing. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner and to keep an eye upon him soon afterwards. In arranging his clothes while travelling he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen at Calais and similar lists to French gentlemen both at Calais and Boulogne. He loved his country and couldn't

bear it and had given information He had never been suspected of stealing a silver tea pot he had been maligned respecting a mustard pot but it turned out to be only a plated one He had known the last witness seven or eight years that was merely a coincidence He didn't call it a particularly curious coincidence most coincidences were curious Neither did he call it a curious coincidence that true patriotism was his only motive too He was a true Briton and hoped there were many like him The blue 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 these two passengers Both were so wrapped up and the night was so dark and we were all so reserved that I cannot undertake to say even that Mr Lorry look again upon the prisoner Supposing him wrapped up as those two passengers were is there anything in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them No You will not swear Mr Lorry that he was not one of them No So at least you say he may have been one of them Yes Except that I remember them both to have been like myself timorous of highwaymen and the prisoner has not a timorous air Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity Mr Lorry I certainly have seen that Mr Lorry look once more upon the prisoner Have you seen him to your certain knowledge before I have When I was returning from France a few days afterwards and at Calais the prisoner came on board the packet ship in which I returned and made the voyage with me At what hour did he come on board At a little after midnight In the dead of the night Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour He happened to be the only one Never mind about happening Mr Lorry He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night He was Were you travelling alone Mr Lorry or with any companion With two companions A gentleman and lady They are here They are here Had you any conversation with the prisoner Hardly any The weather was stormy and the passage long and rough and I lay on a sofa almost from shore to shore Miss Manette The young lady to whom all eyes had been turned before and were now turned again stood up where she had sat Her father rose with her and kept her hand drawn through his arm Miss Manette look upon the prisoner To be confronted with such pity and such earnest youth and beauty was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd Standing as it were apart with her on the edge of his grave not all the staring 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 colour 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 O most unhappily I am The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the less musical voice of the Judge as he said something fiercely Answer the questions put to you and make no remark upon them Miss Manette had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel Yes sir Recall it In the midst of a profound stillness she faintly began When the gentleman came on board Do you mean the prisoner inquired the Judge knitting his brows Yes my Lord Then say the prisoner When the prisoner came on board he noticed that my father turning her eyes lovingly to him as he stood beside her was much fatigued and in a 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 we four The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather better than I had done I had not known how to do it well not understanding how the wind would set when we were out of the harbour He did it for me He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's state and I am sure he felt it That was the manner of our beginning to speak together Let me interrupt you for a moment Had he come on board alone No How many were with him Two French gentlemen Had they conferred together They had conferred together until the last moment when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat Had any papers been handed about among them similar to these lists Some papers had been handed about among them but I don't know what papers Like these in shape and size Possibly but indeed I don't know although they stood whispering very near to me because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there it was a dull lamp and they spoke very low and I did not hear what they said and saw only that they looked at papers Now to the prisoner's conversation Miss Manette The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me which arose out of my helpless situation as he was kind and good and useful to my father I hope bursting into tears I may not repay him by doing him harm to day Buzzing from the blue flies Miss Manette if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give which you must give and which you cannot escape from giving with great unwillingness he is the only person present in that condition Please to go on He told me that he was travelling on business of a delicate and difficult nature which might get people into trouble and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name He said that this business had within a few days taken him to France and might at intervals take him backwards and forwards between France and England for a long time to come Did he say anything about America Miss Manette Be particular He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen and he said that so far as he could judge it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part He added in a jesting way that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third But there was no harm in his way of saying this it was said laughingly and to beguile the time Any strongly marked expression of face on the part of a chief actor in a scene of great interest to whom many eyes are directed will be unconsciously imitated by the spectators Her forehead was painfully anxious and intent as she gave this evidence and in the pauses when she stopped for the Judge to write it down watched its effect upon the counsel for and against Among the lookers on there was the same expression 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 He answered in a tone that went to every heart A long imprisonment Were you newly released on the occasion in question They tell me so Have you no remembrance of the occasion None My mind is a blank from some time I cannot even say what time when I employed myself in my captivity in making shoes to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here She had become familiar to me when a gracious God restored my faculties but I am quite unable even to say how she had become familiar I have no remembrance of the process Mr Attorney General sat down

and the father and daughter sat down together. A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand being to show that the prisoner went down with some fellow plotter untracked in the Dover mail on that Friday night in November five years ago and got out of the mail in the night as a blind at a place where he did not remain but from which he travelled back some dozen miles or more to a garrison and dockyard and there collected information a witness was called to identify him as having been at the precise time required in the coffee room of an hotel in that garrison and dockyard town waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross examining this witness with no result except that he had never seen the prisoner on any other occasion when the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper screwed it up and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner. You say again you are quite sure that it was the prisoner. The witness was quite sure. Did you ever see anybody very like the prisoner. Not so like the witness said as that he could be mistaken. Look well upon that gentleman my learned friend there pointing to him who had tossed the paper over and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you. Are they very like each other. Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly if not debauched they were sufficiently like each other to surprise not only the witness but everybody present when they were thus brought into comparison. My Lord being prayed to bid my learned friend lay aside his wig and giving no very gracious consent the likeness became much more remarkable. My Lord inquired of Mr Stryver the prisoner's counsel whether they were next to try Mr Carton name of my learned friend for treason. But Mr Stryver replied to my Lord no but he would ask the witness to tell him whether what happened once might happen twice whether he would have been so confident if he had seen this illustration of his rashness sooner whether he would be so confident having seen it and more. The upshot of which was to smash this witness like a crockery vessel and shiver his part of the case to useless lumber. Mr Cruncher had by this time taken quite a lunch of rust off his fingers in his following of the evidence. He had now to attend while Mr Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on the jury like a compact suit of clothes showing them how the patriot Barsad was a hired spy and traitor an unblushing trafficker in blood and one of the greatest scoundrels upon earth since accursed Judas which he certainly did look rather like. How the virtuous servant Cly was his friend and partner and was worthy to be how the watchful eyes of those forgers and false swearers had rested on the prisoner as a victim because some family affairs in France he being of French extraction did require his making those passages across the Channel though what those affairs were a consideration for others who were near and dear to him forbade him even for his life to disclose. How the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed came to nothing involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young gentleman and young lady so thrown together with the exception of that reference to George Washington which was altogether too extravagant and impossible to be regarded in any other light than as a monstrous joke. How it would be a weakness in the government to break down in this attempt to practise for popularity on the lowest national antipathies and fears and therefore Mr Attorney General had made the most of it how nevertheless it rested upon nothing save that vile and infamous character of evidence too often disfiguring such cases and of which the State Trials of this country were full. But there my Lord interposed with as grave a face as if it had not been true saying that he could not sit upon that Bench and suffer those allusions. Mr Stryver then called his few witnesses and Mr Cruncher had next to attend while Mr Attorney General turned the whole suit of clothes Mr Stryver had fitted on the jury inside out showing how Barsad and Cly were even

a hundred times better than he had thought them and the prisoner a hundred times worse. Lastly came my Lord himself turning the suit of clothes now inside out now outside in but on the whole decidedly trimming and shaping them into grave

clothes for the prisoner And now the jury turned to consider and the great flies swarmed again Mr Carton who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court changed neither his place nor his attitude even in this excitement While his learned friend Mr Stryver massing his papers before him whispered with those who sat near and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury while all the spectators moved more or less and grouped themselves anew while even my Lord himself arose from his seat and slowly paced up and down his platform not unattended by a suspicion in the minds of the audience that his state was feverish this one man sat leaning back with his torn gown half off him his untidy wig put on just as it had happened to light on his head after its removal his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ceiling as they had been all day Something especially reckless in his demeanour not only gave him a disreputable look but so diminished the strong resemblance he undoubtedly bore to the prisoner which his momentary earnestness when they were compared together had strengthened that many of the lookers on taking note of him now said to one another they would hardly have thought the two were so alike Mr Cruncher made the observation to his next neighbour and added I d hold half a guinea that he don t get no law work to do Don t look like the sort of one to get any do he Yet this Mr Carton took in more of the details of the scene than he appeared to take in for now when Miss Manette s head dropped upon her father s breast he was the first to see it and to say audibly Officer look to that young lady Help the gentleman to take her out Don t you see she will fall There was much commiseration for her as she was removed and much sympathy with her father It had evidently been a great distress to him to have the days of his imprisonment recalled He had shown strong internal agitation when he was questioned and that pondering or brooding look which made him old had been upon him like a heavy cloud ever since As he passed out the jury who had turned back and paused a moment spoke through their foreman They were not agreed and wished to retire My Lord perhaps with George Washington on his mind showed some surprise that they were not agreed but signified his pleasure that they should retire under watch and ward and retired himself The trial had lasted all day and the lamps in the court were now being lighted It began to be rumoured that the jury would be out a long while The spectators dropped off to get refreshment and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock and sat down Mr Lorry who had gone out when the young lady and her father went out now reappeared and beckoned to Jerry who in the slackened interest could easily get near him Jerry if you wish to take something to eat you can But keep in the way You will be sure to hear when the jury come in Don t be a moment behind them for I want you to take the verdict back to the bank You are the quickest messenger I know and will get to Temple Bar long before I can Jerry had just enough forehead to knuckle and he knuckled it in acknowledgment of this communication and a shilling Mr Carton came up at the moment and touched Mr Lorry on the arm How is the young lady She is greatly distressed but her father is comforting her and she feels the better for being out of court I ll tell the prisoner so It won t do for a respectable bank gentleman like you to be seen speaking to him publicly you know Mr Lorry reddened as if he were conscious of having debated the point in his mind and Mr Carton made his way to the outside of the bar The way out of court lay in that direction and Jerry followed him all eyes ears and spikes Mr Darnay The prisoner came forward directly You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness Miss Manette She will do very well You have seen the worst of her agitation I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it Could you tell her so for me with my fervent acknowledgments Yes I could I will if you ask it Mr Carton s manner was so careless as to be almost insolent He stood half turned from the prisoner lounging with his elbow against the bar I do ask it Accept my cordial thanks What said Carton still only half turned towards him do you expect Mr Darnay The worst It s the wisest thing to expect and the likeliest But I think their withdrawing is in your favour Loitering on the way out of court not being allowed Jerry heard no more but left them so like each other in feature so unlike each other in manner standing side by side

both reflected in the glass above them. An hour and a half limped heavily away in the thief and rascal crowded passages below, even though assisted off with mutton pies and ale. The hoarse messenger, uncomfortably seated on a form after taking that refectory, 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. 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.

IV. Congratulatory. From the dimly lighted passages of the court, the last sediment of the human stew that had been boiling there all day, was straining off when Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette, his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defence, and its counsel, Mr. Stryver, stood gathered round Mr. Charles Darnay, just released, congratulating him on his escape from death. It would have been difficult by a far brighter light to recognise 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 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, and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always. Not absolutely always, for she could recall some occasions on which her power had failed, but they were few and slight, and she believed them over. Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver, a man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself, morally and physically, into companies and conversations, that argued well for his shouldering his way up in life. He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group. I am glad to have brought you off with honour, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, grossly infamous, but not the less likely to succeed on that account. You have laid me under an obligation to you for life, 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 some one to say much better. Mr. Lorry said it, perhaps not quite disinterestedly, but with the interested object of squeezing himself back again. You think so, said Mr. Stryver. Well, you have been present all day, and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too. And as such, quoth Mr. Lorry, whom the counsel learned in the law had now shouldered back into the group, just as he had previously shouldered him out of it, as such I will appeal to Doctor Manette to break up this conference and order us all to our homes. Miss Lucie looks ill. Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day, we are worn out. Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry, said Stryver. I have a night's work to do yet. Speak for yourself. I speak for myself, answered Mr. Lorry, and for Mr. Darnay, and for Miss Lucie, and Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all? He asked her

the question pointedly and with a glance at her father. 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. The friends of the acquitted prisoner had dispersed under the impression which he himself had originated, that he would not be released that night. The lights were nearly all extinguished in the passages; the iron gates were being closed with a jar and a rattle, and the dismal place was deserted until to-morrow morning's interest of gallows, pillory, whipping post, and branding iron, should repeople it. Walking between her father and Mr. Darnay, Lucie Manette passed into the open air. A hackney coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it. Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages to shoulder his way back to the robing room. Another person, who had not joined the group, or interchanged a word with any one of them, but who had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had silently strolled out after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement. So, Mr. Lorry, men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now. Nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings; nobody had known of it. He was unrobed, and was none the better for it in appearance. If you knew what a conflict goes on in the business mind when the business mind is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearances, you would be amused, Mr. Darnay. Mr. Lorry reddened and said warmly, You have mentioned that before, sir. We men of business, who serve a House, are not our own masters. We have to think of the House more than ourselves. I know, I know, rejoined Mr. Carton carelessly. Don't be nettled, Mr. Lorry. You are as good as another. I have no doubt, better, I dare say. And indeed, sir, pursued Mr. Lorry, not minding him, I really don't know what you have to do with the matter. If you'll excuse me, as very much your elder, for saying so, I really don't know that it is your business. Business, Bless you! I have no business, said Mr. Carton. It is a pity you have not, sir. I think so, too. If you had, pursued Mr. Lorry, perhaps you would attend to it. Lord love you, no, I shouldn't, said Mr. Carton. Well, sir, cried Mr. Lorry, thoroughly heated by his indifference, business is a very good thing, and a very respectable thing. And, sir, if business imposes its restraints and its silences and impediments, Mr. Darnay, as a young gentleman of generosity, knows how to make allowance for that circumstance. Mr. Darnay, good night, God bless you, sir. I hope you have been this day preserved for a prosperous and happy life. Chair there. Perhaps a little angry with himself, as well as with the barrister, Mr. Lorry bustled into the chair, and was carried off to Tellson's. Carton, who smelt of port wine, and did not appear to be quite sober, laughed then, and turned to Darnay. This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone 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. Do you feel yet, that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay? I am frightfully confused regarding time and place, but I am so far mended as to feel that. It must be an immense satisfaction, He said it bitterly, and filled up his glass again, which was a large one. As to me, the greatest desire

I have is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me except wine like this nor I for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. Indeed I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular you and I. Confused by the emotion of the day and feeling his being there with this Double of coarse deportment to be like a dream Charles Darnay was at a loss how to answer finally answered not at all. Now your dinner is done. 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 the 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 That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by How does it feel Is it worth being tried for one's life to be the object of such sympathy and compassion Mr Darnay Again Darnay answered not a word She was mightily pleased to have your message when I gave it her Not that she showed she was pleased but I suppose she was The allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this disagreeable companion had of his own free will assisted him in the strait of the day He turned the dialogue to that point and thanked him for it I neither want any thanks nor merit any was the careless rejoinder It was nothing to do in the first place and I don't know why I did it in the second Mr Darnay let me ask you a question Willingly and a small return for your good offices Do you think I particularly like you Really Mr Carton 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 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 Darnay rang Do you call the whole reckoning said Carton On his answering in the affirmative Then bring me another pint of this same wine drawer and come and wake me at ten The bill being paid Charles Darnay rose and wished him good night Without returning the wish Carton rose too with something of a threat of defiance in his manner 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 May be so Mr Darnay may be not Don't let your sober face elate you however you don't know what it may come to Good night When he was left alone this strange being took up a candle went to a glass that hung against the wall and surveyed himself minutely in it Do you particularly like the man he muttered at his own image why should you particularly like a man who resembles you There is nothing in you to like you know that Ah confound you What a change you have made in yourself A good reason for taking to a man that he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been Change places with him and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was and commiserated by that agitated face as he was Come on and have it out in plain words You hate the fellow He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation drank it all in a few minutes and fell asleep on his arms with his hair straggling over the table and a long winding sheet in the candle dripping down upon him V The Jackal Those were drinking days and most men drank hard So very great is the improvement Time has brought about in such habits that a moderate statement of the quantity of wine and punch which one man would swallow in the course of a night without any detriment to his reputation as a perfect gentleman would seem in these days a ridiculous exaggeration The learned profession of the law was certainly not behind any other learned profession in its

Bacchanalian propensities neither was Mr Stryver already fast shouldering his way to a large and lucrative practice behind his compeers in this particular any more than in the drier parts of the legal race A favourite at the Old Bailey and eke at the Sessions Mr Stryver had begun cautiously to hew away

the lower staves of the ladder on which he mounted Sessions and Old Bailey had now to summon their favourite specially to their longing arms and shouldering itself towards the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench the florid countenance of Mr Stryver might be daily seen bursting out of the bed of wigs like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank garden full of flaring companions It had once been noted at the Bar that while Mr Stryver was a glib man and an unscrupulous and a ready and a bold he had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements which is among the most striking and necessary of the advocate's accomplishments But a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this The more business he got the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at its pith and marrow and however late at night he sat carousing with Sydney Carton he always had his points at his fingers ends in the morning Sydney Carton idlest and most unpromising of men was Stryver's great ally What the two drank together between Hilary Term and Michaelmas might have floated a king's ship Stryver never had a case in hand anywhere but Carton was there with his hands in his pockets staring at the ceiling of the court they went the same Circuit and even there they prolonged their usual orgies late into the night and Carton was rumoured to be seen at broad day going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings like a dissipated cat At last it began to get about among such as were interested in the matter that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion he was an amazingly good jackal and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity Ten o'clock sir said the man at the tavern whom he had charged to wake him ten o'clock sir What's the matter Ten o'clock sir What do you mean Ten o'clock at night Yes sir Your honour told me to call you Oh I remember Very well very well After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again which the man dexterously combated by stirring the fire continuously for five minutes he got up tossed his hat on and walked out He turned into the Temple and having revived himself by twice pacing the pavements of King's Bench walk and Paper buildings turned into the Stryver chambers The Stryver clerk who never assisted at these conferences had gone home and the Stryver principal opened the door He had his slippers on and a loose bed gown and his throat was bare for his greater ease He had that rather wild strained seared marking about the eyes which may be observed in all free livers of his class from the portrait of Jeffries downward and which can be traced under various disguises of Art through the portraits of every Drinking Age You are a little late Memory said Stryver About the usual time it may be a quarter of an hour later They went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers where there was a blazing fire A kettle steamed upon the hob and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone with plenty of wine upon it and brandy and rum and sugar and lemons You have had your bottle I perceive Sydney Two to night I think I have been dining with the day's client or seeing him dine it's all one That was a rare point Sydney that you brought to bear upon the identification How did you come by it When did it strike you I thought he was rather a handsome fellow and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow if I had had any luck Mr Stryver laughed till he shook his precocious paunch You and your luck Sydney Get to work get to work Sullenly enough the jackal loosened his dress went into an adjoining room and came back with a large jug of cold water a basin and a towel or two Steeping the towels in the water and partially wringing them out he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold sat down at the table and said Now I am ready Not much boiling down to be done to night Memory said Mr Stryver gaily as he looked among his papers How much Only two sets of them Give me the worst first There they are Sydney Fire away The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking table while the jackal sat at

his own paper bestrewn table proper on the other side of it with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand Both resorted to the drinking table without stint but each in a different way the lion for the most part reclining with his hands in his waistband looking at the fire or occasionally flirting with some lighter document the jackal with knitted brows and intent face so deep in his task that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass which often groped about for a minute or more before it found the glass for his lips Two or three times the matter in hand became so knotty that the jackal found it imperative on him to get up and steep his towels anew From these pilgrimages to the jug and basin he returned with such eccentricities of damp headgear as no words can describe which were made the more ludicrous by his anxious gravity At length the jackal had got together a compact repast for the lion and proceeded to offer it to him The lion took it with care and caution made his selections from it and his remarks upon it and the jackal assisted both When the repast was fully discussed the lion put his hands in his waistband again and lay down to meditate The jackal then invigorated himself with a bumper for his throttle and a fresh application to his head and applied himself to the collection of a second meal this was administered to the lion in the same manner and was not disposed of until the clocks struck three in the morning And now we have done Sydney fill a bumper of punch said Mr Stryver The jackal removed the towels from his head which had been steaming again shook himself yawned shivered and complied You were very sound Sydney in the matter of those crown witnesses to day Every question told I always am sound am I not I don't gainsay it What has roughened your temper Put some punch to it and smooth it again With a deprecatory grunt the jackal again complied The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School said Stryver nodding his head over him as he reviewed him in the present and the past the old seesaw Sydney Up one minute and down the next now in spirits and now in despondency Ah returned the other sighing yes The same Sydney with the same luck Even then I did exercises for other boys and seldom did my own And why not God knows It was my way I suppose He sat with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out before him looking at the fire Carton said his friend squaring himself at him with a bullying air as if the fire grate had been the furnace in which sustained endeavour was forged and the one delicate thing to be done for the old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School was to shoulder him into it your way is and always was a lame way You summon no energy and purpose Look at me Oh botheration returned Sydney with a lighter and more good humoured laugh don't you be moral How have I done what I have done said Stryver how do I do what I do Partly through paying me to help you I suppose But it's not worth your while to apostrophise me or the air about it what you want to do you do You were always in the front rank and I was always behind I had to get into the front rank I was not born there was I I was not present at the ceremony but my opinion is you were said Carton At this he laughed again and they both laughed Before Shrewsbury and at Shrewsbury and ever since Shrewsbury pursued Carton you have fallen into your rank and I have fallen into mine Even when we were fellow students in the Student Quarter of Paris picking up French and French law and other French crumbs that we didn't get much good of you were always somewhere and I was always nowhere And whose fault was that Upon my soul I am not sure that it was not yours You were always driving and riving and shouldering and passing to that restless degree that I had no chance for my life but in rust and repose It's a gloomy thing however to talk about one's own past with the day breaking Turn me in some other direction before I go Well then Pledge me to the pretty witness said Stryver holding up his glass Are you turned in a pleasant direction Apparently not for he became gloomy again Pretty witness he muttered looking down into his glass I have had enough of witnesses to day and to night who's your pretty witness The picturesque doctor's daughter Miss Manette She pretty Is she not No Why man alive she was the admiration of the whole Court Rot the admiration of the whole Court Who

made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty She was a golden haired doll Do you know Sydney said Mr Stryver looking at him with sharp eyes and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face do you know I rather thought at the time that you sympathised with the golden haired doll and were quick to see what happened to the golden haired doll Quick to see what happened If a girl doll or no doll swoons within a yard or two of a man's nose he can see it without a perspective glass I pledge you but I deny the beauty And now I'll have no more drink I'll get to bed When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle to light him down the stairs the day was coldly looking in through its grimy windows When he 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 morning blast as if the desert sand had risen far away and the first spray of it in its advance had begun to overwhelm the city Waste forces within him and a desert all around this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace and saw for a moment lying in the wilderness before him a mirage of honourable 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

VI Hundreds of People The quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street corner not far from Soho square On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday when the waves of four months had rolled over the trial for treason and carried it as to the public interest and memory far out to sea 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 absorption Mr Lorry had become the Doctor's friend and the quiet street corner was the sunny part of his life On this certain fine Sunday Mr Lorry walked towards Soho early in the afternoon for three reasons of habit Firstly because on fine Sundays he often walked out before dinner with the Doctor and Lucie secondly because on unfavourable Sundays he was accustomed to be with them as the family friend talking reading looking out of window and generally getting through the day thirdly because he happened to have his own little shrewd doubts to solve and knew how the ways of the Doctor's household pointed to that time as a likely time for solving them A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived was not to be found in London There was no way through it and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it There were few buildings then north of the Oxford road and forest trees flourished and wild flowers grew and the hawthorn blossomed in the now vanished fields As a consequence country airs circulated in Soho with vigorous freedom instead of languishing into the parish like stray paupers without a settlement and there was many a good south wall not far off on which the peaches ripened in their season The summer light struck into the corner brilliantly in the earlier part of the day but when the streets grew hot the corner was in shadow though not in shadow so remote but that you could see beyond it into a glare of brightness It was a cool spot staid but cheerful a wonderful place for echoes and a very harbour from the raging streets There ought to have been a tranquil bark in such an anchorage and there was The Doctor occupied two floors of a large stiff house where several callings purported to be pursued by day but whereof little was audible any day and which was shunned by all of them at night In a building at the back attainable by a courtyard where a plane tree rustled its green leaves church organs claimed to be made and silver to be chased and likewise gold to be beaten by some mysterious giant who had a golden arm starting out of the wall of the front hall as if he had beaten himself precious and menaced a similar conversion of all visitors Very little of these trades or

of a lonely lodger rumoured to live up stairs or of a dim coach trimming maker asserted to have a counting house below was ever heard or seen Occasionally a stray workman putting his coat on traversed the hall or a stranger peered about there or a distant clink was heard across the courtyard or a thump from the golden giant These however were only the exceptions required to prove the rule that the sparrows in the plane tree behind the house and the echoes in the corner before it had their own way from Sunday morning unto Saturday night Doctor Manette received such patients here as his old reputation and its revival in the floating whispers of his story brought him His scientific knowledge and his vigilance and skill in conducting ingenious experiments 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 but of a certainty impossible for handmaid to anticipate intentions of Miss Pross as to admission or denial of the fact 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 innately 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 from the largest object to the least the arrangement of colours 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 smilingly observant of that fanciful resemblance which he detected all around him 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 colours 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 about him And why wonder at that was the abrupt inquiry that made him start It proceeded from Miss Pross the wild red woman strong of hand whose acquaintance he had first made at 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 It was characteristic of this lady as of some other people before her time and since that whenever her original proposition was questioned she exaggerated it 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 using that important part of himself as a sort of fairy cloak that would fit anything 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 beneath the service of her eccentricity one of those unselfish creatures found only among women who will for pure love and admiration bind themselves willing slaves to youth when they have lost it to beauty that they never had to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it better than the faithful service of the heart so rendered and so free from any mercenary taint he had such an exalted respect for it that in the retributive arrangements made by his own mind we all make such arrangements more or less he stationed Miss Pross much nearer to the lower Angels than many ladies immeasurably better got up both by Nature and Art who had balances at Tellson s 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 as a stake to speculate with and had abandoned her in her poverty for evermore with no touch of compunction Miss Pross s fidelity of belief in Solomon deducting a mere trifle for this slight mistake was quite a serious matter with Mr Lorry and had its weight in his good opinion of her 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 And yet keeps that bench and those tools beside him Ah returned Miss Pross shaking her head But I don t say he don t refer to it within himself Do you believe that he thinks of it much I do said Miss Pross Do you imagine Mr Lorry had begun when Miss Pross took him up short with Never imagine anything Have no imagination at all I stand corrected do you suppose you go so far as to suppose sometimes Now and then said Miss Pross Do you suppose Mr Lorry went on with a laughing twinkle in his bright eye as it looked kindly at her that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own preserved through all those years relative to the cause of his being so oppressed perhaps even to the name of his oppressor I don t suppose anything about it but what Ladybird tells me And that is That she thinks he has Now don t be angry at my asking all these questions because I am a mere dull man of business and you are a woman of business Dull Miss Pross inquired with placidity Rather wishing his modest adjective away Mr Lorry replied No no no Surely not To return to business Is it not remarkable that Doctor Manette unquestionably innocent of any crime as we are all 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 Believe 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 learnt 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 The
corner has been mentioned as a wonderful corner for echoes it had begun to echo so
resoundingly to the tread of coming feet that it seemed as though the very mention
of that weary pacing to and fro had set it going Here they are said Miss
Pross rising to break up the conference and now we shall have hundreds of
people pretty soon It was such a curious corner in its 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 up stairs 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
spoilt Lucie in accents and with eyes that had as much spoiling in them as Miss
Pross had and 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 In the
arrangements of the little household Miss Pross took charge of the lower regions
and always acquitted herself marvellously Her dinners of a very modest quality
were so well cooked and so well served and so neat in their contrivances half
English and half French that nothing could be better Miss Pross s friendship
being of the thoroughly practical kind she had ravaged Soho and the adjacent
provinces in search of impoverished French who tempted by shillings and half
crowns would impart culinary mysteries to her From these decayed sons and
daughters of Gaul she had acquired such wonderful arts that the woman and girl
who formed the staff of domestics regarded her as quite a Sorceress or Cinderella
s Godmother who would send out for a fowl a rabbit a vegetable or two from the
garden and change them into anything she pleased On Sundays Miss Pross dined at

the Doctor's table but on other days persisted in taking her meals at unknown periods either in the lower regions or in her own room on the second floor a blue chamber to which no one but her Ladybird ever gained admittance On this occasion Miss Pross responding to Ladybird's pleasant face and pleasant efforts to please her unbent exceedingly so the dinner was very pleasant too It was an oppressive day and after dinner Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane tree and 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 She had installed herself some time before as Mr Lorry's cup bearer and while they sat under the plane tree talking she kept his glass replenished Mysterious backs and ends of houses peeped at them as they talked and the plane tree whispered to them in its own way above their heads Still the Hundreds of people did not present themselves Mr Darnay presented himself while they were sitting under the plane tree but he was only One Doctor Manette received him kindly and so did Lucie But Miss Pross suddenly became afflicted with a twitching in the head and body and retired into the house She was not unfrequently the victim of this disorder and she called it in familiar conversation a fit of the 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 by 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 DIG 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 gaoler My father exclaimed Lucie you are ill He had suddenly started up with his hand to his head His manner and his look quite terrified them all No my dear not ill There are large drops of rain falling and they made me start We had better go in He recovered himself almost instantly Rain was really falling in large drops and he showed the back of his hand with rain drops on it But he said not a single word in reference to the discovery that had been told of and as they went into the house the business eye of Mr Lorry either detected or fancied it 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 The arm of the golden giant in the hall was not more steady than he was when he stopped under it to remark to them that he was not yet proof against slight surprises if he ever would be and that the rain had startled him 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 overpowered 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 curtains were long and white and some of the thunder gusts that whirled into the corner caught them up to the ceiling and waved them like spectral wings The rain drops are still falling large heavy and few said Doctor Manette It comes slowly It comes surely said Carton 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 footstep 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 bye 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 Saint Paul's was striking one in the cleared air when Mr Lorry escorted by Jerry high booted and bearing a lantern set forth on his return passage to Clerkenwell There were solitary patches of road on the way between Soho and Clerkenwell and Mr Lorry mindful of foot pads always retained Jerry for this service though it was usually performed a good two hours earlier What a night it has been Almost a night Jerry said Mr Lorry to bring the dead out of their graves I never see the night myself master nor yet I don't expect to what would do that answered Jerry Good night Mr Carton said the man of business 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

VII Monseigneur in Town Monseigneur one of the great lords in power at the Court held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris Monseigneur was in his inner room his sanctuary 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 few 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 emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lacquey 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 favoured napkin; a fourth, he of the two gold watches, poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring Heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men: he must have died of two. Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights with fascinating company. So polite and so impressible was Monseigneur that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tiresome articles of state affairs and state secrets than the needs of all France. A happy circumstance for France, as the like always is for all countries similarly favoured, always was for England by way of example in the regretted days of the merry Stuart who sold it. Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business which was to let everything go on in its own way of particular public business. Monseigneur had the other truly noble

idea that it must all go his way, tend to his own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea that the world was made for them. The text of his order, altered from the original by only a pronoun which is not much, ran: "The earth and the fulness thereof are mine," saith Monseigneur. Yet Monseigneur had slowly found that vulgar embarrassments crept into his affairs, both private and public, and he had, as to both classes of affairs, allied himself perforce with a Farmer General. As to finances public, because Monseigneur could not make anything at all of them and must consequently let them out to somebody who could; as to finances private, because Farmer Generals were rich and Monseigneur, after generations of great luxury and expense, was growing poor. Hence Monseigneur had taken his sister from a convent while there was yet time to ward off the impending veil, the cheapest garment she could wear, and had bestowed her as a prize upon a very rich Farmer General, poor in family. Which Farmer General, carrying an appropriate cane with a golden apple on the top of it, was now among the company in the outer rooms, much prostrated before by mankind, always excepting superior mankind of the blood of Monseigneur, who, his own wife included, looked down upon him with the loftiest contempt. A sumptuous man was the Farmer General. Thirty horses stood in his stables; twenty-four male domestics sat in his halls; six body women waited on his wife. As one who pretended to do nothing but plunder and forage where he could, the Farmer General, howsoever his matrimonial relations conduced to social morality, was at least the greatest reality among the personages who attended at the hotel of Monseigneur that day. For the rooms, though a beautiful scene to look at and adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve, were in truth not a sound business, considered with any reference to the scarecrows in the rags and nightcaps elsewhere, and not so far off either, but that the watching towers of Notre Dame, almost equidistant from the two extremes, could see them both. They would have been an exceedingly uncomfortable business if that could have been anybody's business at the house of Monseigneur. Military officers destitute of military knowledge, naval officers with no idea of a ship, civil officers without a notion of affairs, brazen ecclesiastics of the worst world, worldly with sensual eyes, loose tongues, and looser lives, all totally unfit for their several callings, all lying horribly in pretending to belong to them, but all nearly or remotely of the order of Monseigneur, and therefore foisted on all public employments from which anything was to be got, these were to be told off by the score and the score. People not immediately connected with Monseigneur or the State, yet equally unconnected with anything that was real, or with lives passed in travelling by any straight road to any true earthly end, were no less abundant. Doctors who made great fortunes out of dainty remedies for imaginary disorders that never existed, smiled upon their courtly patients in the ante

chambers of Monseigneur Projectors who had discovered every kind of remedy for the little evils with which the State was touched except the remedy of setting to work in earnest to root out a single sin poured their distracting babble into any ears they could lay hold of at the reception of Monseigneur Unbelieving Philosophers who were remodelling the world with words and making card towers of Babel to scale the skies with talked with Unbelieving Chemists who had an eye on the transmutation of metals at this wonderful gathering accumulated by Monseigneur Exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding which was at that remarkable time and has been since to be known by its fruits of indifference to every natural subject of human interest were in the most exemplary state of exhaustion at the hotel of Monseigneur Such homes had these various notabilities left behind them in the fine world of Paris that the spies among the assembled devotees of Monseigneur forming a goodly half of the polite company would have found it hard to discover among the angels of that sphere one solitary wife who in her manners and appearance owned to being a Mother Indeed except for the mere act of bringing a troublesome creature into this world which does not go far towards the realisation of the name of mother there was no such thing known to the fashion Peasant women kept the unfashionable babies close and brought them up and charming grandmamas of sixty dressed and supped as at twenty The leprosy of unreality disfigured every human creature in attendance upon Monseigneur In the outermost room were half a dozen exceptional people who had had for a few years some vague misgiving in them that things in general were going rather wrong As a promising way of setting them right half of the half dozen had become members of a fantastic sect of Convulsionists and were even then considering within themselves whether they should foam rage roar and turn cataleptic on the spot thereby setting up a highly intelligible finger post to the Future for Monseigneur's guidance Besides these Dervishes were other three who had rushed into another sect which mended matters with a jargon about the Centre of Truth holding that Man had got out of the Centre of Truth which did not need much demonstration but had not got out of the Circumference and that he was to be kept from flying out of the Circumference and was even to be shoved back into the Centre by fasting and seeing of spirits Among these accordingly much discoursing with spirits went on and it did a world of good which never became manifest But the comfort was that all the company at the grand hotel of Monseigneur were perfectly dressed If the Day of Judgment had only been ascertained to be a dress day everybody there would have been eternally correct Such frizzling and powdering and sticking up of hair such delicate complexions artificially preserved and mended such gallant swords to look at and such delicate honour to the sense of smell would surely keep anything going for ever and ever The exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding wore little pendent trinkets that chinked as they languidly moved these golden fetters rang like precious little bells and what with that ringing and with the rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen there was a flutter in the air that fanned Saint Antoine and his devouring hunger far away Dress was the one unfailing talisman and charm used for keeping all things in their places Everybody was dressed for a Fancy Ball that was never to leave off From the Palace of the Tuileries through Monseigneur and the whole Court through the Chambers the Tribunals of Justice and all society except the scarecrows the Fancy Ball descended to the Common Executioner who in pursuance of the charm was required to officiate frizzled powdered in a gold laced coat pumps and white silk stockings At the gallows and the wheel the axe was a rarity Monsieur Paris as it was the episcopal mode among his brother Professors of the provinces Monsieur Orleans and the rest to call him presided in this dainty dress And who among the company at Monseigneur's reception in that seventeen hundred and eightieth year of our Lord could possibly doubt that a system rooted in a frizzled hangman powdered gold laced pumped and white silk stockinged would see the very stars out 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 As to bowing down in body and spirit nothing in that way was left for Heaven which may have been one among

other reasons why the worshippers of Monseigneur never troubled it Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the Circumference of Truth There Monseigneur 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 The show being over the flutter in the air became quite a little storm and the precious little bells went ringing downstairs 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 colour 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 of the face made it was a handsome face and a remarkable one Its owner went downstairs into the courtyard got into his carriage and drove away Not many people had talked with him at the reception he had stood in a little space apart and Monseigneur might have been warmer in his manner It appeared under the circumstances rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses and often barely escaping from being run down His man drove as if he were charging an enemy and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face or to the lips of the master The complaint had sometimes made itself audible even in that deaf city and dumb age that in the narrow streets without footways the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere 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 and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners with women screaming before it and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way At last swooping at a street corner by a fountain one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt and there was a loud cry from a number of voices and the horses reared and plunged But for the latter inconvenience the carriage probably would not have stopped carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind and why not But the frightened valet had got down in a hurry and there were twenty hands 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 said a ragged and submissive man it is a child Why does he make that abominable noise Is it his child Excuse me Monsieur the Marquis it is a pity yes The fountain was a little removed for the street opened where it was into a space 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 for ever 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 at it as it fell The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry Dead He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man for whom the rest made way On seeing him the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder sobbing and crying and pointing to the fountain where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle and moving gently about it They were as silent however as the men I know all I know all said the last comer Be a brave man my Gaspard It is better for the poor little plaything to die so than to live It has died in a moment without pain Could it have lived an hour as happily You are a philosopher you there said the Marquis smiling How do they call you They call me Defarge Of what trade Monsieur the Marquis vendor of wine Pick up that philosopher and vendor of wine said the Marquis throwing him another gold coin and spend it as you will The horses there are they right Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broke 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 vendor 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 He was driven on and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession the Minister the State Projector the Farmer General the Doctor the Lawyer the Ecclesiastic the Grand Opera the Comedy the whole Fancy Ball in a bright continuous flow came whirling by The rats had crept out of their holes to look on and they remained looking on for hours soldiers and police often passing between them and the spectacle and making a barrier behind which they slunk and through which they peeped The father had long ago taken up his bundle and bidden himself away with it when the women who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball when the one woman who had stood conspicuous knitting still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate The water of the fountain ran the swift river ran the day ran into evening so much life in the city ran into death according to rule time and tide waited for no man the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again the Fancy Ball was lighted up at supper all things ran their course VIII 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 On inanimate nature as on the men and women who cultivated it a prevalent tendency towards an appearance of vegetating unwillingly a dejected disposition to give up and wither away 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 blush on the countenance of Monsieur

the Marquis was no impeachment of his high breeding it was not from within it was occasioned by an external circumstance beyond his control the setting sun The sunset struck so brilliantly into the travelling carriage when it gained the hill top that its occupant was steeped in crimson It will die out said Monsieur the Marquis glancing at his hands directly In effect the sun was so low that it dipped at the moment When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel and the carriage slid down hill with a cinderous smell in a cloud of dust the red glow departed quickly the sun and the Marquis going down together there was no glow left when the drag was taken off But there remained a broken country bold and open a little village at the bottom of the hill a broad sweep and rise beyond it a church tower a windmill a forest for the chase and a crag with a fortress on it used as a prison Round upon all these darkening objects as the night drew on the Marquis looked with the air of one who was coming near home The village had its one poor street with its poor brewery poor tannery poor tavern poor stable yard for relays of post horses poor fountain all usual poor appointments It had its poor people too All its people were poor and many of them were sitting at their doors shredding spare onions and the like for supper while many were at the fountain washing leaves and grasses and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten 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 Few children were to be seen and no dogs As to the men and women their choice on earth was stated in the prospect Life on the lowest terms that could sustain it down in the little village under the mill or captivity and Death in the dominant prison on the crag Heralded by a courier in advance and by the cracking of his postilions whips which twined snake like about their heads in the evening air as if he came attended by the Furies 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 He looked at them and saw in them without knowing it the slow sure filing down of misery worn face and figure that was to make the meagreness of Frenchmen an English superstition which should survive the truth through the best part of a hundred years Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him as the like of himself had drooped before Monseigneur of the Court only the difference was that these faces drooped merely to suffer and not to propitiate 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 honour of being passed on the road Coming up the hill and at the top of the hill both Monseigneur it is true What did you look at so fixedly Monseigneur I looked at the man He stooped a little and with his tattered blue cap pointed 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 May the Devil carry away these idiots How do you call the man You know all the men of this part of the country Who was he Your clemency Monseigneur He was not of this part of the country Of all the days of my life I never saw him Swinging by the chain To be suffocated With your gracious permission that was the wonder of it Monseigneur His head hanging over like this He turned himself sideways to the carriage and leaned back with his face thrown up to the sky and his head hanging down then recovered himself fumbled with his cap and made a bow What was he like Monseigneur he was whiter than the miller All covered with dust white as a spectre tall as a spectre The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd but all eyes without comparing notes with other eyes looked at Monsieur the Marquis Perhaps to observe whether he had any spectre on his conscience Truly you did well said the Marquis

felicitously sensible that such vermin were not to ruffle him 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 he had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination and had held the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner Bah Go aside said Monsieur Gabelle Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village 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 hauled him out and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis Did the man run away Dolt when we stopped for the drag Monseigneur he precipitated himself over the hill side 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 foot pace swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night The postilions with a thousand gossamer gnats circling about them in lieu of the Furies quietly mended the points to the lashes of their whips the valet walked by the horses the courier was audible trotting on ahead into the dull distance At the steepest point of the hill there was a little burial ground with a Cross and a new large figure of Our Saviour on it it was a poor figure in wood done by some inexperienced rustic carver but he had studied the figure from the life his own life maybe for it was dreadfully spare and thin To this distressful emblem of a great distress that had long been growing worse and was not at its worst a woman was kneeling She turned her head as the carriage came up to her rose quickly and presented herself at the carriage door It is you Monseigneur Monseigneur a petition With an exclamation of impatience but with his unchangeable face Monseigneur looked out How then What is it Always petitions Monseigneur For the love of the great God My husband the forester What of your husband the forester Always the same with you people He cannot pay something He has paid all Monseigneur He is dead Well He is quiet Can I restore him to you Alas no Monseigneur But he lies yonder under a little heap of poor grass Well Monseigneur there are so many little heaps of poor grass Again well She looked an old woman but was young Her manner was one of passionate grief by turns she clasped her veinous and knotted hands together with wild energy and laid one of them on the carriage door tenderly caressingly as if it had been a human breast and could be expected to feel the appealing touch Monseigneur hear me Monseigneur hear my petition My husband died of want so many die of want so many more will die of want Again well Can I feed them Monseigneur the good God knows but I don't ask it My petition is that a morsel of stone or wood with my husband's name may be placed over him to show where he lies Otherwise the place will be quickly forgotten it will never be found when I am dead of the same malady I shall be laid under some other heap of poor grass Monseigneur they are so many they increase so fast there is so much want Monseigneur Monseigneur The valet had put her away from the door the carriage had broken into a brisk trot the postilions had quickened the pace she was left far behind and Monseigneur again escorted by the Furies was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his chateau The sweet scents of the summer night rose all around him and rose as the rain falls impartially on the dusty ragged and toil worn group at the fountain not far away to whom the mender of roads with the aid of the blue cap without which he was nothing still enlarged upon his man like a spectre as long as they could bear it By degrees as they could bear no more they dropped off one by one and lights twinkled in little 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 of a flambeau as his carriage stopped and the great door of his chateau was opened to him. Monsieur Charles whom I expect is he arrived from England. Monseigneur not yet. IX The Gorgon's Head. It was a heavy mass of building that chateau of Monsieur the Marquis with a large stone courtyard before it and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether with heavy stone balustrades and stone urns and stone flowers and stone faces of men and stone heads of lions in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it when it was finished two centuries ago. Up the broad flight of shallow steps Monsieur the Marquis flambeau preceded went from his carriage sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable building away among the trees. All else was so quiet that the flambeau carried up the steps and the other flambeau held at the great door burnt as if they were in a close room of state instead of being in the open night air. Other sound than the owl's voice there was none save the falling of a fountain into its stone basin for it was one of those dark nights that hold their breath by the hour together and then heave a long low sigh and hold their breath again. 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 bed chamber and two others. High vaulted rooms with cool uncarpeted floors great dogs upon the hearths for the burning of wood in winter time and all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a

luxurious age and country. The fashion of the last Louis but one of the line that was never to break the fourteenth Louis was conspicuous in their rich furniture but it was diversified by many objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France. A supper table was laid for two in the third of the rooms a round room in one of the chateau's four extinguisher topped towers. A small lofty room with its window wide open and the wooden jalousie blinds closed so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black alternating with their broad lines of stone colour. 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 colour. Monseigneur That Outside the blinds. Open the blinds. It was done. Well Monseigneur it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here. The servant who spoke had thrown the blinds wide had looked out into the vacant darkness and stood with that blank behind him looking round for instructions. Good said the 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 stopped with his glass in his hand hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly and came up to the front of the chateau. Ask who is arrived. It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind Monseigneur early in the afternoon. He had diminished the distance rapidly but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur at the posting houses as being before him. He was to be told said Monseigneur that supper awaited him then and there and that he was 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 You have been a long time coming said the Marquis with a smile On the contrary I come direct Pardon me I mean not a long time on the journey a long time intending the journey I have been detained by the nephew stopped a moment in his answer various business Without doubt said the polished uncle So long as a servant was present no other words passed between them When coffee had been served and they were alone together the nephew looking at the uncle and meeting the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask opened a conversation I have come back sir as you anticipate pursuing the object that took me away It carried me into great and unexpected peril but it is a sacred object and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me Not to death said the uncle it is not necessary to say to death I doubt sir 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 reassuring Indeed sir pursued the nephew for anything I know you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me No no no said the uncle pleasantly But however that may be resumed the nephew glancing at him with deep distrust I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means and would know no scruple as to means My friend I told you so said the uncle with a fine pulsation in the two marks Do me the favour 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 letter de cachet would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely It is possible said the uncle with great calmness For the honour 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 destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself But it is useless to discuss the question I am as you say at a disadvantage These little instruments of correction these gentle aids to the power and honour of families these slight favours that might so incommode you are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity They are sought by so many and they are granted comparatively to so few It used not to be so but France in all such things is changed for the worse Our not remote ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar From this room many such dogs have been taken out to be hanged in the next room my bedroom one fellow to our knowledge was poniarded on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his daughter his daughter We have lost many privileges a new philosophy has become the mode and the assertion of our station in these days might I do not go so far as to say would but might cause us real inconvenience All very bad very bad The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff and shook his head as elegantly despondent as he could becomingly be of a country still containing himself that great means of regeneration We have so asserted our station both in the old time and in the modern time also said the nephew gloomily that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France Let us hope so said the uncle Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low

There is not pursued the nephew in his former tone a face I can look at
in all this country round about us which looks at me with any deference on it but
the dark deference of fear and slavery A compliment said the Marquis
to the grandeur of the family merited by the manner in which the family has
sustained its grandeur Hah And he took another gentle little pinch of snuff
and lightly crossed his legs But when his nephew leaning an elbow on the table
covered his eyes thoughtfully and dejectedly with his hand the fine mask looked at
him sideways with a stronger concentration of keenness closeness and dislike
than was comfortable with its wearer's assumption of indifference Repression
is the only lasting philosophy The dark deference of fear and slavery my friend
observed the Marquis will keep the dogs obedient to the whip as long as this
roof looking up to it shuts out the sky That might not be so long as
the Marquis supposed If a picture of the chateau as it was to be a very few years
hence and of fifty like it as they too were to be a very few years hence could
have been shown to him that night he might have been at a loss to claim his own
from the ghastly fire charred plunder wrecked rains As for the roof he vaunted
he might have found that shutting out the sky in a new way to wit for ever
from the eyes of the bodies into which its lead was fired out of the barrels of a
hundred thousand muskets Meanwhile said the Marquis I will preserve
the honour and repose of the family if you will not But you must be fatigued
Shall we terminate our conference for the night A moment more An
hour if you please Sir said the nephew we have done wrong and are
reaping the fruits of wrong We have done wrong repeated the Marquis
with an inquiring smile and delicately pointing first to his nephew then to
himself Our family our honourable family whose honour is of so much account
to both of us in such different ways Even in my father's time we did a world of
wrong injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure 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 Marquis
touching him on the breast with his forefinger they were now standing by the
hearth you will for ever seek them in vain be assured Every fine straight
line in the clear whiteness of his face was cruelly craftily and closely
compressed while he stood looking quietly at his nephew with his snuff box in his
hand Once again he touched him on the breast as though his finger were the fine
point of a small sword with which in delicate finesse he ran him through the
body and said My friend I will die perpetuating the system under which I
have lived 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 I had no intention in the words I used to claim it yet If it
passed to me from you to morrow Which I have the vanity to hope is not
probable or twenty years hence You do me too much honour
said the Marquis still I prefer that supposition I would abandon it
and live otherwise and elsewhere It is little to relinquish What is it but a
wilderness of misery and ruin Hah said the Marquis glancing round the
luxurious room To the eye it is fair enough here but seen in its integrity
under the sky and by the daylight it is a crumbling tower of waste mismanagement
extortion debt mortgage oppression hunger nakedness and suffering Hah
said the Marquis again in a well satisfied manner If it ever becomes mine it
shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly if such a thing is

possible from the weight that drags it down so that the miserable people who cannot leave it and who have 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 do you under your new philosophy 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 honour sir is safe from me in this country The family name can suffer from me in no other for I bear it in no other The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bed chamber to be lighted It now shone brightly through the door of communication The Marquis looked that way and listened for the retreating step of his valet England is very attractive to you seeing how indifferently you have prospered there he observed then turning his calm face to his nephew with a smile I have already said that for my prospering there I am sensible I may be indebted to you sir For the rest it is my Refuge They say those boastful English that it is the Refuge of many You know a compatriot who has found a Refuge there A Doctor Yes With a daughter Yes Yes said the Marquis You are fatigued Good night As he bent his head in his most courtly manner there was a secrecy in his smiling face and he conveyed an air of mystery to those words which struck the eyes and ears of 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 Yes repeated the Marquis A Doctor with a daughter Yes So commences the new philosophy You are fatigued Good night It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stone face outside the chateau as to interrogate that face of his The nephew looked at him in vain in passing on to the door Good night said the uncle I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning Good repose Light Monsieur my nephew to his 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 Rustling about the room his softly slippered feet making no noise on the floor he moved like a refined tiger looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenitently wicked sort in story whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off or just coming on He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom looking again at the scraps of the day's journey that came unbidden into his mind the slow toil up the hill at sunset the setting sun the descent the mill the prison on the crag the little village in the hollow the peasants at the fountain and the mender of roads with his blue cap pointing out the chain under the carriage That fountain suggested the Paris fountain the little bundle lying on the step the women bending over it and the tall man with his arms up crying Dead I am cool now 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 the dogs barked and the owl made a noise with very little resemblance in it to the noise conventionally assigned to the owl by men poets But it is the obstinate custom of such creatures hardly ever to say what is set down for them For three heavy hours the stone faces of the chateau lion and human stared blindly at the night Dead darkness lay on all the landscape dead darkness added its own hush to the hushing dust on all the roads The burial place had got to the pass that its little heaps of poor grass were undistinguishable from one another the figure on the Cross might have come down for anything that could be seen of it In the village taxers and taxed were fast asleep Dreaming perhaps of banquets as the starved usually do and of ease and rest as the driven slave and the yoked ox may its lean inhabitants slept soundly and were fed and freed The fountain in the village flowed unseen and

unheard and the fountain at the chateau dropped unseen and unheard both melting away like the minutes that were falling from the spring of Time through three dark hours. Then the grey water of both began to be ghostly in the light and the eyes of the stone faces of the chateau were opened. Lighter and lighter until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow the water of the chateau fountain seemed to turn to blood and the stone faces crimsoned. The carol of the birds was loud and high and on the weather beaten sill of the great window of the bed chamber of Monsieur the Marquis one little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might. At this the nearest stone face seemed to stare amazed and with open mouth and dropped under jaw looked awe stricken. Now the sun was full up and movement began in the village. Casement windows opened, crazy doors were unbarred and people came forth shivering chilled as yet by the new sweet air. Then began the rarely lightened toil of the day among the village population. Some to the fountain, some to the fields, men and women here to dig and delve, men and women there to see to the poor live stock and lead the bony cows out to such pasture as could be found by the roadside. In the church and at the Cross a kneeling figure or two attendant on the latter prayers, the led cow trying for a breakfast among the weeds at its foot. The chateau 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 then had gleamed trenchant in the morning sunshine, 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 chateau nor the running up and down the 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 winds conveyed this hurry to the grizzled mender of roads already at work on the hill top beyond the village with his day's dinner not much to carry lying in a bundle that it was worth no crow's while to peck at on a heap of stones. Had the birds carrying some grains of it to a distance dropped one over him as they sow chance seeds. Whether or no the mender of roads ran on the sultry morning as if for his life down the hill knee high in dust and never stopped till he got to the fountain. All the people of the village were at the fountain standing about in their depressed manner and whispering low but showing no other emotions than grim curiosity and

surprise. The led cows hastily brought in and tethered to anything that would hold them were looking stupidly on or lying down chewing the cud of nothing particularly repaying their trouble which they had picked up in their interrupted saunter. Some of the people of the chateau and some of those of the posting house and all the taxing authorities were armed more or less and were crowded on the other side of the little street in a purposeless way that was highly fraught with nothing. Already the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends and was smiting himself in the breast with his blue cap. What did all this 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 like a new version of the German ballad of Leonora. It portended that there was one stone face too many up at the chateau. 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 X. 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. In this age he would have been a Professor in that age he was a Tutor. He read with young men who could find any

leisure and interest for the study of a living tongue spoken all over the world and he cultivated a taste for its stores of knowledge and fancy. He could write of them besides in sound English and render them into sound English. Such masters were not at that time easily found. Princes that had been and Kings that were to be were not yet of the Teacher class and no ruined nobility had dropped out of Tellson's ledgers to turn cooks and carpenters. As a tutor whose attainments made the student's way unusually pleasant and profitable and as an elegant translator who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge young Mr Darnay soon became known and encouraged. He was well acquainted more over with the circumstances of his country and those were of ever growing interest. So with great perseverance and untiring industry he prospered. In London he had expected neither to walk on pavements of gold nor to lie on beds of roses if he had had any such exalted expectation he would not have prospered. He had expected labour and he found it and did it and made the best of it. In this his prosperity consisted. A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge where he read with undergraduates as a sort of tolerated smuggler who drove a contraband trade in European languages instead of conveying Greek and Latin through the Custom house. 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 chateau far away beyond the heaving water and the long long dusty roads the solid stone chateau which had itself become the mere mist of a dream had been done a year and he had never yet by so much as a single spoken word disclosed to her the state of his heart. That he had his reasons for this he knew full well. It was again a summer day when lately arrived in London from his college occupation he turned into the quiet corner in Soho bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was the close of the summer day and he knew Lucie to be out with Miss Pross. He found the Doctor reading in his arm chair at a window. The energy which had at once supported him under his old sufferings and aggravated their sharpness had been gradually restored to him. He was now a very energetic man indeed with great firmness of purpose strength of resolution and vigour of action. In his recovered energy he was sometimes a little fitful and sudden as he had at first been in the exercise of his other recovered faculties but this had never been frequently observable and had grown more and more rare. He studied much slept little sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease and was equably cheerful. To him now entered Charles Darnay at sight of whom he laid aside his book and held out his hand. Charles Darnay I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past. Mr Stryver and Sydney Carton were both here yesterday and both made you out to be more than due. I am obliged to them for their interest in the matter. he answered a little coldly as to them though very warmly as to the Doctor. Miss Manette. Is well. said the Doctor as he stopped short and your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters but will soon be home. Doctor Manette I knew she was from home I took the opportunity of her being from home to beg to speak to you. There was a blank silence. Yes said the Doctor with evident constraint. Bring your chair here and speak on. He complied as to the chair but appeared to find the speaking 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. It is hard for me to speak of her at any time. It is very hard for me to hear her spoken of in that tone of yours. Charles Darnay. It is a tone of fervent admiration true homage and deep love. Doctor Manette. he said deferentially.

There was another blank silence before her father rejoined I believe it I do you justice I believe it His constraint was so manifest and it was so manifest too that it originated in an unwillingness to approach the subject that Charles Darnay hesitated Shall I go on sir Another blank Yes go on You anticipate what I would say though you cannot know how earnestly I say it how earnestly I feel it without knowing my secret heart and the hopes and fears and anxieties with which it has long been laden Dear Doctor Manette I love your daughter fondly dearly disinterestedly devotedly If ever there were love in the world I love her You have loved yourself let your old love speak for me The Doctor sat with his face turned away and his eyes bent on the ground At the last words he stretched out his hand again hurriedly and cried Not that sir Let that be I adjure you do not recall that His cry was so like a cry of actual pain that it rang in Charles Darnay's ears long after he had ceased He motioned with the hand he had extended and it seemed to be an appeal to Darnay to pause The latter so received it and remained silent I ask your pardon said the Doctor in a subdued tone after some moments I do not doubt your loving Lucie you may be satisfied of it He turned towards him in his chair but did not look at him or raise his eyes His chin dropped upon his hand and his white hair overshadowed his face Have you spoken to Lucie No Nor written Never It would be ungenerous to affect not to know that your self denial is to be referred to your consideration for her father Her father thanks you He offered his hand but his eyes did not go with it I know said Darnay respectfully how can I fail to know 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 I know Doctor Manette how can I fail to know that mingled with the affection and duty of a daughter who has become a woman there is in her heart towards you all the love and reliance of infancy itself I know that as in her childhood she had no parent so she is now devoted to you with all the constancy and fervour of her present years and character united to the trustfulness and attachment of the early days in which you were lost to her I know perfectly well that if you had been restored to her from the world beyond this life you could hardly be invested in her sight with a more sacred character than that in which you are always with her I know that when she is clinging to you the hands of baby girl and woman all in one are round your neck I know that in loving you she sees and loves her mother at her own age sees and loves you at my age loves her mother broken hearted loves you through your dreadful trial and in your blessed restoration I have known this night and day since I have known you in your home Her father sat silent with his face bent down 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 harboured 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 honoured hand He laid his own upon it as he spoke No dear Doctor Manette Like you a voluntary exile from France like you driven from it by its distractions oppressions and miseries like you striving to live away from it by my own exertions and trusting in a happier future I look only to sharing your fortunes sharing your life and home and being

faithful to you to the death Not to divide with Lucie her privilege as your child companion and friend but to come in aid of it and bind her closer to you if such a thing can be His touch still lingered on her father's hand 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 A struggle was evidently in his face a struggle with that occasional look which had a tendency in it to dark doubt and dread You speak so feelingly and so manfully Charles Darnay that I thank you with all my heart and will open all my heart or nearly so Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you None As yet none Is it the immediate object of this confidence that you may at once ascertain that with my knowledge Not even so I might not have the hopefulness to do it for weeks I might mistaken or not mistaken have that hopefulness to-morrow Do you seek any guidance from me I ask none sir But I have thought it possible that you might have it in your power if you should deem it right to give me some Do you seek any promise from me I do seek that What is it I will understand that without you I could have no hope I will understand that even if Miss Manette held me at this moment in her innocent heart do not think I have the presumption to assume so much I could retain no place in it against her love for her father If that be so do you see what on the other hand is involved in it I understand equally well that a word from her father in any suitor's favour would outweigh herself and all the world For which reason Doctor Manette said Darnay modestly but firmly I would not ask that word to save my life I am sure of it Charles Darnay mysteries arise out of close love as well as out of wide division in the former case they are subtle and delicate and difficult to penetrate My daughter Lucie is in this one respect such a mystery to me I can make no guess at the state of her heart May I ask sir if you think she is As he hesitated her father supplied the rest Is sought by any other suitor It is what I meant to say Her father considered a little before he answered You have seen Mr Carton here yourself Mr Stryver is here too occasionally If it be at all it can only be by one of these Or both said Darnay I had not thought of both I should not think either likely You want a promise from me Tell me what it is It is that if Miss Manette should bring to you at any time on her 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 any reasons any apprehensions anything whatsoever new or old against the man she really loved the direct responsibility thereof not lying on his head they should all be obliterated for her sake She is everything to me more to me than suffering more to me than wrong more to me Well This is idle talk So strange was the way in which he faded into silence and so strange his fixed look when he had ceased to speak that Darnay felt his own hand turn cold in the hand that slowly released and dropped it You said something to me said Doctor Manette breaking into a smile What was it you said to me 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 up stairs 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 XI A Companion Picture Sydney
said Mr Stryver on that self same night or morning to his jackal mix
another bowl of punch I have something to say to you Sydney had been working
double tides that night and the night before and the night before that and a
good many nights in succession making a grand clearance among Mr Stryver's papers
before the setting in of the long vacation The clearance was effected at last the
Stryver arrears were handsomely fetched up everything was got rid of until
November should come with its fogs atmospheric and fogs legal and bring grist to
the mill again Sydney was none the livelier and none the soberer for so much
application It had taken a deal of extra wet towelling to pull him through the
night a correspondingly extra quantity of wine had preceded the towelling and he
was in a very damaged condition as he now pulled his turban off and threw it into
the basin in which he had steeped it at intervals for the last six hours Are
you mixing that other bowl of punch said Stryver the portly with his hands in
his waistband glancing round from the sofa where he lay on his back I am
Now look here I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you and
that perhaps will make you think me not quite as shrewd as you usually do think me
I intend to marry Do you Yes And not for money What do you say
now I don't feel disposed to say much Who is she Guess Do
I know her Guess I am not going to guess at five o'clock in the
morning with my brains frying and sputtering in my head If you want me to guess
you must ask me to dinner Well then I'll tell you said Stryver coming
slowly into a sitting posture Sydney I rather despair of making myself
intelligible to you because you are such an insensible dog And you
returned Sydney busy concocting the punch are such a sensitive and poetical
spirit Come rejoined Stryver laughing boastfully though I don't
prefer any claim to being the soul of Romance for I
hope I know better still I am a tenderer sort of fellow than you You
are a luckier if you mean that I don't mean that I mean I am a man of
more more Say gallantry while you are about it suggested Carton
Well I'll say gallantry My meaning is that I am a man said Stryver inflating
himself at his friend as he made the punch who cares more to be agreeable who
takes more pains to be agreeable who knows better how to be agreeable in a woman's
society than you do Go on said Sydney Carton No but before I
go on said Stryver shaking his head in his bullying way I'll have this out
with you You've been at Doctor Manette's house as much as I have or more than I
have Why I have been ashamed of your moroseness there Your manners have been of
that silent and sullen and hangdog kind that upon my life and soul I have been
ashamed of you Sydney It should be very beneficial to a man in your
practice at the bar to be ashamed of anything returned Sydney you ought to
be much obliged to me You shall not get off in that way rejoined
Stryver shouldering the rejoinder at him no Sydney it's my duty to tell you
and I tell you to your face to do you good that you are a devilish ill conditioned

fellow in that sort of society You are a disagreeable fellow Sydney drank a bumper of the punch he had made and laughed Look at me said Stryver squaring himself I have less need to make myself agreeable than you have being more independent in circumstances Why do I do it I never saw you do it yet muttered Carton I do it because it s politic I do it on principle And look at me I get on You don t get on with your account of your matrimonial intentions answered Carton with a careless air I wish you would keep to that As to me will you never understand that I am incorrigible He asked the question with some appearance of scorn You have no business to be incorrigible was his friend s answer delivered in no very soothing tone I have no business to be at all that I know of said Sydney Carton Who is the lady Now don t let my announcement of the name make you uncomfortable Sydney said Mr Stryver preparing him with ostentatious friendliness for the disclosure he was about to make because I know you don t mean half you say and if you meant it all it would be of no importance I make this little preface because you once mentioned the young lady to me in slighting terms I did Certainly and in these chambers Sydney Carton looked at his punch and looked at his complacent friend drank his punch and looked at his complacent friend You made mention of the young lady as a golden haired doll The young lady is Miss Manette If you had been a fellow of any sensitiveness or delicacy of feeling in that kind of way Sydney I might have been a little resentful of your employing such a designation but you are not You want that sense altogether therefore I am no more annoyed when I think of the expression than I should be annoyed by a man s opinion of a picture of mine who had no eye for pictures or of a piece of music of mine who had no ear for music Sydney Carton drank the punch at a great rate drank it by bumpers looking at his friend Now you know all about it Syd said Mr Stryver I don t care about fortune she is a charming creature and I have made up my mind to please myself on the whole I think I can afford to please myself She will have in me a man already pretty well off and a rapidly rising man and a man of some distinction it is a piece of good fortune for her but she is worthy of good fortune Are you astonished Carton still drinking the punch rejoined Why should I be astonished You approve Carton still drinking the punch rejoined Why should I not approve Well said his friend Stryver you take it more easily than I fancied you would and are less mercenary on my behalf than I thought you would be though to be sure you know well enough by this time that your ancient chum is a man of a pretty strong will Yes Sydney I have had enough of this style of life with no other as a change from it I feel that it is a pleasant thing for a man to have a home when he feels inclined to go to it when he doesn t he can stay away and I feel that Miss Manette will tell well in any station and will always do me credit So I have made up my mind And now Sydney old boy I want to say a word to you about your prospects You are in a bad way you know you really are in a bad way You don t know the value of money you live hard you ll knock up one of these days and be ill and poor you really ought to think about a nurse The prosperous patronage with which he said it made him look twice as big as he was and four times as offensive Now let me recommend you pursued Stryver to look it in the face I have looked it in the face in my different way look it in the face you in your different way Marry Provide somebody to take care of you Never mind your having no enjoyment of women s society nor understanding of it nor tact for it Find out somebody Find out some respectable woman with a little property somebody in the landlady way or lodging letting way and marry her against a rainy day That s the kind of thing for you Now think of it Sydney I ll think of it said Sydney XII The Fellow of Delicacy Mr Stryver having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the Doctor s daughter resolved to make her happiness known to her before he left town for the Long Vacation After some mental debating of the point he came to the conclusion that it would be as well to get all the preliminaries done with and they could then arrange at their leisure whether he should give her his hand a week or two before Michaelmas Term or in the little Christmas vacation between it and Hilary

As to the strength of his case he had not a doubt about it but clearly saw his way to the verdict. Argued with the jury on substantial worldly grounds the only grounds ever worth taking into account it was a plain case and had not a weak spot in it. He called himself for the plaintiff there was no getting over his evidence the counsel for the defendant threw up his brief and the jury did not even turn to consider. After trying it Stryver C J was satisfied that no plainer case could be. Accordingly Mr Stryver inaugurated the Long Vacation with a formal proposal to take Miss Manette to Vauxhall Gardens that failing to Ranelagh that unaccountably failing too it behoved him to present himself in Soho and there declare his noble mind. Towards Soho therefore Mr Stryver shouldered his way from the Temple while the bloom of the Long Vacation's infancy was still upon it. Anybody who had seen him projecting himself into Soho while he was yet on Saint Dunstan's side of Temple Bar bursting in his full blown way along the pavement to the jostlement of all weaker people might have seen how safe and strong he was. His way taking him past Tellson's and he both banking at Tellson's and knowing Mr Lorry as the intimate friend of the Manettes it entered Mr Stryver's mind to enter the bank and reveal to Mr Lorry the brightness of the Soho horizon. So he pushed open the door with the weak rattle in its throat stumbled down the two steps got past the two ancient cashiers and shouldered himself into the musty back closet where Mr Lorry sat at great books ruled for figures with perpendicular iron bars to his window as if that were ruled for figures too and everything under the clouds were a sum. Halloo said Mr Stryver. How do you do I hope you are well. It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place or space. He was so much too big for Tellson's that old clerks in distant corners looked up with looks of remonstrance as though he squeezed them against the wall. The House itself magnificently reading the paper quite in the far off perspective lowered displeased as if the Stryver head had been butted into its responsible waistcoat. The discreet Mr Lorry said in a sample tone of the voice he would recommend under the circumstances. How do you do Mr Stryver. How do you do sir and shook hands. There was a peculiarity in his manner of shaking hands always to be seen in any clerk at Tellson's who shook hands with a customer when the House pervaded the air. He shook in a self abnegating way as one who shook for Tellson and Co. Can I do anything for you Mr Stryver asked Mr Lorry in his business character. Why no thank you this is a private visit to yourself Mr Lorry I have come for a private word. Oh indeed said Mr Lorry bending down his ear while his eye strayed to the House afar off. I am going said Mr Stryver leaning his arms confidentially on the desk whereupon although it was a large double one there appeared to be not half desk enough for him. I am going to make an offer of myself in marriage to your agreeable little friend Miss Manette Mr Lorry. Oh dear me cried Mr Lorry rubbing his chin and looking at his visitor dubiously. Oh dear me sir repeated Stryver drawing back. Oh dear you sir. What may your meaning be Mr Lorry. My meaning answered the man of business is of course friendly and appreciative and that it does you the greatest credit and in short my meaning is everything you could desire. But really you know Mr Stryver. Mr Lorry paused and shook his head at him in the oddest manner.

as if he were compelled against his will to add internally you know there really is so much too much of you. Well said Stryver slapping the desk with his contentious hand opening his eyes wider and taking a long breath if I understand you Mr Lorry I'll be hanged. Mr Lorry adjusted his little wig at both ears as a means towards that end and bit the feather of a pen. D n it all sir said Stryver staring at him. am I not eligible. Oh dear yes Yes Oh yes you're eligible said Mr Lorry. If you say eligible you are eligible. Am I not prosperous asked Stryver. Oh if you come to prosperous you are prosperous said Mr Lorry. And advancing If you come to advancing you know said Mr Lorry delighted to be able to make another admission nobody can doubt that. Then what on earth is your meaning Mr Lorry demanded Stryver perceptibly crestfallen. Well I Were you going

there now asked Mr Lorry Straight said Stryver with a plump of his fist on the desk Then I think I wouldn't if I was you Why said Stryver Now I'll put you in a corner forensically shaking a forefinger at him You are a man of business and bound to have a reason State your reason Why wouldn't you go Because said Mr Lorry I wouldn't go on such an object without having some cause to believe that I should succeed D n me cried Stryver but this beats everything Mr Lorry glanced at the distant House and glanced at the angry Stryver Here's a man of business a man of years a man of experience in a Bank said Stryver and having summed up three leading reasons for complete success he says there's no reason at all Says it with his head on Mr Stryver remarked upon the peculiarity as if it would have been infinitely less remarkable if he had said it with his head off When I speak of success I speak of success with the young lady and when I speak of causes and reasons to make success probable I speak of causes and reasons that will tell as such with the young lady The young lady my good sir said Mr Lorry mildly tapping the Stryver arm the young lady The young lady goes before all Then you mean to tell me Mr Lorry said Stryver squaring his elbows that it is your deliberate opinion that the young lady at present in question is a mincing Fool Not exactly so I mean to tell you Mr Stryver said Mr Lorry reddening that I will hear no disrespectful word of that young lady from any lips and that if I knew any man which I hope I do not whose taste was so coarse and whose temper was so overbearing that he could not restrain himself from speaking disrespectfully of that young lady at this desk not even Tellson's should prevent my giving him a piece of my mind The necessity of being angry in a suppressed tone had put Mr Stryver's blood vessels into a dangerous state when it was his turn to be angry Mr Lorry's veins methodical as their courses could usually be were in no better state now it was his turn That is what I mean to tell you sir said Mr Lorry Pray let there be no mistake about it Mr Stryver sucked the end of a ruler for a little while and then stood hitting a tune out of his teeth with it which probably gave him the toothache He broke the awkward silence by saying This is something new to me Mr Lorry You deliberately advise me not to go up to Soho and offer myself my self Stryver of the King's Bench bar Do you ask me for my advice Mr Stryver Yes I do Very good Then I give it and you have repeated it correctly And all I can say of it is laughed Stryver with a vexed laugh that this ha ha beats everything past present and to come Now understand me pursued Mr Lorry As a man of business I am not justified in saying anything about this matter for as a man of business I know nothing of it But as an old fellow who has carried Miss Manette in his arms who is the trusted friend of Miss Manette and of her father too and who has a great affection for them both I have spoken The confidence is not of my seeking recollect Now you think I may not be right Not I said Stryver whistling I can't undertake to find third parties in common sense I can only find it for myself I suppose sense in certain quarters you suppose mincing bread and butter nonsense It's new to me but you are right I dare say What I suppose Mr Stryver I claim to characterise for myself And understand me sir said Mr Lorry quickly flushing again I will not not even at Tellson's have it characterised for me by any gentleman breathing There I beg your pardon said Stryver Granted Thank you Well Mr Stryver I was about to say it might be painful to you to find yourself mistaken it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit with you it might be very painful to Miss Manette to have the task of being explicit with you You know the terms upon which I have the honour and happiness to stand with the family If you please committing you in no way representing you in no way I will undertake to correct my advice by the exercise of a little new observation and judgment expressly brought to bear upon it If you should then be dissatisfied with it you can but test its soundness for yourself if on the other hand you should be satisfied with it and it should be what it now is it may spare all sides what is best spared What do you say How long would you keep me in town Oh It

is only a question of a few hours I could go to Soho in the evening and come to your chambers afterwards Then I say yes said Stryver I won't go up there now I am not so hot upon it as that comes to I say yes and I shall expect you to look in to night Good morning Then Mr Stryver turned and burst out of the Bank causing such a concussion of air on his passage through that to stand up against it bowing behind the two counters required the utmost remaining strength of the two ancient clerks Those venerable and feeble persons were always seen by the public in the act of bowing and were popularly believed when they had bowed a customer out still to keep on bowing in the empty office until they bowed another customer in The barrister was keen enough to divine that the banker would not have gone so far in his expression of opinion on any less solid ground than moral certainty Unprepared as he was for the large pill he had to swallow he got it down And now said Mr Stryver shaking his forensic forefinger at the Temple in general when it was down my way out of this is to put you all in the wrong It was a bit of the art of an Old Bailey tactician in which he found great relief You shall not put me in the wrong young lady said Mr Stryver I'll do that for you Accordingly when Mr Lorry called that night as late as ten o'clock Mr Stryver among a quantity of books and papers littered out for the purpose seemed to have nothing less on his mind than the subject of the morning He even showed surprise when he saw Mr Lorry and was altogether in an absent and preoccupied state Well said that good natured emissary after a full half hour of bootless attempts to bring him round to the question I have been to Soho To Soho repeated Mr Stryver coldly Oh to be sure What am I thinking of And I have no doubt said Mr Lorry that I was right in the conversation we had My opinion is confirmed and I reiterate my advice I assure you returned Mr Stryver in the friendliest way that I am sorry for it on your account and sorry for it on the poor father's account I know this must always be a sore subject with the family let us say no more about it I don't understand you said Mr Lorry I dare say not rejoined Stryver nodding his head in a smoothing and final way no matter no matter But it does matter Mr Lorry urged No it doesn't I assure you it doesn't Having supposed that there was sense where there is no sense and a laudable ambition where there is not a laudable ambition I am well out of my mistake and no harm is done Young women have committed similar follies often before and have repented them in poverty and obscurity often before In an unselfish aspect I am sorry that the thing is dropped because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view in a selfish aspect I am glad that the thing has dropped because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view it is hardly necessary to say I could have gained nothing by it There is no harm at all done I have not proposed to the young lady and between ourselves I am by no means certain on reflection that I ever should have committed myself to that extent Mr Lorry you cannot control the mincing vanities and giddinesses of empty headed girls you must not expect to do it or you will always be disappointed Now pray say no more about it I tell you I regret it on account of others but I am satisfied on my own account And I am really very much obliged to you for allowing me to sound you and for giving me your advice you know the young lady better than I do you were right it never would have done Mr Lorry was so taken aback that he looked quite stupidly at Mr Stryver shouldering him towards the door with an appearance of showering generosity forbearance and goodwill on his erring head Make the best of it my dear sir said Stryver say

no more about it thank you again for allowing me to sound you good night Mr Lorry was out in the night before he knew where he was Mr Stryver was lying back on his sofa winking at his ceiling XIII The Fellow of No Delicacy If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette He had been there often during a whole year and had always been the same moody and morose loungeur 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 when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there and still lingering there when the first beams of the sun brought into strong relief removed beauties of architecture in spires of churches and lofty buildings as perhaps the quiet time brought some sense of better things else forgotten and unattainable into his mind Of late the neglected bed in the Temple Court had known him more scantily than ever and often when he had thrown himself upon it no longer than a few minutes he had got up again and haunted that neighbourhood On a day in August when Mr Stryver after notifying to his jackal that he had thought better of that marrying matter had carried his delicacy into Devonshire and 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 up stairs 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 common places she observed a change in it I fear you are not well Mr Carton No But the life I lead Miss Manette is not conducive to health What is to be expected of or by such profligates Is it not forgive me I have begun the question on my lips a pity to live no better life God knows it is a shame Then why not change it Looking gently at him again she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes There were tears in his voice too as he answered It is too late for that I shall never be better than I am I shall sink lower and be worse He leaned an elbow on her table and covered his eyes with his hand The table trembled in the silence that followed She had never seen him softened and was much distressed He knew her to be so without looking at her and said 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 yourself flung away wasted drunken poor creature of misuse as you know him to be he would have been conscious this day and hour in spite of his happiness that he would bring you to misery bring you to sorrow and repentance blight you disgrace you pull you down with him I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me I ask for none I am even thankful that it cannot be Without it can I not save you Mr Carton Can I not recall you forgive me again to a better course Can I in no way repay your confidence I know this is a confidence she modestly said after a little hesitation and in earnest tears I know you would say this to no one else Can I turn it to no good account for yourself Mr Carton He shook his head To none No Miss Manette to none If you will hear me through a very little more all you can ever do for me is done I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul 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 Since I knew you I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward that I thought were silent for ever I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh beginning anew shaking off

sloth and sensuality and fighting out the abandoned fight A dream all a dream that ends in nothing and leaves the sleeper where he lay down but I wish you to know that you inspired it Will nothing of it remain O Mr Carton think again Try again No Miss Manette all through it I have known myself to be quite undeserving And yet I have had the weakness and have still the weakness to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me heap of ashes that I am into fire a fire however inseparable in its nature from myself quickening nothing lighting nothing doing no service idly burning away Since it is my misfortune Mr Carton to have made you more unhappy than you were before you knew me Don't say that Miss Manette for you would have reclaimed me if anything could You will not be the cause of my becoming worse Since the state of your mind that you describe is at all events attributable to some influence of mine this is what I mean if I can make it plain can I use no influence to serve you Have I no power for good with you at all The utmost good that I am capable of now Miss Manette I have come here to realise Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life the remembrance that I opened my heart to you last of all the world and that there was something left in me at this time which you could deplore and pity Which I entreated you to believe again and again most fervently with all my heart was capable of better things Mr Carton Entreat me to believe it no more Miss Manette I have proved myself and I know better I distress you I draw fast to an end Will you let me believe when I recall this day that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your pure and innocent breast and that it lies there alone and will be shared 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 If I were dead that could not be surer than it is henceforth In the hour of my death I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance and shall thank and bless you for it that my last avowal of myself was made to you and that my name and faults and miseries were gently carried in your heart May it otherwise be light and happy He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away and how much he every day kept down and perverted that Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her Be comforted he said I am not worth such feeling Miss Manette An hour or two hence and the low companions and low habits that I scorn but yield to will render me less worth such tears as those than any wretch who creeps along the streets Be comforted But within myself I shall always be towards you what I am now though outwardly I shall be what you have heretofore seen me The last supplication but one I make to you is that you will believe this of me I will Mr Carton My last supplication of all is this and with it I will relieve you of a visitor with whom I well know you have nothing in unison and between whom and you there is an impassable space It is useless to say it I know but it rises out of my soul For you and for any dear to you I would do anything If my career were of that better kind that there was any opportunity 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 O Miss Manette when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you He said Farewell said a last God bless you and left her

XIV The Honest Tradesman To the eyes of Mr Jeremiah Cruncher sitting on his stool in Fleet street with his grisly urchin beside him a vast number and variety of objects in movement were every day

presented Who could sit upon anything in Fleet street during the busy hours of the day and not be dazed and deafened by two immense processions one ever tending westward with the sun the other ever tending eastward from the sun both ever tending to the plains beyond the range of red and purple where the sun goes down With his straw in his mouth Mr Cruncher sat watching the two streams like the heathen rustic who has for several centuries been on duty watching one stream saving that Jerry had no expectation of their ever running dry Nor would it have been an expectation of a hopeful kind since a small part of his income was derived from the pilotage of timid women mostly of a full habit and past the middle term of life from Tellson's side of the tides to the opposite shore Brief as such companionship was in every separate instance Mr Cruncher never failed to become so interested in the lady as to express a strong desire to have the honour of drinking her very good health And it was from the gifts bestowed upon him towards the execution of this benevolent purpose that he recruited his finances as just now observed Time was when a poet sat upon a stool in a public place and mused in the sight of men Mr Cruncher sitting on a stool in a public place but not being a poet mused as little as possible and looked about him It fell out that he was thus engaged in a season when crowds were few and belated women few and when his affairs in general were so unprosperous as to awaken a strong suspicion in his breast that Mrs Cruncher must have been flopping in some pointed manner when an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet street westward attracted his attention Looking that way Mr Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral was coming along and that there was popular objection to this funeral which engendered uproar Young Jerry said Mr Cruncher turning to his offspring it's a buryin Hooroar father cried Young Jerry The young gentleman uttered this exultant sound with mysterious significance The elder gentleman took the cry so ill that he watched his opportunity and smote the young gentleman on the ear What d ye mean What are you hooroaring at What do you want to convey to your own father you young Rip This boy is a getting too many for me said Mr Cruncher surveying him Him and his hooroars Don't let me hear no more of you or you shall feel some more of me D ye hear I warn't doing no harm Young Jerry protested rubbing his cheek Drop it then said Mr Cruncher I won't have none of your no harms Get a top of that there seat and look at the crowd His son obeyed and the crowd approached they were bawling and hissing round a dingy hearse and dingy mourning coach in which mourning coach there was only one mourner dressed in the dingy trappings that were considered essential to the dignity of the position The position appeared by no means to please him however with an increasing rabble surrounding the coach deriding him making grimaces at him and incessantly groaning and calling out Yah Spies Tst Yaha Spies with many compliments too numerous and forcible to repeat Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr Cruncher he always pricked up his senses and became excited when a funeral passed Tellson's Naturally therefore a funeral with this uncommon attendance excited him greatly and he asked of the first man who ran against him What is it brother What's it about I don't know said the man Spies Yaha Tst Spies He asked another man Who is it I don't know returned the man clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless and vociferating in a surprising heat and with the greatest ardour Spies Yaha Tst tst Spi ies At length a person better informed on the merits of the case tumbled against him and from this person he learned that the funeral was the funeral of one Roger Cly Was he a spy asked Mr Cruncher Old Bailey spy returned his informant Yaha Tst Yah Old Bailey Spi i ies Why to be sure exclaimed Jerry recalling the Trial at which he had assisted I've seen him Dead is he Dead as mutton returned the other and can't be too dead Have 'em out there Spies Pull 'em out there Spies The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent absence of any idea that the crowd caught it up with eagerness and loudly repeating the suggestion to have 'em out and to pull 'em out mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they came to a stop On the crowd's opening the coach doors the one mourner scuffled out by himself and was in their hands for a moment but he was so alert

and made such good use of his time that in another moment he was scouring away up a bye street after shedding his cloak hat long hatband white pocket handkerchief and other symbolical tears These the people tore to pieces and scattered far and wide with great enjoyment while the tradesmen hurriedly shut up their shops for a crowd in those times stopped at nothing and was a monster much dreaded They had already got the length of opening the hearse to take the coffin out when some brighter genius proposed instead its being escorted to its destination amidst general rejoicing Practical suggestions being much needed this suggestion too was received with acclamation and the coach was immediately filled with eight inside and a dozen out while as many people got on the roof of the hearse as could by any exercise of ingenuity stick upon it Among the first of these volunteers was Jerry Cruncher himself who modestly concealed his spiky head from the observation of Tellson s in the further corner of the mourning coach The officiating undertakers made some protest against these changes in the ceremonies but the river being alarmingly near and several voices remarking on the efficacy of cold immersion in bringing refractory members of the profession to reason the protest was faint and brief The remodelled procession started with a chimney sweep driving the hearse advised by the regular driver who was perched beside him under close inspection for the purpose and with a pieman also attended by his cabinet minister driving the mourning coach A bear leader a popular street character of the time was impressed as an additional ornament before the cavalcade had gone far down the Strand and his bear who was black and very mangy gave quite an Undertaking air to that part of the procession in which he walked Thus with beer drinking pipe smoking song roaring and infinite caricaturing of woe the disorderly procession went its way recruiting at every step and all the shops shutting up before it Its destination was the old church of Saint Pancras far off in the fields It got there in course of time insisted on pouring into the burial ground finally accomplished the interment of the deceased Roger Cly in its own way and highly to its own satisfaction The dead man disposed of and the crowd being under the necessity of providing some other entertainment for itself another brighter genius or perhaps the same conceived the humour of impeaching casual passers by as Old Bailey spies and wreaking vengeance on them Chase was given to some scores of inoffensive persons who had never been near the Old Bailey in their lives in the realisation of this fancy and they were roughly hustled and maltreated The transition to the sport of window breaking and thence to the plundering of public houses was easy and natural At last after several hours when sundry summer houses had been pulled down and some area railings had been torn up to arm the more belligerent spirits a rumour got about that the Guards were coming Before this rumour the crowd gradually melted away and perhaps the Guards came and perhaps they never came and this was the usual progress of a mob Mr Cruncher did not assist at the closing sports but had remained behind in the churchyard to confer and condole with the undertakers The place had a soothing influence on him He procured a pipe from a neighbouring public house and smoked it looking in at the railings and maturely considering the spot Jerry said Mr Cruncher apostrophising himself in his usual way you see that there Cly that day and you see with your own eyes that he was a young un and a straight made un Having smoked his pipe out and ruminated a little longer he turned himself about that he might appear before the hour of closing on his station at Tellson s Whether his meditations on mortality had touched his liver or whether his general health had been previously at all amiss or whether he desired to show a little attention to an eminent man is not so much to the purpose as that he made a short call upon his medical adviser a distinguished surgeon on his way back Young Jerry relieved his father with dutiful interest and reported No job in his absence The bank closed the ancient clerks came out the usual watch was set and Mr Cruncher and his son went home to tea Now I tell you where it is said Mr Cruncher to his wife on entering If as a honest tradesman my wenturs goes wrong to night I shall make sure that you ve been praying again me and I shall work you for it just the same as if I seen you do it The dejected Mrs

Cruncher shook her head Why you re at it afore my face said Mr Cruncher
with signs of angry apprehension I am saying nothing Well then don t
meditate nothing You might as well flop as meditate You may as well go again me
one way as another Drop it altogether Yes Jerry Yes Jerry
repeated Mr Cruncher sitting down to tea Ah It is yes Jerry That s about
it You may say yes Jerry Mr Cruncher had no particular meaning in these
sulky corroborations but made use of them as people not unfrequently do to
express general ironical dissatisfaction You and your yes Jerry said Mr
Cruncher taking a bite out of his bread and butter and seeming to help it down
with a large invisible oyster out of his saucer Ah I think so I believe you
You are going out to night asked his decent wife when he took another bite
Yes I am May I go with you father asked his son briskly No you
mayn t I m a going as your mother knows a fishing That s where I m going to
Going a fishing Your fishing rod gets rayther rusty don t it father
Never you mind Shall you bring any fish home father If I don t
you ll have short commons to morrow returned that gentleman shaking his head
that s questions enough for you I ain t a going out till you ve been long abed
He devoted himself during the remainder of the evening to keeping a most vigilant
watch on Mrs Cruncher and sullenly holding her in conversation that she might be
prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage With this view he
urged his son to hold her in conversation also and led the unfortunate woman a
hard life by dwelling on any causes of complaint he could bring against her rather
than he would leave her for a moment to her own reflections The devoutest person
could have rendered no greater homage to the efficacy of an honest prayer than he
did in this distrust of his wife It was as if a professed unbeliever in ghosts
should be frightened by a ghost story And mind you said Mr Cruncher
No games to morrow If I as a honest tradesman succeed in providing a jinte of
meat or two none of your not touching of it and sticking to bread If I as a
honest tradesman am able to provide a little beer none of your declaring on water
When you go to Rome do as Rome does Rome will be a ugly customer to you if you
don t I m your Rome you know Then he began grumbling again With your
flying into the face of your own wittles and drink I don t know how scarce you
mayn t make the wittles and drink here by your flopping tricks and your unfeeling
conduct Look at your boy he is your n ain t he He s as thin as a lath Do you
call yourself a mother and not know that a mother s first duty is to blow her boy
out This touched Young Jerry on a tender place who adjured his mother to
perform her first duty and whatever else she did or neglected above all things
to lay especial stress on the discharge of that maternal function so affectingly
and delicately indicated by his other parent Thus the evening wore away with the
Cruncher family until Young Jerry was ordered to bed and his mother laid under
similar injunctions obeyed them Mr Cruncher beguiled the earlier watches of the
night with solitary pipes and did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o
clock Towards that small and ghostly hour he rose up from his chair took a key
out of his pocket opened a locked cupboard and brought forth a sack a crowbar of
convenient size a rope and chain and other fishing tackle of that nature
Disposing these articles about him in skilful manner he bestowed a parting
defiance on Mrs Cruncher extinguished the light and went out Young Jerry who
had only made a feint of undressing when he went to bed was not long after his
father Under cover of the darkness he followed out of the room followed down the
stairs followed down the court followed out into the streets He was in no
uneasiness concerning his getting into the house again for it was full of lodgers
and the door stood ajar all night Impelled by a laudable ambition to study the
art and mystery of his father s honest calling Young Jerry keeping as close to
house fronts walls and doorways as his eyes were close to one another held his
honoured parent in view The honoured parent steering Northward had not gone far
when he was joined by another disciple of Izaak Walton and the two trudged on
together Within half an hour from the first starting they were beyond the
winking lamps and the more than winking watchmen and were out upon a lonely road
Another fisherman was picked up here and that so silently that if Young Jerry had

been superstitious he might have supposed the second follower of the gentle craft to have all of a sudden split himself into two. The three went on and Young Jerry went on until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall surmounted by an iron railing. In the shadow of bank and wall the three turned out of the road and up a blind lane of which the wall there risen to some eight or ten feet high formed one side. Crouching down in a corner peeping up the lane the next object that Young Jerry saw was the form of his honoured parent pretty well defined against a watery and clouded moon nimbly scaling an iron gate. He was soon over and then the second fisherman got over and then the third. They all dropped softly on the ground within the gate and lay there a little listening perhaps. Then they moved away on their hands and knees. It was now Young Jerry's turn to approach the gate which he did holding his breath. Crouching down again in a corner there and looking in he made out the three fishermen creeping through some rank grass and all the gravestones in the churchyard. It was a large churchyard that they were in looking on like ghosts in white while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far before they stopped and stood upright. And then they began to fish. They fished with a spade at first. Presently the honoured parent appeared to be adjusting some instrument like a great corkscrew. Whatever tools they worked with they worked hard until the awful striking of the church clock so terrified Young Jerry that he made off with his hair as stiff as his father's. But his long cherished desire to know more about these matters not only stopped him in his running away but lured him back again. They were still fishing perseveringly when he peeped in at the gate for the second time but now they seemed to have got a bite. There was a screwing and complaining sound down below and their bent figures were strained as if by a weight. By slow degrees the weight broke away the earth upon it and came to the surface. Young Jerry very well knew what it would be but when he saw it and saw his honoured parent about to wrench it open he was so frightened being new to the sight that he made off again and never stopped until he had run a mile or more. He would not have stopped then for anything less necessary than breath it being a spectral sort of race that he ran and one highly desirable to get to the end of. He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him and pictured as hopping on behind him bolt upright upon its narrow end always on the point of overtaking him and hopping on at his side perhaps taking his arm it was a pursuer to shun. It was an inconsistent and ubiquitous fiend too for while it was making the whole night behind him dreadful he darted out into the roadway to avoid dark alleys fearful of its coming hopping out of them like a dropsical boy's kite without tail and wings. It hid in doorways too rubbing its horrible shoulders against doors and drawing them up to its ears as if it were laughing. It got into shadows on the road and lay cunningly on its back to trip him up. All this time it was incessantly hopping on behind and gaining on him so that when the boy got to his own door he had reason for being half dead. And even then it would not leave him but followed him upstairs with a bump on every stair scrambled into bed with him and bumped down dead and heavy on his breast when he fell asleep. From his oppressed slumber Young Jerry in his closet was awakened after daybreak and before sunrise by the presence of his father in the family room. Something had gone wrong with him at least so Young Jerry inferred from the circumstance of his holding Mrs. Cruncher by the ears and knocking the back of her head against the head board of the bed. I told you I would said Mr. Cruncher and I did Jerry Jerry Jerry his wife implored. You oppose yourself to the profit of the business said Jerry and me and my partners suffer. You was to honour and obey why the devil don't you I try to be a good wife Jerry the poor woman protested with tears. Is it being a good wife to oppose your husband's business. Is it honouring your husband to dishonour his business. Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the vital subject of his business. You hadn't taken to the dreadful business then Jerry. It's enough for you retorted Mr. Cruncher to be the wife of a honest tradesman and not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he didn't. A

honouring and obeying wife would let his trade alone altogether. Call yourself a religious woman. If you're a religious woman, give me an irreligious one. You have no more.

That rational sense of duty than the bed of this here Thames river has of a pile, and similarly it must be knocked into you. The altercation was conducted in a low tone of voice and terminated in the honest tradesman's kicking off his clay-soiled boots and lying down at his length on the floor. After taking a timid peep at him lying on his back with his rusty hands under his head for a pillow, his son lay down too and fell asleep again. There was no fish for breakfast and not much of anything else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits and out of temper and kept an iron pot lid by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying Grace. He was brushed and washed at the usual hour and set off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling. Young Jerry walking with the stool under his arm at his father's side along sunny and crowded Fleet Street was a very different Young Jerry from him of the previous night running home through darkness and solitude from his grim pursuer. His cunning was fresh with the day and his qualms were gone with the night in which particulars it is not improbable that he had compeers in Fleet Street and the City of London that fine morning. Father said Young Jerry as they walked along taking care to keep at arm's length and to have the stool well between them: "What's a Resurrection Man?" Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered. "How should I know? I thought you knewed everything," father said the artless boy. "Hem! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher going on again and lifting off his hat to give his spikes free play, "he's a tradesman. What's his goods?" father asked the brisk Young Jerry. "His goods," said Mr. Cruncher after turning it over in his mind, "is a branch of Scientific goods. Persons' bodies ain't it?" father asked the lively boy. "I believe it is something of that sort," said Mr. Cruncher. "Oh, father, I should so like to be a Resurrection Man when I'm quite grown up." Mr. Cruncher was soothed but shook his head in a dubious and moral way. "It depends upon how you develop your talents. Be careful to develop your talents and never to say no more than you can help to nobody and there's no telling at the present time what you may not come to be fit for." As Young Jerry thus encouraged went on a few yards in advance to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself: "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you and a recompense to you for his mother."

XV. Knitting. There had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning, sallow faces peeping through its barred windows had descried other faces within bending over measures of wine. Monsieur Defarge sold a very thin wine at the best of times but it would seem to have been an unusually thin wine that he sold at this time. A sour wine moreover or a souring for its influence on the mood of those who drank it was to make them gloomy. No vivacious Bacchanalian flame leaped out of the pressed grape of Monsieur Defarge but a smouldering fire that burnt in the dark lay hidden in the dregs of it. This had been the third morning in succession on which there had been early drinking at the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge. It had begun on Monday and here was Wednesday come. There had been more of early brooding than drinking for many men had listened and whispered and slunk about there from the time of the opening of the door who could not have laid a piece of money on the counter to save their souls. These were to the full as interested in the place however as if they could have commanded whole barrels of wine and they glided from seat to seat and from corner to corner swallowing talk in lieu of drink with greedy looks. Notwithstanding an unusual flow of company the master of the wine shop was not visible. He was not missed for nobody who crossed the threshold looked for him nobody asked for him nobody wondered to see only Madame Defarge in her seat presiding over the distribution of wine with a bowl of battered small coins before her as much defaced and beaten out of their original impress as the small coinage of humanity from whose ragged pockets they had come. A suspended interest and a prevalent absence of mind were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine shop as they looked in at every

place high and low from the king's palace to the criminal's gaol. Games at cards languished, players at dominoes musingly built towers with them, drinkers drew figures on the tables with spilt drops of wine. Madame Defarge herself picked out the pattern on her sleeve with her toothpick, and saw and heard something inaudible and invisible a long way off. Thus Saint Antoine in this vinous feature of his until midday. It was high noontide when two dusty men passed through his streets and under his swinging lamps of whom one was Monsieur Defarge, the other a mender of roads in a blue cap. All adust and athirst, the two 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 neighbour, 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, but he took less than was given to the stranger, as being himself a man to whom it was no rarity, and stood waiting until the countryman had made his breakfast. He looked at no one present, and no one now looked at him, not even Madame Defarge, who had taken up her knitting and was at work. "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. And between them and the white-haired man afar off was the one small link that they had once looked in at him through the chinks in the wall. 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, began the mender of roads, a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain, like this." Again the mender of roads went through the whole performance, in which he ought to have been perfect by that time, seeing that it had been the infallible resource and indispensable entertainment of his village during a whole year. Jacques One struck in and asked if he had ever seen the man before. "Never," answered the mender of roads, recovering his perpendicular. Jacques Three demanded how he afterwards recognised him then. "By his tall figure," said the mender of roads, softly, and with his finger at his nose. "When Monsieur the Marquis demands that evening, 'Say what is he like?' I make response, 'Tall as a spectre.' You should have said, 'Short as a dwarf.'" returned Jacques Two. "But what did I know? The deed was not then accomplished, neither did he confide in me. Observe. Under those circumstances even I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur the Marquis indicates me with his finger, standing near our little fountain, and says, 'To me. Bring that

rascal My faith messieurs I offer nothing He is right there Jacques
murmured Defarge to him who had interrupted Go on Good said the
mender of roads with an air of mystery The tall man is lost and he is sought
how many months Nine ten eleven No matter the number said Defarge
He is well hidden but at last he is unluckily found Go on I am again at
work upon the hill side and the sun is again about to go to bed I
am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below where
it is already dark when I raise my eyes and see coming over the hill six soldiers
In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound tied to his sides like
this With the aid of his indispensable 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
for it is a solitary road that where any spectacle is well worth looking at and
at first as they approach I see no more than that they are six soldiers with a
tall man bound and that they are almost black to my sight except on the side of
the sun going to bed where they have a red edge messieurs Also I see that their
long shadows are on the hollow ridge on the opposite side of the road and are on
the hill above it and are like the shadows of giants Also 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 recognise the tall man and he recognises
me Ah but he would be well content to precipitate himself over the hill side 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 I do not show the soldiers that I
recognise the tall man he does not show the soldiers that he recognises me we do
it and we know it with our eyes Come on says the chief of that company
pointing to the village bring him fast to his tomb and they bring him faster I
follow His arms are swelled because of being bound so tight his wooden shoes are
large and clumsy and he is lame Because he is lame and consequently slow they
drive him with their guns like this He imitated the action of a man's being
impelled forward by the butt ends of muskets As they descend the hill like
madmen running a race he falls They laugh and pick him up again His face is
bleeding and covered with dust but he cannot touch it thereupon they laugh again
They bring him into the village all the village runs to look they take him past
the mill and up to the prison all the village sees the prison gate open in the
darkness of the night and swallow him like this He opened his mouth as wide
as he could and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth Observant of his
unwillingness to mar the effect by opening it again Defarge said Go on
Jacques All the village pursued the mender of roads on tiptoe and in a
low voice withdraws all the village whispers by the fountain all the village
sleeps all the village dreams of that unhappy one within the locks and bars of
the prison on the crag and never to come out of it except to perish In the
morning with my tools upon my shoulder eating my morsel of black bread as I go I
make a circuit by the prison on my way to my work There I see him high up
behind the bars of a lofty iron cage bloody and dusty as last night looking
through He has no hand free to wave to me I dare not call to him he regards me
like a dead man Defarge and the three glanced darkly at one another The looks
of all of them were dark repressed and revengeful as they listened to the
countryman's story the manner of all of them while it was secret was
authoritative too They had the air of a rough tribunal Jacques One and Two
sitting on the old pallet bed each with his chin resting on his hand and his eyes
intent on the road mender Jacques Three equally intent on one knee behind them
with his agitated hand always gliding over the network of fine nerves about his
mouth and nose Defarge standing between them and the narrator whom he had
stationed in the light of the window by turns looking from him to them and from
them to him Go on Jacques said Defarge He remains up there in his
iron cage some days The village looks at him by stealth for it is afraid But it
always looks up from a distance at the prison on the crag and in the evening
when the work of the day is achieved and it assembles to gossip at the fountain

all faces are turned towards the prison. Formerly they were turned towards the posting house, now they are turned towards the prison. They whisper at the fountain that although condemned to death he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in Paris showing that he was enraged and made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition has been presented to the King himself. What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no. Listen then, Jacques. Number One of that name sternly interposed. Know that a petition was presented to the King and Queen. All here, 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. Number Three, his fingers ever wandering over and over those fine nerves with a strikingly greedy air, as if he hungered for something that was neither food nor drink, the guard horse and foot surrounded the petitioner and struck him blows. You hear? I hear, messieurs. Go on, then, said Defarge. Again, on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain resumed the countryman that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that because he has slain Monseigneur, and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants, serfs, what you will, he will be executed as a parricide. One old man says at the fountain that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burnt off before his face, that into wounds which will be made in his arms, his breast, and his legs, there will be poured boiling oil, melted lead, hot resin, wax, and sulphur, finally that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the late King, Louis Fifteen. But how do I know if he lies? I am not a scholar. Listen once again, then, Jacques. said the man with the restless hand and the craving air. The name of that prisoner was Damiens, and it was all done in open day, in the open streets of this city of Paris, and nothing was more noticed in the vast concourse that saw it done, than the crowd of ladies of quality and fashion, who were full of eager attention to the last, to the last. Jacques prolonged until nightfall, when he had lost two legs and an arm, and still breathed. And it was done, why? how old are you? Thirty five, said the mender of roads, who looked sixty. It was done when you were more than ten years old, you might have seen it. Enough, said Defarge, with grim impatience. Long live the Devil. Go on. Well, some whisper this, some whisper that, they speak of nothing else, even the fountain appears to fall to that tune. At length on Sunday night, when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the prison, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows, forty feet high, 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 midday, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag, tied so, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed. He suggested it, by creasing his face with his two thumbs, from the corners of his mouth to his ears. On the top of the gallows is fixed the knife, blade upwards, with its point in the air. He is hanged there, forty feet high, and is left hanging, poisoning the water. They looked at one another, as he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the perspiration had started afresh while he recalled the spectacle. It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and the children draw water? Who can gossip of an evening, under that shadow? Under it, have I said? When I left the village Monday evening, as the sun was going to bed, and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison, seemed to strike across the earth, messieurs, to where the sky rests upon it. The hungry man gnawed one of his fingers as he looked at the other three, and his finger quivered with the craving that was on him. 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 Whom Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs and leaving seated there returned The three had risen and their heads were together when he came back to the garret How say you Jacques demanded Number One To be registered To be registered as doomed to destruction returned Defarge Magnificent croaked the man with the craving The chateau and all the race inquired the first The chateau and all the race returned Defarge Extermination The hungry man repeated in a rapturous croak Magnificent and began gnawing another finger Are you sure asked Jacques Two of Defarge that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register Without doubt it is safe for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it but shall we always be able to decipher it or I ought to say will she Jacques returned Defarge drawing himself up if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone she would not lose a word of it not a syllable of it Knitted in her own stitches and her own symbols it will always be as plain to her as the sun Confide in Madame Defarge It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives to erase himself from existence than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge There was a murmur of confidence and approval and then the man who hungered asked Is this rustic to be sent back soon I hope so He is very simple is he not a little dangerous He knows nothing said Defarge at least nothing more than would easily elevate himself to a gallows of the same height I charge myself with him let him remain with me I will take care of him and set him on his road He wishes to see the fine world the King the Queen and Court let him see them on Sunday What exclaimed the hungry man staring Is it a good sign that he wishes to see Royalty and Nobility Jacques said Defarge judiciously show a cat milk if you wish her to thirst for it Judiciously show a dog his natural prey if you wish him to bring it down one day Nothing more was said and the mender of roads being found already dozing on the topmost stair was advised to lay himself down on the pallet bed and take some rest He needed no persuasion and was soon asleep Worse quarters than Defarge s wine shop could easily have been found in Paris for a provincial slave of that degree Saving for a mysterious dread of madame by which he was constantly haunted his life was very new and agreeable But madame sat all day at her counter so expressly unconscious of him and so particularly determined not to perceive that his being there had any connection with anything below the surface that he shook in his wooden shoes whenever his eye lighted on her For he contended with himself that it was impossible to foresee what that lady might pretend next and he felt assured that if she should take it into her brightly ornamented head to pretend that she had seen him do a murder and afterwards flay the victim she would infallibly go through with it until the play was played out Therefore when Sunday came the mender of roads was not enchanted though he said he was to find that madame was to accompany monsieur and himself to Versailles It was additionally disconcerting to have madame knitting all the way there in a public conveyance it was additionally disconcerting yet to have madame in the crowd in the afternoon still with her knitting in her hands as the crowd waited to see the carriage of the King and Queen You work hard madame said a man near her Yes answered Madame Defarge I have a good deal to do What do you make madame Many things For instance For instance returned Madame Defarge composedly shrouds The man moved a little further away as soon as he could and the mender of roads fanned himself with his blue cap feeling it mightily close and oppressive If he needed a King and Queen to restore him he was fortunate in having his remedy at hand for soon the large faced King and the fair faced Queen came in their golden coach attended by the shining Bull s Eye of their Court a glittering multitude of laughing ladies

and fine lords and in jewels and silks and powder and splendour and elegantly spurning figures and handsomely disdainful faces of both sexes the mender of roads bathed himself so much to his temporary intoxication that he cried Long live the King Long live the Queen Long live everybody and everything as if he had never heard of ubiquitous Jacques in his time Then there were gardens courtyards terraces fountains green banks more King and Queen more Bull's Eye more lords and ladies more Long live they all until he absolutely wept with sentiment During the whole of this scene which lasted some three hours he had plenty of shouting and weeping and sentimental company and throughout Defarge held him by the collar as if to restrain him from flying at the objects of his brief devotion and tearing them to pieces Bravo said Defarge clapping him on the back when it was over like a patron you are a good boy The mender of roads was now coming to himself and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations but no You are the fellow we want said Defarge in his ear you make these fools believe that it will last for ever Then they are the more insolent and it is the nearer ended Hey cried the mender of roads reflectively that's true These fools know nothing While they despise your breath and would stop it for ever and ever in you or in a hundred like you rather than in one of their own horses or dogs they only know what your breath tells them Let it deceive them then a little longer it cannot deceive them too much Madame Defarge looked superciliously at the client and nodded in confirmation As to you said she you would shout and shed tears for anything if it made a show and a noise Say Would you not Truly madame I think so For the moment If you were shown a great heap of dolls and were set upon them to pluck them to pieces and despoil them for your own advantage you would pick out the richest and gayest Say Would you not Truly yes madame Yes And if you were shown a flock of birds unable to fly and were set upon them to strip them of their feathers for your own advantage you would set upon the birds of the finest feathers would you not It is true madame You have seen both dolls and birds to day said Madame Defarge with a wave of her hand towards the place where they had last been apparent now go home

XVI Still Knitting Madame Defarge and monsieur her husband returned amicably to the bosom of Saint Antoine while a speck in a blue cap toiled through the darkness and through the dust and down the weary miles of avenue by the wayside slowly tending towards that point of the compass where the chateau of Monsieur the Marquis now in his grave listened to the whispering trees Such ample leisure had the stone faces now for listening to the trees and to the fountain that the few village scarecrows who in their quest for herbs to eat and fragments of dead stick to burn strayed within sight of the great stone courtyard and terrace staircase had it borne in upon their starved fancy that the expression of the faces was altered A rumour just lived in the village had a faint and bare existence there as its people had that when the knife struck home the faces changed from faces of pride to faces of anger and pain also that when that dangling figure was hauled up forty feet above the fountain they changed again and bore a cruel look of being avenged which they would henceforth bear for ever In the stone face over the great window of the bed chamber where the murder was done two fine dints were pointed out in the sculptured nose which everybody recognised and which nobody had seen of old and on the scarce occasions when two or three ragged peasants emerged from the crowd to take a hurried peep at Monsieur the Marquis petrified a skinny finger would not have pointed to it for a minute before they all started away among the moss and leaves like the more fortunate hares who could find a living there Chateau and hut stone face and dangling figure the red stain on the stone floor and the pure water in the village well thousands of acres of land a whole province of France all France itself lay under the night sky concentrated into a faint hair breadth line So does a whole world with all its greatnesses and littlenesses lie in a twinkling star And as mere human knowledge can split a ray of light and analyse the manner of its composition so sublimer intelligences may read in the feeble shining of this earth of ours every thought and act every vice and virtue of every responsible creature on it The Defarges

husband and wife came lumbering under the starlight in their public vehicle to that gate of Paris whereunto their journey naturally tended. There was the usual stoppage at the barrier guardhouse and the usual lanterns came glancing forth for the usual examination and inquiry. Monsieur Defarge alighted, knowing one or two of the soldiery there and one of the police. The latter he was intimate with and affectionately embraced. When Saint Antoine had again enfolded the Defarges in his dusky wings and they having finally alighted near the Saint's boundaries were picking their way on foot through the black mud and offal of his streets, 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. 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." They turned into the wine shop, which was closed for it was midnight, and where Madame Defarge immediately took her post at her desk, counted the small moneys that had been taken during her absence, examined the stock, went through the entries in the book, made other entries of her own, checked the serving man in every possible way, and finally dismissed him to bed. Then she turned out the contents of the bowl of money for the second time, and began knotting them up in her handkerchief in a chain of separate knots for safe keeping through the night. All this while Defarge, with his pipe in his mouth, walked up and down, complacently admiring, but never interfering, in which condition indeed, as to the business and his domestic affairs, he walked up and down through life. The night was hot, and the shop close shut and surrounded by so foul a neighbourhood was ill smelling. Monsieur Defarge's olfactory sense was by no means delicate, but the stock of wine smelt much stronger than it ever tasted, and so did the stock of rum and brandy and aniseed. He whiffed the compound of scents away as he put down his smoked-out pipe. "You are fatigued," said Madame, raising her glance as she knotted the money. "There are only the usual odours." "I am a little tired," her husband acknowledged. "You are a little depressed, too," said Madame, whose quick eyes had never been so intent on the accounts, but they had had a ray or two for him. "Oh, the men, the men!" "But my dear," began Defarge. "But my dear," repeated Madame, nodding firmly, "but my dear, you are faint of heart to night, my dear." "Well, then," said Defarge, as if a thought were wrung out of his breast, "it is a long time." "It is a long time," repeated his wife, "and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time, it is the rule." "It does not take a long time to strike a man with lightning," said Defarge. "How long?" demanded Madame, composedly. "Does it take to make and store the lightning?" "Tell me," Defarge raised his head thoughtfully, as if there were something in that too. "It does not take a long time," said Madame, "for an earthquake to swallow a town." "Eh well, tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake." "A long time, I suppose," said Defarge. "But when it is ready, it takes place, and grinds to pieces everything before it. In the meantime, it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard. That is your consolation. Keep it." She tied a knot with flashing eyes, as if it throttled a foe. "I tell thee," said Madame, extending her right hand for emphasis, "that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell thee it never retreats and never stops. I tell thee it is always advancing. Look around and consider the lives of all the world that we know."

consider the faces of all the world that we know consider the rage and discontent to which the Jacques addresses itself with more and more of certainty every hour Can such things last Bah I mock you My brave wife returned Defarge standing before her with his head a little bent and his hands clasped at his back like a docile and attentive pupil before his catechist I do not question all this But it has lasted a long time and it is possible you know well my wife it is possible that it may not come during our lives Eh well How then demanded madame tying another knot as if there were another enemy strangled Well said Defarge with a half complaining and half apologetic shrug We shall not see the triumph We shall have helped it returned madame with her extended hand in strong action Nothing that we do is done in vain I believe with all my soul that we shall see the triumph But even if not even if I knew certainly not show me the neck of an aristocrat and tyrant and still I would Then madame with her teeth set tied a very terrible knot indeed Hold cried Defarge reddening a little as if he felt charged with cowardice I too my dear will stop at nothing Yes But it is your weakness that you sometimes need to see your victim and your opportunity to sustain you Sustain yourself without that When the time comes let loose a tiger and a devil but wait for the time with the tiger and the devil chained not shown yet always ready Madame enforced the conclusion of this piece of advice by striking her little counter with her chain of money as if she knocked its brains out and then gathering the heavy handkerchief under her arm in a serene manner and observing that it was time to go to bed Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine shop knitting away assiduously A rose lay beside her and if she now and then glanced at the flower it was with no infraction of her usual preoccupied air There were a few customers drinking or not drinking standing or seated sprinkled about The day was very hot and heaps of flies who were extending their inquisitive and adventurous perquisitions into all the glutinous little glasses near madame fell dead at the bottom Their decease made no impression on the other flies out promenading who looked at them in the coolest manner as if they themselves were elephants or something as far removed until they met the same fate Curious to consider how heedless flies are perhaps they thought as much at Court that sunny summer day 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 Marvellous cognac this madame It was the first time it had ever been so complimented and Madame Defarge knew enough of its antecedents to know better She said however that the cognac was flattered and took up her knitting The visitor watched her fingers for a few moments and took the opportunity of observing the place in general You knit with great skill madame I am accustomed to it A pretty pattern too You think so said madame looking at him with a smile Decidedly May one ask what it is for Pastime said madame still looking at him with a smile while her fingers moved nimbly Not for use That depends I may find a use for it one day If I do Well said madame drawing a breath and nodding her head with a stern kind of coquetry I ll use it It was remarkable but the taste of Saint Antoine 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 They had all
 dropped off The spy had kept his eyes open but had been able to detect no sign
 They had lounged away in a poverty stricken purposeless accidental manner quite
 natural and unimpeachable John thought madame checking off her work as
 her fingers knitted and her eyes looked at the stranger Stay long enough and
 I shall knit BARSAD before you go You have a husband madame I
 have Children No children Business seems bad
 Business is very bad the people are so poor Ah the unfortunate miserable
 people So oppressed too as you say As you say madame retorted
 correcting him and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him
 no good Pardon me certainly it was I who said so but you naturally think so
 Of course I think returned madame in a high voice I and my
 husband have enough to do to keep this wine shop open without thinking All we
 think here is how to live That is the subject we think of and it gives us
 from morning to night enough to think about without embarrassing our heads
 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 itself in his sinister face but stood with an air of gossiping
 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 and expressing an injured revolutionary susceptibility in every
 muscle of his wicked face I believe there is much compassion and anger in this
 neighbourhood touching the poor fellow Between ourselves Is there
 asked madame vacantly Is there not Here is my husband said
 Madame Defarge As the keeper of the wine shop entered at the door the spy
 saluted him by touching his hat and saying with an engaging smile Good day
 Jacques Defarge stopped short and stared at him Good day Jacques the
 spy repeated with not quite so much confidence or quite so easy a smile under the
 stare You deceive yourself monsieur returned the keeper of the wine shop
 You mistake me for another That is not my name I am Ernest Defarge It is
 all the same said the spy airily but discomfited too good day
 Good day answered Defarge drily I was saying to madame with whom I had
 the pleasure of chatting when you entered that they tell me there is and no
 wonder much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine touching the unhappy fate of
 poor Gaspard No one has told me so said Defarge shaking his head I
 know nothing of it Having said it he passed behind the little counter and
 stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair looking over that barrier at
 the person to whom they were both opposed and whom either of them would have shot
 with the greatest satisfaction The spy well used to his business did not change
 his unconscious attitude but drained his little glass of cognac took a sip of
 fresh water and asked for another glass of cognac Madame Defarge poured it out
 for him took to her knitting again and hummed a little song over it You seem
 to know this quarter well that is to say better than I do observed Defarge
 Not at all but I hope to know it better I am so profoundly interested in its
 miserable inhabitants Hah muttered Defarge The pleasure of
 conversing with you Monsieur Defarge recalls to me pursued the spy that
 I have the honour of cherishing some interesting associations with your name
 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 and warbled 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 You don't hear much
about them now said the spy No said Defarge In effect madame
struck in looking up from her work and her little song we never hear about
them We received the news of their safe arrival and perhaps another letter or
perhaps two but since then they have gradually taken their road in life we
ours and we have held no correspondence Perfectly so madame replied
the spy She is going to be married Going echoed madame She was
pretty enough to have been married long ago You English are cold it seems to me
Oh You know I am English I perceive your tongue is returned madame
and what the tongue is I suppose the man is He did not take the
identification as a compliment but he made the best of it and turned it off with
a laugh After sipping his cognac to the end he added Yes Miss Manette is
going to be married But not to an Englishman 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 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 Ma
amselle 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 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 come answered madame I have them both
here of a certainty and they are both here for their merits that is enough
She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words and presently took the
rose out of the handkerchief that was wound about her head Either Saint Antoine
had an instinctive sense that the objectionable decoration was gone or Saint
Antoine was on the watch for its disappearance howbeit the Saint took courage to
lounge in very shortly afterwards and the wine shop recovered its habitual aspect
In the evening at which season of all others Saint Antoine turned himself inside
out and sat on door steps and window ledges and came to the corners of vile
streets and courts for a breath of air Madame Defarge with her work in her hand
was accustomed to pass from place to place and from group to group a Missionary
there were many like her such as the world will do well never to breed again All
the women knitted They knitted worthless things but the mechanical work was a
mechanical substitute for eating and drinking the hands moved for the jaws and the
digestive apparatus if the bony fingers had been still the stomachs would have
been more famine pinched But as the fingers went the eyes went and the

thoughts And as Madame Defarge moved on from group to group all three went quicker and fiercer among every little knot of women that she had spoken with and left behind Her husband smoked at his door looking after her with admiration A great woman said he a strong woman a grand woman a frightfully grand woman Darkness closed around and then came the ringing of church bells and the distant beating of the military drums in the Palace Courtyard as the women sat knitting knitting Darkness encompassed them Another darkness was closing in as surely when the church bells then ringing pleasantly in many an airy steeple over France should be melted into thundering cannon when the military drums should be beating to drown a wretched voice that night all potent as the voice of Power and Plenty Freedom and Life So much was closing in about the women who sat knitting knitting that they their very selves were closing in around a structure yet unbuilt where they were to sit knitting knitting counting dropping heads

XVII 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 In the sad moonlight she clasped him by the neck and laid her face upon his breast In the moonlight which is always sad as the light of the sun itself is as the light called human life is at its coming and its going Dearest dear Can you tell me this last time that you feel quite quite sure no new affections of mine and no new duties of mine will ever interpose between us I know it well but do you know it In your own heart do you feel quite certain Her father answered with a cheerful firmness of conviction he could scarcely have assumed Quite sure my darling More than that he added as he tenderly kissed her my future is far brighter Lucie seen through your marriage than it could have been nay than it ever was without it If I could hope that my father Believe it love Indeed it is so Consider how natural and how plain it is my dear that it should be so You devoted and young cannot fully appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted She moved her hand towards his lips but he took it in his and repeated the word wasted my child should not be wasted struck aside from the natural order of things for my sake Your unselfishness cannot entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this but only ask yourself how could my happiness be perfect while yours was incomplete If I had never seen Charles my father I should have been quite happy with you He smiled at her unconscious admission that she would have been unhappy without Charles having seen him and replied My child you did see him and it is Charles If it had not been Charles it would have been another 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 It was the first time except at the trial of her ever hearing him refer to the period of his suffering It gave her a strange and new sensation while his words were in her ears and she remembered it long afterwards See said the Doctor of Beauvais raising his hand towards the moon I have looked at her from my prison window when I could not bear her light I have looked at her when it has been such torture to me to

think of her shining upon what I had lost that I have beaten my head against my prison walls I have looked at her in a state so dull and lethargic that I have thought of nothing but the number of horizontal lines I could draw across her at the full and the number of perpendicular lines with which I could intersect them He added in his inward and pondering manner as he looked at the moon It was twenty either way I remember and the twentieth was difficult to squeeze in The strange thrill with which she heard him go back to that time deepened as he dwelt upon it but there was nothing to shock her in the manner of his reference He only seemed to contrast his present cheerfulness and felicity with the dire endurance that was over I have looked at her speculating thousands of times upon the unborn child from whom I had been rent Whether it was alive Whether it had been born alive or the poor mother's shock had killed it Whether it was a son who would some day avenge his father There was a time in my imprisonment when my desire for vengeance was unbearable Whether it was a son who would never know his father's story who might even live to weigh the possibility of his father's having disappeared of his own will and act Whether it was a daughter who would grow to be a woman She drew closer to him and kissed his cheek and his hand I have pictured my daughter to myself as perfectly forgetful of me rather altogether ignorant of me and unconscious of me I have cast up the years of her age year after year I have seen her married to a man who knew nothing of my fate I have altogether perished from the remembrance of the living and in the next generation my place was a blank My father Even to hear that you had such thoughts of a daughter who never existed strikes to my heart as if I had been that child You Lucie It is out of the Consolation and restoration you have brought to me that these remembrances arise and pass between us and the moon on this last night What did I say just now She knew nothing of you She cared nothing for you So But on other moonlight nights when the sadness and the silence have touched me in a different way have affected me with something as like a sorrowful sense of peace as any emotion that had pain for its foundations could I have imagined her as coming to me in my cell and leading me out into the freedom beyond the fortress I have seen her image in the moonlight often as I now see you except that I never held her in my arms it stood between the little grated window and the door But you understand that that was not the child I am speaking of The figure was not the the image the fancy No That was another thing It stood before my disturbed sense of sight but it never moved The phantom that my mind pursued was another and more real child Of her outward appearance I know no more than that she was like her mother The other had that likeness too as you have but was not the same Can you follow me Lucie Hardly I think I doubt you must have been a solitary prisoner to understand these perplexed distinctions His collected and calm manner could not prevent her blood from running cold as he thus tried to anatomise his old condition In that more peaceful state I have imagined her in the moonlight coming to me and taking me out to show me that the home of her married life was full of her loving remembrance of her lost father My picture was in her room and I was in her prayers Her life was active cheerful useful but my poor history pervaded it all I was that child my father I was not half so good but in my love that was I And she showed me her children said the Doctor of Beauvais and they had heard of me and had been taught to pity me When they passed a prison of the State they kept far from its frowning walls and looked up at its bars and spoke in whispers She could never deliver me I imagined that she always brought me back after showing me such things But then blessed with the relief of tears I fell upon my knees and blessed her I am that child I hope my father O my dear my dear will you bless me as fervently to-morrow Lucie I recall these old troubles in the reason that I have to-night for loving you better than words can tell and thanking God for my great happiness My thoughts when they were wildest never rose near the happiness that I have known with you and that we have before us He embraced her solemnly commended her to Heaven and humbly thanked Heaven for having bestowed her on him By and bye 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 formerly belonging to the apocryphal invisible lodger 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 and put her lips to his then leaned over him and looked at him Into his handsome face the bitter waters of captivity had worn but he covered up their tracks with a determination so strong that he held the mastery of them even in his sleep A more remarkable face in its quiet resolute and guarded struggle with an unseen assailant was not to be beheld in all the wide dominions of sleep that night She timidly laid her hand on his dear breast and put up a prayer that she might ever be as true to him as her love aspired to be and as his sorrows deserved Then she withdrew her hand and kissed his lips once more 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 XVIII 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 reconciliation 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 though upon my honour I had no intention of rendering those trifling articles of remembrance invisible to any one Dear me This is an occasion that makes a man speculate on all he has lost Dear dear dear To think that there might have been a Mrs Lorry any time these fifty years almost Not at all From Miss Pross You think there never might have been a Mrs Lorry asked the gentleman of that name Pooh rejoined Miss Pross you were a bachelor in your cradle Well observed Mr Lorry beamingly adjusting his little wig that seems probable too And you were cut out for a bachelor pursued Miss Pross before you were put in your cradle Then I think said Mr Lorry that I was very unhandsomely dealt with and that I ought to have had a voice in the selection of my pattern Enough Now my dear Lucie drawing his arm soothingly round her waist I hear them moving in the next room and Miss Pross and I 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 he comes to

join you and your beloved husband 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 which had not been the case when they went in together that no vestige of colour 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 down stairs to the chariot which Mr Lorry had hired in honour of the day. The rest followed in another carriage and soon in a neighbouring 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 were 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 observed a great change to have come over the Doctor as if the golden arm uplifted there had struck him a poisoned blow. 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 up stairs Mr Lorry was reminded of Defarge the wine shop 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. O me O 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 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 He looked up for an instant at a time when he was requested to do so but no persuasion would extract a word from him He worked and worked and worked in silence and words fell on him as they would have fallen on an echoless wall or on the air The only ray of hope that Mr Lorry could discover was that he sometimes furtively looked up without being asked In that there seemed a faint expression of curiosity or perplexity as though he were trying to reconcile some doubts in his mind 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 In the hope of his recovery and of resort to this third course being thereby rendered practicable Mr Lorry resolved to watch him attentively with as little appearance as possible of doing so He therefore made arrangements to absent himself from Tellson's for the first time in his life and took his post by the window in the same room He was not long in discovering that it was worse than useless to speak to him since on being pressed he became worried He abandoned that attempt on the first day and resolved merely to keep himself always before him as a silent protest against the delusion into which he had fallen or was falling He remained therefore

in his seat near the window reading and writing and expressing in as many pleasant and natural ways as he could think of that it was a free place Doctor Manette took what was given him to eat and drink and worked on that first day until it was too dark to see worked on half an hour after Mr Lorry could not have seen for his life to read or write When he put his tools aside as useless until morning Mr Lorry rose and said to him Will you go out He looked down at the floor on either side of him in the old manner looked up in the old manner and repeated in the old low voice Out Yes for a walk with me Why not He made no effort to say why not and said not a word more But Mr Lorry thought he saw as he leaned forward on his bench in the dusk with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands that he was in some misty way asking himself Why not The sagacity of the man of business perceived an advantage here and determined to hold it 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 On this second day Mr Lorry saluted him cheerfully by his name and spoke to him on topics that had been of late familiar to them He returned no reply but it was evident that he heard what was said and that he thought about it however confusedly This encouraged Mr Lorry to have Miss Pross in with her work several times during the day at those times they quietly spoke of Lucie and of her father then present precisely in the usual manner and as if there were nothing amiss This was done without any demonstrative accompaniment not long enough or often enough to harass him and it lightened Mr Lorry's friendly heart to believe that he looked up oftener and that he appeared to be stirred by some perception of inconsistencies surrounding him When it fell dark again Mr Lorry asked him as before Dear Doctor will you go out As before he repeated Out Yes for a walk with me Why not This time Mr Lorry feigned to go out when he could extract no answer from him and after remaining absent for an hour returned In the meanwhile the Doctor had removed to the seat in the window and had sat there looking down at the plane tree but on Mr Lorry's return he

slipped away to his bench. 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, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth. 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.

XIX. 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. Even when he had satisfied himself that he was awake, Mr. Lorry felt giddily uncertain for some few moments whether the late shoemaking might not be a disturbed dream of his own, for did not his eyes show him his friend before him in his accustomed clothing and aspect, and employed as usual, and was there any sign within their range, that the change of which he had so strong an impression had actually happened? It was but the inquiry of his first confusion and astonishment, the answer being obvious. If the impression were not produced by a real corresponding and sufficient cause, how came he, Jarvis Lorry, there? How came he to have fallen asleep in his clothes, on the sofa in Doctor Manette's consulting room, and to be debating these points outside the Doctor's bedroom door in the early morning? Within a few minutes, Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. If he had had any particle of doubt left, her talk would of necessity have resolved it, but he was by that time clear-headed, and had none. He advised that they should let the time go by until the regular breakfast hour, and should then meet the Doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred. 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. Having abundance of time for his usual methodical toilette, Mr. Lorry presented himself at the breakfast hour in his usual white linen, and with his usual neat leg. 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 discoloured 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," said Mr. Lorry. "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 the case of a shock under which the sufferer was borne down one cannot say for how long because I believe he cannot calculate the time himself and there are no other means of getting at it It is the case of a shock from which the sufferer recovered by a process that he cannot trace himself as I once heard him publicly relate in a striking manner It is the case of a shock from which he has recovered so completely as to be a highly intelligent man capable of close application of mind and great exertion of body and of constantly making fresh additions to his stock of knowledge which was already very large 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 I do not possess the kind of information necessary I do not possess the kind of intelligence I want guiding 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 Is there danger of another Could a repetition of it be prevented How should a repetition of it be treated How does it come about at all What can I do for my friend No man ever can have been more desirous in his heart to serve a friend than I am to serve mine if I knew how But I don't know how to originate in such a case If your sagacity knowledge and experience could put me on the right track

I might be able to do so much unenlightened and undirected I can do so little 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 You have no idea how such an apprehension weighs on the sufferer's mind and how difficult how almost impossible it is for him to force himself to utter a word upon the topic that oppresses him Would he asked Mr Lorry be sensibly relieved if he could prevail upon himself to impart that secret brooding to any one when it is on him I think so But it is as I have told you next to impossible I even believe it in some cases to be quite impossible 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 As it pleased Heaven in its mercy to restore him so soon I should

have great hope He yielding under the pressure of a complicated something long dreaded and long vaguely foreseen and contended against and recovering after the cloud had burst and passed 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 There are two other points said Mr Lorry on which I am anxious to be instructed I may go on You cannot do your friend a better service The Doctor gave him his hand To the first then He is of a studious habit and unusually energetic he applies himself with great ardour to the acquisition of professional knowledge to the conducting of experiments to many things Now does he do too much I think not It may be the character of his mind to be always in singular need of occupation That may be in part natural to it in part the result of affliction The less it was occupied with healthy things the more it would be in danger of turning in the unhealthy direction He may have observed himself and made the discovery You are sure that he is not under too great a strain I think I am quite sure of it My dear Manette if he were overworked now My dear Lorry I doubt if that could easily be There has been a violent stress in one direction and it needs a counterweight Excuse me as a persistent man of business Assuming for a moment that he was overworked it would show itself in some renewal of this disorder I do not think so I do not think said Doctor Manette with the firmness of self conviction that anything but the one train of association would renew it I think that henceforth nothing but some extraordinary jarring of that chord could renew it After what has happened and after his recovery I find it difficult to imagine any such violent sounding of that string again I trust and I almost believe that the circumstances likely to renew it are exhausted He spoke with the diffidence of a man who knew how slight a thing would upset the delicate organisation of the mind and yet with the confidence of a man who had slowly won his assurance out of personal endurance and distress It was not for his friend to abate that confidence He professed himself more relieved and encouraged than he really was and approached his second and last point He felt it to be the most difficult of all but remembering his old Sunday morning conversation with Miss Pross and remembering what he had seen in the last nine days he knew that he must face it 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 there he shook his head and stopped You see said Doctor Manette turning to him after an uneasy pause it is very hard to explain consistently the innermost workings of this poor man s mind He once yearned so frightfully for that occupation and it was so welcome when it came no doubt it relieved his pain so much by substituting the perplexity of the fingers for the perplexity of the brain and by substituting as he became more practised the ingenuity of the hands for the ingenuity of the mental torture that he has never been able to bear the thought of putting it quite out of his reach Even now when I believe he is more hopeful of himself than he has ever been and even speaks of himself with a kind of confidence the idea that he might need that old employment and not find it gives him a sudden sense of terror like that which one may fancy strikes to the heart of a lost child He looked like his illustration as he raised his eyes to Mr Lorry s face But may not mind I ask for information as a plodding man of business who only deals with such material objects as guineas shillings and bank notes may not the retention of the thing involve the retention of the idea If the thing were gone my dear

Manette might not the fear go with it In short is it not a concession to the misgiving to keep the forge 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 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 XX A Plea When the newly married pair came home the first person who appeared to offer his congratulations was Sydney Carton They had not been at home many hours when he presented himself He was not improved in habits or in looks or in manner but there was a certain rugged air of fidelity about him which was new to the observation of Charles Darnay He watched his opportunity of taking Darnay aside into a window and of speaking to him when no one overheard Mr Darnay said Carton I wish we might be friends We are already friends I hope You are good enough to say so as a fashion of speech but I don't mean any fashion of speech Indeed when I say I wish we might be friends I scarcely mean quite that either

Charles Darnay as was natural asked him in all good humour and good fellowship what he did mean Upon my life said Carton smiling I find that easier to comprehend in my own mind than to convey to yours However let me try You remember a certain famous occasion when I was more drunk than than usual I remember a certain famous occasion when you forced me to confess that you had been drinking I remember it too The curse of those occasions is heavy upon me for I always remember them I hope it may be taken into account one day when all days are at an end for me Don't be alarmed I am not going to preach I am not at all alarmed Earnestness in you is anything but alarming to me Ah said Carton with a careless wave of his hand as if he waved that away On the drunken occasion in question one of a large number as you know I was insufferable about liking you and not liking you I wish you would forget it I forgot it long ago Fashion of speech again But Mr Darnay oblivion is not so easy to me as you represent it to be to you I have by no means forgotten it and a light answer does not help me to forget it If it was a light answer returned Darnay I beg your forgiveness for it I had no other object than to turn a slight thing which to my surprise seems to trouble you too much aside I declare to you on the faith of a gentleman that I have long dismissed it from my mind Good Heaven what was there to dismiss Have I had nothing more important to remember in the great service you rendered me that day As to the great service said Carton I am bound to avow to you when you speak of it in that way that it was mere professional claptrap I don't know that I cared what became of you when I rendered it Mind I say when I rendered it I am

speaking of the past You make light of the obligation returned Darnay
but I will not quarrel with your light answer Genuine truth Mr Darnay
trust me I have gone aside from my purpose I was speaking about our being friends
Now you know me you know I am incapable of all the higher and better flights of
men If you doubt it ask Stryver and he ll tell you so I prefer to form
my own opinion without the aid of his Well At any rate you know me as a
dissolute dog who has never done any good and never will I don t know
that you never will But I do and you must take my word for it Well If
you could endure to have such a worthless fellow and a fellow of such indifferent
reputation coming and going at odd times I should ask that I might be permitted
to come and go as a privileged person here that I might be regarded as an useless
and I would add if it were not for the resemblance I detected between you and me
an unornamental piece of furniture tolerated for its old service and taken no
notice of I doubt if I should abuse the permission It is a hundred to one if I
should avail myself of it four times in a year It would satisfy me I dare say to
know that I had it Will you try That is another way of saying that
I am placed on the footing I have indicated I thank you Darnay I may use that
freedom with your name I think so Carton by this time They shook
hands upon it and Sydney turned away Within a minute afterwards he was to all
outward appearance as unsubstantial as ever When he was gone and in the course
of an evening passed with Miss Pross the Doctor and Mr Lorry Charles Darnay
made some mention of this conversation in general terms and spoke of Sydney Carton
as a problem of carelessness and recklessness He spoke of him in short not
bitterly or meaning to bear hard upon him but as anybody might who saw him as he
showed himself He had no idea that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair
young wife but when he afterwards joined her in their own rooms he found her
waiting for him with the old pretty lifting of the forehead strongly marked We
are thoughtful to night said Darnay drawing his arm about her Yes
dearest Charles with her hands on his breast and the inquiring and attentive
expression fixed upon him we are rather thoughtful to night for we have
something on our mind to night What is it my Lucie Will you
promise not to press one question on me if I beg you not to ask it Will I
promise What will I not promise to my Love What indeed with his hand
putting aside the golden hair from the cheek and his other hand against the heart
that beat for him I think Charles poor Mr Carton deserves more
consideration and respect than you expressed for him to night Indeed my
own Why so That is what you are not to ask me But I think I know he
does If you know it it is enough What would you have me do my Life
I would ask you dearest to be very generous with him always and very lenient on
his faults when he is not by I would ask you to believe that he has a heart he
very very seldom reveals and that there are deep wounds in it My dear I have
seen it bleeding It is a painful reflection to me said Charles Darnay
quite astounded that I should have done him any wrong I never thought this of
him My husband it is so I fear he is not to be reclaimed there is
scarcely a hope that anything in his character or fortunes is reparable now But I
am sure that he is capable of good things gentle things even magnanimous things
She looked so beautiful in the purity of her faith in this lost man that her
husband could have looked at her as she was for hours And O my dearest Love
she urged clinging nearer to him laying her head upon his breast and raising her
eyes to his remember how strong we are in our happiness and how weak he is in
his misery The supplication touched him home I will always remember it
dear Heart I will remember it as long as I live He bent over the golden head
and put the rosy lips to his and folded her in his arms If one forlorn wanderer
then pacing the dark streets could have heard her innocent disclosure and could
have seen the drops of pity kissed away by her husband from the soft blue eyes so
loving of that husband he might have cried to the night and the words would not
have parted from his lips for the first time God bless her for her sweet
compassion XXI 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 At first there were times though she was a perfectly happy young wife when her work would slowly fall from her hands and her eyes would be dimmed For there was something coming in the echoes something light afar off and scarcely audible yet that stirred her heart too much Fluttering hopes and doubts hopes of a love as yet unknown to her doubts of her remaining upon earth to enjoy that new delight divided her breast Among the echoes then there would arise the sound of footsteps at her own early grave and thoughts of the husband who would be left so desolate and who would mourn for her so much swelled to her eyes and broke like waves That 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 to whom in her trouble she had confided hers 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 Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest they were not harsh nor cruel Even when golden hair like her own lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy and he said with a radiant smile Dear papa and mamma I am very sorry to leave you both and to leave my pretty sister but I am called and I must go those were not tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been entrusted to it Suffer them and forbid them not They see my Father's face O Father blessed words Thus the rustling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes and they were not wholly of earth but had in them that breath of Heaven Sighs of the winds that blew over a little garden tomb were mingled with them also and both were audible to Lucie in a hushed murmur like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore as the little Lucie comically studious at the task of the morning or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool chattered in the tongues of the Two Cities that were blended in her life 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 has 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 The little boy had spoken of him almost at the last Poor Carton Kiss him for me Mr Stryver shouldered his way through the law like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water and dragged his useful friend in his wake like a boat towed astern As the boat so favoured is usually in a rough plight and mostly under water so Sydney had a swamped life of it But easy and strong custom unhappily so much easier and stronger in him than any stimulating sense of desert or disgrace made it the life he was to lead and he no more thought of emerging from his state of lion's jackal than any real jackal may be supposed to think of rising to be a lion Stryver was rich had married a florid widow with property and three boys who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads These three young gentlemen Mr Stryver exuding patronage of the most offensive

quality from every pore had walked before him like three sheep to the quiet corner in Soho and had offered as pupils to Lucie's husband delicately saying Halloo here are three lumps of bread and cheese towards your matrimonial picnic Darnay The polite rejection of the three lumps of bread and cheese had quite bloated Mr Stryver with indignation which he afterwards turned to account in the training of the young gentlemen by directing them to beware of the pride of Beggars like that tutor fellow He was also in the habit of declaiming to Mrs Stryver over his full bodied wine on the arts Mrs Darnay had once put in practice to catch him and on the diamond cut diamond arts in himself madam which had rendered him not to be caught Some of his King's Bench familiars who were occasionally parties to the full bodied wine and the lie excused him for the latter by saying that he had told it so often that he believed it himself which is surely such an incorrigible aggravation of an originally bad offence as to justify any such offender's being carried off to some suitably retired spot and there hanged out of the way These were among the echoes to which Lucie sometimes pensive sometimes amused and laughing listened in the echoing corner until her little daughter was six years old How near to her heart the echoes of her child's tread came and those of her own dear father's always active and self possessed and those of her dear husband's need not be told Nor how the lightest echo of their united home directed by herself with such a wise and elegant thrift that it was more abundant than any waste was music to her Nor how there were echoes all about her sweet in her ears of the many times her father had told her that he found her more devoted to him married if that could be than single and of the many times her husband had said to her that no cares and duties seemed to divide her love for him or her help to him and asked her What is the magic secret my darling of your being everything to all of us as if there were only one of us yet never seeming to be hurried or to have too much to do 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 Some of us at Tellson's are getting old and we really can't be troubled out of the ordinary course without due occasion Still said Darnay you know how gloomy and threatening the sky is I know that to be sure assented Mr Lorry trying to persuade himself that his sweet temper was soured and that he grumbled but I am determined to be peevish after my long day's botheration Where is Manette Here he is said the Doctor entering the dark room at the moment I am quite glad you are at home for these hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long have made me nervous without reason You are not going out I hope No I am going to play backgammon with you if you like said the Doctor I don't think I do like if I may speak my mind I am not fit to be pitted against you to night Is the teaboard 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 I don't know why anything should be otherwise than safe and well here thank God but I have been so put out all day and I am not as young as I was My tea my dear Thank ye 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 laboured 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 axe 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 bye 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 began 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 waggonloads of wet straw hard work at neighbouring 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 lowered drawbridge past the massive stone outer walls in among the eight great towers surrendered So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf at the South Sea until he was landed in the outer courtyard of the Bastille There against an angle of a wall he made a struggle to look about him Jacques Three was nearly at his side Madame Defarge still heading some of her women was visible in the inner distance and her knife was in her hand Everywhere was tumult exultation deafening and maniacal bewilderment astounding noise yet furious dumb show

The Prisoners	The Records	The
secret cells	The instruments of torture	The Prisoners
Of all		

these cries and ten thousand incoherences The 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 with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men a man with a grey head who had a lighted torch in his hand separated him from the rest and got him between himself and the wall Show me the North Tower said Defarge Quick I will faithfully replied the man if you will come with me But there is no one there What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five North Tower asked Defarge Quick The meaning monsieur Does it mean a captive or a place of captivity Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead Kill him croaked Jacques Three who had come close up Monsieur it is a cell Show it me Pass this way then Jacques Three with his usual craving on him and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another even then so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean in its irruption into the Fortress and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases All around outside too it beat the walls with a deep hoarse roar from which occasionally some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone past hideous doors of dark dens and cages down cavernous flights of steps and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick more like dry waterfalls than staircases Defarge the turnkey and Jacques Three linked hand and arm went with all the speed they could make Here and there especially at first the inundation started on them and swept by but when they had done descending and were winding and climbing up a tower they were alone Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull subdued way as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing The turnkey stopped at a low door put a key in a clashing lock swung the door slowly open and said as they all bent their heads and passed in One hundred and five North Tower There was a small heavily grated unglazed window high in the wall with a stone screen before it so that the sky could be 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 was 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 Alexandre 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 prised 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 Hotel 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 grey coat and red decoration there was but one quite steady figure and that was a woman s See there is my husband she cried pointing him out See Defarge She stood immovable close to the grim old officer and remained immovable close to him remained immovable close to him through the streets as Defarge and 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 The hour was come when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps to show what he could be and do Saint Antoine s blood was up and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down down on the steps of the Hotel de Ville where the governor s body lay down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation Lower the lamp yonder cried Saint Antoine after glaring round for a new means of death here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard The swinging sentinel was posted and the sea rushed on The sea of black and threatening waters and of destructive upheaving of wave against wave whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes voices of vengeance and faces hardened in the furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them But in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life there were two groups of faces each seven in number so fixedly contrasting with the rest that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it Seven faces of prisoners suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb were carried high overhead all scared all lost all wondering and amazed as if the Last Day were come and

those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits Other seven faces there were carried higher seven dead faces whose drooping eyelids and half seen eyes awaited the Last Day Impassive faces yet with a suspended not an abolished expression on them faces rather in a fearful pause as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes and bear witness with the bloodless lips THOU DIDST IT Seven prisoners released seven gory heads on pikes the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time long dead of broken hearts such and such like the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid July one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine Now Heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie 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 XXII The Sea Still Rises Haggard Saint Antoine had had only one exultant week in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread to such extent as he could with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations when Madame Defarge sat at her counter as usual presiding over the customers Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head for the great brotherhood of Spies had become even in one short week extremely chary of trusting themselves to the saint's mercies The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them Madame Defarge with her arms folded sat in the morning light and heat contemplating the wine shop and the street In both there were several knots of loungers squalid and miserable but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress The raggedest nightcap awry on the wretchedest head had this crooked significance in it I know how hard it has grown for me the wearer of this to support life in myself but do you know how easy it has grown for me the wearer of this to destroy life in you Every lean bare arm that had been without work before had this work always ready for it now that it could strike The fingers of the knitting women were vicious with the experience that they could tear There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine the image had been hammering into this for hundreds of years and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression Madame Defarge sat observing it with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women One of her sisterhood knitted beside her The short rather plump wife of a starved grocer and the mother of two children withal this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance Hark said The Vengeance Listen then Who comes As if a train of powder laid from the outermost bound of Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine shop door had been suddenly fired a fast spreading murmur came rushing along It is Defarge said madame Silence patriots Defarge came in breathless pulled off a red cap he wore and looked around him Listen everywhere said madame again Listen to him Defarge stood panting against a background of eager eyes and open mouths formed outside the door all those within the wine shop had sprung to their feet Say then my husband What is it News from the other world How then cried madame contemptuously The other world Does everybody here recall old Foulon who told the famished people that they might eat grass and who died and went to Hell Everybody from all throats The news is of him He is among us Among us from the universal throat again And dead Not dead He feared us so much and with reason that he caused himself to be represented as dead and had a grand mock funeral But they have found him alive hiding in the country and have brought him in I have seen him but now on his way to the Hotel de Ville a prisoner I have said that he had reason to fear us Say all Had he reason Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten if he had never known it yet he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry A moment of profound silence followed Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another The Vengeance stooped and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter Patriots said Defarge in a determined voice are we ready Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle the drum was beating in the streets as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic and The Vengeance uttering terrific shrieks and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once was tearing from house to house rousing the women The men were terrible in the bloody minded anger with which they looked from windows caught up what arms they had and came pouring down into the streets but the women were a sight to chill the boldest From such household occupations as their bare poverty yielded from their children from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked they ran out with streaming hair urging one another and themselves to madness with the wildest cries and actions Villain Foulon taken my sister Old Foulon taken my mother Miscreant Foulon taken my daughter Then a score of others ran into the midst of these beating their breasts tearing their hair and screaming Foulon alive Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass Foulon who told my old father that he might

eat grass when I had no bread to give him Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass when these breasts were dry with want O mother of God this Foulon O Heaven our suffering Hear me my dead baby and my withered father I swear on my knees on these stones to avenge you on Foulon Husbands and brothers and young men Give us the blood of Foulon Give us the head of Foulon Give us the heart of Foulon Give us the body and soul of Foulon Rend Foulon to pieces and dig him into the ground that grass may grow from him With these cries numbers of the women lashed into blind frenzy whirled about striking and tearing at their own friends until they dropped into a passionate swoon and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled under foot Nevertheless not a moment was lost not a moment This Foulon was at the Hotel de Ville and might be loosed Never if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings insults and wrongs Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast and drew even these last dregs after them with such a force of suction that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children No They were all by that time choking the Hall of Examination where this old man ugly and wicked was and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets The Defarges husband and wife The Vengeance and Jacques Three were in the first press and at no great distance from him in the Hall See cried madame pointing with her knife See the old villain bound with ropes That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back Ha ha That was well done Let him eat it now Madame put her knife under her arm and clapped her hands as at a play The people immediately behind Madame Defarge explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them and those again explaining to others and those to others the neighbouring streets resounded with the clapping of hands Similarly during two or three hours of drawl and the winnowing of many bushels of words Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up with marvellous quickness at a distance the more readily because certain men who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows knew Madame Defarge well and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building At length the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray as of hope or protection directly down upon the old prisoner's head The favour was too much to bear in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long went to the winds and Saint Antoine had got him It was known directly to the furthest confines of the crowd Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall like birds of prey from their high perches when the cry seemed to go up all over the city Bring him out Bring him to the lamp Down and up and head foremost on the steps of the building now on his knees now on his feet now on his back dragged and struck at and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands torn bruised panting bleeding yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy now full of vehement agony of action with a small clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see now a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung and there Madame Defarge let him go as a cat might have done to a mouse and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready and while he besought her the women passionately screeching

at him all the time and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth Once he went aloft and the rope broke and they caught him shrieking twice he went aloft and the rope broke and they caught him shrieking then the rope was merciful and held him and his head was soon upon a pike with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of Nor was this the end of the day's bad work for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up that it boiled again on hearing when the day closed in that the son in law of the despatched another of the people's enemies and insulters was

coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong in cavalry alone Saint Antoine wrote his crimes on flaring sheets of paper seized him would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company set his head and heart on pikes and carried the three spoils of the day in Wolf procession through the streets Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children wailing and breadless Then the miserable bakers shops were beset by long files of them patiently waiting to buy bad bread and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty they beguiled the time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day and achieving them again in gossip Gradually these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away and then poor lights began to shine in high windows and slender fires were made in the streets at which neighbours cooked in common afterwards supping at their doors Scanty and insufficient suppers those and innocent of meat as of most other sauce to wretched bread Yet human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them Fathers and mothers who had had their full share in the worst of the day played gently with their meagre children and lovers with such a world around them and before them loved and hoped It was almost morning when Defarge's wine shop parted with its last knot of customers and Monsieur Defarge said to madame his wife in husky tones while fastening the door At last it is come my dear Eh well returned madame Almost Saint Antoine slept the Defarges slept even The Vengeance slept with her starved grocer and the drum was at rest The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine that blood and hurry had not changed The Vengeance as custodian of the drum could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastille fell or old Foulon was seized not so with the hoarse tones of the men and women in Saint Antoine's bosom

XXIII Fire Rises

There was a change on the village where the fountain fell and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body together The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore there were soldiers to guard it but not many there were officers to guard the soldiers but not one of them knew what his men would do beyond this that it would probably not be what he was ordered Far and wide lay a ruined country yielding nothing but desolation Every green leaf every blade of grass and blade of grain was as shrivelled and poor as the miserable people Everything was bowed down dejected oppressed and broken Habitations fences domesticated animals men women children and the soil that bore them all worn out Monseigneur often a most worthy individual gentleman was a national blessing gave a chivalrous tone to things was a polite example of luxurious and shining life and a great deal more to equal purpose nevertheless Monseigneur as a class had somehow or other brought things to this Strange that Creation designed expressly for Monseigneur should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out There must be something short sighted in the eternal arrangements surely Thus it was however and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flints and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable But this was not the change on the village and on many a village like it For scores of years gone by Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasures of the chase now found in hunting the people now found in hunting the beasts for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of barbarous and barren wilderness No The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste rather than in the disappearance of the high caste chiselled and otherwise beautified and beautifying features of Monseigneur For in these times as the mender of roads worked solitary in the dust not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it in these times as he raised his eyes from his lonely labour and viewed the prospect he would see some rough figure approaching on foot the like of which was once a rarity in those parts but

was now a frequent presence. As it advanced the mender of roads would discern without surprise that it was a shaggy haired man of almost barbarian aspect tall in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads grim rough swart steeped in the mud and dust of many highways dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many byways through woods. Such a man came upon him like a ghost at noon in the July weather as he sat on his heap of stones under a bank taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail. The man looked at him looked at the village in the hollow at the mill and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what benighted mind he had he said in a dialect that was just intelligible.

How goes it Jacques All well Jacques Touch then They joined hands and the man sat down on the heap of stones No dinner Nothing but supper now said the mender of roads with a hungry face It is the fashion growled the man I meet no dinner anywhere He took out a blackened pipe filled it lighted it with flint and steel pulled at it until it was in a bright glow then suddenly held it from him and dropped something into it from between his finger and thumb that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

Touch then 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 pigmy 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 See returned the mender of roads with extended finger You go down here and straight through the street and past the fountain To the Devil with all that interrupted the other rolling his eye over the landscape.

I go through no streets and past no fountains. Well Well About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village Good When do you 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.

As the road mender plied his dusty labour and the hail clouds rolling away revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape the little man who wore a red cap now in place of his blue one seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. His eyes were so often turned towards it that he used his tools mechanically and one would have said to very poor account. The bronze face the shaggy black hair and beard the coarse woollen red cap the rough medley dress of home spun stuff and hairy skins of beasts the powerful frame attenuated by spare living and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep inspired the mender of roads with awe.

The traveller had travelled far and his feet were footsore and his ankles chafed and bleeding his great shoes stuffed with leaves and grass had been heavy to drag over the many long leagues and his clothes were chafed into holes as he himself was into sores.

Stooping down beside him the road mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or where not but in vain for he slept with his arms crossed upon him and set as resolutely as his lips. Fortified towns with their stockades guard houses gates trenches and drawbridges seemed to the mender of roads to be so much air as against this figure.

And when he lifted his eyes from it to the horizon and looked around he saw in his small fancy similar figures stopped by no obstacle tending to centres all over France.

The man slept on indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness to sunshine on his face and shadow to the paltering lumps of dull ice on his body and the diamonds into which the sun changed them until the sun was low in the west and the sky was glowing.

Then the mender of roads having got his tools together and all things ready to go down into the village roused him.

Good said the sleeper rising on his elbow Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill About About Good The

mender of roads went home with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind 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 house top 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 who kept the keys of the church that there might be need to ring the tocsin by and bye The night deepened The trees environing the old chateau keeping its solitary state apart moved in a rising wind as though they threatened the pile of building massive and dark in the gloom Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly and beat at the great door like a swift messenger rousing those within uneasy rushes of wind went through the hall among the old spears and knives and passed lamenting up the stairs and shook the curtains of the bed where the last Marquis had slept 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 chateau 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 a saddling of a horse and riding away There was spurring and splashing through the darkness and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door Help Gabelle Help every one The tocsin 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 chateau 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 chateau is on fire valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid Help help The officers looked towards the soldiers who looked at the fire gave no orders and answered with shrugs 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 candles in every dull little pane of glass The general scarcity of everything occasioned candles to be borrowed in a rather peremptory manner of Monsieur Gabelle and in a moment of reluctance and hesitation on that functionary's part the mender of roads once so submissive to authority had remarked that carriages were good to make bonfires with and that post horses would roast The chateau was left to itself to flame and burn In the roaring and raging of the conflagration a red hot wind driving straight from the infernal regions seemed to be blowing the edifice away With the rising and falling of the blaze the stone faces showed as if they were in torment When great masses of stone and timber fell the face with the two dints in the nose became obscured anon struggled out of the smoke again as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis burning at the stake and contending with the fire The chateau burned the nearest trees laid hold of by the fire scorched and shrivelled trees at a distance fired by the four fierce figures begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the

fountain the water ran dry the extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls like crystallisation stupefied birds wheeled about and dropped into the furnace four fierce figures trudged away East West North and South along the night enshrouded roads guided by the beacon they had lighted towards their next destination The illuminated village had seized hold of the tocsin and abolishing the lawful ringer rang for joy Not only that but the village light headed with famine fire and bell ringing and bethinking itself that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of rent and taxes though it was but a small instalment of taxes and no rent at all that Gabelle had got in those latter days became impatient for an interview with him and surrounding his house summoned him to come forth for personal conference Whereupon Monsieur Gabelle did heavily bar his door and retire to hold counsel with himself The result of that conference was that Gabelle again withdrew himself to his housetop behind his stack of chimneys this time resolved if his door were broken in he was a small Southern man of retaliative temperament to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet and crush a man or two below Probably Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there with the distant chateau for fire and candle and the beating at his door combined with the joy ringing for music not to mention his having an ill omened lamp slung across the road before his posting house gate which the village showed a lively inclination to displace in his favour A trying suspense to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean ready to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved But the friendly dawn appearing at last and the rush candles of the village guttering out the people happily dispersed and Monsieur Gabelle came down bringing his life with him for that while Within a hundred miles and in the light of other fires there were other functionaries less fortunate that night and other nights whom the rising sun found hanging across once peaceful streets where they had been born and bred also there were other villagers and townspeople less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows upon whom the functionaries and soldiery turned with success and whom they strung up in their turn But the fierce figures were steadily wending East West North and South be that as it would and whosoever hung fire burned The altitude of the gallows that would turn to water and quench it no functionary by any stretch of mathematics was able to calculate successfully XXIV 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 Monseigneur as a class had dissociated himself from the phenomenon of his not being appreciated of his being so little wanted in France as to incur considerable danger of receiving his dismissal from it and this life together Like the fabled rustic who raised the Devil with infinite pains and was so terrified at the sight of him that he could ask the Enemy no question but immediately fled so Monseigneur after boldly reading the Lord's Prayer backwards for a great number of years and performing many other potent spells for compelling the Evil One no sooner beheld him in his terrors than he took to his noble heels The shining Bull's Eye of the Court was gone or it would have been the mark for a hurricane of national bullets It had never been a good eye to see with had long had the mote in it of Lucifer's pride Sardanapalus's luxury and a mole's blindness but it had dropped out and was gone The Court from that exclusive inner circle to its outermost rotten ring of intrigue corruption and dissimulation was all gone together Royalty was gone had been besieged in its Palace and suspended when the last tidings came over 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 head quarters 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 Moreover it was the spot to which such French intelligence as was most to be relied upon came quickest Again Tellson s was a munificent house and extended great liberality to old customers who had fallen from their high estate Again those nobles who had seen the coming storm in time and anticipating plunder or confiscation had made provident remittances to Tellson s were always to be heard of there by their needy brethren To which it must be added that every new comer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson s almost as a matter of course For such variety of reasons Tellson s was at that time as to French intelligence a kind of High Exchange and this was so well known to the public and the inquiries made there were in consequence so numerous that Tellson s sometimes wrote the latest news out in a line or so and posted it in the Bank windows for all who ran through Temple Bar to read 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 The penitential den once set apart for interviews with the House was now the news Exchange and was filled to overflowing It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing But although you are the youngest man that ever lived said Charles Darnay rather hesitating I must still suggest to you I understand That I am too old said Mr Lorry Unsettled weather a long journey uncertain means of travelling a disorganised country a city that may not be even 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 fourscore when there are so many people there much better worth interfering with As to its being a disorganised city if it were not a disorganised city there would be no occasion to send somebody from our House here to our House there who knows the city and the business of old and is in Tellson s confidence As to the uncertain 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 glanced at the distant House and 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 The Lord above knows what the compromising consequences would be to numbers of people if some of our documents were seized or destroyed and they might be at any time you know for who can say that Paris is not set afire to day or sacked to morrow 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 shall I hang back when Tellson s knows this and says this Tellson s whose bread I have eaten these sixty years because I am a little stiff about the joints Why I am a boy

sir to half a dozen old codgers here How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit Mr Lorry Tut Nonsense sir And my dear Charles said Mr Lorry glancing at the House again you are to remember that getting things out of Paris at this present time no matter what things is next to an impossibility Papers and precious matters were this very day brought to us here I speak in strict confidence it is not business like to whisper it even to you by the strangest bearers you can imagine every one of whom had his head hanging on by a single hair as he passed the Barriers At another time our parcels would come and go as easily as in business like Old England but now everything is stopped 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 bodyguard on Sunday nights for a long time past and I am used to him Nobody will suspect Jerry of being anything but an English bull dog or of having any design in his head but to fly at anybody who touches his master I must say again that I heartily admire your gallantry and youthfulness I must say again nonsense nonsense When I have executed this little commission I shall perhaps accept Tellson's proposal to retire and live at my ease Time enough then to think about growing old This dialogue had taken place at Mr Lorry's usual desk with Monseigneur swarming within a yard or two of it boastful of what he would do to avenge himself on the rascal people before long It was too much the way of Monseigneur under his reverses as a refugee and it was much too much the way of native British orthodoxy to talk of this terrible Revolution as if it were the only harvest ever known under the skies that had not been sown as if nothing had ever been done or omitted to be done that had led to it as if observers of the wretched millions in France and of the misused and perverted resources that should have made them prosperous had not seen it inevitably coming years before and had not in plain words recorded what they saw Such vapouring combined with the extravagant plots of Monseigneur for the restoration of a state of things that had utterly exhausted itself and worn out Heaven and earth as well as itself was hard to be endured without some remonstrance by any sane man who knew the truth And it was such vapouring all about his ears like a troublesome confusion of blood in his own head added to a latent uneasiness in his mind which had already made Charles Darnay restless and which still kept him so Among the talkers was Stryver of the King's Bench Bar far on his way to state promotion and therefore loud on the theme broaching to Monseigneur his devices for blowing the people up and exterminating them from the face of the earth and doing without them and for accomplishing many similar objects akin in their nature to the abolition of eagles by sprinkling salt on the tails of the race Him Darnay heard with a particular feeling of objection and Darnay stood divided between going away that he might hear no more and remaining to interpose his word when the thing that was to be went on to shape itself out The House approached Mr Lorry and laying a soiled and unopened letter before him asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed The 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 address turned into English ran Very pressing To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St Evremonde 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 this 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 The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the Bank there was a general set of the current of talkers past Mr Lorry's desk He held the letter out inquiringly and Monseigneur looked at it in the person of this plotting and indignant refugee and Monseigneur looked at it in the person of that plotting and indignant refugee and This That and The Other all

had something disparaging to say in French or in English concerning the Marquis who was not to be found Nephew I believe but in any case degenerate successor of the polished Marquis who was murdered said one Happy to say I never knew him A craven who abandoned his post said another this Monseigneur had been got out of Paris

legs uppermost and half suffocated in a load of hay some years ago Infected with the new doctrines said a third eyeing the direction through his glass in passing set himself in opposition to the last Marquis abandoned the estates when he inherited them and left them to the ruffian herd They will recompense him now I hope as he deserves Hey cried the blatant Stryver Did he though Is that the sort of fellow Let us look at his infamous name D n the fellow Darnay unable to restrain himself any longer touched Mr Stryver on the shoulder and said I know the fellow Do you by Jupiter said Stryver I am sorry for it Why Why Mr Darnay D ye hear what he did Don t ask why in these times But I do ask why Then I tell you again Mr Darnay I am sorry for it I am sorry to hear you putting any such extraordinary questions Here is a fellow who infected by the most pestilent and blasphemous code of devilry that ever was known abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him Well but I ll answer you I am sorry because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel That s why Mindful of the secret Darnay with great difficulty checked himself and said You may not understand the gentleman I understand how to put you in a corner Mr Darnay said Bully Stryver and I ll do it If this fellow is a gentleman I don t understand him You may tell him so with my compliments You may also tell him from me that after abandoning his worldly goods and position to this butcherly mob I wonder he is not at the head of them But no gentlemen said Stryver looking all round and snapping his fingers I know something of human nature and I tell you that you ll never find a fellow like this fellow trusting himself to the mercies of such precious prot g s No gentlemen he ll always show em a clean pair of heels very early in the scuffle and sneak away With those words and a final snap of his fingers Mr Stryver shouldered himself into Fleet street amidst the general approbation of his hearers Mr Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk in the general departure from the Bank Will you take charge of the letter said Mr Lorry You know where to deliver it I do Will you 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 and with Stryver and most other men Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple opened the letter and read it These were its contents Prison of the Abbaye Paris June MONSIEUR HERETOFORE THE MARQUIS After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village I have been seized with great violence and indignity and brought a long journey on foot to Paris On the road I have suffered a great deal Nor is that all my house has been destroyed razed to the ground The crime for which I am imprisoned Monsieur heretofore the Marquis and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal and shall lose my life without your so generous help is they tell me treason against the majesty of the people in that I have acted against them for an emigrant It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them and not against according to your commands It is in vain I represent that before the sequestration of emigrant property I had remitted the imposts they had ceased to pay that I had collected no rent that I had 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 honour of your noble name I supplicate you Monsieur heretofore the Marquis to succour 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 one 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 passersby He knew very well that in his horror of the deed which had culminated the bad deeds and bad reputation of the old family house in his resentful suspicions of his uncle and in the aversion with which his conscience regarded the crumbling fabric that he was supposed to uphold he had acted imperfectly He knew very well that in his love for Lucie his renunciation of his social place though by no means new to his own mind had been hurried and incomplete He knew that he ought to have systematically worked it out and supervised it and that he had meant to do it and that it had never been done The happiness of his own chosen English home the necessity of being always actively employed the swift changes and troubles of the time which had followed on one another so fast that the events of this week annihilated the immature plans of last week and the events of the week following made all new again he knew very well that to the force of these circumstances he had yielded not without disquiet but still without continuous and accumulating resistance That he had watched the times for a time of action and that they had shifted and struggled until the time had gone by and the nobility were trooping from France by every highway and byway and their property was in course of confiscation and destruction and their very names were blotting out was as well known to himself as it could be to any new authority in France that might impeach him for it But he had oppressed no man he had imprisoned no man he was so far from having harshly exacted payment of his dues that he had relinquished them of his own will thrown himself on a world with no favour in it won his own private place there and earned his own bread Monsieur Gabelle had held the impoverished and involved estate on written instructions to spare the people to give them what little there was to give such fuel as the heavy creditors would let them have in the winter and such produce as could be saved from the same grip in the summer and no doubt he had put the fact in plea and proof for his own safety so that it could not but appear now This favoured the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make that he would go to Paris Yes Like the mariner in the old story the winds and streams had driven him within the influence of the Loadstone Rock and it was drawing him to itself and he must go Everything that arose before his mind drifted him on faster and faster more and more steadily to the terrible attraction His latent uneasiness had been that bad aims were being worked out in his own unhappy land by bad instruments and that he who could not fail to know that he was better than they was not there trying to do something to stay bloodshed and assert the claims of mercy and humanity With this uneasiness half stifled and half reproaching him he had been brought to the pointed comparison of himself with the brave old gentleman in whom duty was so strong upon that comparison injurious to himself had instantly followed the sneers of Monseigneur which had stung him bitterly and those of Stryver which above all were coarse and galling for old reasons Upon those had followed Gabelle's letter the appeal of an innocent prisoner in danger of death to his justice honour and good name His resolution was made He must go to Paris Yes The Loadstone Rock was drawing him and he must sail on until he struck He knew of no rock he saw hardly any danger The intention with which he had done what he had done even although he had left it incomplete presented it before him in an aspect that would be gratefully acknowledged in France on his presenting himself to assert it Then that glorious vision of doing good which is so often the sanguine mirage of so many good minds arose before him and he even saw himself in the illusion with some influence to guide this raging Revolution that was running so fearfully wild As he walked to

and from 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 How much of the incompleteness of his situation was referable to her father through the painful anxiety to avoid reviving old associations of France in his mind he did not discuss with himself But that circumstance too had had its influence in his course He walked to and from 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 It was a hard matter to preserve the innocent deceit of which they were profoundly unsuspecting But an affectionate glance at his wife so happy and busy made him resolute not to tell her what impended he had been half moved to do it so strange it was to him to act in anything without her quiet aid and the day passed quickly Early in the evening he embraced her and her scarcely less dear namesake pretending that he would return by and bye 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 honour 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 The end of the second book Book the Third the Track of a Storm 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 Whatever might befall now he must on to his journey's end Not a mean village closed upon him not a common barrier dropped across the road behind him but he knew it to be another iron door in the series that was barred between him and England The universal watchfulness so encompassed him that if he had been taken in a net or were being forwarded to his destination in a cage he could not have felt his freedom more completely gone This universal watchfulness not only stopped him on the highway twenty times in a stage but retarded his progress twenty times in a day by riding after him and taking him back riding before him and stopping him by anticipation riding with him and keeping him in charge He had been days upon his journey in France alone when he went to bed tired out in a little town on the high road still a long way from Paris Nothing but the production of the afflicted Gabelle's letter from his prison of the Abbaye would have got him on so far His difficulty at the 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 As if it was not a favour to be protected from the lamp iron It is always as the good patriot says observed the functionary 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-coloured 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 set forth with the sharp rain driving in their faces clattering at a heavy dragoon trot over the uneven town pavement and out upon the mire deep roads In this state they traversed without change except of horses and pace all the mire deep leagues that lay between them and the capital They travelled in the night halting an hour or two after daybreak and lying by until the twilight fell The escort were so wretchedly clothed that they twisted straw round their bare legs and thatched their ragged shoulders to keep the wet off Apart from the personal discomfort of being so attended and apart from such considerations of present danger as arose from one of the patriots being chronically drunk and carrying his musket very recklessly Charles Darnay did not allow the restraint that was laid upon him to awaken any serious fears in his breast for he reasoned with himself that it could have no reference to the merits of an individual case that was not yet stated and of representations confirmable by the prisoner in the Abbaye that were not yet made But when they came to the town of Beauvais which they did at eventide when the streets were filled with people he could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming An ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount of the posting yard and many voices called out loudly Down with the emigrant He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle and resuming it as his safest place said Emigrant my friends Do you not see me here in France of my own will You are a cursed emigrant cried a farrier making at him in a furious manner through the press hammer in hand and you are a cursed

aristocrat The postmaster interposed himself between this man and the rider's
bridle at which he was evidently making and soothingly said Let him be let
him be He will be judged at Paris Judged repeated the farrier
swinging his hammer Ay and condemned as a traitor At this the crowd roared
approval Checking the postmaster who was for turning his horse's head to the
yard the drunken patriot sat composedly in his saddle looking on with the line
round his wrist Darnay said as soon as he could make his voice heard
Friends you deceive yourselves or you are deceived I am not a traitor He
lies cried the smith He is a traitor since the decree His life is forfeit
to the people His cursed life is not his own At the instant when Darnay saw a
rush in the eyes of the crowd which another instant would have brought upon him
the postmaster turned his horse into the yard the escort rode in close upon his
horse's flanks and the postmaster shut and barred
the crazy double gates The farrier struck a blow upon them with his hammer and
the crowd groaned but no more was done What is this decree that the smith
spoke of Darnay asked the postmaster when he had thanked him and stood beside
him in the yard Truly a decree for selling the property of emigrants
When passed On the fourteenth The day I left England
Everybody says it is but one of several and that there will be others if there
are not already banishing all emigrants and condemning all to death who return
That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own But there are
no such decrees yet What do I know said the postmaster shrugging his
shoulders there may be or there will be It is all the same What would you
have They rested on some straw in a loft until the middle of the night and
then rode forward again when all the town was asleep Among the many wild changes
observable on familiar things which made this wild ride unreal not the least was
the seeming rarity of sleep After long and lonely spurring over dreary roads they
would come to a cluster of poor cottages not steeped in darkness but all
glittering with lights and would find the people in a ghostly manner in the dead
of the night circling hand in hand round a shrivelled tree of Liberty or all
drawn up together singing a Liberty song Happily however there was sleep in
Beauvais that night to help them out of it and they passed on once more into
solitude and loneliness jingling through the untimely cold and wet among
impoverished fields that had yielded no fruits of the earth that year diversified
by the blackened remains of burnt houses and by the sudden emergence from
ambuscade and sharp reining up across their way of patriot patrols on the watch
on all the roads 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 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 homeliest
people was very difficult A numerous medley of men and women not to mention
beasts and vehicles of various sorts was waiting to issue forth but the previous
identification was so strict that they filtered through the barrier very slowly
Some of these people knew their turn for examination to be so far off that they
lay down on the ground to sleep or smoke while others talked together or loitered
about The red cap and tri-colour cockade were universal both among men and women

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 where certain soldiers and patriots asleep and awake drunk and sober and in various neutral states between sleeping and waking drunkenness and sobriety were standing and lying about The light in the guard house half derived from the waning oil lamps of the night and half from the overcast day was in a correspondingly uncertain condition 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 Evremonde This is the man Your age Evremonde Thirty seven Married Evremonde Yes Where married In England Without doubt Where is your wife Evremonde In England Without doubt You are consigned Evremonde 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 Evremonde and new offences since you were here He said it with a hard smile and went on writing I entreat you to observe that I have come here voluntarily in response to that written appeal of a fellow countryman which lies before you I demand no more than the opportunity to do so without delay Is not that my right Emigrants have no rights Evremonde 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 Is it you said Defarge in a low voice as they went down the guardhouse steps and turned into Paris who married the daughter of Doctor Manette once a prisoner in the Bastille that is no more Yes replied Darnay looking at him with surprise My name is Defarge and I keep a wine shop in the Quarter Saint Antoine Possibly you have heard of me My wife came to your house to reclaim her father Yes The word wife seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Defarge to say with sudden impatience In the name of that sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine why did you come to France You heard me say why a minute ago Do you not believe it is the truth A bad truth for you said Defarge speaking with knitted brows and looking straight before him Indeed I am lost here All here is so unprecedented so changed so sudden and unfair that I am absolutely lost Will you render me a little help None Defarge spoke always looking straight before him Will you answer me a single question Perhaps 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 As they walked on in silence he could not but see how used the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets The very children scarcely noticed him A few

passers turned their heads and a few shook their fingers at him as an aristocrat otherwise that a man in good clothes should be going to prison was no more remarkable than that a labourer in working clothes should be going to work 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 except at Beauvais 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 That perils had thickened about him fast and might thicken faster and faster yet 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 Troubled as the future was it was the unknown future and in its obscurity there was ignorant hope The horrible massacre days and nights long

which within a few rounds of the clock was to set a great mark of blood upon the blessed garnering time of harvest was as far out of his knowledge as if it had been a hundred thousand years away The sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine was hardly known to him or to the generality of people by name The frightful deeds that were to be soon done were probably unimagined at that time in the brains of the doers How could they have a place in the shadowy conceptions of a gentle mind Of unjust treatment 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 Evremonde What the Devil How many more of them exclaimed the man with the bloated face Defarge took his receipt without noticing the exclamation and withdrew with his two fellow patriots What the Devil I say again exclaimed the gaoler left with his wife How many more The gaoler's wife being provided with no answer to the question merely replied One must have patience my dear Three turnkeys who entered responsive to a bell she rang echoed the sentiment and one added For the love of Liberty which sounded in that place like an inappropriate conclusion The prison of La Force was a gloomy prison dark and filthy and with a horrible smell of foul sleep in it Extraordinary how soon the noisome flavour of imprisoned sleep becomes manifest in all such places that are ill cared for In secret too grumbled the gaoler looking at the written paper As if I was not already full to bursting He stuck the paper on a file in an ill humour and Charles Darnay awaited his further pleasure for half an hour sometimes pacing to and fro in the strong arched room sometimes resting on a stone seat in either case detained to be imprinted on the memory of the chief and his subordinates Come said the chief at length taking up his keys come with me emigrant Through the dismal prison twilight his new charge accompanied him by corridor and staircase many doors clanging and locking behind them until they came into a large low vaulted chamber crowded with prisoners of both sexes The women were seated at a long table reading and writing knitting sewing and embroidering the men were for the most part standing behind their chairs or lingering up and down the room In the instinctive association of prisoners with shameful crime and disgrace the new comer recoiled from this company But the crowning unreality of his long unreal ride was their all at once rising to receive him with every refinement of manner known to the time and with all the engaging graces and courtesies of life So strangely clouded were these refinements by the prison manners and gloom so spectral did they become in the inappropriate squalor and misery through which they were seen that Charles Darnay seemed to stand in a company of the dead Ghosts all The ghost of beauty the ghost of stateliness the ghost of elegance the ghost of

pride the ghost of frivolity the ghost of wit the ghost of youth the ghost of age all waiting their dismissal from the desolate shore all turning on him eyes that were changed by the death they had died in coming there It struck him motionless The gaoler standing at his side and the other gaolers moving about who would have been well enough as to appearance in the ordinary exercise of their functions looked so extravagantly coarse contrasted with sorrowing mothers and blooming daughters who were there with the apparitions of the coquette the young beauty and the mature woman delicately bred that the inversion of all experience and likelihood which the scene of shadows presented was heightened to its utmost Surely ghosts all Surely the long unreal ride some progress of disease that had brought him to these gloomy shades In the name of the assembled companions in misfortune said a gentleman of courtly appearance and address coming forward I have the honour of giving you welcome to La Force and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us May it soon terminate happily It would be an impertinence elsewhere but it is not so here to ask your name and condition Charles Darnay roused himself and gave the required information in words as suitable as he could find But I hope said the gentleman following the chief gaoler with his eyes who moved across the room that you are not in secret I do not understand the meaning of the term but I have heard them say so Ah what a pity We so much regret it But take courage several members of our society have been in secret at first and it has lasted but a short time Then he added raising his voice I grieve to inform the society in secret There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay crossed the room to a grated door where the gaoler awaited him and many voices among which the soft and compassionate voices of women were conspicuous gave him good wishes and encouragement He turned at the grated door to render the thanks of his heart it closed under the gaoler's hand and the apparitions vanished from his sight forever The wicket opened on a stone staircase leading upward When they had ascended forty steps the prisoner of half an hour already counted them the gaoler opened a low black door and they passed into a solitary cell It struck cold and damp but was not dark Yours said the gaoler Why am I confined alone How do I know I can buy pen ink and paper Such are not my orders You will be visited and can ask then At present you may buy your food and nothing more There were in the cell a chair a table and a straw mattress As the gaoler made a general inspection of these objects and of the four walls before going out a wandering fancy wandered through the mind of the prisoner leaning against the wall opposite to him that this gaoler was so unwholesomely bloated both in face and person as to look like a man who had been drowned and filled with water When the gaoler was gone he thought in the same wandering way Now am I left as if I were dead Stopping then to look down at the mattress he turned from it with a sick feeling and thought And here in these crawling creatures is the first condition of the body after death Five paces by four and a half five paces by four and a half five paces by four and a half The prisoner walked to and fro in his cell counting its measurement and the roar of the city arose like muffled drums with a wild swell of voices added to them He made shoes he made shoes he made shoes The prisoner counted the measurement again and paced faster to draw his mind with him from that latter repetition The ghosts that vanished when the wicket closed There was one among them the appearance of a lady dressed in black who was leaning in the embrasure of a window and she had a light shining upon her golden hair and she looked like Let us ride on again for God's sake through the illuminated villages with the people all awake He made shoes he made shoes he made shoes Five paces by four and a half With such scraps tossing and rolling upward from the depths of his mind the prisoner walked faster and faster obstinately counting and counting and the roar of the city changed to this extent that it still rolled in like muffled drums but with the wail of voices that he knew in the swell that rose above them II The Grindstone Tellson's Bank established in the Saint Germain Quarter of Paris was in a wing of a large house approached by a courtyard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate The house belonged

to a great nobleman who had lived in it until he made a flight from the troubles in his own cook's dress and got across the borders. A mere beast of the chase flying from hunters, he was still in his metempsychosis no other than the same Monseigneur, the preparation of whose chocolate for whose lips had once occupied three strong men besides the cook in question. Monseigneur gone and the three strong men absolving themselves from the sin of having drawn his high wages by being more than ready and willing to cut his throat on the altar of the dawning Republic, one and indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death. Monseigneur's house had been first sequestered and then 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 of the law were in possession of Monseigneur's house and had marked it with the tri-colour and were drinking brandy in its state apartments. A place of business in London like Tellson's place of business in Paris would soon have driven the House out of its mind and into the Gazette. For what would staid British responsibility and respectability have said to orange trees in boxes in a Bank courtyard and even to a Cupid over the counter. Yet such things were. Tellson's had whitewashed the Cupid, but he was still to be seen on the ceiling in the coolest linen, aiming as he very often does at money from morning to night. Bankruptcy must inevitably have come of this young Pagan in Lombard Street, London, and also of a curtained alcove in the rear of the immortal boy and also of a looking glass let into the

wall and also of clerks not at all old who danced in public on the slightest provocation. Yet a French Tellson's could get on with these things exceedingly well and as long as the times held together no man had taken fright at them and drawn out his money. 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 and when they should have violently perished, how many accounts with Tellson's never to be balanced in this world must be carried over into the next, no man could have said that night any more than Mr Jarvis Lorry could, though he thought heavily 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 or any object in the room distortedly reflect, 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 from the patriotic occupation of the main building, but the true-hearted old gentleman never calculated about that. All such circumstances were indifferent to him, so that he did his duty. On the opposite side of the courtyard under a colonnade was extensive standing for carriages where indeed some carriages of Monseigneur yet stood. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great 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 neighbouring smithy or other workshop. Rising and looking out of 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. From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate there came the usual night hum of the city with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to Heaven. "Thank God," said Mr Lorry, clasping his hands, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to night. May He have mercy on all who are in danger." Soon afterwards the bell at the great gate sounded and he thought, "They have come back," and sat listening. But there was no loud irruption into the courtyard as he had expected and he heard the gate clash again and all was quiet. The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired that vague uneasiness respecting the Bank which a great change would naturally awaken with such feelings roused. 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 O 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 No Lucie my dear nor you He got his arm round her and held her Don't be so terrified my love I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles that I had no suspicion even of his being in this fatal place What prison is he in La Force La Force Lucie my child if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life and you were always both you will compose yourself now to do exactly as I bid you 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 grindstone had a double handle and turning at it madly were two men whose faces as their long hair flapped back when the whirlings of the grindstone brought their faces up were more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise False eyebrows and false moustaches were stuck upon them and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty and all awry with howling and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep As these ruffians turned and turned their matted locks now flung forward over their eyes now flung backward over their necks some women held wine to their mouths that they might drink and what with dropping blood and what with dropping wine and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and fire The eye could not detect one creature in the group free from the smear of blood Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening stone were men stripped to the waist with the stain all over their limbs and bodies men

in all sorts of rags with the stain upon those rags men devilishly set off with spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon with the stain dyeing those trifles through and through Hatchets knives bayonets swords all brought to be sharpened were all red with it Some of the hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them with strips of linen and fragments of dress ligatures various in kind but all deep of the one colour And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched them from the stream of sparks and tore away into the streets the same red hue was red in their frenzied eyes eyes which any unbrutalised beholder would have given twenty years of life to petrify with a well directed gun 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 to these devils and get taken to La Force It may be too late I don't know but let it not be a minute later Doctor Manette pressed his hand 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 of twenty men long all linked shoulder to shoulder and hand to shoulder hurried out with cries of Live the Bastille prisoner Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force Room for the Bastille prisoner in front there Save the prisoner

Evremonde at La Force and a thousand answering shouts He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart closed the window and the curtain hastened to Lucie and told her that her father was assisted by the people and gone in search of her husband He found her child and Miss Pross with her but it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterwards when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night knew Lucie had by that time fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet clinging to his hand Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed and her head had gradually fallen on the pillow beside her pretty charge O the long long night with the moans of the poor wife And O the long long night with no return of her father and no tidings Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate sounded and the irruption was repeated and the grindstone whirled and spluttered What is it cried Lucie affrighted Hush The soldiers' swords are sharpened there said Mr Lorry The place is national property now and used as a kind of armoury my love Twice more in all but the last spell of work was feeble and fitful Soon afterwards the day began to dawn and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand and cautiously looked out again A man so besmeared that he might have been a sorely wounded soldier creeping back to consciousness on a field of slain was rising from the pavement by the side of the grindstone and looking about him with a vacant air Shortly this worn out murderer descried in the imperfect light one of the carriages of Monseigneur and staggering to that gorgeous vehicle climbed in at the door and shut himself up to take his rest on its dainty cushions The great grindstone Earth had turned when Mr Lorry looked out again and the sun was red on the courtyard But the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air with a red upon it that the sun had never given and would never take away 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 At first his mind reverted to Defarge and he thought of finding out the wine shop again and

taking counsel with its master in reference to the safest dwelling place in the distracted state of the city. But the same consideration that suggested him repudiated him: he lived in the most violent Quarter and doubtless was influential there and deep in its dangerous workings. Noon coming and the Doctor not returning and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry 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. As there was no business objection to this and as he foresaw that even if it were all well with Charles and he were to be released he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging and found a suitable one high up in a removed by street where the closed blinds in all the other windows of a high melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes. To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child and Miss Pross, giving them what comfort he could and much more than he had himself. He left Jerry with them as a figure to fill a doorway that would bear considerable knocking on the head and returned to his own 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 favour 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 recognise the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety. Beginning to be struck by Defarge's manner Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him and led the way. Both the women followed the second woman being The Vengeance. They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might ascended the staircase of the 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 reassuring

words as the stony manner of all the three impressed itself upon him more and more I state the case Citizen Defarge Defarge looked gloomily at his wife and gave no other answer than a 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 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 beside her and held her to her breast The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed then to fall threatening and dark on both the mother and the child It is enough my husband said Madame Defarge I have seen them We may go But the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it not visible and presented but indistinct and withheld to alarm Lucie into saying as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge s dress You will be good to my poor husband You will do him no harm You will help me to see him if you can Your husband is not my business here returned Madame Defarge looking down at her with perfect composure It is the daughter of your father who is my business here For my sake then be merciful to my husband For my child s sake She will put her hands together and pray you to be merciful We are more afraid of you than of these others Madame Defarge received it as a compliment and looked at her husband Defarge who had been uneasily biting his thumb nail and looking at her collected his face into a sterner expression What is it that your husband says in that little letter asked Madame Defarge with a lowering smile Influence he says something touching influence That my father said Lucie hurriedly taking the paper from her breast but with her alarmed eyes on her questioner and not on it has much influence around him Surely it will release him said Madame Defarge Let it do so As a wife and mother cried Lucie most earnestly I implore you to have pity on me and not to exercise any power that you possess against my innocent husband but to use it in his behalf O sister woman think of me As a wife and mother Madame Defarge looked coldly as ever at the suppliant and said turning to her friend The Vengeance The wives and mothers we have been used to see since we were as little as this child and much less have not been greatly considered We have known their husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them often enough All our lives we have seen our sister women suffer in themselves and in their children poverty nakedness hunger thirst sickness misery oppression and neglect of all kinds We have seen nothing else returned The Vengeance We have borne this a long time said Madame Defarge turning her eyes again upon Lucie Judge you Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now She resumed her knitting and went out The Vengeance followed Defarge went last and closed the door Courage my dear Lucie said Mr Lorry as he raised her Courage 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 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 far apart did she know that eleven hundred defenceless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace that four days and nights had been darkened by this deed of horror and that the air around her had been tainted by the slain. She only knew that there had been an attack upon the prisons that all political prisoners had been in danger and that some had been dragged out by the crowd and murdered. To Mr Lorry the Doctor communicated under an injunction of secrecy on which he had no need to dwell that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That in the prison he had found a self appointed Tribunal sitting before which the prisoners were brought singly and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred or to be released or in a few cases to be sent back to their cells. That presented by his conductors to this Tribunal he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and unaccused prisoner in the Bastille that one of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him and that this man was Defarge. That hereupon he had ascertained through the registers on the table that his son in law was among the living prisoners and had pleaded hard to the Tribunal of whom some members were asleep and some awake some dirty with murder and some clean some sober and some not for his life and liberty. 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 brought before the lawless Court and examined. That he seemed on the point of being at once released when the tide in his favour 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 then so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son in law was through no malice or mischance delivered to the concourse whose murderous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings that he had obtained the permission and had remained in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over. The sights he had seen there with brief snatches of food and sleep by intervals shall remain untold. The mad joy over the prisoners who were saved had astounded him scarcely less than the mad ferocity against those who were cut to pieces. One prisoner there was he said who had been discharged into the street free but at whom a mistaken savage had thrust a pike as he passed out. Being besought to go to him and dress the wound the Doctor had passed out at the same gate and had found him in the arms of a company of Samaritans who were seated on the bodies of their victims. With an inconsistency as monstrous as anything in this awful nightmare they had helped the healer and tended the wounded man with the gentlest solicitude had made a litter for him and escorted him carefully from the spot had then caught up their weapons and plunged anew into a butchery so dreadful that the Doctor had covered his eyes with his hands and swooned away in the midst of it. As Mr Lorry received these confidences and as he watched the face of his friend now sixty two years of age a misgiving arose within him that such dread experiences would revive the old danger. But he had never seen his friend in his present aspect he had never at all known him in his present character. For the first time the Doctor felt now that his suffering was strength and power. For the first time he felt that in that sharp fire he had slowly forged the iron which could break the prison door of his daughter's husband and deliver him. It all tended to a good end my friend it was not mere waste and ruin. As my beloved child was helpful in restoring me to myself I will be helpful now in restoring the dearest part of herself to her by the aid of Heaven I will do it. Thus Doctor Manette. And when Jarvis Lorry saw the kindled eyes the resolute face the calm strong look and bearing of the man whose life always seemed to him to have been stopped like a clock for so many years and then set going again with an energy which had lain dormant during the cessation of its usefulness he believed 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 This new life of the Doctor's was an anxious life no doubt still the sagacious Mr Lorry saw that there was a new sustaining pride in it Nothing unbecoming tinged the pride it was a natural and worthy one but he observed it as a curiosity The Doctor knew that up to that time his imprisonment had been associated in the minds of his daughter and his friend with his personal affliction deprivation and weakness Now that this was changed and he knew himself to be invested through that old trial with forces to which they both looked for Charles's ultimate safety and deliverance he became so far exalted by the change that he took the lead and direction and required them as the weak to trust to him as the strong The preceding relative positions of himself and Lucie were reversed yet only as the liveliest gratitude and affection could reverse them for he could have had no pride but in rendering some service to her who had rendered so much to him All curious to see thought Mr Lorry in his amiably shrewd way but all natural and right so take the lead my dear friend and keep it it couldn't be in better hands But though the Doctor tried hard and never ceased trying to get Charles Darnay set at liberty or at least to get him brought to trial the public current of the time set too 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 on rock in gravel and alluvial mud under the bright sky of the South and under the clouds of the North in fell and forest in the vineyards and the olive grounds and among the cropped grass and the stubble of the corn along the fruitful banks of the broad rivers and in the sand of the sea shore What private solicitude could rear itself against the deluge of the Year One of Liberty the deluge rising from below not falling from above and with the windows of Heaven shut not opened 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 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 grey And yet observing the strange law of contradiction which obtains in all such cases the time was long while it flamed by so fast A revolutionary tribunal in the capital and forty or fifty thousand revolutionary committees all over the land a law of the Suspected which struck away all security for liberty or life and delivered over any good and innocent person to any bad and guilty one prisons gorged with people who had committed no offence and could obtain no hearing these things became the established order and nature of appointed things and seemed to be ancient usage before they were many weeks old Above all one hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine It was the popular theme for jests it was the best cure for headache it infallibly prevented the hair from turning grey it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion it was the National Razor which shaved close who kissed La Guillotine looked through the

little window and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It superseded the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied. It sheared off heads so many that it and the ground it most polluted were a rotten red. It was taken to pieces like a toy puzzle for a young Devil, and was put together again when the occasion wanted it. It hushed the eloquent, struck down the powerful, abolished the beautiful and good. Twenty-two friends of high public mark, twenty-one living and one dead, it had lopped the heads off in one morning in as many minutes. The name of the strong man of Old Scripture had descended to the chief functionary who worked it, but so armed he was stronger than his namesake and blinder, and tore away the gates of God's own Temple every day. Among these terrors, 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. So much more wicked and distracted had the Revolution grown in that December month that the rivers of the South were encumbered with the bodies of the violently drowned by night, and prisoners were shot in lines and squares under the southern wintry sun. Still the Doctor walked among the terrors with a steady head. No man better known than he in Paris at that day, no man in a stranger situation. Silent, humane, indispensable in hospital and prison, using his art equally among assassins and victims, he was a man apart. In the exercise of his skill, the appearance and the story of the Bastille Captive removed him from all other men. He was not suspected or brought in question any more than if he had indeed been recalled to life some eighteen years before, or were a Spirit moving among mortals.

V The Wood Sawyer. One year and three months. During all that time Lucie was never sure from hour to hour, but that the Guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. Every day, through the stony streets, the tumbrils now jolted heavily filled with Condemned. Lovely girls, bright women, brown-haired, black-haired, and grey youths, stalwart men and old, gentle born and peasant born, all red wine for La Guillotine, all daily brought into light from the dark cellars of the loathsome prisons, and carried to her through the 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 a belief that they would soon be reunited, the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting aside of his chair and his books, these, and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner 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 colour, and the old and 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. O 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. It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street. The hovel of a cutter of wood into lengths for burning was the only house at that end all else was wall. On the third day of her being there he noticed her. Good day citizeness. Good day citizen. This mode of address was now prescribed by decree. It had been established voluntarily some time ago among the more thorough patriots but was now law for everybody. Walking here again citizeness. You see me citizen. The wood sawyer who was a little man with a redundancy of gesture he had once been a mender of roads cast a glance at the prison pointed at the prison and putting his ten fingers before his face to represent bars peeped through them jocosely. But it s not my business said he. And went on sawing his wood. Next day he was looking out for her and accosted her the moment she appeared. What. Walking here again citizeness. Yes citizen. Ah. A child too. Your mother is it not my little citizeness. Do I say yes mamma. whispered little Lucie drawing close to her. Yes dearest. Yes citizen. Ah. But it s not my business. My work is my business. See my saw. I call it my Little Guillotine. La la la. La la la. And off his head comes. The billet fell as he spoke and he threw it into a basket. I call myself the Samson of the firewood guillotine. See here again. Loo loo loo. Loo loo loo. And off her head comes. Now a child. Tickle tickle. Pickle pickle. And off its head comes. All the family. Lucie shuddered as he threw two more billets into his basket but it was impossible to be there while the wood sawyer was at work and not be in his sight. Thenceforth to secure his good will she always spoke to him first and often gave him drink money which he readily received. He was an inquisitive fellow and sometimes when she had quite forgotten him in gazing at the prison roof and grates and in lifting her heart up to her husband she would come to herself to find him looking at her with his knee on his bench and his saw stopped in its work. But it s not my business he would generally say at those times and would briskly fall to his sawing again. In all weathers in the snow and frost of winter in the bitter winds of spring in the hot sunshine of summer in the rains of autumn.

and again in the snow and frost of winter Lucie passed two hours of every day at this place and every day on leaving it she kissed the prison wall. Her husband saw her so she learned from her father it might be once in five or six times it might be twice or thrice running it might be not for a week or 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. It was a day of some wild rejoicing and a festival. She had seen the houses as she came along decorated with little pikes and with little red caps stuck upon them also with tricoloured ribbons also with the standard inscription tricoloured letters were the favourite. Republic One and Indivisible Liberty Equality Fraternity or Death. The miserable shop of the wood sawyer was so small that its whole surface furnished very indifferent space for this legend. He had got somebody to scrawl it up for him however who had squeezed Death in with most inappropriate difficulty. On his house top he displayed pike and cap as a good citizen must and in a window he had stationed his saw inscribed as his Little Sainte Guillotine. for the great sharp female was by that time popularly canonised. His shop was shut and he was not there which was a relief to Lucie and left her quite alone. But he was not far off for presently she heard a troubled

movement and a shouting coming along which filled her with fear. A moment afterwards and a throng of people came pouring round the corner by the prison wall in the midst of whom was the wood sawyer hand in hand with The Vengeance. There could not be fewer than five hundred people and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song keeping a ferocious time that was like a gnashing of teeth in unison. Men and women danced together women danced together men danced together as hazard had brought them together. At first they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woollen rags but as they filled the place and stopped to dance about Lucie some ghastly apparition of a dance figure gone raving mad arose among them. They advanced retreated struck at one another's hands clutched at one another's heads spun round alone caught one another and spun round in pairs until many of them dropped. While those were down the rest linked hand in hand and all spun round together then the ring broke and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned until they all stopped at once began again struck clutched and tore and then reversed the spin and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again paused struck out the time afresh formed into lines the width of the public way and with their heads low down and their hands high up swooped screaming off. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fallen sport a something once innocent delivered over to all devilry a healthy pastime changed into a means of angering the blood bewildering the senses and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it made it the uglier showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maidenly bosom bared to this the pretty almost child's head thus distracted the delicate foot mincing in this slough of blood and dirt were types of the disjointed time. This was the Carmagnole. As it passed leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the doorway of the wood sawyer's house the feathery snow fell as quietly and lay as white and soft as if it had never been.

O my father for he stood before her when she lifted up the eyes she had momentarily darkened with her hand such a cruel bad sight I know my dear I know I have seen it many times. Don't be frightened. Not one of them would harm you. I am not frightened for myself my father. But when I think of my husband and the mercies of these people We will set him above their mercies very soon. I left him climbing to the window and I came to tell you. There is no one here to see. You may kiss your hand towards that highest shelving roof I do so father and I send him my Soul with it. You cannot see him my poor dear. No father said Lucie yearning and weeping as she kissed her hand no.

A footstep in the snow. Madame Defarge I salute you citizeness from the Doctor. I salute you citizen. This in passing. Nothing more. Madame Defarge gone like a shadow over the white road. Give me your arm my love. Pass from here with an air of cheerfulness and courage for his sake. That was well done they had left the spot it shall not be in vain. Charles is summoned for to morrow. For to morrow. There is no time to lose. I am well prepared but there are precautions to be taken that could not be taken until he was actually summoned before the Tribunal. He has not received the notice yet but I know that he will presently be summoned for to morrow and removed to the Conciergerie. I have timely information. You are not afraid. She could scarcely answer. I trust in you. Do so implicitly. Your suspense is nearly ended my darling he shall be restored to you within a few hours. I have encompassed him with every protection. I must see Lorry. He stopped. There was a heavy lumbering of wheels within hearing. They both knew too well what it meant. One Two Three. Three tumbrils faring away with their dread loads over the hushing snow. I must see Lorry the Doctor repeated turning her another way. The staunch old gentleman was still in his trust had never left it. He and his books were in frequent requisition as to property confiscated and made national. What he could save for the owners he saved. No better man living to hold fast by what Tellson's had in keeping and to hold his peace. A murky red and yellow sky and a rising mist from the Seine denoted the approach of darkness. It was almost dark when they arrived at the Bank. The stately residence of Monseigneur was altogether blighted

and deserted Above a heap of dust and ashes in the court ran the letters National Property Republic One and Indivisible Liberty Equality Fraternity or Death Who could that be with Mr Lorry the owner of the riding coat upon the chair who must not be seen From whom newly arrived did he come out agitated and surprised to take his favourite in his arms To whom did he appear to repeat her faltering words when raising his voice and turning his head towards the door of the room from which he had issued he said Removed to the Conciergerie and summoned for to morrow 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 gaolers of the various prisons to their prisoners The standard gaoler joke was Come out and listen to the Evening Paper you inside there Charles Evremonde called Darnay So at last began the Evening Paper at La Force When a name was called its owner stepped apart into a spot reserved for those who were announced as being thus fatally recorded Charles Evremonde called Darnay had reason to know the usage he had seen hundreds pass away so His bloated gaoler who wore spectacles to read with glanced over them to assure himself that he had taken his place and went through the list making a similar short pause at each name There were twenty three names but only twenty were responded to for one of the prisoners so summoned had died in gaol and been forgotten and two had already been guillotined and forgotten The list was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival Every one of those had perished in the massacre every human creature he had since cared for and parted with had died on the scaffold There were hurried words of farewell and kindness but the parting was soon over It was the incident of every day and the society of La Force were engaged in the preparation of some games of forfeits and a little concert for that evening They crowded to the grates and shed tears there but twenty places in the projected entertainments had to be refilled and the time was at best short to the lock up hour when the common rooms and corridors would be delivered over to the great dogs who kept watch there through the night The prisoners were far from insensible or unfeeling their ways arose out of the condition of the time Similarly though with a subtle difference a species of fervour or intoxication known without doubt to have led some persons to brave the guillotine unnecessarily and to die by it was not mere boastfulness but a wild infection of the wildly shaken public mind In seasons of pestilence some of us will have a secret attraction to the disease a terrible passing inclination to die of it And all of us have like wonders hidden in our breasts only needing circumstances to evoke them The passage to the Conciergerie was short and dark the night in its vermin haunted cells was long and cold Next day fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay s name was called All the fifteen were condemned and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a half Charles Evremonde called Darnay was at length arraigned His judges sat upon the Bench in feathered hats but the rough red cap and tricoloured

cockade was the head dress otherwise prevailing Looking at the Jury and the turbulent audience he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed and that the felons were trying the honest men The lowest cruelest and worst populace of a city never without its quantity of low cruel and bad were the directing spirits of the scene noisily commenting applauding disapproving anticipating and precipitating the result without a check Of the men the greater part were armed in various ways of the women some wore knives some daggers some ate and drank as they looked on many knitted Among these last was one with a spare piece of knitting under her arm as she worked She was in a front row by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier but whom he directly remembered as Defarge He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear and that she seemed to be his wife but what he most noticed in the two figures was that although they were posted as close to himself as they could be they never looked towards him They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination and they looked at the Jury but at nothing else Under the President sat Doctor Manette in his usual quiet dress As well as the

prisoner could see he and Mr Lorry were the only men there unconnected with the Tribunal who wore their usual clothes and had not assumed the coarse garb of the Carmagnole Charles Evremonde 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 Theophile Gabelle and Alexandre Manette But he had married in England the President reminded him True but not an English woman 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 streets and kill him On these few steps of his dangerous way Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's reiterated instructions The same cautious counsel directed every step that lay before him and had prepared every inch of his road The President asked why had he returned to France when he did and not sooner He had not returned sooner he replied simply because he had no means of living in France 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 Citizen Gabelle hinted with infinite delicacy and politeness that in the pressure of business imposed on the Tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the Republic with which it had to deal he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye in fact had rather passed out of the Tribunal's patriotic remembrance until three days ago when he had been summoned before it and had been set at liberty on the Jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered as to himself by the surrender of the citizen Evremonde called Darnay Doctor Manette was next questioned His high personal popularity and the clearness of his answers made a great impression but as he proceeded as he showed that the Accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment that the accused had remained in England always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile that so far from being in favour 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 favour 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 or which they regarded as some set off against their swollen account of cruel rage. No man can decide now to which of these motives such extraordinary scenes were referable it is probable to a blending of all the three with the second predominating. 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. His removal to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried rescued him from these caresses for the moment. Five were to be tried together next as enemies of the Republic forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. So quick was the Tribunal to compensate itself and the nation for a chance lost that these five came down to him before he left the place condemned to die within twenty four hours. The first of them told him so with the customary prison sign of Death a raised finger and they all added in words Long live the Republic. The five had had it is true no audience to lengthen their proceedings for when he and Doctor Manette emerged from the gate there was a great crowd about it in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in Court except two for which he looked in vain. On his coming out the concourse made at him anew weeping embracing and shouting all by turns and all together until the very tide of the river on the bank of which the mad scene was acted seemed to run mad like the people on the shore. They put him into a great chair they had among them and which they had taken 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 misdoubted his mind being in confusion and that he was in the tumbril on his way to the Guillotine. In wild dreamlike procession embracing whom they met and pointing him out they carried him on reddening the snowy streets with the prevailing Republican colour in winding and tramping through them as they had reddened them below the snow with a deeper dye they carried him thus into the courtyard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before to prepare 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 O 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 darling he remonstrated don't tremble so I have saved him

VII A Knock at the Door I have saved him It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back he was really here And yet his wife trembled and a vague but heavy fear was upon her All the air round was so thick and dark the people were so passionately revengeful and fitful the innocent were so constantly put to death on vague suspicion and black malice it was so impossible to forget that many as blameless as her husband and as dear to others as he was to her every day shared the fate from which he had been clutched that her heart could not be as lightened of its load as she felt it ought to be The shadows of the wintry afternoon were beginning to fall and even now the dreadful carts were rolling through the streets Her mind pursued them looking for him among the Condemned and then she clung closer to his real presence and trembled more Her father cheering her showed a compassionate superiority to this woman's weakness which was wonderful to see No garret no shoemaking no One Hundred and Five North Tower now He had accomplished the task he had set himself his promise was redeemed he had saved Charles Let them all lean upon him Their housekeeping was of a very frugal kind not only because that was the safest way of life involving the least 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 It was an ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible of Liberty Equality Fraternity or Death that on the door or doorpost of every house the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size at a certain convenient height from the ground Mr Jerry Cruncher's name therefore duly embellished the doorpost down below and as the afternoon shadows deepened the owner of that name himself appeared from overlooking a painter whom Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evremonde called Darnay In the universal fear and distrust that darkened the time all the usual harmless ways of life were changed In the Doctor's little household as in very many others the articles of daily consumption that were wanted were purchased every evening in small quantities and at various small shops To avoid attracting notice and to give as little occasion as possible for talk and envy was the general desire For some months past Miss Pross and Mr Cruncher had 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 Although Miss Pross through her long association with a French family might have known as much of their language as of her own if she had had a mind she had no mind in that direction consequently she knew no more of that nonsense as she was pleased to call it than Mr Cruncher did So her manner of marketing was to plump a noun substantive at the head of a shopkeeper without any introduction in the nature of an article and if it happened not to be the name of the thing she wanted to look round for that thing lay hold of it and hold on by it until the bargain was concluded She always made a bargain for it by holding up as a statement of its just price one finger less than the merchant held up whatever his number might be Now Mr Cruncher said Miss Pross whose eyes were red with felicity if you are ready I am Jerry hoarsely professed himself at Miss Pross's service He had worn all his rust off long ago but nothing would file his spiky head down There's all manner of things wanted said Miss Pross and we shall have a precious time of it We want wine among the rest Nice toasts these Redheads will be drinking wherever we buy it It

will be much the same to your knowledge miss I should think retorted Jerry
whether they drink your health or the Old Un s Who s he said Miss Pross
Mr Cruncher with some diffidence explained himself as meaning Old Nick s
Ha said Miss Pross it doesn t need an interpreter to explain the meaning of
these creatures They have but one and it s Midnight Murder and Mischief
Hush dear Pray pray be cautious cried Lucie Yes yes yes I ll be
cautious said Miss Pross but I may say among ourselves that I do hope
there will be no oniony and tobaccoey smotherings in the form of embracings all
round going on in the streets Now Ladybird never you stir from that fire till I
come back Take care of the dear husband you have recovered and don t move your
pretty head from his shoulder as you have it now till you see me again May I ask
a question Doctor Manette before I go I think you may take that liberty
the Doctor answered smiling For gracious sake don t talk about Liberty we
have quite enough of that said Miss Pross Hush dear Again Lucie
remonstrated Well my sweet said Miss Pross nodding her head emphatically
the short and the long of it is that I am a subject of His Most Gracious Majesty
King George the Third Miss Pross curtseyed at the name and as such my
maxim is Confound their politics Frustrate their knavish tricks On him our hopes
we fix God save the King Mr Cruncher in an access of loyalty growlingly
repeated the words after Miss Pross like somebody at church I am glad you
have so much of the Englishman in you though I wish you had never taken that cold
in your voice said Miss Pross approvingly But the question Doctor Manette
Is there it was the good creature s way to affect to make light of anything
that was a great anxiety with them all and to come at it in this chance manner
is there any prospect yet of our getting out of this place I fear not yet
It would be dangerous for Charles yet Heigh ho hum said Miss Pross
cheerfully repressing a sigh as she glanced at her darling s golden hair in the
light of the fire then we must have patience and wait that s all We must hold
up our heads and fight low as my brother Solomon used to say Now Mr Cruncher
Don t you move Ladybird They went out leaving Lucie and her husband her
father and the child by a bright fire Mr Lorry was expected back presently from
the Banking House Miss Pross had lighted the lamp but had put it aside in a
corner that they might enjoy the 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 floor and four rough men in red
caps armed with sabres and pistols entered the room The Citizen Evremonde
called Darnay said the first Who seeks him answered Darnay I
seek him We seek him I know you Evremonde 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 statue 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 before all The People is supreme Evremonde 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 Who moved uneasily on his feet rubbed his beard a little and at length said Well Truly it is against rule But he is denounced and gravely by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge And by one other What other Do you ask Citizen Doctor Yes Then said he of Saint Antoine with a strange look you will be answered to morrow Now I am dumb VIII

A Hand at Cards Happily unconscious of the new calamity at home Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont Neuf reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make Mr Cruncher with the basket walked at her side They both looked to the right and to the left into most of the shops they passed had a wary eye for all gregarious assemblages of people and turned out of their road to avoid any very excited group of talkers It was a raw evening and the misty river blurred to the eye with blazing lights and to the ear with harsh noises showed where the barges were stationed in which the smiths worked making guns for the Army of the Republic Woe to the man who played tricks with that Army or got undeserved promotion in it Better for him that his beard had never grown for the National Razor shaved him close Having purchased a few small articles of grocery and a measure of oil for the lamp Miss Pross 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 her fancy It had a quieter look 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 Slightly observant of the smoky lights of the people pipe in mouth playing with limp cards and yellow dominoes of the one bare breasted bare armed soot begrimed workman reading a journal aloud and of the others listening to him of the weapons worn or laid aside to be resumed of the two or three customers fallen forward asleep who in the popular high shouldered shaggy black spencer looked in that attitude like slumbering bears or dogs the two outlandish customers approached the counter and showed what they wanted 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 a 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 was said in this disappointing anti climax by the disciples of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity except that it was something very voluble and loud would have been as so much Hebrew or Chaldean to Miss Pross and her protector though they had been all ears But they had no ears for anything in their surprise For it must be recorded that not only was Miss Pross lost in amazement and agitation but Mr Cruncher though it seemed on his own separate and individual account was in a state of the greatest wonder 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 her 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 Confound it There said Solomon making a dab at Miss Pross's lips with his own Now are you content Miss Pross only shook her head and wept in silence If you expect me to be surprised 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 My English brother Solomon mourned Miss Pross casting up her tear fraught eyes that had the makings in him of one of the best and greatest of men in his native country an official among foreigners and such foreigners I would almost sooner have seen the dear boy lying in his I said so cried her brother interrupting I knew it You want to be the death of me I shall be rendered Suspected by my own sister Just as I am getting on The gracious and merciful Heavens forbid cried Miss Pross Far rather would I never see you again dear Solomon though I have ever loved you truly and ever shall Say but one affectionate word to me and tell me there is nothing angry or estranged between us and I will detain you no longer Good Miss Pross As if the estrangement between them had come of any culpability of hers As if Mr Lorry had not known it for a fact years ago in the quiet corner in Soho that this precious brother had spent her money and left her He was saying the affectionate word however with a far more grudging condescension and patronage than he could have shown if their relative merits and positions had been reversed which is invariably the case all the world over when Mr Cruncher touching him on the shoulder hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question I say Might I ask the favour As to whether your name is John Solomon or Solomon John The official turned towards him with sudden distrust He had not previously uttered a word Come said Mr Cruncher Speak out you know Which by the way was more than he could do himself John Solomon or Solomon John She calls you Solomon and she must know being your sister And I know you're John you know Which of the two goes first And regarding that name of Pross likewise That warn't your name over the water What do you mean Well I don't know all I mean for I can't call to mind what your name was over the water No No But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables Indeed Yes The other one's was one syllable I know you You was a spy witness at the Bailey What in the name of the Father of Lies own father to yourself was you called at that time Barsad said another voice striking in That's the name for a thousand pound cried Jerry The speaker who struck in was Sydney Carton He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding coat and he stood at Mr Cruncher's elbow as 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 gaolers 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 rumour 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 favour me in confidence with some minutes of your company at the office of Tellson s Bank for instance Under a threat Oh Did I say that Then why should I go there Really Mr Barsad I can t say if you can t Do you mean that you won t say sir the spy irresolutely asked You apprehend me very clearly Mr Barsad I won t Carton s negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully in aid of his quickness and skill in such a business as he had in his secret mind and with such a man as he had to do with His practised eye saw it and made the most of it Now I told you so said the spy casting a reproachful look at his sister if any trouble comes of this it s your doing Come come Mr Barsad exclaimed Sydney Don t be ungrateful But for my great respect for your sister I might not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal that I wish to make for our mutual satisfaction Do you go with me to the Bank I ll hear what you have got to say Yes I ll go with you I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street Let me take your arm Miss Pross This is not a good city at this time for you to be out in unprotected and as your escort knows Mr Barsad I will invite him to Mr Lorry s with us Are we ready Come then Miss Pross recalled soon afterwards and to the end of her life remembered that as she pressed her hands on Sydney s arm and looked up in his face imploring him to do no hurt to Solomon there was a braced purpose in the arm and a kind of inspiration in the eyes which not only contradicted his light manner but changed and raised the man She was too much occupied then with fears for the brother who so little deserved her affection and with Sydney s friendly reassurances adequately to heed what she observed They left her at the corner of the street and Carton led the way to Mr Lorry s which was within a few minutes walk John Barsad or Solomon Pross walked at his side Mr Lorry had just finished his dinner and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire perhaps looking into their blaze for the picture of that younger elderly gentleman from Tellson s who had looked into the red coals at the Royal George at Dover now a good many years ago He turned his head as they entered and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger Miss Pross s brother sir said Sydney Mr Barsad Barsad repeated the old gentleman Barsad I have an association with the name and with the face I told you you had a remarkable face Mr Barsad observed Carton coolly Pray sit down As he took a chair himself he supplied the link that Mr Lorry wanted by saying to him with a frown Witness at that trial Mr Lorry immediately remembered and regarded his new visitor with an undisguised look of abhorrence Mr Barsad has been recognised by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of said Sydney and has acknowledged the relationship I pass to worse news Darnay has been arrested again Struck with consternation the old gentleman exclaimed What do you tell me I left him safe and free within these two hours and am about to return to him Arrested for all that When was it done Mr Barsad Just now if at all Mr Barsad is the best authority possible sir said Sydney and I have it from Mr Barsad s communication to a friend and brother Sheep over a bottle of wine that the arrest has taken place He left the

messengers at the gate and saw them admitted by the porter. There is no earthly doubt that he is retaken. Mr. Lorry's business eye read in the speaker's face that it was loss of time to dwell upon the point. Confused but sensible that something might depend on his presence of mind, he commanded himself and was silently attentive. Now I trust, said Sydney to him, 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. I own to you, I am shaken. Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent this arrest. He may not have known of it beforehand, said Mr. Lorry. But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law. That's true, Mr. Lorry acknowledged with his troubled hand at his chin and his troubled eyes on Carton. In short, said Sydney, this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the Doctor play the winning game. I will play the losing one. No man's life here is worth purchase. Any one carried home by the people 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. Mr. Lorry, you know what a brute I am. I wish you'd give me a little brandy. It was put before him, and he drank off a glassful, drank off another glassful, pushed the bottle thoughtfully away. Mr. Barsad, he went on, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards. Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English, that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters than a Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That's a very good card, Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the 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. He drew the bottle near, poured out another glassful of brandy and drank it off. He saw that the spy was fearful of his drinking himself into a fit state for the immediate denunciation of him. Seeing it, he poured out and drank another glassful. Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad. Take time. It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it, that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his honourable employment in England through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there, not because he was not wanted there, our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date. He knew that he had crossed the Channel and accepted service in France, first as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen, there gradually as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine shop, had received from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, release, and history, as should serve him for an introduction to familiar conversation with the Defarges, and tried them on Madame Defarge, and had broken down with them signally. He always remembered with fear and trembling that that terrible woman had knitted when he talked with her, and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her, in the Section of Saint Antoine, over and over again produce her knitted registers, and denounce people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew, as every one employed as he was did, that he was never safe, that flight was impossible, that he was tied

fast under the shadow of the axe and that in spite of his utmost tergiversation and treachery in furtherance of the reigning terror a word might bring it down upon him. Once denounced and on such grave grounds as had just now been suggested to his mind he foresaw that the dreadful woman of whose unrelenting character he had seen many proofs would produce against him that fatal register and would quash his last chance of life. Besides that all secret men are men soon terrified here were surely cards enough of one black suit to 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 I think sir said the spy in the meanest manner as he turned to Mr Lorry. I may appeal to a gentleman of your years and benevolence to put it to this other gentleman so much your junior whether he can under any circumstances reconcile it to his station to play that Ace of which he has spoken. I admit that I am a spy and that it is considered a discreditable station though it must be filled by somebody but this gentleman is no spy and why should he so demean himself as to make himself one. I play my Ace Mr Barsad said Carton taking the answer on himself and looking at his watch without any scruple in a very few minutes I should have hoped gentlemen both said the spy always striving to hook Mr Lorry into the discussion that your respect for my sister I could not better testify my respect for your sister than by finally relieving her of her brother said Sydney Carton. You think not sir I have thoroughly made up my mind about it. The smooth manner of the spy curiously in dissonance with his ostentatiously rough dress and probably with his usual demeanour received such a check from the inscrutability of Carton who was a mystery to wiser and honester men than he that it faltered here and failed him. While he was at a loss Carton said resuming his former air of contemplating cards And indeed now I think again I have a strong impression that I have another good card here not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow Sheep who spoke of himself as pasturing in the country prisons who was he French You don't know him said the spy quickly French eh repeated Carton musing and not appearing to notice him at all though he echoed his word Well he may be Is I assure you said the spy though it's not important Though it's not important repeated Carton in the same mechanical way though it's not important No it's not important No Yet I know the face I think not I am sure not It can't be said the spy It can't be muttered Sydney Carton retrospectively and idling his glass which fortunately was a small one again Can't be Spoke good French Yet like a foreigner I thought Provincial said the spy No Foreign cried Carton striking his open hand on the table as a light broke clearly on his mind Cly Disguised but the same man We had that man before us at the Old Bailey Now there you are hasty sir said Barsad with a smile that gave his aquiline nose an extra inclination to one side there you really give me an advantage over you Cly who I will unreservedly admit at this distance of time was a partner of mine has been dead several years I attended him in his last illness He was buried in London at the church of Saint Pancras in the Fields His unpopularity with the blackguard multitude at the moment prevented my following his remains but I helped to lay him in his coffin Here Mr Lorry became aware from where he sat of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall Tracing it to its source he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr Cruncher's head Let us be reasonable said the spy and let us be fair To show you how mistaken you are and what an unfounded assumption yours is I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial which I happened to have carried in my pocket book with a hurried hand he produced and opened it ever since There it is Oh look at it look at it You may take it in your hand it's no forgery Here Mr Lorry perceived the reflection on the wall to elongate and Mr Cruncher rose and stepped forward His hair could not have been more violently on end if it had been that moment dressed by the Cow with the crumpled horn in the house that Jack built Unseen by the spy Mr Cruncher stood at his side and touched him on the shoulder like a ghostly bailiff That

there Roger Cly master said Mr Cruncher with a taciturn and iron bound visage So you put him in his coffin I did Who took him out of it Barsad leaned back in his chair and stammered What do you mean I mean said Mr Cruncher that he warn t never in it No Not he I ll have my head took off if he was ever in it The spy looked round at the two gentlemen they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry I tell you said Jerry that you buried paving stones and earth in that there coffin Don t go and tell me that you buried Cly It was a take in Me and two more knows it How do you know it What s that to you Ecod growled Mr Cruncher it s you I have got a old grudge again is it with your shameful impositions upon tradesmen I d catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea Sydney Carton who with Mr Lorry had been lost in amazement at this turn of the business here requested Mr Cruncher to moderate and explain himself At another time sir he returned evasively the present time is ill conwenient for explainin What I stand to is that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin Let him say he was in so much as a word of one syllable and I ll either catch hold of his throat and choke him for half a guinea Mr Cruncher dwelt upon this as quite a liberal offer or I ll out and announce him Humph I see one thing said Carton I hold another card Mr Barsad Impossible here in raging Paris with Suspicion filling the air for you to outlive denunciation when you are in communication with another aristocratic spy of the same antecedents as yourself who moreover has the mystery about him of having feigned death and come to life again A plot in the prisons of the foreigner against the Republic A strong card a certain Guillotine card Do you play No returned the spy I throw up I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death and that Cly was so ferreted up and down that he never would have got away at all but for that sham Though how this man knows it was a sham is a wonder of wonders to me Never you trouble your head about this man retorted the contentious Mr Cruncher you ll have trouble enough with giving your attention to that gentleman And look here Once more Mr Cruncher could not be restrained from making rather an ostentatious parade of his liberality I d catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea The Sheep of the prisons turned from him to Sydney Carton and said with more decision It has come to a point I go on duty soon and can t overstay my time You told me you had a proposal what is it Now it is of no use asking too much of me Ask me to do anything in my office putting my head in great extra danger and I had better trust my life to the chances of a refusal than the chances of consent In short I should make that choice You talk of desperation We are all desperate here Remember I may denounce you if I think proper and I can swear my way through stone walls and so can others Now what do you want with me Not very much You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie I tell you once for all there is no such thing as an escape possible said the spy firmly Why need you tell me what I have not asked You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie I am sometimes You can be when you choose I can pass in and out when I choose Sydney Carton filled another glass with brandy poured it slowly out upon the hearth and watched it as it dropped It being all spent he said rising So far we have spoken before these two because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me Come into the dark room here and let us have one final word alone IX The Game Made While Sydney Carton and the Sheep of the prisons were in the adjoining dark room speaking so low that not a sound was heard Mr Lorry looked at Jerry in considerable doubt and mistrust That honest tradesman s manner of receiving the look did not inspire confidence he changed the leg on which he rested as often as if he had fifty of those limbs and were trying them all he examined his finger nails with a very questionable closeness of attention and whenever Mr Lorry s eye caught his he was taken with that peculiar kind of short cough requiring the hollow of a hand before it which is seldom if ever known to be an infirmity attendant on perfect openness of character Jerry said Mr Lorry Come here Mr Cruncher

came forward sideways with one of his shoulders in advance of him What have you been besides a messenger

After some cogitation accompanied with an intent look at his patron Mr Cruncher conceived the luminous idea of replying Agriculthood character My mind misgives me much said Mr Lorry angrily shaking a forefinger at him that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson s as a blind and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description If you have don t expect me to befriend you when you get back to England If you have don t expect me to keep your secret Tellson s shall not be imposed upon I hope sir pleaded the abashed Mr Cruncher that a gentleman like yourself wot I ve had the honour of odd jobbing till I m grey at it would think twice about harming of me even if it was so I don t say it is but even if it was And which it is to be took into account that if it was it wouldn t even then be all o one side There d be two sides to it There might be medical doctors at the present hour a picking up their guineas where a honest tradesman don t pick up his fardens fardens no nor yet his half fardens half fardens no nor yet his quarter a banking away like smoke at Tellson s and a cocking their medical eyes at that tradesman on the sly a going in and going out to their own carriages ah equally like smoke if not more so Well that ud be imposing too on Tellson s For you cannot sarse the goose and not the gander And here s Mrs Cruncher or leastways was in the Old England times and would be to morrow if cause given a floppin again the business to that degree as is ruining stark ruining Whereas them medical doctors wives don t flop catch em at it Or if they flop their floppings goes in favour of more patients and how can you rightly have one without t other Then wot with undertakers and wot with parish clerks and wot with sextons and wot with private watchmen all awaricious and all in it a man wouldn t get much by it even if it was so And wot little a man did get would never prosper with him Mr Lorry He d never have no good of it he d want all along to be out of the line if he could see his way out being once in even if it was so Ugh cried Mr Lorry rather relenting nevertheless I am shocked at the sight of you Now what I would humbly offer to you sir pursued Mr Cruncher even if it was so which I don t say it is Don t prevaricate said Mr Lorry No I will not sir returned Mr Crunches as if nothing were further from his thoughts or practice which I don t say it is wot I would humbly offer to you sir would be this Upon that there stool at that there Bar sets that there boy of mine brought up and growed up to be a man wot will errand you message you general light job you till your heels is where your head is if such should be your wishes If it was so which I still don t say it is for I will not prevaricate to you sir let that there boy keep his father s place and take care of his mother don t blow upon that boy s father do not do it sir and let that father go into the line of the reg lar diggin and make amends for what he would have undug if it was so by diggin of em in with a will and with convictions respectin the futur keepin of em safe That Mr Lorry said Mr Cruncher wiping his forehead with his arm as an announcement that he had arrived at the peroration of his discourse is wot I would respectfully offer to you sir A man don t see all this here a goin on dreadful round him in the way of Subjects without heads dear me plentiful enough fur to bring the price down to portorage and hardly that without havin his serious thoughts of things And these here would be mine if it was so entreatin of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep it back That at least is true said Mr Lorry Say no more now It may be that I shall yet stand your friend if you deserve it and repent in action not in words I want no more words Mr Cruncher knuckled his forehead as Sydney Carton and the spy returned from the dark room Adieu Mr Barsad said the former our arrangement thus made you have nothing to fear from me He sat down in a chair 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 ensured 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 his 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 worse to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence. Mr. Lorry had not thought of that and he looked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed to be. He returned the look and evidently understood it. She might think a thousand things, Carton said, and any of them would only add to her trouble. Don't speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came, 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 am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you. How does she look? Anxious and unhappy but very beautiful. Ah. It was a long grieving sound like a sigh almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face which was turned to the fire. A light or a shade the old gentleman could not have said which passed from it as swiftly as a change will sweep over a hill side on a wild bright day and he lifted his foot to put back one of the little flaming logs which was tumbling forward. He wore the white riding coat and top boots then in vogue and the light of the fire touching their light surfaces made him look very pale with his long brown hair all untrimmed hanging loose about him. His indifference to fire was sufficiently remarkable to elicit a word of remonstrance from Mr. Lorry. His boot was still upon the hot embers of the flaming log when it had broken under the weight of his foot. I forgot it, he said. Mr. Lorry's eyes were again attracted to his face. Taking note of the wasted air which clouded the naturally handsome features and having the expression of prisoners' faces fresh in his mind he was strongly reminded of that expression. And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir, said Carton, turning to him. Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly. I have at length done all that I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety and then to have quitted Paris. I have my leave to pass. I was ready to go. They were both silent. Yours is a long life to look back upon, sir, said Carton, wistfully. I am in my seventy eighth year. You have been useful all your life steadily and constantly occupied trusted respected and looked up to. I have been a man of business ever since I have been a man. Indeed I may say that I was a man of business when a boy. See what a place you fill at seventy eight. How many people will miss you when you leave it empty. A solitary old bachelor, answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. There is nobody to weep for me. How can you say that. Wouldn't she weep for you. Wouldn't her child. Yes yes thank God. I didn't quite mean what I said. It is a thing to thank God for is it not. Surely surely. If you could say with truth to your own solitary heart to night I have secured to myself the love and attachment the gratitude or respect of no human creature. I have won myself a tender place in no regard. I have done nothing good or serviceable to be remembered by. Your seventy eight years would be seventy eight heavy curses would they not. You say truly Mr. Carton. I think they would be. Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire and after a silence of a few moments said

I should like to ask you Does your childhood seem far off Do the days when you sat at your mother s knee seem days of very long ago Responding to his softened manner Mr Lorry answered Twenty years back yes at this time of my life no For as I draw closer and closer to the end I travel in the circle nearer and nearer to the beginning It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way My heart is touched now by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep of my pretty young mother and I so old and by many associations of the days when what we call the World was not so real with me and my faults were not confirmed in me I understand the feeling exclaimed Carton with a bright flush And you are the better for it I hope so Carton terminated the conversation here by rising to help him on with his outer coat But you said Mr Lorry reverting to the theme you are young Yes said Carton I am not old but my young way was never the way to age Enough of me And of me I am sure said Mr Lorry Are you going out I ll walk with you to her gate You know my vagabond and restless habits If I should prowl about the streets a long time don t be uneasy I shall reappear in the morning You go to the Court 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 down stairs and out in the streets A few minutes brought them to Mr Lorry s destination Carton left him there but lingered at a little distance and turned back to the gate again when it was shut and touched it He had heard of her going to the prison every day She came out here he said looking about him turned this way must have trod on these stones often Let me follow in her steps It was ten o clock at night when he stood before the prison of La Force where she had stood hundreds of times A little wood sawyer having closed his shop was smoking his pipe at his shop door Good night citizen said Sydney Carton pausing in going by for the man eyed him inquisitively Good night citizen How goes the Republic You mean the Guillotine Not ill Sixty three to day We shall mount to a hundred soon Samson and his men complain sometimes of being exhausted Ha ha ha He is so droll that Samson Such a Barber Do you often go to see him Shave Always Every day What a barber You have seen him at work Never Go and see him when he has a good batch Figure this to yourself citizen he shaved the sixty three to day in less than two pipes Less than two pipes Word of honour As the grinning little man held out the pipe he was smoking to explain how he timed the executioner Carton was so sensible of a rising desire to strike the life out of him that he turned away But you are not English said the wood sawyer though you wear English dress Yes said Carton pausing again and answering over his shoulder You speak like a Frenchman I am an old student here Aha a perfect Frenchman Good night Englishman Good night citizen But go and see that droll dog the little man persisted calling after him And take a pipe with you Sydney had not gone far out of sight when he stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper Then traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well several dark and dirty streets much dirtier than usual for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleansed in those times of terror he stopped at a chemist s shop which the owner was closing with his own hands A small dim crooked shop kept in a tortuous up hill thoroughfare by a small dim crooked man Giving this citizen too good night as he confronted him at his counter he laid the scrap of paper before him Whew the chemist whistled softly as he read it 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 one by one in the breast of his inner coat counted out the money for them and deliberately left the shop There is nothing more to do 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

In a city dominated by the axe alone at night with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty three who had been that day put to death and for to morrow's victims then awaiting their doom in the prisons and still of to morrow's and to morrow's the chain of association that brought the words home like a rusty old ship's anchor from the deep might have been easily found He did not seek it but repeated them and went on With a solemn interest in the lighted windows where the people were going to rest forgetful through a few calm hours of the horrors surrounding them in the towers of the churches where no prayers were said for the popular revulsion had even travelled that length of self destruction from years of priestly impostors plunderers and profligates in the distant burial places reserved as they wrote upon the gates for Eternal Sleep in the abounding gaols and in the streets along which the sixties rolled to a death which had become so common and material that no sorrowful story of a haunting Spirit ever arose among the people out of all the working of the Guillotine with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of the city settling down to its short nightly pause in fury Sydney Carton crossed the Seine again for the lighter streets Few coaches were abroad for riders in coaches were liable to be suspected and gentility hid its head in red 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 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 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 colour 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 ensuring to any accused person any reasonable hearing There could have been no such Revolution if all laws

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 Eager and prominent among them one man with a craving face and his fingers perpetually hovering about his lips whose appearance gave great satisfaction to the spectators A life thirsting cannibal looking bloody minded jurymen the Jacques Three of St Antoine The whole jury as a jury of dogs empannelled to try the deer Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor No favourable leaning in that quarter to day A fell uncompromising murderous business meaning there Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd and gleamed at it approvingly and heads nodded at one another before bending forward with a strained attention Charles Evremonde called Darnay Released yesterday Reaccused 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 Evremonde called Darnay in right of such proscription absolutely Dead in Law To this effect in as few or fewer words the Public Prosecutor The President asked was the Accused openly denounced or secretly Openly President By whom Three voices Ernest Defarge wine vendor of St Antoine Good Therese Defarge his wife Good Alexandre Manette physician A great uproar took place in the court and in the midst of it Doctor Manette was seen pale and trembling standing where he had been seated President I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter My daughter and those dear to her are far dearer to me than my life Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child Citizen Manette be tranquil To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of Law As to what is dearer to you than life nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke The President rang his bell and with warmth resumed If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself you would have no duty but to sacrifice her Listen to what is to follow In the meanwhile be silent Frantic acclamations were again raised Doctor Manette sat down with his eyes looking around and his lips trembling his daughter drew closer to him The craving man on the jury rubbed his hands together and restored the usual hand to his mouth 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 Here an excited woman screeched from the crowd You were one of the best patriots there Why not say so You were a cannonier that day there and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell Patriots I speak the truth It was The Vengeance who amidst the warm commendations of the audience thus assisted the proceedings The President rang his bell but The Vengeance warming with encouragement shrieked I defy that bell wherein she was likewise much commended Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille citizen I knew said Defarge looking down at his wife who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised looking steadily up at him I knew that this prisoner of

whom I speak had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five North Tower I knew it from himself He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five North Tower when he made shoes under my care As I serve my gun that day I resolve when the place shall fall to examine that cell It falls I mount to the cell with a fellow citizen who is one of the Jury directed by a gaoler I examine it very closely In a hole in the chimney where a stone has been worked out and replaced I find a written paper This is that written paper I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette This is the writing of Doctor Manette I confide this paper in the writing of Doctor Manette to the hands of the President Let it be read In a dead silence and stillness the prisoner under trial looking lovingly at his wife his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader Madame Defarge never taking hers from the prisoner Defarge never taking his from his feasting wife and all the other eyes there intent upon the Doctor who saw none of them the paper was read as follows

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 I write it at stolen intervals under every difficulty I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it Some pitying hand may find it there when I and my sorrows are dust These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney mixed with blood in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity Hope has quite departed from my breast I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind that my memory is exact and circumstantial and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words whether they be ever read by men or not at the Eternal Judgment seat One cloudy moonlight night in the third week of December I think the twenty second of the month in the year 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 honour 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 describe 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 two 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 bearings 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 and repeated the words My husband my father and my brother and then counted up to twelve and said Hush For an instant and no more she would pause to listen and then the piercing shrieks would begin again and she would repeat the cry My husband my father and my brother and would count up to twelve and say Hush There was no variation in the order or the manner There was no cessation but the regular moment's pause in the utterance of these sounds How long I asked has this lasted To distinguish the brothers I will call them the elder and the younger by the elder I mean him who exercised the most authority It was the elder who replied Since about this hour last night She has a husband a father and a brother A brother I do not address her brother He answered with great contempt No She has some recent association with the number twelve The younger brother impatiently rejoined With twelve o'clock 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 opened some of the bottles smelt them and put the stoppers to my lips If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves I would not have administered any of those Do you doubt them asked the younger brother You see monsieur I am going to use them I replied and said no more 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 down stairs who had retreated

into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished, evidently recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession with the cry, "My husband, my father, and my brother, the counting up to twelve, and Hush." The frenzy was so violent that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms, but I had looked to them to see that they were not painful. 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 tranquillised 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. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of it, the rest was open to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part to get at the other. My memory is circumstantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night. 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 knelt 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 without 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, outrage us, beat us, kill us, but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She, have you seen her, Doctor? The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were lying in our presence. "I said, 'I have seen her.'" "She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters, many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too, a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his, that man'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. I say, we were so robbed."

and hunted and were made so poor that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world and that what we should most pray for was that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed bursting forth like a fire I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere but I had never seen it break out until I saw it in the dying boy Nevertheless Doctor my sister married He was ailing at that time poor fellow and she married her lover that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage our dog hut as that man would call it She had not been married many weeks when that man's brother saw her and admired her and asked that man to lend her to him for what are husbands among us He was willing enough but my sister was good and virtuous and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine What did the two then to persuade her husband to use his influence with her to make her willing The boy's eyes which had been fixed on mine slowly turned to the looker on and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another I can see even in this Bastille the gentleman's all negligent indifference the peasant's all trodden down sentiment and passionate revenge You know Doctor that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts and drive us They so harnessed him and drove him You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night quieting the frogs in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night and ordered him back into his harness in the day But he was not persuaded No Taken out of harness one day at noon to feed if he could find food he sobbed twelve times once for every stroke of the bell and died on her bosom Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his 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 her away in spite of what I know she must have told his brother and what that is will not be long unknown to you Doctor if it is now his brother took her away for his pleasure and diversion for a little while I saw her pass me on the road When I took the tidings home 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 straw were trampled over the floor as if there had been a struggle She heard me and ran in I told her not to come near us till he was dead He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money then struck at me with a whip But I though a common dog so struck at him as to make him draw 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 turned to him with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised in the days when all these things are to be answered for I summon you and yours to the last of your bad race to answer for them I mark this cross of blood upon you as a sign that I do it In the days when all these things are to be answered for I summon your brother the worst of 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 the 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 of 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 She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words They were always My husband my father and my brother One two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve Hush This lasted twenty six hours from the time when I first saw her I had come and gone twice and was again sitting by her when she began to falter I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity and by and bye she sank into a lethargy and lay like the dead It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last after a long and fearful storm I released her arms and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her 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 ordered the woman away and said in a subdued voice Doctor finding my brother in this difficulty with these hinds I recommended that your aid should be invited Your reputation is high and as a young man with your fortune to make you are probably mindful of your interest The things that you see here are things to be seen and not spoken of I listened to the patient's breathing and avoided answering Do you honour 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 with 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 I had no opportunity of asking her any question until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast and could not live another day Until then though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there But when it came to that they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her as if the thought passed through my mind I were dying too I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's as I call him having crossed swords with a peasant and that peasant a boy The only consideration that appeared to affect the mind of either of them was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family and was ridiculous As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply for knowing what I knew from the boy He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder but I saw this I also saw that I was an incumbrance in the mind of the elder too 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 down stairs 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 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 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 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 Evremonde 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 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 up stairs When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife O 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 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 anathematised 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 And all the worse for the doomed man that the denouncer was a well known citizen his own attached friend the father of his wife One of the frenzied aspirations of the populace was for imitations of the questionable public virtues of antiquity and for sacrifices and self immolations on the people's altar Therefore when the President said else had his own head quivered on his shoulders that the good physician of the Republic would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of Aristocrats and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan there was wild excitement patriotic fervour not a touch of human sympathy Much influence around him has that Doctor murmured Madame Defarge smiling to The Vengeance Save him now my Doctor save him At every juryman's vote there was a roar Another and another Roar and roar Unanimously voted At heart and by descent an Aristocrat an enemy of the Republic a notorious oppressor of the People Back to the Conciergerie and Death within four and twenty hours 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 O good citizens if you would have so much compassion for us There was but a gaoler 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 bye but I will do my duty while I can and when I leave her God will raise up friends for her as He did for me Her father had followed her and would have fallen on his knees to both of them but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him crying No no What have you done what have you done that you should kneel to us We know now what a struggle you made of old We know now what you underwent when you suspected my descent and when you knew it We know now the natural antipathy you strove against and conquered for her dear sake We thank you with all our hearts and all our love and duty Heaven be with you Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair and wring them with a shriek of anguish It could not be otherwise said the prisoner All things have worked together as they have fallen out It was the always vain endeavour to discharge my poor mother's trust that first brought my fatal presence near you Good could never come of such evil a happier end was not in nature to so unhappy a beginning Be comforted and forgive me Heaven bless you As he was drawn away his wife released him and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer and with a radiant look upon her face in which there was even a comforting smile As he went out at the 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 Don't recall her to herself he said softly to the latter she is better so Don't revive her to consciousness while she only faints Oh Carton Carton dear Carton cried little Lucie springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him in a burst of grief Now that you have come I think you will do something to help mamma something to save papa O look at her dear Carton Can you of all the people who love her bear to see her so He bent over the child and laid her blooming cheek against his face He put her gently from him and looked at her unconscious mother Before I go he said and paused I may kiss her It was remembered afterwards that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips he murmured 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 These judges and all the men in power are very friendly to you and very recognisant of your services are they not Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me I had the strongest assurances that I should save him and I did He returned the answer in great trouble and very slowly Try them again The hours between this and to morrow afternoon are few and short but try I intend to try I will not rest a moment That's well I have known such energy as yours do great things before now though never he added with a smile and a sigh together such great things as this But try Of little worth as life is when we misuse it it is worth that effort It would cost

nothing to lay down if it were not I will go said Doctor Manette to the Prosecutor and the President straight and I will go to others whom it is better not to name I will write too and But stay There is a Celebration in the streets and no one will be accessible until dark That s true Well It is a forlorn hope at the best and not much the forlorn for being delayed till dark I should like to know how you speed though mind I expect nothing When are you likely to have seen these dread powers Doctor Manette Immediately after dark I should hope Within an hour or two from this It will be dark soon after four Let us stretch the hour or two If I go to Mr Lorry s at nine shall I hear what you have done either from our friend or from yourself Yes May you prosper Mr Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door and touching him on the shoulder as he was going away caused him to turn I have no hope said Mr Lorry in a low and sorrowful whisper Nor have I If any one of these men or all of these men were disposed to spare him which is a large supposition for what is his life or any man s to them I doubt if they durst spare him after the demonstration in the court And so do I I heard the fall of the axe in that sound Mr Lorry leaned his arm upon the door post and bowed his face upon it Don t despond said Carton very gently don t grieve I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her Otherwise she might think his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted and that might trouble her Yes yes yes returned Mr Lorry drying his eyes you are right But he will perish there is no real hope Yes He will perish there is no real hope echoed Carton And walked with a settled step down stairs XII Darkness Sydney Carton paused in the street not quite decided where to go At Tellson s banking house at nine he said with a musing face Shall I do well in the mean time to show myself I think so It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here it is a sound precaution and may be a necessary preparation But care care care Let me think it out Checking his steps which had begun to tend towards an object he took a turn or two in the already darkening street and traced the thought in his mind to its possible consequences His first impression was confirmed It is best he said finally resolved that these people should know there is such a man as I here And he turned his face towards Saint Antoine Defarge had described himself that day as the keeper of a wine shop in the Saint Antoine suburb It was not difficult for one who knew the city well to find his house without asking any question Having ascertained its situation Carton came out of those closer streets again and dined at a place of refreshment and fell sound asleep after dinner For the first time in many years he had no strong drink Since last night he had taken nothing but a little light thin wine and last night he had dropped the brandy slowly down on Mr Lorry s hearth like a man who had done with it It was as late as seven o clock when he awoke refreshed and went out into the streets again As he passed along towards Saint Antoine he stopped at a shop window where there was a mirror and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose cravat and his coat collar and his wild hair This done he went on direct to Defarge s and went in There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques Three of the restless fingers and the croaking voice This man whom he had seen upon the Jury stood drinking at the little counter in conversation with the Defarges man and wife The Vengeance assisted in the conversation like a regular member of the establishment As Carton walked in took his seat and asked in very indifferent 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 to pore over it puzzling out its meaning he heard her say I swear to you like Evremonde Defarge brought him the wine and gave him Good Evening

How Good evening Oh Good evening citizen filling his glass
 Ah and good wine I drink to the Republic Defarge went back to the counter
 and said Certainly a little like Madame sternly retorted I tell you a
 good deal like Jacques Three pacifically remarked He is so much in your
 mind see you madame The amiable Vengeance added with a laugh Yes my
 faith And you are looking forward with so much pleasure to seeing him once more to
 morrow 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
 Magnificent croaked Jacques Three The Vengeance also highly approved
 Extermination is good doctrine my wife said Defarge rather troubled in
 general I say nothing against it But this Doctor has suffered much you have seen
 him 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
 listener's eyes were always on his paper and to let it fall with a rattle on the
 ledge before her as if the axe had dropped The citizeness is superb
 croaked the Juryman She is an Angel said The Vengeance and embraced her
 As to thee pursued madame implacably addressing her husband if it
 depended on thee which happily 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 wrathfully and see you too my little Vengeance see you
 both Listen For other crimes as tyrants and oppressors I have this race a long
 time on my register doomed to destruction and extermination Ask my husband is
 that so It is so assented Defarge without being asked In the
 beginning of the great days when the Bastille falls he finds this paper of 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 sea shore and that peasant
 family so injured by the two Evremonde brothers as that Bastille paper describes
 is my family Defarge that sister of the mortally wounded boy upon the ground was
 my sister that husband was my sister's husband that unborn child was their child
 that brother was my brother that father was my father those dead are my dead and
 that summons to answer for those things descends to me Ask him is that so
 It is so assented Defarge once more Then tell Wind and Fire where to stop
 returned madame but don't tell me Both her hearers derived a horrible
 enjoyment from the deadly nature of her wrath the listener could feel how white
 she was without seeing her and both highly commended it Defarge a weak minority
 interposed a few words for the memory of the compassionate wife of the Marquis but
 only elicited from his own wife a repetition of her last reply Tell the Wind
 and the Fire where to stop not me Customers entered and the group was broken

up The English customer paid for what he had had perplexedly counted his change and asked as a stranger to be directed towards the National Palace Madame 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 just now and had only left her for a few minutes to come and keep his appointment Her father had not been seen since he 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 Mr Lorry waited until ten but Doctor Manette not returning and he being unwilling to leave Lucie any longer it was arranged that he should go back to her and come to the banking house again at midnight In the meanwhile Carton would wait alone by the fire for the Doctor He waited and waited and the clock struck twelve but Doctor Manette did not come back Mr Lorry returned and found no tidings of him and brought none Where could he be They were discussing this question and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged absence when they heard him on the stairs The instant he entered the room it was plain that all was lost Whether he had really been to any one or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets was never known As he stood staring at them they asked him no question for his face told them everything I cannot find it 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 They looked at one another and their hearts died within them Come come said he in a whimpering miserable way let me get to work Give me my work Receiving no answer he tore his hair and beat his feet upon the ground like a distracted child Don't torture a poor forlorn wretch he implored them with a dreadful cry but give me my work What is to become of us if those shoes are not done to night 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 Affected and impressed with terror as they both were by this spectacle of ruin it was not a time to yield to such emotions His lonely daughter bereft of her final hope and reliance appealed to them both too strongly Again as if by agreement they looked at one another with one meaning in their faces Carton was the first to speak The last chance is gone it was not much Yes he had better be taken to her But before you go will you for a moment steadily attend to me Don't ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make and exact the promise I am going to exact I have a reason a good one I do not doubt it answered Mr Lorry Say on The figure in the chair between them was all the time 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 stooped to pick up the coat which lay almost entangling his feet As he did so a small case in which the Doctor was accustomed to carry the lists 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 you remember and I had better not take it into the prison Why not I don't know I prefer not to do so Now take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him It is a similar certificate enabling him and his daughter and her child at any time to pass the barrier and the frontier You see Yes Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil yesterday When is it dated But no matter don't stay to look put it up carefully with mine and your own Now observe I never doubted until within this hour or two that he had or could have such a paper It is good until recalled But it may be soon recalled and I have reason to think will be They are not in danger They are in great danger They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge I know it from her own lips I have overheard words of that woman's to night which have presented their danger to me in strong colours I have lost no time and since then I have seen the spy He confirms me He knows that a wood sawyer living by the prison wall is under the control of the Defarges and has been rehearsed by Madame Defarge as to his having seen Her he never mentioned Lucie's name making signs and signals to prisoners It is easy to foresee that the pretence will be the common one a prison plot and that it will involve her life and perhaps her child's and perhaps her father's for both have been seen with her at that place Don't look so horrified You will save them all Heaven grant I may Carton But how I am going to tell you how It will depend on you and it could depend on no better man This new denunciation will certainly not take place until after 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 sympathise with a victim of the Guillotine She and her father would unquestionably be guilty of this crime and this woman the inveteracy of whose pursuit cannot be described 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 seacoast 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 bye Though he said it with a grave smile of earnestness and though he even put the old man's hand to his lips he did not part from him then He helped him so far to arouse the rocking figure before the dying embers as to get a cloak and hat put

upon it and to tempt it forth to find where the bench and work were hidden that it still moaningly besought to have. He walked on the other side of it and protected it to the courtyard of the house where the afflicted heart so happy in the memorable time when he had revealed his own desolate heart to it outwatched the awful night. He entered the courtyard and remained there for a few moments alone looking up at the light in the window of her room. Before he went away he breathed a blessing towards it and a Farewell.

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. Before their cells were quit of them new occupants were appointed before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday the blood that was to mingle with theirs to morrow was already set apart. Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer general of seventy whose riches could not buy his life to the seamstress of twenty whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Physical diseases engendered in the vices and neglects of men will seize on victims of all degrees and the frightful moral disorder born of unspeakable suffering intolerable oppression and heartless indifference smote equally without distinction. 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 he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him that he was virtually sentenced by the millions and that units could avail him nothing. Nevertheless it was not easy with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong and it was very very hard to loosen by gradual efforts and degrees unclosed a little here it clenched the tighter there and when he brought his strength to bear on that hand and it yielded this was closed again. There was a hurry too in all his thoughts a turbulent and heated working of his heart that contended against resignation. If for a moment he did feel resigned then his wife and child who had to live after him seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing. But all this was at first. Before long the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet and that numbers went the same road wrongfully and trod it firmly every day sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones depended on his quiet fortitude. So by degrees he calmed into the better state when he could raise his thoughts much higher and draw comfort down. Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation he had travelled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing and a light he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished. He wrote a long letter to Lucie showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had relinquished was the one condition fully intelligible now that her father had attached to their betrothal and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her for her father's sake never to seek to know whether her father had become oblivious of the existence of the paper or had had it recalled to him for the moment or for good by the story of the Tower on that old Sunday under the dear old plane tree in the garden. If he had preserved any definite remembrance of it there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed with the Bastille when he had found no mention of it among the relics of prisoners which the populace had discovered there and which had been described to all the world. He besought her though he added that he knew it was needless to console her father by impressing him through every tender means she could think of with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing and her overcoming of her sorrow to devote herself to their dear child he adjured her as they would meet in Heaven to comfort her father. To her father himself he wrote in the same

strain but he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care 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 But it beckoned him back in his sleep and showed itself in shining forms Free and happy back in the old house in Soho though it had nothing in it like the real house unaccountably released and light of heart he was with Lucie again and she told him it was all a dream and he had never gone away A pause of forgetfulness and then he had even suffered and had come back to her dead and at peace and yet there was no difference in him Another pause of oblivion and he awoke in the 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 And now while he was composed and hoped that he could meet the end with quiet heroism a new action began in his waking thoughts which was very difficult to master He had never seen the instrument that was to terminate his life How high it was from the ground how many steps it had where he would be stood how he would be touched whether the touching hands would be dyed red which way his face would be turned whether he would be the first or might be the last these and many similar questions in nowise directed by his will obtruded themselves over and over again countless times Neither were they connected with fear he was conscious of no fear Rather they originated in a strange besetting desire to know what to do when the time came a desire gigantically disproportionate to the few swift moments to which it referred a wondering that was more like the wondering of some other spirit within his than his own The hours went on as he walked to and fro and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again Nine gone for ever ten gone for ever eleven gone for ever twelve coming on to pass away After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him he had got the better of it He walked

up and down softly repeating their names to himself The worst of the strife was over He could walk up and down free from distracting fancies praying for himself and for them Twelve gone for ever He had been apprised that the final hour was Three and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier inasmuch as the tumbrils 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 a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force he heard One struck away from him without surprise The hour had measured like most other hours Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self possession he thought There is but another now and turned to walk again Footsteps in the stone passage outside the door He stopped The key was put in the lock and turned Before the door was opened or as it opened a man said in a low voice in English He has never seen me here I have kept out of his way Go you in alone I wait near Lose no time The door was quickly opened and closed and there stood before him face to face quiet intent upon him with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip Sydney Carton There was something so bright and remarkable in his look that for the first moment the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining But he spoke and it was his voice he took the prisoner's hand and it was his real grasp Of all the people upon earth you least expected to see me he said I could not believe it to be you I can scarcely believe it now You are not 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 will 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 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 close beside him Write exactly as I speak To whom do I address it To no one Carton still had his hand in his breast Do I date it No The prisoner looked up at each question Carton standing over him with his hand in his breast 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 vapour is that he asked Vapour Something that crossed me I am conscious of nothing there can be nothing here Take up the pen and finish Hurry hurry As if his memory were impaired or his faculties disordered the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing Carton his hand again in his breast looked steadily at him Hurry hurry The prisoner bent over the paper once more If it had been otherwise Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down I never should have used the longer opportunity If it had been otherwise the hand was at the prisoner's face I should but have had so much the more to answer for If it had been otherwise Carton looked at the pen and saw it was trailing off into unintelligible signs Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him but within a minute or so he was stretched insensible on the ground Quickly 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 knelt 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 tale of fifty two is to be right Being made right by you in that dress I shall have no fear Have no fear I shall soon be out of the way of harming you and the rest will soon be far from here please God Now get assistance and take me to the coach You said the Spy nervously Him man with whom I have exchanged You go out at the gate by which you brought me in Of course I was weak and faint when you brought me in and I am fainter now you take me out The parting interview has overpowered me Such a thing has happened here often and too often Your life is in your own hands Quick Call assistance You swear not to betray me said the trembling Spy as he paused for a last moment Man man 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 How then said one of them contemplating the fallen figure So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine A good patriot said the other could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank They raised the unconscious figure placed it on a litter they had brought to the door and bent to carry it away The time is short Evremonde 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 gaoler with a list in his hand looked in merely saying Follow me Evremonde 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 colour and large widely opened patient eyes rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting and came to speak to him Citizen Evremonde 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 that 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 Evremonde 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 Evremonde 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 Evremonde I hoped it was true It was But I was again taken and condemned If I may ride with you Citizen Evremonde 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 O you will let me hold your brave hand stranger Hush Yes my poor sister to the last The same shadows that are falling on the prison are falling in that same hour of the early afternoon on the Barrier with the crowd about it when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined Who goes here Whom have we within Papers The papers are handed out and read Alexandre Manette Physician French Which is he This is he this helpless inarticulately murmuring wandering old man 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 Evremonde is it not It is Hah Evremonde has an assignation elsewhere Lucie her child English This is she She and no other Kiss me child of Evremonde 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 carriage 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 Suddenly the postilions exchange speech with animated gesticulation and the horses are pulled up almost on their haunches We are pursued Ho Within the carriage there Speak then What is it asks Mr Lorry looking out at window How many did they say I do not understand you At the last post How many to the Guillotine to day Fifty two I said so A brave number My fellow citizen here would have it forty two ten more heads are worth having The Guillotine goes handsomely I love it Hi forward Whoop The night comes on dark He moves more he is beginning to revive and to speak intelligibly he thinks they are still together he asks him by his name what he has in his hand O pity us kind Heaven and help us Look out look out and see if we are pursued The wind is rushing after us and the clouds are flying after us and the moon is plunging after us and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us but so far we are pursued by nothing else 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 Not in the wine shop did Madame Defarge confer with these ministers but in the shed of the wood sawyer erst a mender of roads The sawyer himself did not participate in the conference but abided at a little distance like an outer satellite who was not to speak until required or to offer an opinion until invited But our Defarge said Jacques Three is undoubtedly a good Republican Eh There is no better the voluble Vengeance protested in her shrill notes in France Peace little Vengeance said Madame Defarge laying her hand with a slight frown on her lieutenant's lips hear me speak My husband fellow citizen is a good Republican and a bold man he has deserved well of the Republic and possesses its confidence But my husband has his weaknesses and he is so weak as to relent towards this Doctor It is a great pity croaked Jacques Three dubiously shaking his head with his cruel fingers at his hungry mouth it is not quite like a good citizen it is a thing to regret 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 She has a fine head for it croaked Jacques Three I have seen blue eyes and golden hair there and they looked charming when Samson held them up Ogre that he was he spoke like an epicure Madame Defarge cast down her eyes and reflected a little The child also observed Jacques Three with a meditative enjoyment of his words has golden hair and blue eyes And we seldom have a child there It is a pretty sight In a word said Madame Defarge coming out of her short abstraction

I cannot trust my husband in this matter Not only do I feel since last night that I dare not confide to him the details of my projects but also I feel that if I delay there is danger of his giving warning and then they might escape That must never be croaked Jacques Three no one must escape We have not half enough as it is We ought to have six score a day In a word Madame Defarge went on my husband has not my reason for pursuing this family to annihilation and I have not his reason for regarding this Doctor with any sensibility I must act for myself therefore Come hither little citizen The wood sawyer who held her in the respect and himself in the submission of mortal fear advanced with his hand to his red cap Touching those signals little citizen said Madame Defarge sternly that she made to the prisoners you are ready to bear witness to them this very day Ay ay why not cried the sawyer Every day in all weathers from two to four always signalling sometimes with the little one sometimes without I know what I know I have seen with my eyes He made all manner of gestures while he spoke as if in incidental imitation of some few of the great diversity of signals that he had never seen Clearly plots said Jacques Three Transparently There is no doubt of the Jury inquired Madame Defarge letting her eyes turn to him with a gloomy smile Rely upon the patriotic Jury dear citizeness I

answer for my fellow Jurymen Now let me see said Madame Defarge
pondering again Yet once more Can I spare this Doctor to my husband I have no
feeling either way Can I spare him He would count as one head observed
Jacques Three in a low voice We really have not heads enough it would be a
pity I think He was signalling with her when I saw her argued Madame
Defarge I cannot speak of one without the other and I must not be silent and
trust the case wholly to him this little citizen here For I am not a bad witness
The Vengeance and Jacques Three vied with each other in their fervent protestations
that she was the most admirable and marvellous of witnesses The little citizen
not to be outdone declared her to be a celestial witness He must take his
chance said Madame Defarge No I cannot spare him You are engaged at three
o'clock you are going to see the batch of to-day executed You The question
was addressed to the wood sawyer who hurriedly replied in the affirmative seizing
the occasion to add that he was the most ardent of Republicans and that he would
be in effect the most desolate of Republicans if anything prevented him from
enjoying the pleasure of smoking his afternoon pipe in the contemplation of the
droll national barber He was so very demonstrative herein that he might have been
suspected perhaps was by the dark eyes that looked contemptuously at him out of
Madame Defarge's head of having his small individual fears for his own personal
safety every hour in the day I said Madame am equally engaged at the
same place After it is over say at eight to-night come you to me in Saint
Antoine and we will give information against these people at my Section The
wood sawyer said he would be proud and flattered to attend the citizeness The
citizeness looking at him he became embarrassed evaded her glance as a small dog
would have done retreated among his wood and hid his confusion over the handle of
his saw Madame Defarge beckoned the Jurymen 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 Republic 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 And
before the tumbrils arrive Be sure you are there my soul said The Vengeance
calling after her for she had already turned into the street before the
tumbrils arrive Madame Defarge slightly waved her hand to imply that she
heard and might be relied upon to arrive in good time and so went through the mud
and round the corner of the prison wall The Vengeance and the Jurymen looking
after her as she walked away were highly appreciative of her fine figure and her
superb moral endowments There were many women at that time upon whom the time
laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand but there was not one among them more to be
dreaded than this ruthless woman now taking her way along the streets Of a strong
and fearless character of shrewd sense and readiness of great determination of
that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and
animosity but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities
the troubled time would have heaved her up under any circumstances But imbued
from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong and an inveterate hatred of a
class opportunity had developed her into a tigress She was absolutely without
pity If she had ever had the virtue in her it had quite gone out of her It was
nothing to her that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers
she saw not him but them It was nothing to her that his wife was to be made a
widow and his daughter an orphan that was insufficient punishment because they
were her natural enemies and her prey and as such had no right to live To appeal
to her was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity even for herself If she
had been laid low in the streets in any of the many encounters in which she had

been engaged she would not have pitied herself nor if she had been ordered to the axe to morrow would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to change places with the man who sent her there Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe Carelessly worn it was a becoming robe enough in a certain weird way and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap Lying hidden in her bosom was a loaded pistol Lying hidden at her waist was a sharpened dagger Thus accoutred and walking with the confident tread of such a character and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood bare foot and bare legged on the brown sea sand Madame Defarge took her way along the streets 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 It was not merely desirable to avoid overloading the coach but it was of the highest importance that the time occupied in examining it and its passengers should be reduced to the utmost since their escape might depend on the saving of only a few seconds here and there 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 She and Jerry had beheld the coach start had known who it was that Solomon brought had passed some ten minutes in tortures of suspense and were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach even as Madame Defarge taking her way through the streets now drew nearer and nearer to the else deserted lodging in which they held their consultation 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 I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures said Miss Pross wildly crying that I am incapable of forming any plan Are you capable of forming any plan my dear good Mr Cruncher Respectin a future spear o life miss returned Mr Cruncher I hope so Respectin any present use o this here blessed old head o mine I think not Would you do me the favour miss to take notice o two promises and wows wot it is my wishes fur to record in this here crisis Oh for gracious sake cried Miss Pross still wildly crying record them at once and get them out of the way like an excellent man First said Mr Cruncher who was all in a tremble and who spoke with an ashy and solemn visage them poor things well out o this never no more will I do it never no more I am quite sure Mr Cruncher returned Miss Pross that you never will do it again whatever it is and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is No miss returned Jerry it shall not be named to you Second them poor things well out o this and never no more will I interfere with Mrs Cruncher's flopping never no more Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be said Miss Pross striving to dry her eyes and compose herself I have no doubt it is best that Mrs Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence O my poor darlings I go so far as to say miss moreover proceeded Mr Cruncher with a most alarming tendency to hold forth as from a pulpit and let my words be took down and took to Mrs Cruncher through yourself that wot my opinions respectin flopping has undergone a change and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time There there there I hope she is my dear man cried the distracted Miss Pross and I hope she finds it answering her expectations Forbid it proceeded Mr Cruncher with additional solemnity additional slowness and additional tendency to hold forth

and hold out as anything wot I have ever said or done should be wisited on my earnest wishes for them poor creeturs now Forbid it as we shouldn t all flop if it was anyways convenient to get em out o this here dismal risk Forbid it miss Wot I say for bid it This was Mr Cruncher s conclusion after a protracted but vain endeavour to find a better one And still Madame Defarge pursuing her way along the streets came nearer and nearer If we ever get back to our native land said Miss Pross you may rely upon my telling Mrs Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time Now pray let us think My esteemed Mr Cruncher let us think Still Madame Defarge pursuing her way along the streets came nearer and nearer If you were to go before said Miss Pross and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here and were to wait somewhere for me wouldn t that be best Mr Cruncher thought it might be best Where could you wait for me asked Miss Pross Mr Cruncher was so bewildered that he could think of no locality but Temple Bar Alas Temple Bar was hundreds of miles away and Madame Defarge was drawing very near indeed By the cathedral door said Miss Pross Would it be much out of the way to take me in near the great cathedral 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 I am doubtful said Mr Cruncher hesitating and shaking his head about leaving of you you see We don t know what may happen Heaven knows we don t returned Miss Pross but have no fear for me Take me in at the cathedral at Three o Clock or as near it as you can and I am sure it will be better than our going from here I feel certain of it There Bless you Mr Cruncher Think not of me but of the lives that may depend on both of us This exordium and Miss Pross s two hands in quite agonised entreaty clasping his decided Mr Cruncher With an encouraging nod or two he immediately went out to alter the arrangements and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed 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 She looked at her watch and it was twenty minutes past two She had no time to lose but must get ready at once Afraid in her extreme 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 Madame Defarge looked coldly at her and said The wife of Evremonde 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 She knew full well that Miss Pross was the family s devoted friend Miss Pross knew full well that Madame Defarge was the family s malevolent enemy On my way yonder said Madame Defarge with a

slight movement of her hand towards the fatal spot where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me I am come to make my compliments to her in passing I wish to see her I know that your intentions are evil said Miss Pross and you may depend upon it I'll hold my own against them Each spoke in her own language neither understood the other's words both were very watchful and intent to deduce from look and manner what the unintelligible words meant It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment said Madame Defarge Good patriots will know what that means Let me see her Go tell her that I wish to see her Do you hear If those eyes of yours were bed winches returned Miss Pross and I was an English four poster they shouldn't lose a splinter of me No you wicked foreign woman I am your match Madame Defarge was not likely to follow these idiomatic remarks in detail but she so far understood them as to perceive that she was set at naught 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 Thus Miss Pross with a shake of her head and a flash of her eyes between every rapid sentence and every rapid sentence a whole breath Thus Miss Pross who had never struck a blow in her life But her courage was of that emotional nature that 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 Evremonde Child of Evremonde Any person but this miserable fool answer the Citizeness Defarge Perhaps the following silence perhaps some latent disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross's face perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion 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 I have been in the streets from the first nothing has stopped me I will tear you to pieces but I will have you from that door said Madame Defarge We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary courtyard we are

not likely to be heard and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling said Miss Pross 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 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 By good fortune she had a veil on her bonnet or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped By good fortune too she was naturally so peculiar in appearance as not to show disfigurement like any other woman She needed both advantages for the marks of gripping fingers were deep in her face and her hair was torn and her dress hastily composed with unsteady hands was clutched and dragged a hundred ways In crossing the bridge she dropped the door key in the river Arriving at the cathedral some few minutes before her escort and waiting there she thought what if the key were already taken in a net what if it were identified what if the door were opened and the remains discovered what if she were stopped at the gate sent to prison and charged with murder In the midst of these fluttering thoughts the escort 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 Is there any noise in the streets now asked Miss Pross again presently Again Mr Cruncher nodded his head I don't hear it Gone deaf in an hour said Mr Cruncher ruminating with his mind much disturbed wot's come to her 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 O my good man there was first a great crash and then a great stillness and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts If she don't hear the roll of 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 XV The Footsteps Die Out For Ever Along the Paris streets the death carts rumble hollow and harsh Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself are fused in the one realisation Guillotine And yet there is not in France with its rich variety of soil and climate a blade a leaf a root a sprig a peppercorn which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror Crush humanity out of shape once more under similar hammers and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression over again and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind Six tumbrils roll along the streets Change these back again to what they were thou powerful enchanter Time and they shall be seen to be the carriages of absolute monarchs the equipages of feudal nobles the toilettes of flaring Jezebels the churches that are not my father's house but dens of thieves the huts of millions of starving peasants No the great magician who majestically works out the appointed order of the Creator never reverses his transformations If thou be changed into this shape by the will of God say

the seers to the enchanted in the wise Arabian stories then remain so But if thou wear this form through mere passing conjuration then resume thy former aspect Changeless and hopeless the tumbrils roll along As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that and the ploughs go steadily onward So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle that in many windows there are no people and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils Here and there the inmate has visitors to see the sight then he points his finger with something of the complacency of a curator or authorised exponent to this cart and to this and seems to tell who sat here yesterday and who there the day before Of the riders in the tumbrils some observe these things and all things on their last roadside with an impassive stare others with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men Some seated with drooping heads are sunk in silent despair again there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres and in pictures Several close their eyes and think or try to get their straying thoughts together Only one and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings and tries to dance Not one of the whole number appeals by look or gesture to the pity of the people There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils 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 tumbril with his head bent down to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart and holds his hand He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him and always speaks to the girl Here and there in the long street of St Honore cries are raised against him If they move him at all it is only to a quiet smile as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face He cannot easily touch his face his arms being bound On the steps of a church awaiting the coming up of the tumbrils stands the Spy 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 Evremonde says a man behind him That At the back there With his hand in the girl s Yes The man cries Down Evremonde To the Guillotine all aristocrats Down Evremonde 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 Evremonde the face of Evremonde is for a moment turned towards him Evremonde 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 The ridges thrown to this side and to that now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on for all are following to the Guillotine 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 fore most chairs stands The Vengeance looking about for her friend Therese she cries in her shrill tones Who has seen her Therese Defarge She never missed before says a knitting woman of the sisterhood No nor will she miss now cries The Vengeance petulantly Therese 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 tumbrils And Evremonde 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 tumbrils begin to discharge their loads The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready Crash A head is held up and the knitting women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak count One The second tumbril empties and moves on the third comes up Crash And the knitting women never faltering or pausing in their Work count Two The supposed Evremonde 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 Brave and generous friend will you let me ask you one last question I am very ignorant and it troubles me just a little Tell me what it is I have a cousin an only relative and an orphan like myself whom I love very dearly She is five years younger than I and she lives in a farmer s house in the south country Poverty parted us and she knows nothing of my fate for I cannot write and if I could how should I tell her It is better as it is Yes yes better as it is What I have been thinking as we came along and what I am still thinking now as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support is this If the Republic really does good to the poor and they come to be less hungry and in all ways to suffer less she may live a long time she may even live to be old What then my gentle sister Do you think the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance fill with tears and the lips part a little more and tremble that it will seem long to me while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered It cannot be my child there is no Time there and no trouble there You comfort me so much I am so ignorant Am I to kiss you now Is the moment come Yes She kisses his lips he kisses hers they solemnly bless each other The 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 and Cly 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 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 honoured 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 fore most of just judges and honoured 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

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