

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

A Drama,

IN TWO ACTS AND A PROLOGUE,

ADAPTED FROM THE STORY OF THAT NAME BY

CHARLES DICKENS, Esq.

BY

TOM TAYLOR, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

The Fool's Revenge, Nine Points of the Law, The House or the Home? The Contested Election, An Unequal Match, Victims, Still Waters Run Deep, Going to the Bad, A Nice Firm, A Blighted Being, To Oblige Benson, A Trip to Kissengen, Diogenes and his Lantern, The Philosopher's Stone, The Vicar of Wakefield, To Parents and Guardians, Our Clerks, Little Red Riding Hood, Helping Hands, Prince Dorus, Payable on Demand, &c. &c. &c.; and one of the Authors of—Masks and Faces, Plot and Passion, Slave Life, Two Loves and a Life, The King's Rival, Retribution, &c., &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

First performed at the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday, January 30th, 1860.

Under the Management of MADAME CELESTE.

A new Drama, consisting of a Prologue and Two Acts, adapted by TOM TAXLOR, ESQ., entitled

A TALE OF TWO CITIES!

FROM THE STORY BY

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,

Who has in the kindest manner superintended the production of the Piece.

The New and Extensive Scenery painted by Mr. WILLIAM CALLCOTT.
Mr. BRADWELL. The Appointments, Decorations, &c., by
The Machinery, &c., by Mr. BARE. The completely New Costumes, by MR. MAY, MRS. CLARK,
and Assistants. The Overture and Music incidental to the Piece (with the exception of the "CARMAGNOLE," which
has been procured from the Bibliotheque Imperiale, Paris), composed by MR. GEORGE LODER. The Action of the
"Carmagnole," arranged by MR. CORMACK.

PROLOGUE.—A.D. 1763.
THE SOLITARY HOUSE OUTSIDE PARIS.
SCENE.—CHAMBER IN AN OLD HOUSE OUTSIDE PARIS.

"*The house was damp and decayed; indifferently furnished, and temporarily used.*"

THE MARQUIS DE ST. EVREMONT (aged 32)—"Handsomely dressed, haughty in manner,
and with a face like a fine mask."..... Mr. WALTER LACY.

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THE CHEVALIER DE ST. EVREMONT (<i>aged 28, younger Brother to the Marquis</i>)—“I saw him look down at this sufferer, whose life was ebbing out, as if it were a wounded bird, a hare, or rabbit; not as if it were a fellow creature”)	Mr. FORRESTER.
DOCTOR MANETTE (<i>aged 35</i>)—“Formerly of Beauvais—the young Physician, who within a year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris”)	Mr. JAMES VINING.
PICARD (<i>Coachman to the Marquis</i>)	Mr. REGAN.
ATTENDANTS	Messrs. BUSH & WILSON.
COLETTE DUBOIS (<i>aged 21</i>)—“A woman of great beauty, and young; her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides”)	Madame CELESTE.

ACT I.—A.D. 1783.

RECALLED TO LIFE!

THE MARQUIS DE ST. EVREMONT (*aged 52*)—“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”)

CHARLES DARNAY (*aged 20, Son of the Chevalier de St. Evremond*)—“well grown and well looking, with a sun-burnt cheek and dark eye”)

SYDNEY CARTON (*aged 26, a Barrister*)—“Allowing for his appearance, being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, he and Darnay were sufficiently like each other”)

MR. JARVIS LORRY (“a Gentleman about 60, formally dressed; very orderly and methodical; a face habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes”)

.....

Mr. VILLIERS.

.....

Mr. T. LYON.

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Mr. MORTON.

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Mr. MORTON.

ERNEST DEFARGE (*aged 38, Keeper of a Wine Shop in the Rue St. Antoine*)—“Good-humoured-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking too, evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose”) Mr. JAMES JOHNSTONE.
 THE THREE JACQUES (“The triumvirate of Customers drinking at the Counter”) Messrs. WHITE, TAYLOR, CLIFFORD.
 GASPARD (*aged 40*)—“His head more out of a long squallid bag of a night-cap than in it, scrawled upon the wall, with his finger dipped in muddy wine-lees, ‘Blood’”) Mr. HENRY BUTLER.
 DOCTOR MANETTE (*aged 55*)—“He and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had in a long seclusion from light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which”) Mr. JAMES VINING.
 LUCIE MANETTE (*aged 20, Daughter of the Doctor*)—“Trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it back to life and hope”) Miss KATE SAYVILLE.
 THERESE DEFARGE (*aged 30, Sister of Colette Defarge, and Wife of Ernest Defarge*)—“with a heavily-ringed hand, watchful eye, steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner”) Madame CELESTE.

SALON IN THE HOTEL ST. EYREMOND.

ROOM IN A LODGING HOUSE IN PARIS.

DEFARGE'S WINE-SHOP, IN THE RUE ST. ANTOINE.

STAIRCASE-LANDING, LEADING TO A GARRET IN THE RUE ST. ANTOINE.

REAPING THE THIRD WIND!

ACT II.—A.D. 1793.
 MR. JARVIS LORRY (*aged 69*) Mr. T. LYON.
 MR. JEREMIAH CRUNCHER (*aged 59*)—“A British Bull-dog, who can stand any amount of knocking on the head!” Mr. ROUSE.

DOCTOR MANETTE (<i>aged 64</i>)	Mr. JAMES VINNING,
SYDNEY CARTON (<i>aged 35</i>).....	Mr. VILLIERS.
SOLOMON BARSAD (<i>aged 49, Patriot, Sheep of the Prisons, and Turnkey of the Abbaye</i>).....	Mr. MORTON.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL	Mr. PALMER.
ERNEST DEFARGE (<i>aged 44, of the Section St. Antoine</i>)	Mr. JAMES JOHNSTONE.
THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR	Mr. CLIFFORD.
GASPARD (<i>aged 49, a Sansculotte</i>)	Mr. HENRY BUTLER.
JAILOR.....	Mr. WHITE.
CHARLES DARNAY (<i>aged 29</i>)	Mr. FORRESTER.
LUCIE MANETTE (<i>aged 29</i>)	Miss KATE SAVILLE.
THERÈSE DEFARGE (<i>aged 30, a Tricoteuse</i>).....	Madame CELESTE.
THE VENGEANCE ("The plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal")	Mrs. H. CAMPBELL.
LA RAISON ("Flinging her arms about her head like all the forty furies at once")	Miss TURNER.
LUCIE DARNAY	Miss P. SEYMOUR.
THE ROIGNE ("One of the women upon whom the time had laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand")	Miss STUART.

ROOM IN TELLSON'S BANK, PARIS.

DEFARGE'S WINE-SHOP. ROUSSING THE SECTIONS !

"THE CARMAGNOLE."

REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL !

CELL IN THE ABBAYE.

Salon in Tellson's Bank looking on a Public Place.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

PROLOGUE, 1762.

SCENE—*A large dilapidated room hung with faded tapestry, in an old chateau near Paris. In an alcove, c., a bed with disordered bed-clothes, and tattered and faded hangings; door of entrance, l. 3 e.; secret door in panel under tapestry, r. c.; antique furniture; lights in an old-fashioned candelabrum; COLETTE DUBOIS lying insensible in the bed, and half covered by the disordered counterpane; CHEVALIER DE ST. EVREMOND watching by her side; a bright moonlight falls on the bed from a high window, l.; fireplace, r. 2 e.—Music.*

CHEV. Quiet at last. (*feeling her heart*) Not dead though. Palsambleu! will my brother never return? I am tired of this watching. I never dreamed the girl would be so obstinate—and her dog of a brother, too—a serf—to draw upon a noble! I should be disgraced for ever at Versailles were it known I had crossed swords with a peasant! Besides, were this scandal once noised abroad, farewell to my marriage with that strait-laced Mademoiselle de Darnay, and her dowry of two millions! Hark! The Marquis!

Enter the MARQUIS DE ST. EVREMOND, l. d.

At last.

MARQ. (l.) Is she dead? (*goes up to bed*)

CHEV. (r.) No—only insensible.

MARQ. I had hoped she might have saved us further embarrassment.

CHEV. You have brought the doctor?

MARQ. Yes. (*he rings*) He waits below. The fellow had the assurance to question me, and to demur to my answer that his services were required by people of condition.

CHEV. You had him blindfolded ?

MARQ. My dear chevalier, trust me to neglect no precaution that can secure *our* name from being mixed up with these troublesome canaille.

Music.—Enter SERVANTS, conducting DR. MANETTE, blindfolded, l. d.

Remove the bandage and leave the room.

They unbind MANETTE's eyes, and exit.

MANET. Gentlemen—I protest against the secrecy and violence by which I have been brought hither.

MARQ. You will oblige me by prescribing first; you can protest afterwards. There is your patient. (*points to the bed*)

MANET. (*crossing to bed and examining COLETTE*) A woman—young—beautiful—this disorder of her dress—these bandages—

MARQ. Were necessary to prevent her from injuring herself.

MAN. There has been violence here.

MARQ. Pray restrain your curiosity, and exercise your skill.

MANET. Here are all the outward symptoms of brain fever. This is the insensibility of exhaustion. The paroxysms may recommence at any moment. Meantime, we had better release her from these. (*unfastens bandages which bind her arms*) See, gentlemen, how useless I am as you have brought me; if I had known what I was coming to see, I might have been provided. There are no medicines to be procured in this lonely place.

MARQ. You will find medicines in that cabinet. (*MANETTE crosses and opens closet, l., brings out a case of medicines, opens the bottles, and smells at them*)

CHEV. Do you doubt them?

MAN. They are narcotic poisons. Happily in this case I can turn them to good account. Hush—she revives!

COL. My husband—my father—and my brother! one—two—three—four—hush! (*this is repeated twice, and followed by exhaustion*)

CHEV. Peste!—always the same ravings.

MANET. How long has this lasted? (*preparing a*

draught from the medicine chest, and administering it while the dialogue goes on—MARQUIS crosses behind)

MARQ. Since about this time last night.

MANET. She has a husband—a father—and a brother.

MARQ. *She had.*

MANET. She has some recent association with the number four. (*going to the bed*)

MARQ. Yes—with four o'clock.

CHEV. Is the case serious?

MANET. Most serious—I cannot answer for anything. It is true the paroxysm has passed away under the influence of this sedative; but vital strength may go with it. I presume you are no strangers to the cause of her sufferings?

MARQ. We are not.

MANET. Your presence will be most likely to revive her frenzy. If I and she are to have fair play, I must beg to be left alone with my patient.

MARQ. That is but reasonable. (*to the CHEVALIER*) Come. (*crosses to r.*) Remember, what you see or hear in this room must not travel beyond its walls.

MANET. Sir, I need no schooling in a doctor's duty.

Exeunt CHEVALIER and MARQUIS, D. L.

Here has been devil's work in hand! The air and dress of these men bespeak them noble—Ha! a coronet and crest embroidered on this scarf—This may give me a clue. (*he puts one of the scarfs which has been used to bind her, into his pocket*) She revives! (*crosses to table for cup—music*)

COL. (*faintly, rising in the bed*) Father—brother—husband! where are you? Hush!—they are coming—never fear—I will not go—spare him, monseigneur—my poor Jules, he is so weak—ah, mercy—mercy!

MANET. Fear nothing, my poor girl, I will not hurt you. Here, drink this; it will do you good. (*he puts the cup to her lips*)

COL. Oh! my lips are burning—burning—thanks—thanks! (*she drinks eagerly, then gazes wildly about her, and presses her hand to her brow*) Where am I? What has happened? Where is Jules? Where's my brother? My head throbs—and monseigneur—and the Chevalier—and the blood! (*shrieks*) Ah!—I remember all now. Oh!

husband—brother—father—dead—dead—all dead—all but Colette. (*she hides her face in her hands and sobs passionately*)

MANET. You must be calm, my poor girl. You see, I am your friend. (*crossing round to R.*)

COLETTE. My friend! Then you will not let them come to me? (*half rises in bed*)

MANET. Them!—who?

COLETTE. Monseigneur, the Marquis de St. Evrémond, and his brother the Chevalier. (*shudders*)

(*the MARQUIS and CHEVALIER suddenly raise a portion of the tapestry, and appear listening in the framework of a secret door, R. C., at the mention of their titles, the CHEVALIER puts his hand to his sword, and is about to step forward—the MARQUIS, with a smile, restrains him*)

MANET. The Marquis de St. Evrémond! This explains the coronet. Confide in me, my poor girl. Tell me what has happened.

COLETTE. We were his peasants; taxed by him without mercy—obliged to work for him without pay—to feed his game on our crops—to pay him tithe and toll—till, what with dime and corvée, we were so ground, and wrung, and down-trodden, that our father made me and my sister Thérèse pray that we might never marry and bear children to be as wretched as we were. But Jules was so good, and brave, and willing, and loved me so, I could not say him nay. We were married, and then by evil chance, the Chevalier saw me, and asked monseigneur to send me up to the château. But when Jules was angry, and forbade me, they harnessed him to the cart all day, and all night they ordered him out into the marshes, to keep the frogs quiet. He soon sickened of the fever; but they kept him to his harness, 'till one day, when they loosed him to feed, he sobbed four times, once for every stroke of the bell—and died—here—on my heart!

MANET. Ah, heaven! That such things should be!

COLETTE. And then, they took me away—by force—to this place, away from my brother and Thérèse, our poor little sister—thank the virgin she is safe! My brother followed to save me.—They found us together.—Peasant

as he was, he had a sword. He drew on them both. Poor Martin! He was bold as a lion, but what was he to fight with a noble? I saw him bleeding there—where that stain is on the floor—and then I remember no more. I hoped I was dead. Ah! You say you are my friend. Why have you brought me back to life? But look! for all your skill, it will not be for long! Doctor, I feel I am dying! Father!—Jules!—Martin!—Colette is coming! (*falls back*)

MANET. She has fainted! Unhappy girl! Would it were death!

MARQ. (*coming forward with the CHEVALIER—MANETTE crosses to table*) Amen, with all my heart! I am afraid, doctor, your patient has been raving.

MANET. (*crossing to front, l.*) You have overheard. You know best, gentlemen, what truth is in her story—

CHEV. A truce to comment, sir! She has mentioned names; you will be discreet enough to forget them.

MANET. There are orders, Monsieur le Chevalier, to which even nobles cannot secure obedience!

CHEV. How, sir?

MANET. Hush! My patient—

COLETTE. (*rises in bed—sees the MARQUIS and the CHEVALIER, and shudders, then half rises in the bed with a last effort of strength*) Marquis de St. Evrémond (*raises her right hand*) in the day 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! (*she makes two crosses in the air and drops back*)

MANET. (*moving from table to bed and putting his hand upon her breast*) Dead!

MARQ. At last! What strength there is in these peasants!

MANET. There is prodigious strength in sorrow and despair.

CHEV. (*impatiently*) Pshaw! (*rises*)

MARQ. Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these serfs, I recommended that your aid should be invited; your reputation is high—and may one day be higher. As you value success—fortune—life—you will do well to remember that the things you have witnessed here are things to be seen and not spoken of. (MANETTE

turns away to bed and composes the limbs of the dead)
Do you honour me with your attention, doctor?

MANET. Monseigneur—in our calling information obtained professionally is sacred.

MARQ. It is an excellent rule—

MANET. But it has one exception: when that information reveals a crime, (*points to body*) the rights of justice are superior to those of professional discretion.

CHEV. Canaille! Do you dare to threaten?

MARQ. Chevalier—you are lamentably hasty. (*to MANETTE*) I am quite aware secrecy may, often, be worth purchasing—Here, doctor, is the price of yours. (*offering a rouleau*) Come—you have earned your fee.

MANET. (*putting it aside*) Pray excuse me—under the circumstances, no. I have nothing more to do here. (*MANETTE draws curtains of bed*)

MARQ. (*rings bell*) At least you will partake of some refreshment after your ride. (*MANETTE shakes his head*) Not even that? Then allow me to order the carriage. (*Enter three servants*) The carriage! Replace the bandage on monsieur's eyes.

MANET. Once more—I protest—

MARQ. We will take your protest for granted—
(*SERVANT replaces the bandage—two SERVANTS stand at each side of MANETTE, and one crosses to c., to receive orders from the MARQUIS*)

CHEV. (*coming forward and aside to the MARQUIS*) Are you mad to let him go thus? This man will betray us—

MARQ. (*writing at table*) Poor Chevalier! as if there were not means to keep even weightier secrets than your peccadilloes. (*writing*) Adieu, Doctor!—a pleasant ride to you—and a happy meeting with your fair young wife!

MAN. Remember, gentlemen—I leave this place bound by no pledge of secrecy.

MARQ. Certainly not—but we have every confidence in your discretion. (*aside to SERVANT—giving him lettre de cachet*) To the Bastille! (*he motions to the door—Tableau*)

ACT II.—A. D. 1783.—“RECALLED TO LIFE.”

SCENE FIRST.—*A brilliantly furnished Room in the Hotel of the Marquis de St. Evrémond at Paris; doors, R. and L. 2 E.; fireplace, c. The MARQUIS in robe-de-chambre, at his toilet table; three SERVANTS in attendance with chocolate; the MARQUIS is examining letters and papers, which BARSAD hands to him in the interval of his chocolate—Music.*

BARS. From the Baron de Breteuil, monseigneur.
(examining a paper)

MARQ. Ah! the Minister of Police. Doubtless, the answer to my application for a *lettre de cachet* to restrain my silly nephew from longer doing discredit to the family—read.

BARS. *(reads De Breteuil's letter)* “Monsieur de St. Evrémond. I am directed by his Majesty—with an expression of his severest displeasure—

MARQ. Ha! go on.

BARS. “To refuse the *lettre de cachet* you asked for.

MARQ. Refuse! *Mort de ma vie!* Go on, monsieur.

BARS. “A recent inquiry at the Bastille, has brought to light a case—

MARQ. Ha!

BARS. “In which such a letter was grossly abused by you, twenty-one years ago. Doctor Manette, the victim of that injustice, has been released by his Majesty's own orders. Though it is not his Majesty's wish to call public attention to crimes of so remote a date, I have his Majesty's orders to direct your retirement to your estates, till his further pleasure. Signed—De Breteuil, Minister of Police.”

MARQ. *(rising, crosses to L., then up, c.)* Corbleu! This is annoying, even to my philosophy. Refused—schooled—disgraced!—that meddling doctor let loose on society to tell his own story; or worse still, to furnish a subject for a new Calas case to some successor of Monsieur de Voltaire. Monsieur Barsad, this matter must be hushed up.

BARS. My own thought, monseigneur, when I heard of the doctor's release. The doctor has been given in charge to an old servant of his—one Defarge.

MARQ. He must be got out of Paris. Where is this Defarge to be found?

BARS. He keeps a wine-shop, the "Jaques Bonhomme," in the Rue St. Antoine.

MARQ. Order my carriage. (*BARSAD rings bell at back*) I will myself pay him a visit and give him a caution. Thank heaven, degenerate as we are, there are still means for a noble to make his wishes respected.

BARS. And your nephew, monseigneur. He arrived from England last night.

MARQ. Thanks to your blundering.

BARS. Monseigneur is unjust. My case against him, as agent of a treasonable correspondence between the capitals, was beautifully got up, though I say it. My own evidence, I need hardly assure you, was crushing.

MARQ. And yet the case broke down ignominiously.

BARS. You see, monseigneur, all turned on personal identity. Our case was going on wheels, when a barrister, in court—one Carton—

MARQ. Carton!

BARS. A drunken, disreputable dog, as I hear, but your nephew's living image—removing his wig, asked one of the witnesses, point-blank, if, after looking at him, he would still swear to the prisoner—your nephew. The ass stared, bungled, and broke down. To be sure, the likeness was enough to have staggered even me. Our case was smashed from that moment.

MARQ. And my nephew is still at large to disgrace his family and me, by exchanging his patrimonial acres for vulgar English gold? Morbleu! to think of selling estates that have been in the family since the crusades—and to pay off the debt on the land, of all reasons. Let us hope, however, that this narrow escape may disgust him with London.

BARS. (*BARSAD goes to L. table*) I fear, monseigneur, that will not be easy.

MARQ. Why?

BARS. He has formed an attachment in London.

MARQ. Ah! (*taking snuff*) I am glad to hear he is so far human. To whom?

BARS. A pretty penniless orphan of French extraction—one Lucie Manette.

MARQ. (*starting*) Manette? The name of that infernal doctor, whom De Breteuil has just dug up. I think I remember hearing of a child.

BARS. Should it be his daughter, monseigneur?

MARQ. Then I can only say, my nephew is inaugurating the new philosophy with a vengeance.

Enter LE BRETON, D. R. 2 E.

LE B. Monsieur Charles Darnay!

MARQ. Darnay? Ah! I forgot—admit the gentleman.

Exit LE BRETON, R. 2 E.

My Quixotic nephew's borrowed name—his mother's. Poor wretch! to prefer Darnay to St. Evrémond.

BARS. Perhaps, under the circumstances, I may as well retire?

MARQ. Better. *Exit BARSAD quickly, bowing, L. 2 E.*

Enter CHARLES DARNAY, D. R. 2 E.

Welcome to Paris, my dear nephew! You came direct from London?

DARN. Yes—in prosecution of the object which took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril—to which, perhaps, you may not be altogether a stranger.

MARQ. My dear Charles, you talk in riddles! (*both sit*)

DARN. However that may be, I know that your diplomacy will not scruple at any means to stop me.

MARQ. My dear young friend, I told you so. Do me the favor to recall that I told you so, long ago.

DARN. I do recal it, and I am on my guard accordingly.

MARQ. Thank you!

DARN. As I am still at liberty, I infer that your relations with the minister are happily still unfriendly.

MARQ. I would not say “happily,” my friend! A good opportunity for reflection, with the advantage of solitude and low diet, might influence your character to great advantage; but it is useless to discuss that question. I am, as you say, unfortunate. *Lettres-de-cachet*—those admirable securities of family honour, are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity. In such things France is sadly changed for the worse. Our order

has lost many privileges—a new philosophy has become the mode—the assertion of rank is out of fashion—all very bad—very bad. (*takes snuff*)

DARN. We have so asserted our rank, both in the old time and this also, that I believe ours to be the most detested name in France. (*sits, R. C.*)

MARQ. Let us hope so. (*sits, L. C.*) Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low.

DARN. On all our wide estates there is not a face which bears on it any deference, but the sullen submission of fear and slavery.

MARQ. A compliment to the grandeur of the family—merited by the way the family has always sustained its grandeur—hah! (*takes snuff and crosses legs*) I presume you still persist in your intention of abandoning your title, and selling your estates?

DARN. I do. What are those estates but a wilderness of misery and crime.

MARQ. (*looking round*) A wilderness? Hem! But your patrimony sold to pay off its incumbrances—how do you, under your new philosophy, intend to live?

DARN. As others of our order, with all their nobility, may one day have to live—by work!

MARQ. In England I hope! (*rings bell*)

DARN. Yes. The family honour is safe from me in this country—the family name shall suffer from me neither in this country nor elsewhere—I bear it no longer.

MARQ. That settled, there need be no further discussion between us: meanwhile, during your stay in Paris, pray make this hotel your home. I understand your English agent is here already.

DARN. Yes—Mr. Lorry—the confidential clerk of the banking firm of Tellson's and Co. He was with me when I received your summons.

MARQ. I regret I interrupted you—I am going out.

SERVANTS enter from R. 2 E. and assist him with hat, coat, gloves, handkerchiefs, and *Eau de Cologne* from table.

Pray conclude your interview with the excellent Mr. Lorry. (DARNAY bows) Le Breton!

Enter LE BRETON, R. 2 E.

The carriage! *Au revoir*, my dear nephew! (*crosses to R.*) I leave you in possession of the hotel. But you will be kind enough to postpone your sale of this part of the wretched property—at least till I have exchanged this life for a better—if there be a better—which I take the liberty of doubting. Le Breton! bid them drive to the Rue St. Antoine. (*Exit MARQUIS, R. D. and SERVANTS*)

DARN. Profligate and mocker! I stifle in the same room with him! And this is my father's brother! My father was even such a one as this! This is the thought that makes the title I bear, like the fiery shirt of Nessus, a clinging torment. Happily I can shake it off, and face the world, a simple, untitled man, to win my way through honest labour, to humble competence—to happiness, if Lucie will but share that competence with me.

Enter LE BRETON with a card, R. 2 E.

LE B. For monsieur: the gentleman waits.

DARN. "Sydney Carton." Admit him!

Exit LE BRETON, R. 2 E.

The strange reckless man to whom I owe my acquittal!

Enter CARTON, R. 2 E.

Mr. Carton!—this is an unexpected pleasure; I thought business would detain you in London.

CART. Business!—bless you, I have no business.

DARN. That is a pity!

CART. Is it? I don't know. If I had, I shouldn't attend to it. I'm an incurable idler. I have lounged to Paris, you see, after you, and your pretty travelling companion—for no earthly reason that I know of, except that I was tired of London. (*leans on back of chair*)

DARN. Well, as you are here, I hope I may be able to aid in making Paris agreeable to one to whom I owe my life.

CART. Oh!—you allude to the trial. If life is no pleasanter or more profitable to you than it is to me, you haven't much to thank me for. For your offer of attentions—I don't think our tastes would suit. I'm fond of low company, late hours, loose haunts, and strong wine.

DARN. Hardly the tastes I fear, to make life either very pleasant or very profitable !

CART. What the devil do you know about it? You have had your way made smooth—in all—in birth—in means—in love! (DARNAY starts) Oh, don't start—do you suppose I did not note the looks that passed between you and Miss Manette at the Old Bailey?

DARN. Mr. Carton! that young lady's name is sacred in my eyes.

CART. And who said it was not sacred in mine? Nay, don't frown, I have known her longer than you. (comes nearer to him) That's a fair young creature to be pitied by! How does it feel? Is it worth being tried for one's life to be the object of such sympathy, Mr. Darnay? Nay, I am serious!

DARN. Then, seriously, let us drop this subject of Miss Manette, and once more accept my thanks for your great service.

CART. I neither want any thanks, nor deserve any. 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.

DARN. Willingly.

CART. Do you think I particularly like you?

DARN. Really, Mr. Carton—I have never asked myself the question. (*sits*)

CART. Then ask yourself the question now.

DARN. You have acted as if you do; but I don't think you do.

CART. I don't think I do; I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding.

DARN. Yet I hope there is no ill-blood between us.

CART. None, none. (*crossing and returning*) A last word, Mr. Darnay. You think I am drunk.

DARN. I think you have been drinking.

CART. Think! You *know* I have been drinking.

DARN. Since I must say so, I know it.

CART. Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir; I care for nobody on earth, sir, and nobody on earth cares for me.

DARN. I should grieve to hear it, if I could believe it;

but it is not true, Mr. Carton. I care for you—Miss Manette cares for you—deeply, truly, tenderly.

CART. (*turns aside*) God bless her! I know she pities me. But, Darnay, I know this too—she loves you! And knowing that, as I do, and loving her to madness, as I have done for long past—I yet saved your life! I wished you should know this—I came to tell it you—part in hate—part in liking—and all in bitterness. Now good-bye, and try to think more kindly of Sydney Carton than Sydney Carton can think of himself. *Exit, R. D.*

DARN. Strange, wayward being—self-degraded—self-scorned—self-judged. He loves her too! Her tender pity has extended even to this hope-abandoned, hope-defying man. What wonder it has awakened love. Dear Lucie! how I bless the chance that made me her companion on this journey from London! I have won her secret—she loves me! Would I knew of her errand in Paris! On that she maintains silence—frank and confiding as she is in all besides. Luckily she did trust me with her address. In her pure presence let me forget the devilish sarcasms of my polished uncle.

Exit DARNAY, R. D.

SCENE SECOND.—*A Room in a Lodging House in Paris.*—
Table and two chairs set on.

Enter SYDNEY CARTON and SERVANT, R.

CART. This card to Miss Manette.

Exit SERVANT, L.

Yes, I must see her—and yet why? to what end? Why have I followed her to Paris? To watch over her, perhaps—as if she needed my protection. Was not this Darnay at her side? what room for me? And yet, as the night-moth seeks the lamp, I *must seek her light*, though it serve but to scorch and dazzle. With her love, what might this weary wasted life of mine have been? Even to have loved her seems at times to re-kindle the ashes of my other or better self, and then comes the craving devil of Drink with his brother fiends of Despair and Self-debasement, to hold riot in this heart, which even her holy image cannot keep swept and garnished.

Enter LUCIE, L.

LUCIE. Mr. Carton! You in Paris?

CART. Yes. I was not long behind you. You had a pleasant journey, I hope. (*both sit*)

LUCIE. Oh, yes—so pleasant.

CART. You had Mr. Darnay's escort.

LUCIE. Yes. Why did you not join us?

CART. I was not wanted. I heard, by chance, in London, that you had been suddenly summoned here on important business. I thought I might be useful, perhaps. It was vacation time—but even had it been Term, my practise is not so heavy, but I could leave it—and then the least service I can render *you* is better than the best I can do myself.

LUCIE. Oh! no, Mr. Carton, indeed it is wrong to let that thought get hold of you. It can but lead to discouragement—the first stage towards despair.

CART. You forget I have travelled three parts of that road long ago, Miss Manette.

LUCIE. It is never too late to retrace our steps, Mr. Carton.

CART. You think so? I shall never be better than I am now; I shall sink lower and be worse. (*leans his head on his hands*)

LUCIE. Oh, do not say that, Mr. Carton.

CART. Forgive me, Miss Manette, I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?

LUCIE. If it will do you any good, I shall be so happy.

CART. Bless you for your sweet compassion. Don't be afraid to hear me. I feel how impossible it is that you could ever have returned the love of the man you see before you—and yet I cannot rest without letting you know that you have been the last dream of my better nature. It was a dream that ends in nothing, and yet I wish you to know you inspired it.

LUCIE. Oh! Mr. Carton; will nothing of it remain? (*rises*) Try again. Have I no power, for good, with you at all?

CART. The utmost good you can do me now is to let me think there was something left in me, even as I am,

which you could deplore and pity. For *you*, and any dear to *you*, I would *do anything*. Try to believe this much of me, if ever there should be need of sacrifice for you or yours. Think that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you. Farewell! (*kisses her hand*) Heaven bless you!

Exit, R.

LUCIE. Poor Carton! There must be seeds of good in a heart capable of such devotion. Oh, why am I not free to tend and nurture them! His is no mask of self-contempt, worn to cheat me out of sympathy and interest. Alas! I can give him nothing—nothing but my pity and my prayers.

Enter SERVANT, R.

SERV. Mr. Lorry.

LUCIE. At last. Admit him instantly. *Exit, SERVANT.*

Enter MR. LORRY, R., he bows stiffly.

Mr. Lorry, pray take a seat, sir.

LORRY. I kiss your hand, miss. (*bowing formally and they sit*)

LUCIE. I am here, Mr. Lorry, in obedience to a letter from Tellson & Co., by which they inform me that some new intelligence—or discovery—

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

LUCIE. Respecting the small property of my poor father, so long dead, rendered it necessary I should come to Paris, there to communicate with you on the part of the bank.

LORRY. Happy to be entrusted with the charge, Miss. (*aside*) Lord forgive me!

LUCIE. I was told that you would explain to me the details of the business. Naturally, I feel an eager interest to know what they are.

LORRY. Naturally; yes, quite naturally. I—(*settles his wig*) you see—in point of fact—my dear Miss Manette, I am a man of business, and I have a matter of business to transact with you. So I will, with your leave, tell you a story of one of our customers—a French gentleman—a doctor—originally of Beauvais, like Monsieur Manette, your father; afterwards of large practice in Paris, where I was then a clerk in the French branch of the house. The doctor married an English lady; I was one of his trustees.

LUCIE. But this is my father's story, sir, and I begin to think—yes, I am almost sure—that when I was left an orphan, two years after my mother's death, it was *you* took me to England.

LORRY. (*kissing her hand*) My dear Miss Manette, it was I. You have been the ward of Tellson's house ever since, and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson's house ever since. So far, this is your father's story, as you say; now comes the difference. Suppose your father had not died when he did—(*she starts*) don't be frightened. Remember this is strictly a matter of business. Suppose Monsieur Manette had *not* died—had but disappeared, silent and suddenly—say by a *lettre-de-cachet*—I say, supposing all this.

LUCIE. Speak out, sir; I can bear anything but the torture of this suspense. You see, I am collected.

LORRY. That's right! take it quite as a matter of business. Suppose the doctor's wife had suffered so intensely from this cause during the two years she survived her husband's disappearance, that she determined to spare her child all share of that suffering, by rearing her in the belief her father was dead. (*LUCIE throws herself at his feet*) No, don't kneel; it's not business like; why should you?

LUCIE. For the truth—oh, dear, good sir, for the truth.

LORRY. A matter of business, you know. You confuse me, and how can I transact business if I'm confused? Let us be clear-headed. If, for instance, you could kindly say what nine times nine pence are, or how many shillings in twenty guineas, I should be so much more at my ease about your state of mind. (*he raises her up, she sits intently looking at him, grasping his wrists*) I am here to tell you your father has been found—still alive—almost a wreck, I fear—though we will hope the best. He is at the house of his old servant, Defarge, and we are going thither; I, to identify him; you, to restore him to life—love—happiness.

LUCIE. (*in a low and stricken voice*) I am going to see his ghost. It will be his ghost—not him!

LORRY. (*chafing her hands*) There—there—there! A little courage and you will soon be at his dear side. What's this? Her eye fixed—she doesn't hear a word—

Miss Manette!—for mercy's sake!—she has fainted! What's to be done?

Enter DARNAY, R.

DARN. Lucie! fainted! (*he moves to her*)

LORRY. Mr. Darnay!—you here? Do you know this young lady?

DARN. Know her? For this year past I have loved her to distraction. Quick—water—air—ah! she revives! Lucie dearest! what means this?

LUCIE. To my father—to my father! There is not a moment to lose!

LORRY. A coach, Mr. Darnay, to the Rue St. Antoine.

DARN. I will go with you. I may go with you, Lucie—may I not?

LUCIE. Oh yes, yes! So you but come quickly.

DARN. Mr. Lorry can explain all as we ride. Lean on me, dearest. If there is any danger—

LUCIE. No, no danger—only a joy—a strange and sudden joy.

DARN. Let me share it with you. Come, my coach is at the door.

LUCIE. A father! I have still a father.

Exeunt LUCIE and DARNEY, R. 1 E.

LORRY. Well, it's all very well; but this intrusion of a third party is scarcely business-like, though he is a gentleman, and a customer. *Exit, R., following them.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of Defarge's wine-shop, in the Rue St. Antoine; a counter, L., with glasses, bottles; wine casks ranged behind; the unglazed shop windows face the street, which is seen in F.; MADAME DEFARGE is seated behind the counter, knitting; DEFARGE stands at the shop door, watching a struggle of the MOB in the street round a spilt cask of wine; JACQUES 1ST, 2ND, and 3RD, drinking at the counter; two MEN sitting at cards, at a table; two playing dominoes—exit MOB, shouting, L. U. E.*

DEFAR. How they lick it up—mud or liquor—matters little to them. Well, it's not my affair. The people from the market did it. Let them bring another.

JACQUES 1ST. (*at the counter*) How goes it, Jacques? Is all the spoilt wine swallowed?

DEFAR. Every drop, Jacques.

(MADAME DEFARGE, who has laid down her knitting to use her toothpick, coughs and exchanges a look with her husband and the first speaker)

JACQUES 2ND. It is not often that these miserable beasts know the taste of wine—or of anything, but black bread and death! Is it not so, Jacques?

DEFAR. It is so, Jacques.

(repetition of the same action by MADAME DEFARGE)

JACQUES 3RD. 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!

DEFAR. You are right, Jacques. (MADAME DEFARGE puts down her toothpick and turns in her seat) Gentlemen! my wife! (they take off their hats to her and bow—she bends her head in acknowledgment—then glances round the shop and resumes her knitting) Good day, gentlemen, the room you wished to see is on the fifth floor. The door of the staircase is in the court yard to the left here; but—now I think of it—this gentleman (pointing to JACQUES) has been there already, and can show the way. Adieu! gentlemen.

Music—they pay for their wine, and exit, c. to r.—

DEFARGE looks out—walks up and down, and then throws himself on a seat near the counter and leans his head on his hand.

MAD. D. You are thoughtful, husband?

DEFAR. A little tired, wife.

MAD. D. (crosses to r.) And a little depressed, too. Ah! these men—these men!

DEFAR. And if I am, is there not cause? To see those poor wretches—men, women, and children—in their hunger and rags and misery, grovelling like beasts in the kennel; to think of what has brought them to what they are! of what has brought that old man, Dr. Manette, up stairs in the attic yonder, to what he is: and to sit under it all! It's enough to make one doubt if there be a justice, a truth, a God!

MAD. D. (*having re-crossed to L.*) You are faint-hearted to-day, my dear.

DEFAR. Well, then—it is a long time—

MAD. D. A long time? and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time. It is the rule—

DEFAR. It does not take a long time to strike a man with lightning!

MAD. D. How long does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me? (DEFARGE *shrugs his shoulders*) It does not take long for an earthquake to swallow a town: *eh bien!*—tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?

DEFAR. A long time, I suppose.

MAD. D. But when it comes it grinds all to powder. Meantime, the vengeance is always preparing, though it is not seen overhead. I tell you, that long as it lingers, it is on the road still; it never retreats—it never stops! Look round, and consider the lives of all we know: the rage and discontent to which our Jacquerie appeals, with more and more certainty every hour. Can such things last?—bah!

DEFAR. But it has lasted a long time; it is possible the end may not come in our lives.

MAD. D. Well, and if not? We shall have prepared the vengeance, even if we do not live to see it. But I believe on my soul we shall live to see it.

DEFAR. And then, I too, wife, will stop at nothing.

MAD. D. Yes, you could strike when you see your victim! but you must learn to keep your hand clenched for striking 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. (*tumult without in the street, L. U. E.—Music, cries of “My child! my child!”—shrieks by the mob—the SERVANTS of the Marquis, “Stand back! let monseigneur pass!”*)

MAD. D. Go and see what causes this disturbance!

DEFAR. Yes, wife. (*he looks out to L. U. E.*) There's a carriage and four stopped—a crowd—angry voices—the gentleman dismounts from the carriage. His servants drive back the crowd. He comes this way.

MAD. D. He is welcome. (*goes behind counter and knits*)

Enter the MARQUIS, followed by LE BRETON, c. from l.

MARQ. What do they say? ragged wretches! I cannot understand their vile *patois*.

LE B. Pardon, monseigneur. It is a child run over.

MARQ. Ah! under the horses' feet as usual, I suppose. It is most extraordinary to me that these people cannot take care of themselves and their children. How do I know what injury they may have done my horses' legs. Here, give the father that. (*takes a coin from his purse, and throws it to the VALET—who retires at back*)

DEFAR. (r.) Better for the poor little wretch to die so than to live. Gone in a moment—without pain.

MARQ. (c.) You are a philosopher. Your name?

DEFAR. Ernest Defarge, monseigneur.

MARQ. Defarge! the very name I was looking for when this accident happened. Here is (*flinging a coin on the counter*) to drink my health—the health of the Marquis de St. Evrémond.

MAD. D. (*aside, l.*) St. Evrémond! (*chord*)

MARQ. I have a word of serious business for your private ear, my friend.

DEFAR. I have no secrets from my wife, monseigneur.

MARQ. Indeed! I retract the "philosopher." Then my warning must be for both of you. It is to your charge that Dr. Manette was consigned on his release from the Bastille.

DEFAR. Even so, monseigneur. (*advancing to l.*)

MARQ. You may find him a dangerous inmate. The honour of a noble family requires that all relating to him and his imprisonment should be kept a secret. Let me hear that he has quitted Paris, and there is a purse of five hundred livres at your disposal, and a pension of two thousand livres to be paid to any agent the doctor may appoint, in a foreign country. But let me hear that you make a show of him, or take any steps to draw public attention to his case—and you will bitterly rue the day you received him under your roof. Do I make myself quite intelligible?

MAD. D. Perfectly, monseigneur; he will consider your condescending proposal.

MARQ. Do, and as you are a sensible woman, madam—I am sure you *are* a sensible woman—decide your husband in favour of the five hundred livres, and the pension for his old master. And now, Le Breton, bid them turn the horses' heads. Ha! who have we here? my Don Quixote of a nephew, escorting a petticoat. Oh!—ho—you hunt cunning, Mr. Philosopher!

Enter DARNAY, conducting LUCIE and followed by LORRY. The Mob at their heels, from L. U. E.

DARN. (R. C.) This is the place. (*sees the Marquis*) My uncle!

MARQ. My dear nephew!

MAD. D. (*aside*) Nephew! The Chevalier's son! So!

MARQ. Who would have anticipated this rencontre. You will do me the honour to present me to Mademoiselle—

DARN. The Marquis de St. Evrémond! Mademoiselle Manette!

MARQ. Mademoiselle Manette! (*starts*) Ah! I did not know Monsieur Charles possessed so charming an acquaintance. We have been accustomed to consider him the most untameable of his sex. I commend him to your taming, mademoiselle. I bless the accident which detained my carriage in this filthy quarter, since it procures me the pleasure of making your acquaintance. *Au revoir*, my dear Charles. Mademoiselle, I have the honour—

MAD. D. Monseigneur has forgotten his gold piece.

MARQ. Keep it, madame, to buy a ring for this very pretty hand. (*attempting to take her hand, she draws it away*) How's this? Prude or coquette? (*he turns away*) Clear the way there, canaille! (*the Mob divide and follow the Marquis off, L. U. E., with threatening gestures—Music.* MADAME DEFARGE *takes up the coin the Marquis has flung on the counter, and hurls it after him, then dips the hand which he has touched, in a basin of water which stands on the counter to rinse the glasses, and wipes it*)

LORRY. You are Ernest Defarge? Read this. (*he gives a letter*) From Tellson & Co.

DARN. (*to LUCIE*) Courage, my dear Lucie, in a few moments the worst will be over.

DEFAR. Mr. Lorry, you are very welcome. Wife! this is Mr. Lorry—and mademoiselle—you know—

MAD. D. Yes, I know—take them upstairs—

DEFAR. This way, Mr. Lorry—this way, mademoiselle. But this gentleman? (*pointing to DARNAY*)

LORRY. He is a friend—he will accompany us.

DEFARGE having gone to c., looks to MADAME

DEFARGE, who gives nod of assent. *Exeunt*

DEFARGE, LORRY, LUCIE, and DARNAY, c. off R.

MAD. D. The Marquis de St. Evrémond! my sister's murderer! And the other—the son of her accursed undoer! And I could sit with a calm face, and not fly at their throats! My poor Colette! I have a better vengeance in store—on them—on all of their blood—on all of their order! The time draws nigh—slow—slow—but sure!

Enter GASPARD, c. from L.

Ah! my poor Gaspard!

GASP. (*he falls on chair near the counter*) Wine! wine! Madame Defarge—for the love of heaven! Our poor little Adolphe—our only one! We had nursed him through the fever—the frost—the hunger—that killed all the rest—and now to lose him thus—trampled under that noble's horse's hoofs! He flung me a piece of gold as he rolled away. Gold to me—the father of that murdered innocent! There was blood upon his gold!

MAD. D. (*having crossed to counter for wine*) Let me exchange it for you, Gaspard. Here—(*takes a knife from the counter and hands it to him*) steel for gold. The gold was blood-stained, let the steel be blood-stained too! You know the road he took.

GASP. I heard the order—to his château, near Fontainebleau.

MAD. D. Good—you may overtake his carriage beyond the barrier.

GASP. But how am I to keep up with it?

MAD. E. Fool! *he* rides inside the carriage, why not you under it? There is a chain to swing by.

GASP. Ah! well reminded. Another drink. (*crossing to counter—she pours him out a glass*)

MAD. D. Think that you pledge him in your baby's blood! (*GASPARD grasps the knife—raises the glass and drinks as the scene closes*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Outside the Attic in which Dr. Manette is concealed, a door, R. C., to open.*

Enter THREE JACQUES, L.

JACQUES 1ST. That is the door, make no noise! Through these chinks you may see him at work. (*the two others approach the door and look through its chinks, which admit a view into the attic*)

JACQUES 2ND. How dark it is! I see nothing.

JACQUES 1ST. In a moment you will get used to the light.

JACQUES 3RD. I see him now. How wasted he is!

JACQUES 2ND. And his hand like a bird's claw! Here's a sight to whet one's teeth for vengeance on these nobles!

JACQUES 1ST. Hush! more visitors!

Enter DEFARGE, conducting LORRY, LUCIE, and DARNAY, L. 1 E.

DEFAR. I forgot them in the surprise of your visit. (*to the three JACQUES*) Leave us, good boys, we have business here. *Exeunt the three JACQUES, silently, L. 1. E.*

LORRY. How's this? do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?

DEFAR. I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few, approved by my wife.

LORRY. Is that well?

DEFAR. She thinks it is well, and I think as she does; and now stay if you please, one moment. (*he stoops and looks through the crevice, then strikes once or twice on the door, and draws a key from his pocket*)

LORRY. The door is locked then?

DEPAR. Yes.

LORRY. Is that necessary?

DEFAR. My wife thinks so—so do I.

LORRY. Why?

DEFAR. Why! Because he has lived so long locked up, that he would be frightened—rave—tear himself to pieces, perhaps, if his door were left open.

LORRY. Is it possible?

DEFAR. Possible! Yes, and a beautiful world we live in—where it is possible, and where many other such things are possible; and not only possible, but done too. Done, in this Paris—under God's heaven every day! And now, let me go in first, to prepare him. (*he opens the door, making as much noise with the lock as possible, and goes in*)

DARN. Bear up, dearest, it is but passing that door; and then all the good you bring to him—all the relief—all the happiness begins.

LUCIE. Oh, for strength—for strength!

LORRY. Come, Miss Lucie, business you know—business.

DEFAR. (*looking out from the room*) You may come in now.

LORRY. Now, courage, my dear; come.

LUCIE. (*shrinking*) I am afraid of it.

LORRY. Of it? What?

LUCIE. I mean of him—of my father.

DARN. Heaven will give you strength—come!

They pass in—Music.

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Interior of the Garret; a low room, with a dormer window, unglazed; one shutter closed. Under, and in the light of the window, on a low seat, c., MANETTE, stooping forward, with a small shoemaker's bench before him, busy, making a shoe—he looks withered, worn, and very old, with white beard and hair, and dark eyebrows; the door at which they have entered is seen, L.—they are grouped near it; DEFARGE stands near the window, R., looking at MANETTE.*

DEFAR. Good day!

MANET. (*raising his head from his work, and in a feeble and hollow voice, after a moment's pause*) Good day.

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

MANET. (*after a pause*) Yes, I am working. (*he looks at DEFARGE a moment, then drops his head over his work again—a pause*)

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

MANET. I must bear it, if you let it in.

DEFAR. (*opens the shutter, and the red beams of the setting sun stream into the loft—MANETTE puts up his hand to shield his eyes from the light, and sits vacantly gazing: DEFARGE beckons to LORRY to come forward*)

DEFAR. Here is a visitor! (*MANETTE looks up, but without pausing in his work*) Come! here is a gentleman who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one! Show him the shoe you are working at. (*MANETTE takes shoe off last*) Take it, sir! (*LORRY takes it*) Tell the gentleman what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name.

MANET. (*after a longer pause*) I forgot what it was you asked me. What did you say?

DEFAR. (r.) I said—couldn't you describe the shoe for the gentleman?

MANET. It is a lady's shoe—it is in the present mode—I never saw the mode—I have had a pattern in my hand. (*looks at the shoe*)

DEFAR. And the maker's name?

MANET. (*laying the knuckles of each hand alternately in the hollow of the other, and with an effort*) Did you ask me for my name?

DEFAR. Yes!

MANET. One hundred and five, North Tower.

DEFAR. Is that all?

MANET. One hundred and five, North Tower. (*bending down again, as if to look for his work, with a sigh*)

LORRY. (l. c.) You are not a shoemaker by trade?

MANET. (*looking first at DEFARGE, then on the ground, then slowly at LORRY*) I am not a shoemaker by trade! No, I was not a shoemaker by trade! I—I learnt it here. (*resumes the action with his hands, then gradually reverts to LORRY's face, and after looking at it a few moments, starts and resumes*) I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it—with much difficulty—after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since. (*he holds out his hand for the shoe*)

DEFAR. (*beckons LORRY to him at back, and in a whisper*) Have you recognised him?

LORRY. Yes, for a moment—at first I could not. Hush! let us draw further back—Hush! (Music—LUCIE has gradually drawn nearer the bench, and now stands close by it, l. c.—MANETTE, in his work, turns to the r. side of the bench from the one she stands on, to take up his knife—as he turns back to his work, his eye catches the skirt of her dress—he raises his eyes slowly from her dress to her face—LORRY, DARNAY, and DEFARGE make a movement—she motions to them to be still—MANETTE stares fixedly at her, and tries to speak, after an effort)

MANET. What is this? (LUCIE puts her two hands to her lips, and kisses them towards him, then clasps them on her breast) You are not the gaoler's daughter?

LUCIE. No.

MANET. Who are you? (she sits on the bench beside him, and lays her hand on his arm—he shudders, lays down the knife, and sits gazing upon her; then takes up a lock of her hair, slowly and uncertainly, lets it fall, and with a deep sigh falls to work again—she replaces her hand on his shoulder—he looks at her doubtfully, two or three times, puts his hand to his neck, and takes off a blackened string with a piece of folded rag attached—opens this carefully on his knee, and takes out a small lock of hair, comparing it with LUCIE's) It is the same! How can it be? When was it? How was it? (he turns her face to the light, and gazes at it—(Music which has continued through the last four speeches, ceases) with a sudden burst of wild emotion) Was it you? (he turns suddenly upon her and grasps her hand—the others move as if to interfere)

LUCIE. (still and low) I entreat you, do not come near us—Do not speak—do not move.

MANET. (releasing her, with a cry) Hark! whose voice was that? (he raises his hands to tear his hair—then refolds the packet and tries to replace it in his bosom, still looking at her, and gloomily shaking his head) No—no—no! You are too young—too blooming! It can't be!—see what I am—these are not the hands she knew—this is not the face she knew—not the voice she 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?

LUCIE. (*falling on her knees before him, her hands on his breast*) Oh, sir, at another time you shall know all this; but not here, nor now. All I can tell you here and now, is, to touch me, and to bless me! Kiss me—kiss me—(*he stoops his head to her*) oh, my dear, my dear! If you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that was once music in your ears, weep for it—weep for it. If, in touching my hair, there is aught that recalls a beloved head that lay in your breast, when you were young and free, weep for it—weep for it! If, when I tell you of a home in store for us, where I will be true to you, with all my duty and loving service, I bring back the memory of a home long desolate, while your poor heart pined away—weep for it—weep for it! (*MANETTE's head falls on her breast*) Oh, thank God—thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face—his sobs strike upon my heart. Oh, see—thank God for us—thank God! (*he sinks in her arms, sobbing; she embraces him closely.—Tableau*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT II.—A. D. 1792.—“ REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.”

SCENE FIRST.—*A Room in Tellson’s Bank, at Paris; table and chair, L; table and two chairs, R., with papers on it; fireplace, R. 1 E., lighted.*

LORRY discovered burning papers.

LORRY. A strange job this for a clerk of Tellson’s—burning the papers of Tellson’s customers!—but must be burnt to save heads. It was necessary for the safety of our French customers to get these papers out of the way—and I was the only person to do it, they said; so off I started, at twenty-four hour’s notice, with Jerry Cruncher. Only to think! it’s ten years since we were all in Paris together, when we brought away the poor old doctor!

Lucie was a mere child then, and Darnay a boy—and now they are man and wife, with a little Lucie for me to dandle, and the old doctor to spoil. (*during the above soliloquy he has been examining and burning papers*) But where can Jerry be, with those books I sent him for?

Enter JERRY CRUNCHER, with a pile of ledgers, l. 1 e.

CRUNCH. Here I am, Muster Lorry. (*putting down the books on table, l., wiping his forehead*) Which my business is light portering, Muster Lorry!—and if this here's light porter's work, wot's heavy?—that's wot I've bin a proposing to myself as I comed upstairs.

LORRY. You've carried heavier loads in your time, Mr. Cruncher, or report does you injustice.

CRUNCH. I beg your pardon, Muster Lorry. (*pretending not to understand*)

LORRY. I did intend to have burnt these books with the papers here; but on second thoughts, perhaps it might be as well to bury them.

CRUNCH. Meaning to keep 'em snug, Muster Lorry?

LORRY. Yes;—if they're found by the mob, they may involve a great many lives, Jerry.

CRUNCH. Then, if I might make bold—meaning no offence, Muster Lorry, sir—I wouldn't bury 'em.

LORRY. Why not?

CRUNCH. Why, you see, Muster Lorry, I haven't that confidence in burying, in regard to keeping on 'em snug, that is—whether it's books or stiff-uns.

LORRY. Indeed!—you think there may be such a thing as book-snatchers, as well as body-snatchers, eh, Muster Cruncher?

CRUNCH. Well, Muster Lorry, by what I've heerd tell on, I should say there might; and when I was out buying the wittles this morning, I see a party, about these here premises, that's fly to getting up heavier things than them books, sir, and deeper, out of the ground, a long sight—a party as 'ud make no more bones of prizing up a best two-inch oak coffin and 'avin' the 'ead out, and walking away under a stiff 'un in a sack, than you'd make of carrying that 'ere stick of your'n.

LORRY. A resurrection-man, in short?

CRUNCH. Begging your parding, Mr. Lorry, I don't know what they calls 'em. But that's about his line o' business—leastways, was, when he was in London.

LORRY. Ah, oh—an old acquaintance of yours, Mr. Cruncher, who?

CRUNCH. Cly, sir—Roger Cly.

LORRY. What! the spy, who gave evidence against Mr. Darnay, at the Old Bailey?

CRUNCH. That's the party, Muster Lorry; him and his nice pal, Muster Barsad.

LORRY. The chief agent in that rascally case. So that rogue turns up here. (*crosses to R., and sits L. of table*) But you must be mistaken about Cly?—why he's dead and buried. I remember the row at Temple Bar, on the occasion of his funeral.

CRUNCH. So do I, Muster Lorry; which I punched young Jerry's 'ead for 'ollerin—'avin a respect for funerals myself, Muster Lorry. But Cly warn't dead, bless you—leastways, he warn't buried.

LORRY. Why I saw the coffin in the hearse with my own eyes.

CRUNCH. But Cly warn't never in it—no, not he—I'll have my 'ead took off if he was ever in it.

LORRY. What do you mean?

CRUNCH. Why, that they buried brick-bats and dirt in that 'ere coffin. It was a take in, sir—me and two more knows it. (*crosses to L., then looks confused, as if conscious he had betrayed himself*)

LORRY. Ah! indeed!—I say, Mr. Jerry, you come here. (*CRUNCHER comes forward sheepishly*) What have you been besides a messenger?

CRUNCH. (*after a pause*) Agricultooral character.

LORRY. I'm afraid, sir, that you have used the great house of Tellson's as a blind for carrying on the infamous calling of a body-snatcher. If you have, don't expect me to keep your secret, when we get back to London.

CRUNCH. (*screwing his hands in each other*) I 'ope, sir, that a gentleman like yourself, which I've had the honor of odd-jobbing till I'm grey at it, would think twice about harming of me; even if it wos so—I don't say it is—but even if it wos. Not that it's the business it's guv out for,

wot with undertakers, and wot with parish-clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen—they're all on 'em in it. And wot little a man did git, would'nt never prosper with him, Muster Lorry. He'd want all along to be out o' the line, if he could see his way out, being once in—even if it wos so.

LORRY. Ugh! I'm shocked at the sight of you!

CRUNCH. Now, wot I would humbly offer to you, sir—even if it wos so—which I don't say it is—

LORRY. Don't prevaricate.

CRUNCH. No; I *will not*, sir—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 'ere boy o' mine—brought up, and growed up to be a man, which will errand *you*, message *you*, general light job *you*, till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your wishes. If it wos so, which I still don't say it is (for *I will not* prevaricate to you, sir)—let that there boy keep his place, and take care of his mother. Don't blow upon that boy's father—do not do it, sir; and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he would have undug—if it wos so—by diggin' of 'em in with a will and with convictions respecting the future keeping on 'em safe. That, Mr. Lorry, (*wiping his forehead with his arm*) is wot I would respectfully offer to *you*, sir, entreatin' of *you* for 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.

LORRY. Well, that's true. I may yet stand your friend, if you shew your repentance in acts, not in words; and I'll take your advice about the books. Better burnt than buried.

CRUNCH. A deal better, sir. I've a blazin' fire in the kitchen. Nobody won't disturb their poor ashes, I'll answer for it. (*CRUNCHER takes the books and is going*) But mind, Muster Lorry, I don't say it is so.

Exit CRUNCHER, l.

LORRY. (*rises*) They suspected this at Tellson's, but I wouldn't believe it: however, his suggestion is a good one. So these rascally spies are about here, are they? Egad, 'tis lucky Darnay is safe in London: they owe him

a grudge ; and anything or nothing is enough to send a man to the guillotine now. (*a loud ring heard*) Hark ! Somebody coming to Tellson's : I'd rather not see anybody just now—even a customer.

Enter DR. MANETTE, LUCIE, and SYDNEY CARTON, l. 1 e.
MANETTE crosses at once to chair, l. of r. table.

Manette—Lucie—Carton ! What has happened ?—what has brought you here ?

LUCIE. Ah, my dear friend, my husband—

LORRY. Your husband, Lucie ?—what of him ?

LUCIE. Here.

LORRY. Here ?

LUCIE. Here, in Paris—has been here some days—three or four—I don't know—I can't collect my thoughts.

(*MANETTE sinks into a chair, l. c.*)

CART. He came without their knowledge—summoned by a letter from his family agent, Gabelle, who is in prison and in danger. *He came to save him.*

MANET. Alas ! with his name—the hatred felt for his family—he cannot rescue Gabelle : he may destroy himself.

LUCIE. Oh, father, save him. You must have a charmed life in this distracted city.

MANET. Yes ; as a Bastille prisoner, not a patriot in France would touch me but to carry me in triumph. Never fear, Lucie, I'll rescue Charles from all danger. Carton shall take a note from me to Defarge. He is a leading man in his section. He must know where Charles is : should he be in danger, he will add his influence to mine for his rescue. Here—here. (*writes hastily at table with trembling hands*) Here—this to the Rue St. Antoine. (*gives paper to CARTON*)

LUCIE. (*aside to him*) But be cautious, Carton ;—no rashness for my husband's sake—for mine.

CART. Lucie, do you remember, ten years ago in this city, I told you how gladly I would lay down my life to save a life you loved ?

LUCIE. I have not forgotten it.

CART. Nor have I ;—trust to me.

MANET. On second thoughts, I'll go. They'll respect me—all—all. (*he fumbles for his hat and stick, but staggers*).

LUCIE. (*running to his assistance*) Father, dear father, let Carton go; you forget your age—your weakness—this hurried journey—

MANET. No, no; I'm as strong as ever I was. Let me go, I say.

LORRY. Nay, Doctor, I won't allow this—it's not business-like. You must lie down a little, and Lucie shall make you a cup of tea. My dear, you'll find everything in my room—this way.

MANET. Well, well, I'm afraid you're right—I am a little shaken by the journey.

LUCIE. Lean on me, dear father. Never fear; Carton will bring us good news, I know he will.

Exit LUCIE and LORRY, supporting MANETTE, r. 1 e.

SCENE SECOND.—*Defarge's Wine Shop as before. THE THREE JACQUES, GASPARD, THÉ VENGEANCE, DEFARGE, and SANSCULOTTES, male and female, grouped round BARSAD, who is reading a small newspaper. BARSAD in carmagnole and red cap. Shouts at opening of scene, "Death to the aristocrat," &c.*

GASP. Marat is right—the friend of the people!

MAD. D. (*snatches the newspaper and throws it down*) Enough, citizen;—Marat speaks truth. But why waste breath in reading what we know? Children of St. Antoine, would you see the Prussians in Paris?

ALL. No! No!

MAD. D. The nobles once more grinding you under their heels?

ALL. Never! Never!

MAD. D. The king released?

ALL. No! No!

MAD. D. The Austrian woman let loose to mock your sufferings?

ALL. No! No!

MAD. D. More Foulons to bid your starving brethren eat grass?

ALL. No!—no! Death to the aristocrats!

MAD. D. Then look to it! Let your own right hands do you justice. That for your Assembly! (*snapping her fingers*) That for their decrees!

ALL. Bravo! Bravo!

MAD. D. The prisons are full of traitors;—they have arms and gold.

THE VENGEANCE. (r.) *A la lanterne* with the prisoners!

BARS. To the guillotine with the prisoners!

MAD. D. The lanterne!—the guillotine!—they are slow! The arms, and knives, and pikes of St. Antoine are surer and quicker—Here is mine for the work! (*she turns up her sleeve and brandishes her knife*)

ALL. (*imitating her*) And mine! And mine!

DEFAR. Hold—hold! Have we not the Commune to do us justice.

MAD. D. (*contemptuously*) The Commune!

DEFAR. Can we not trust Marat, and Danton, and Robespierre, and Maillard?

MAD. D. We can trust ourselves better.

ALL. Aye! Aye! Death to the prisoners!

BARS. I'll find twenty stout arms for the work at the Abbaye.

GASP. And I'll answer for La Force.

MAD. D. And I and The Vengeance here for the Conciergerie.

Enter CARTON from c.—All assume careless positions.

DEFAR. Hush!—A stranger!

CART. (*goes up to counter*) A pint of cogniac, madame.

MAD. D. Madame! (*frowning*)

CART. Your pardon, citizeness? You must excuse an Englishman, who does not understand your language? (*crosses and sits r. of r. table*)

MAD. D. An Englishman, eh!

(DEFARGE takes CARTON *brandy*, receives money and retires to counter)

BARS. (*recognising him, aside*) The devil! Carton here!

CART. (*drinks*) To the Republic, citizens!

MAD. D. (*to her husband*) Very like St. Evrémond.

DEFAR. A little, perhaps—but he's safe at the Abbaye.

BARS. As one of the turnkeys—I can answer for that.

MAD. D. Aye, safe enough, if St. Antoine takes my advice—eh, friend?

ALL. To the prisons!—death to the prisoners!

DEFAR. Nay—leave him to the tribunal; he's to be tried to-day—does not that content you?

MAD. D. Only one thing will content me—his blood! But we waste time. (*distant yells and tramping heard*) To the prisons!—Away, to rouse the sections! Music, music, my Vengeance! (*handing her a drum from under the counter*) THE VENGEANCE beats the rappel—all go off tumultuously, c. to l.—as BARSAD is about to follow, CARTON lays his hand on his sleeve)

CART. One moment, citizen Barsad.

BARS. Barsad!—my name is Mutius Scœvola, turnkey at the Abbaye. (*crossing to l. of counter*)

CART. Alias Solomon Barsad—ex-spy in the service of the Marquis de St. Evrémond, and in the pay of the British Government, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making at a certain trial at the Old Bailey, ten years ago! One word from me—

BARS. (*threateningly*) Take care! the game is not equal between us.

CART. It is not—the game is in my hand.

BARS. You must have good cards for that.

CART. (*taking a glass of brandy, and pouring one out for BARSAD*) Let me look over my hand;—Monsieur Barsad—emissary of the Republican Committee—turnkey at the Abbaye—formerly in the pay of the aristocratic English Government—the enemy of France and freedom! That's an excellent card! Have you followed my hand, Monsieur Barsad?

BARS. Not to understand your play.

CART. I play my ace!—denunciation of Monsieur Barsad to the nearest section committee! Look over *your* hand, Monsieur Barsad—see what you have—don't hurry. (*drinks a glass of brandy—BARSAD is silent*) Take your time, Monsieur Barsad. (*BARSAD bites his fingers, but is silent*) You don't seem to like your hand—do you play?

BARS. (*aside*) I'm in his power—curse him! Well, what of all this?

CART. You are a turnkey at the Abbaye, you said?

BARS. Sometimes.

CART. You can pass in and out when you choose?

BARS. (*fiercely*) Yes: devil take you—what do you want?

CART. (*writing a few words in pencil on a leaf from his pocket book*) Imprimis, that you will take this note to the prisoner, Charles Darnay.

BARS. It is death to convey letters to prisoners.

CART. And denunciation to refuse to carry them. Next, you will bring the prisoner's answer—merely a few words of encouragement which I have asked him to address to his wife.

BARS. Well—

CART. Lastly, you will procure me access to the prisoner when I choose to demand it.

BARS. It would be as much as my head's worth.

CART. What is your head worth if I denounce you?

BARS. I consent, then!

CART. But we must not lose sight of each other. You will accompany me to Tellson's. Here, Monsieur Defarge.

DEFAR. (*coming forward*) Well?

CART. This note from Dr. Manette. (*crossing to c., gives note*)

DEFAR. From the doctor!—Is he here?

CART. Yes—at Tellson's—where he will be glad to see you, at your earliest convenience.

DEFAR. (*aside*) The doctor here!—And Darnay in prison! What will my wife say if I see him? Ha!—I will take her with me—she shall see I, too, can be merciless for the Republic! Tell the doctor we'll come, citizen.

CART. That's brave!

DEFAR. But I will bring my wife with me.

CART. (*aside*) I could spare *her*—but we must make the best of it. Come, Mr. Barsad; if you have finished your brandy, you and I will walk together.

The Mob rush in, c. from L.

MAD. Come, husband!

DEFAR. Nay, not I—I've had enough of it.

MAD. D. Faint heart!—here, roll out a cask of wine to the door for the refreshment of the patriots of St. Antoine; (*DEFARGE does so, and distributes wine at the door*) Come, friends—the Carmagnole, in honor of St. Guillotine!

Music.—The REVOLUTIONISTS dance the Carmagnole; Madame DEFARGE advances, c., waving the Cap of Liberty on a spear; shouts; they are going off, c. to L.—Scene closes)

SCENE THIRD.—*Tellson's, as in Scene I.*

Yells and cries heard without.

Enter CRUNCHER, L.

CRUNCH. Muster Lorry—sir? (*looking, as if in search of LORRY*) He ain't here—I'll wait for him. An uncommon tough job I've had on it, burning them ledgers—they ain't the first banker's books that's ended in smoke, I dessay. (*grindstone heard at work without, and shouts and snatches of revolutionary songs*) Holloa! If there ain't that grindstone in the yard agin—a goin' like blazes! (*looks through the closed Venetian blinds of the window in L. F.*) Ah! 'tain't "Knives and scissors to grind" here, but "Swords, and choppers, and pikes to grind!" (*looking*) Well—I 'ave seed a few roughish lots in *my time*—wich every tradesman must take 'em as they comes—but of all the ugly, black-looking, out-at-elbows, cut-throaty lots I ever see, this is the wust by a long chalk! Why the Gordon rioters was gen'lemen and ladies to 'em! (*noise*) There they goes—a grinnin and a chatterin like the Tower monkeys, only a deal wiciouser. (*looks through blind*)

Enter LORRY, R.

LORRY. Ah! Cruncher! What's that disturbance going on outside?

CRUNCH. Ah!—wot! Just you look, sir. They're at that 'ere grindstone agin, sir.

LORRY. (*looking out through blinds*) Bless me! What a set of fiends! In the yard of Tellson's, too! (*they both look*)

CRUNCH. "Tain't respectable, sir—is it? Ugly beggars! You've heard me complain o' that guillotine o' theirs, Muster Lorry, for spiling folks—along a cuttin' off their 'eads, sir. But blest if cuttin' off their 'eads yonder, wouldn't be an improvement to their gen'ral appearance.

LORRY. What devil's work can it be that they are sharpening their weapons for? Hark! (*cries without*) What's that? "To the prisons!" "Death to the prisoners!" So!—even the guillotine is not sharp and sure

enough for their wolfish thirst of blood! (*turning from window*) Women, too—and children. It makes me sick to look at them!

CRUNCH. Ah!—it do give one a turn, Muster Lorry. Like a nip o' brandy, sir—cold without? I've some down stairs—wich I've found the benefit on it, Muster Lorry.

LORRY. No—no—no. (*walking up and down*) Heaven help the poor souls in prison! If Lucie and the doctoer were to see this, it would frighten 'em out of their senses! (*CRUNCHER has closed the window and drawn the curtains*)

CRUNCH. All right, Muster Lorry. I come to say I burnt them there books, sir.

LORRY. I'm glad of that, at all events: go and remove all trace of their ashes.

CRUNCH. Yes, Muster Lorry: they burnt uncommon 'ard, Muster Lorry, did them books; but anyways they're safer than if they was buried. (*another roar from without*) There they goes agin! I did use to think as how these 'ere furriners couldn't turn out nothink ekal to Old Eng-land—but there's one article they beats us in, Muster Lorry.

LORRY. Indeed!—what may that be, Mr. Jerry?

CRUNCH. Black guards, sir. Talk o' Irish blackguard—that ain't to be sneezed at. But it's Lord Chesterfield alongside o' the French harticle. *Exit JERRY, R. D. F.*

Enter LUCIE, R. 1 E.

LORRY. Courage, my darling—Carton will soon return. How is your father?

LUCIE. He will not rest—he insists on going out himself—he trusts to his power with the people as a Bastille prisoner. Oh, Mr. Lorry, what power can speak to such fiends as I saw just now under our window?

LORRY. Hush! your father!

Enter MANETTE, R. 1 E.

MANET. I cannot stay shut up here—I must go out to seek him;—all doors will open to the Bastille prisoner!

Enter CARTON, L.

LUCIE. My husband?—what news?

CART. Nerve yourself: he is alive—he is well; he sends you assurance of that under his own hand. (*gives note*)

LUCIE. (*seizes it and tears it open*) Oh, mercy!—father! “From the Abbaye!”

MANET. Charles in prison! Read, Lucie.

LUCIE. “Dearest, I am well and hopeful. I will look for your dear face, and your father’s at the Tribunal—they will give me strength.”

CART. He is summoned for trial to-day.

MANET. For trial?—then there is still time. I will go to the public prosecutor—the president—to Marat—to Robespierre—all who have power of life and death: they will respect these grey hairs—this face, worn with the lingering years of the Bastille. Let me go forth, I say!

CART. Defarge has power with the patriots—I gave him your note. Hush! he is here.

Enter DEFARGE and Madame DEFARGE knitting, L. 1 E.

MANET. Ah, Defarge!—welcome, my faithful old servant! And this?

DEFAR. My wife, Doctor. I brought her that she may be able to recognize your faces—it is for your safety.

LUCIE. (*crossing to Madame DEFARGE, and seizing her hand and kissing it, c.*) Oh! thanks, madam, thanks!—but it is not we who need your protection, it is my husband. (*Madame DEFARGE extricates her hand coldly, and goes on knitting*)

LORRY. (R.) You had better bring in your little Lucie, my darling.

LUCIE. She is in the next room. (*crossing to R. and turning*) Madame is a mother?

MAD. D. (L. C.) No.

Exit LUCIE, R.

MANET. (C.) Defarge, reassure these timid souls—tell them Charles is in no danger.

DEFAR. (L.) Humph! (*looks at his wife*)

MAD. D. (L. C.) The Citizen Charles Evremond is under the protection of the Republic.

Re-enter LUCIE with her CHILD, R.

Is that his child?

LORRY. Yes, madame ; this is our poor prisoner's darling and only daughter.

LUCIE. (*kneeling to Madame DEFARGE*) Oh, that you were a mother, that the pleading of this innocent might reach your heart!—but you are a wife at least—you will not turn from a wife's prayer for her husband. Ah, sister woman, think of me as a wife and mother!

MAD. D. The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child and less, have not been greatly considered. All our lives we have seen our sister women suffer poverty, nakedness, hunger, thirst, and misery of all kinds—Say, husband, have we not?

DEFAR. We have seen nothing else.

MAD. D. We have borne this a long time : judge you, (*to LUCIE*) is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother should be much to us now? (*drums beat without*) Hark ! the sacred music of my Vengeance ! Come, husband, to the Tribunal !

Exit Madame DEFARGE, l. 1 e.

DEFAR. Farewell ! I am wanted without.

MANET. One word !—Will you tell me who denounces him ?

DEFAR. That you will learn at the Tribunal. *Exit, l.*

CART. Doctor, if anything is to be done with the judges there is not a moment to lose.—The trial is fixed for twelve—it is close to the hour !

MANET. And we linger here. Quick, Lorry—a coach ! Courage, Lucie, courage ; your old father will save him yet.

Exit MANETTE, LUCIE, and LORRY, l. 1 e.

CART. Now for my rascal. (*goes to l. and calls*) Bring in your prisoner, Cruncher.

Enter BARSAD in custody of CRUNCHER, d. r. f.

CRUNCH. Here he is, Muster Carton. Wanted to tip me to let him bolt.—But you'd get the wrong sow by the ear there. With his burying of Roger Cly, indeed ! It's *you* I've an old grudge agin'—with your shameful impositions upon tradesmen ! I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea.

CART. (*to CRUNCHER*) Silence, sir! Have you those things I bade you buy as we came along?

BARS. Here they are, sir! (*crossing to c. and giving small packets*) You must be cautious how you mix them, the chemist said, or they might occasion death instead of insensibility.

CART. (*takes them*) Death instead of insensibility!

BARS. Yes.

CRUNCH. (*shaking BARSAD*) Ecod! I'd like to shake you insensible, I would, you rascally spy!

BARS. (*apprehensively*) Mr. Carton, you'll protect me from this man?

CRUNCH. Never you trouble your head about this man, you'll have enough to do to attend to that gentleman.—And look here, once more—I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea.

CART. Now for the Tribunal!

Exit BARSAD and CARTON, L. 1 E.

CRUNCH. I'd like—(*makes a gesture of choking BARSAD*) —half a guinea! for half a farden I would!

Exit CRUNCHER, R.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Revolutionary Tribunal. The PRESIDENT seated on an estrade, R. 2 E.; on the R. at back, the bar for the Prisoner, with door behind; below the JUDGE's seat a table and seats for the PUBLIC ACCUSER, CLERKS and WITNESSES; the JURY at back, L., the CROWD filling the hall on either side; WOMEN knitting in the galleries; the VENGEANCE in the first rank; SANSCULOTTES armed with pikes, and wearing red caps; MANETTE, LORRY, and LUCIE, seated at the table; CARTON and BARSAD, R.; DARNAY at the bar as Prisoner, guarded by SANSCULOTTES; noise—cries of "Long live the Republic!" "Death to the Aristocrats!" As the scene opens, the PRESIDENT rings the bell.*

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR. I accuse the prisoner at the bar, Charles St. Evrémond, called Darnay, as an emigrant whose life is forfeit to the Republic, under the decree of the Assembly which banishes all emigrants on pain of death. What need of words? There stands the prisoner: I shall prove his name—his title—and the fact of his return, since the date of the decree. Justice, through me, demands the head of the prisoner at the bar.

THE VENGEANCE. His head—his head! Death to the criminal!

ALL. Death to the aristocrat!

PRES. (*ringing his bell for silence*) Does the prisoner admit his name—his family—his character of Frenchman and emigrant?

DARN. The first three, not the last! because I had voluntarily relinquished my title and estates, and left my country, before the word emigrant was known in its present use.

ALL. Well answered! Bravo!

PRES. Why did you leave your country?

DARN. I chose rather to live by my own industry in England, than in France, on the sweat of the suffering people.

ALL. Bravo, bravo! Well said!

DARN. I returned at last, to save the life of a French citizen endangered by my absence.

ALL. Bravo! well done, well done!

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR. Is that citizen present to give evidence in your favour?

DARN. He is dead.

PRES. How?

DARN. By the guillotine.

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR. Then I submit that he was a traitor, and that the act of returning to save him, was in itself a crime.

ALL. Well said, Tinville! Bravo, Fouquier!

THE VENGEANCE. Death to the aristocrat!

ALL. Death to the aristocrat!

PRES. Is the prisoner openly denounced, or secretly?

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR. Openly, Citizen President!

PRES. By whom?

DEFAR. (*rising*) By me—Ernest Defarge—of the section St. Antoine.

MAD. D. By me—Thérèse Defarge—his wife.

PRES. By any other?

MAD. D. Yes, by Alexandre Manette, physician.

MANET. (*rising in feverish agitation*) Citizen President: this is a forgery and a fraud. Who and where is the liar, who says I denounce the husband of my child?

PRES. Citizen Manette, be calm. (*after ringing his bell*) If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice even of your child, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her!

ALL. Bravo! bravo! (*frantic exclamations*)

MAD. D. (*advancing, l. c.*) I demand to be heard in evidence against the prisoner!

PRES. The court is prepared to hear the witness.

MAD. D. You have heard the citizen Manette. Hear me. All Paris has heard that the citizen Manette was imprisoned in the Bastille for twenty-one years. Shall I tell you why? The citizen Manette, then a young and rising physician in Paris, was summoned one night in December, 1762, from his wife's side, to render aid to one in grievous sickness. Outside the house stood a coach. He was blindfolded, and hurried, under the guard of armed men, to a lonely house beyond the walls of Paris. There he found a peasant girl dying of brutal outrage—her brother, attempting to save her, murdered in the adjoining room. That dying girl found words to tell him, how, to gratify the lust of her lord's brother, she had been torn from the arms of a husband—done to death by the brutal cruelty of his lord, and her undoer—torn from her father, heart-broken by suffering and shame. With her dying breath she summoned her murderer to the judgment of heaven; and with her dying hand, yet red in her brother's blood, she signed her curse upon them, and theirs, to the last of their accursed race! And then she died.

ALL. Vengeance! vengeance!

MAD. D. Of all that peasant family, only one sister had escaped. I am that lonely survivor! That dying girl was my sister!—that brother, my brother!—that father, my father!—and my sister's destroyer—the murderer of her husband—of my brother—of my father—was the father of that man who stands at yonder bar!

ALL. (*turn to each other*) To the guillotine!

MAD. D. It was for the knowlege of these crimes, that this old man was buried in the Bastille for all those long and lonely years. In his cell, he left this paper (*it is handed to the JUDGE*) containing the story I have told. That paper was found by my husband, when those hated

walls fell before the people's cannon, and the people's curse. Here stand we, side by side—I, the sister of Colette Dubois—he, the solitary witness and soother of her last agonies; we call on you to work out the righteous doom, which her last breath denounced on all the blood of St. Evrémond! The last of that family stands yonder! In the name of the Republic, that this race has hated—in the name of the Justice that this race has trampled under foot!—in the name of my sister, brother, father, whom this race has murdered!—in the name of this old man, whom this race has reduced to dotage before his time, I demand the head of this man! Say, shall I have it?

ALL. Death to St. Evrémond! “*à la Lanterne!*” “To the guillotine! Tear him to pieces!” (MEN and WOMEN from both sides rush towards the prisoner, and MEN endeavour to get over balcony; they are forced by SANSCULOTTE GUARDS)

PRES. Citizen Manette! do you confirm the deposition of this witness?

MANET. Citizen President—people of Paris—hear me—me, your friend—me who has suffered as she has told you—for the reason she has told you.

ALL. Confirmed—confirmed—the verdict—the verdict!

MANET. Spare him—spare him—for my sake—for my daughter's—for their innocent babes—

PRES. What if the prisoner be your son-in-law? Brutus condemned his own sons for the sake of the Republic! Like him, do you offer your daughter and her child upon the altar of your country!

ALL. Bravo! bravo! A Brutus! a Brutus! The verdict! the verdict! (uproar)

MAD. D. (*sarcastically, after watching the Mob, L.*) Much influence has that, Doctor. Save him now, my Doctor, save him!

PRES. (*rises*) Are the jurors prepared to pronounce the verdict?

JURY. We are. (*all rise*) Guilty!

ALL. The sentence! the sentence!

PRES. The sentence of the court is, that you be conducted back to the prison, and thence, within three hours, to the guillotine! The Court is dissolved. (*shouts*)

tumult—the JUDGES break up, the AUDIENCE rush up to shake hands with the JURY, and then noisily disperse and quit the Court, leaving only the GAOLER and the GUARDS about the prisoner, with LORRY, MANETTE, LUCIE, CARTON, and BARSAD near the Bar)

MANET. I am his murderer! (*he leans his face upon his hands and sobs aloud*)

LUCIE. (*stretching out her hands towards her husband*) Ah, if I might touch him! embrace him—only once! Oh! good citizens, have mercy upon us!

(*Music—they lead DARNAY from the court through door behind dock, LUCIE watches him with a fixed gaze, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer; as DARNAY disappears through the door she turns, lays her head on her father's breast, tries to speak and falls at his feet. CARTON, who has kept in the background, comes forward and raises her*)

MANET. Oh! I have killed her!

CART. No, she has only fainted; do not recal her to herself, she is better so. (*bends over her*) My poor Lucie! last and best hope of this withered heart! I said I would give my life to save a life you loved. Be this the seal of that sacred promise. (*he kisses her*)

Exit CARTON, carrying LUCIE in his arms—LORRY supporting MANETTE, who seems bewildered, and all but unconscious, closed in by—

SCENE FIFTH.—*A Cell in the Abbaye.*

Enter GOALER, D. L. F., with table and chair.

GAOLER. We're so full, we must furnish even this dog-hole, it seems—Oh! here comes the tenant.

Enter DARNAY, L. c., with two GUARDS, who go off.

DARN. I am to be confined alone?

GAOLER. Yes; it will not be for long; you will scarcely have time to tire of your own company.

DARN. May I buy pen, ink, and paper?

GAOLER. Such are not my orders; you may buy your food.

DARN. Food, my friend—and the guillotine within a few hours? Come—pen, ink, and paper. Here is a louis; they can break no stone walls, but they will enable me to send a last word to my wife and child!

GAOLER. Well, (*taking the louis*) it's against rule; but so is this. (*looking at the money*) One breach of rule against the other. You shall have them.

Exit GAOLER, L. C.

DARN. Thanks. Alone—with the thought of death—the thought of those dear ones whose memory makes death so bitter! My darling! my child! That poor old man! To leave him under the sting of undeserved self-reproach is harder than all! (*bolt drawn*) Hark! They cannot mean to hurry me to my doom already!

Enter GAOLER, L. C., with pen, ink, and paper, which he places on the table.)

DARN. (*relieved*) Oh, my friend, thanks!

GAOLER. I will take charge of any letters you may leave for your wife.

DARN. (*takes his hand*) Take a dying man's blessing for this kindness. *Exit GAOLER, L. C.*

(*sits on the stool and takes the pen; tries to write, and fails*) So much to say—so short a space to say it in! (*tries to write, then flings the pen away*) I cannot write. In spite of my efforts, that red scaffold—with its hideous framework, and gleaming knife, will rise before me, and bar all other sense. I never dreamed it had been so hard to die! I hoped we had such a long life of happiness to come! Our darling—I shall never see her grow to girlhood—to maidenhood—to wifely love and honour. God comfort them all, and strengthen me to meet my agony like a man! (*he buries his head in his hands*, BARSAD opens the door cautiously and beckons)

Enter CARTON, unheard by DARNAY, D. F. L.—Exit BARSAD, closing the door; the noise rouses DARNAY.

DARN. Is this a dream? Carton!

CART. (*taking his hand*) Of all people on earth, you least expected to see me!

DARN. You are not a prisoner?

CART. No; my accidental possession of a power over one of the keepers, has gained me admission here. I come from her—your wife! (DARNAY grasps his hand) I bring you a request from her.

DARN. What is it!

CART. That you will ask no questions, and do implicitly what I bid you. Here, change that coat for this of mine. (they change coats) That cravat for this of mine. (they change cravats)

DARN. Carton! There is no escaping from this place! You will only die with me! It is madness—

CART. It might be madness if I asked you to escape, but do I? When I do, refuse if you will. Here are pen, ink, and paper, sit down and write what I dictate, quick, quick! (DARNAY sits bewildered—CARTON stands beside him, his hand in his breast—dictates) "If you remember a promise I gave you ten years ago in Paris, you will understand this letter." (he is dragging his hand from his breast, but pauses, as DARNAY looks up)

DARN. Is that a weapon in your hand?

CART. No.

DARN. What is it?

CART. You shall know directly; write on, there are but a few words more. (dictating) "I am thankful the time has come for me to keep that promise." (as DARNAY writes, CARTON draws a phial from his breast, and places it near DARNAY's face—the pen drops from DARNAY's fingers, and he looks vacantly about him)

DARN. What vapour is that?

CART. Vapour?

DARN. Something that crossed me.

CART. I saw nothing. Resume the pen and finish. Quick, quick! sign my name, "Sydney Carton."

DARNAY makes an effort to write, CARTON watches him, sees that he cannot form the letters, then suddenly catches him with one hand round the neck and applies the phial to his nostrils with the other. DARNAY struggles faintly, but soon sinks back senseless in the chair; CARTON rapidly puts on Darnay's coat and cravat—ties his hair with the prisoner's

ribbon—places the paper in Darnay's breast—goes to door and knocks.

Enter BARSAD, D. L. C.

CART. Get assistance and carry him to the coach that waits for me. (*BARSAD goes to the door and calls without*—CARTON seats himself at the table, his head in his hand)

Enter GAOLER and ASSISTANTS, D. F., L. C.

BARS. (*pointing to DARNAY*) The milksop has fainted!

GAOLER. (*raising up DARNAY*) Ha! so sorry to find his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of St. Guillotine!

BARS. Carry him to the coach. (*GAOLERS take DARNAY off, L. C.*) Adieu! St. Evrémond! Your time is short!

CART. I know it well; be careful of my friend and leave me. *Exit BARSAD, L. C.*

(*bolt heard*) At last! He is safe! Now, Lucie, I have fulfilled my vow. May this close redeem a wasted life!

(*clock strikes two*) Hark! two o'clock! the tumbrils start at half-past.

Re-enter GAOLER and ATTENDANTS, L. C.

GAOLER. Follow me.

CART. So soon?

GAOLER. We've a batch of fifty-two to muster; they're not all so cool as you are!

CART. My friend, few are so weary of life's load as I am; lead on. (*GAOLERS move towards door in F.*) And now, farewell Lucie! farewell life! The world in which I have done so little, in which I have wasted so much, fades fast from before me; but in its stead I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy, in that England which I shall behold no more! It is a far, far better thing I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest I go to, than I have ever known. Farewell Lucie! Farewell life!

Exit CARTON with GAOLER, L. C.—GAOLER'S MAN clears off table and chair.

SCENE SIXTH.—*A Room at Tellson's. Antique furniture of the period of Louis XIV.; fireplace at R. 2 E.; large windows at back with curtains drawn.*

LORRY and LUCIE discovered—MANETTE at the fire, R., his old marks of imbecility have returned.

MANET. Where is my bench? (*with childish impatience*) 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 these shoes.

LORRY. Lost—quite lost!

LUCIE. (*soothingly*) You shall have your work soon, dear father. (*crosses with him to chair at fireplace, R. 2 E.*)

LORRY. What on earth is to be done now?

LUCIE. Courage, dear old friend, I have two to live for now. (*she caresses her father, who sits mourning and wringing his hands in his chair*)

Enter CRUNCHER cautiously, L. 3 E.

CRUNCH. (*aside to LORRY.*) There's a party below would speak with you. It's that black beggar, Defarge; but he looks a different sort of man from what he did this morning. There's been summat a workin' in him innards. Bless you, I know, Mr. Lorry. It's been a workin' on me precious 'ard.

LORRY. (*to CRUNCHER*) Shew him up. *Exit CRUNCHER, L.* Perhaps he comes to ask your forgiveness.

Enter DEFARGE, D., L. 2 E.

DEFAR. I've a word of warning to you. You have passes to quit Paris?

LORRY. For Mrs. Darnay and her child, the doctor, Mr. Carton, myself, and my servant.

DEFAR. Then be warned by me. Leave Paris this very hour, or you may none of you live to quit it.

LORRY. What do you mean?

DEFAR. My wife. She has tasted blood to-day—she wants more. You may be denounced by her at any moment. Be warned! leave Paris without delay.

LORRY. But how to order horses—a carriage—without exciting suspicion?

DEFAR. I will have a carriage at the door. Meantime—don't stir—I will be back anon.

LUCIE. Oh, bless you, sir, for this mercy at least!

DEFAR. Thank you, young lady, I wanted your blessing sorely. Would I had earned it by better service! I am sick of blood. But she is terrible; I dare not say her nay.

Exit DEFARGE, L. D.

LUCIE. You see, dear friend, even the worst are not all evil: I will set about our preparations at once. You wonder to see me so eager for my life. (*taking his hand*) It is not for myself, I have *his* child to live for.

Enter CRUNCHER, pale and staring, L. 2 E.

CRUNCH. Oh, mercy! Oh, Mr. Lorry!

LORRY. What now?

CRUNCH. Break it to her gently, Muster Lorry. He's come back—alive—safe—Mr. Darnay—

LORRY. Darnay! Merciful powers!

LUCIE. (*springing up from her father*) Ha! What's that? What said he? Speak—speak, if you would not have me drop dead at your feet—

Enter BARSAD, supporting DARNAY, half insensible, L. 2 E.; with CRUNCHER's assistance he places him in a chair, L. C.

LUCIE. (*rushes to him with a wild scream, and clasps him in her arms*) Ah!

DARN. (*faintly*) Where am I? What's this? A dream? Lucie!

LUCIE. Husband!—dearest!—alive! saved— (*she embraces him again passionately*)

DARN. Where's Carton? That deadly vapour?

LUCIE. (*seizes the paper, tears it open, and reads it rapidly*) Oh, heaven! Carton has saved him! But at what price?

BARS. By remaining to die in his place.

Enter DEFARGE, L. 2 E.

DEFAR. (c.) Quick! The carriage is below. (*sees DARNAY*) Ah! what's this! St. Evrémond escaped! Treachery! I never bargained for this. (*he turns to go*)

LUCIE. (*seizing his arm passionately*) Ah, sir, if you

have a heart of flesh, pity us! Spare him! Think!—he is good, gentle—he loves the people—he gave up all that he might not see them suffer.

Enter MADAME DEFARGE, d., l. 2 e.—she stands sternly watching.

Ob, if ever you loved your old master, look there—
(points to her father)

MANET. (*wringing his hands*) My bench. They won't give me my bench.

(DEFARGE covers his face with his hands)

LUCIE. Is it your deed—yours and your wife's that has brought him to this. Ah! have you no pity?

DEFAR. I cannot bear this—I will not denounce your husband.

LUCIE. Oh, bless you! bless you! (*she sobs hysterically*—suddenly perceiving MAD. D., *she stands transfixed*)

MAD. D. (*coming forward*) Coward and traitor! (*to her husband*) It is well I was at hand.

LUCIE. You too—human as you are—will not you have pity?

MAD. D. Had they pity on my sister?—on her husband?—on my brother?—on my father? (LUCIE tries to clasp her knees) Stand off, aristocrat! (*crosses to r.*) If his heart is water, mine is stone. Within five minutes this forfeit head is once more under the knife.

LUCIE. Help! Help!

DEFAR. Hold, wife! You shall not denounce him!

MAD. D. Shall not? Fool as well as coward! Make way!

DEFAR. You shall not, I say! (*she crosses—he seizes her*)

MAD. D. Hands off! or it will be worse for you! (*crossing to l.*) I'm armed. (*a desperate struggle*) Nay, then—(*she extricates her arm, and draws a pistol—DEFARGE tries to wrest it from her, in the struggle it goes off, and she falls heavily, c.—LUCIE screams—DEFARGE flings himself on the ground by his wife*)

DEFAR. Therese, look up! Dead!—dead! (*buries his face in his hands, and sobs passionately*)

LUCIE. Gone to her last account, with unsated vengeance in her heart! May heaven have mercy on her! (*noise of wheels, drums, and murmurs*)

DARN. But, hark ! What's that ? (*he goes to window—raises blind—the crowd is seen grouped without along the street, by which the tumbril passes along, filled with victims—CARTON stands erect, his face towards the window^{*}*) Ha ! the tumbrils with the victims for the guillotine !

LUCIE. (*eagerly pointing*) And see ! In the first sits Carton ! He sees us. He smiles, and waves his hand. How calm he looks ! Oh, noble heart ! Husband—a prayer for him ! (*Music—kneels—Tableau*)

Curtain.

* This should be managed with gauzes, so as to give distance to the crowd. If practicable, the stage should be sunk, so as to show the heads only of the crowd.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

Right.

Right Centre.

Centre.

Left Centre.

Left.