A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By Charles Dickens.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER I. THE PERIOD.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity; it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair. We had everything before us, we had nothing before us; we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superstitious degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed period as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed period. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed period. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed period. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed period. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed period.
mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob; and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now, stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now, hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now, burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall; to-day, taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pillorier who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, were all through, and carried their divine rights with a hard hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatestanes, and myriads of small creatures—the creatures of this chronicle among the rest—along the roads that lay before them.

CHAPTER II. THE MAIL.

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked up-hill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once when the leader made a scramble for it, as if they mashed their way through the thick mud, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more, the Dover mail struggled on, with the most decided negative, made a scramble for it, and the emphatic horse, cut short by the whip in the light of the coach-lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the rest of the labouring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

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

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

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!—Joe!" "Hallos!" the guard replied. "What o'clock do you make it, Joe?" "Ten minutes good, past eleven." "My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman. "and not atop of Shooter's yet! Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

The emphatic horse, cut short by the whip in a most decided negative, made a scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more, the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe and pant, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.
"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom?"

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"I say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving the hold of the door, and mounting nimly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the king's name, all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger hooked by this history, was on the coach step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back, and the guard looked back, and even the emphatic leader picked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rambling and labouring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audible expressive of people out of breath, and holding the breath, and having the palace quickened by expectation.

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

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

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

The coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back, and the guard looked back, and even the emphatic leader picked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

"What are you?"

"What is the matter?" asked the passenger, looking down from his box.

"Yes, Mr. Lorry.

"What passenger?"

"Is the Dover mail?"

"What is the matter?"

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

"What is the matter?"

"Yes, Mr. Lorry.

"I say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving the hold of the door, and pulling up the window. "He may come close; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't, but I can't make so near a guess, sir," said the guard, in gruff soliloquy. "Hallo you!

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

"Come on at a footpace; dy'e mind me? And if you've got holsters to that saddle o' yours, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em. For I'm a devil at a quick mistake, and when I make one it takes the form of Lead. So now let's look at you."

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the eddying mist, and came to the side of the mail, where the passengers stood at the coach door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretence of being asleep. With no more definite purpose than to escape the hazard of originating any other kind of action.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent. The guard soon replaced his blunderbuss in his arm-chest, and, having looked to the rest of its contents, and having looked to the supplementary pistols that he wore in his belt, looked to a smaller chest beneath his seat, in which there were a few smith's tools, a couple of torches, and a tinder-box. For he was furnished with that completeness, that if the coach-lamps had been blown and stormed out, which did occasionally happen, he had only to shut himself

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up inside, keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw, and get a light with tolerable safety and ease (if he were lucky) in five minutes.

"Tom!" softly over the coach-roof.

"Hallo, Joe."

"Did you hear the message?"

"I did, Joe."

"What did you make of it, Tom?"

"Nothing at all, Joe."

"That's a coincidence, too," the guard mused, "for I made the same of it myself."

Jerry, left alone in the mist and darkness, dismounted meanwhile, not only to ease his spent horse, but to wipe the mud from his face, and shake the wet out of his hat-brim, which might be capable of holding about half a gallon. After standing with the bridle over his heavily-splashed arm, until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again, he turned to walk down the hill.

"After that gallop from Temple-bar, old lady, I won't trust your fore-legs till I get you on the level," said this hoarse messenger, glancing at his mare. "Recalled to life!

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

CHAPTER III. THE NIGHT SHADOWS.

A WONDERFUL fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it! Something of the awfulness, even of Death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hope in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein, as momentary lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, for ever and for ever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my soul, is dead; it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial-places of this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them?

As to this, his natural and not to be alienated inheritance, the messenger on horseback had exactly the same possessions as the King, the first Minister of State, or the richest merchant in London. So with the three passengers shut up in the narrow compass of one lumbering old mail coach; they were mysteries to one another, as complete as if each had been in his own coach and six, or his own coach and sixty, with the breadth of a county between him and the next.

The messenger rode back at an easy trot, stopping pretty often at ale-houses by the way to drink, but evining a tendency to keep his own counsel, and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes. He had eyes that assorted very well with that decoration, being of a surface black, with no depth in the colour or form, and much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in something, singly, if they kept too far apart. They had a sinister expression, under an old cocked-hat like a three-cornered spittoon, and over a great muffler for the chin and throat, which descended nearly to the wearer's knees. When he stepped for drink, he moved this muffler with his left hand, only while he poured his liquor in with his right; as soon as that was done, he muffled again.

"No, Jerry, no!" said the messenger, harping on one theme as he rode. "It wouldn't do for you, Jerry. Jerry, you honest tradesman, it wouldn't suit your line of business! Recalled to life! Bust me if I don't think he'd been a drinking!"

His message perplexed his mind to that degree that he was fain, several times, to take off his hat to scratch his head. Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and growing down-dill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best of players at leap-frog might have declined him, as the most dangerous man in the world to go over.

While he trotted back with the message he was to deliver to the night watchman in his box at the door of Tellson's Bank, by Temple-bar, who was to deliver it to greater authorities within, the shadows of the night took such shapes to him as arose out of the message, and took such shapes to the mare as arose out of her private topics of uneasiness. They seemed to be numerous, for she shied at every shadow on the road.

What time, the mail-coach lumbered, jolted, rattled, and bumped upon its tedious way, with its three fellow inscrutables inside. To whom, likewise, the shadows of the night revealed themselves, in the forms their dozing eyes and wandering thoughts suggested.

Tellson's Bank had a run upon it in the mail.

As the bank passenger—with an arm drawn through the leather strap, which did what lay in it to keep him from pounding against the next passenger, and driving him into his corner, whenever the coach got a special jolt—nodded in his place with half-shut eyes, the little coach-windows, and the coach-hamp dimly gleaming through them, and the bulky bundle of opposite passenger, became the bank, and did a great stroke of business. The rattle of the harness was the chink of money, and more drafts were
honoured in five minutes than even Tellson’s, with all its foreign and home connexion, ever paid in thrice the time. Then, the strong-rooms underground, at Tellson’s, with such of their valuable stores and secrets as were known to the passenger (and it was not a little that he knew about them), opened before him, and he went in among them with the great keys and the feebly-burning candle, and found them safe, and strong, and sound, and still, just as he had last seen them.

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

Now, which of the multitude of faces that showed themselves before him was the true face of the buried person, the shadows of the night did not indicate; but they were all the faces of a man of five-and-forty by years, and they differed principally in the passions they expressed, and in the ghastliness of their worn and wasted state. Pride, contempt, defiance, stubbornness, submission, lamentation, succeeded one another; so did varieties of sunken cheek, cadaverous colour, emaciated hands and figures. But the face was in the main one face, and every head was prematurely white. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of this spectre:

“Buried how long?”

The answer was always the same: “Almost eighteen years.”

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

“Long ago.”

“You know that you are recalled to life?”

“They tell me so.”

“I hope you care to live?”

“I can’t say.”

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

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

After such imaginary discourse, the passenger in his fancy would dig; and dig, dig—now, with a spade, now with a grey key, now with his hands—to dig this wretched creature out. Get out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fall away to dust. The passenger would then start to himself, and lower the window, to get the reality of mist and rain on his cheeks.

Yet even when his eyes were opened on the mist and rain, on the moving patch of light from the lamps, and the hedge at the roadside retreating by jerks, the night shadows outside the coach would fall into the train of the night shadow within. The real Banking-house by Temple-bar, the real business of the past day, the real strong-rooms, the real express sent after him, and the real message returned, would all be there. Out of the midst of them, the ghastly face would rise, and he would assist it again.

“Buried how long?”

“Almost eighteen years.”

“I hope you care to live?”

“I can’t say.”

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

“Buried how long?”

“Almost eighteen years.”

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

“Long ago.”

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

He lowered the window, and looked out at the rising sun. There was a ridge of ploughed land, with a plough upon it where it had been left last night when the horses were unyoked; beyond, a quiet copse-wood, in which many leaves of burning red and golden yellow still remained upon the trees. Though the earth was cold and wet, the sky was clear, and the sun rose bright, placid, and beautiful.

“Eighteen years!” said the passenger, looking at the sun. “Gracious Creator of Day! To be buried alive for eighteen years!”

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BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER IV. THE PREPARATION.

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

By that time, there was only one adventurous traveller left to be congratulated; for, the two others had been set down at their respective roadside destinations. The mildewy inside of the coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity, was rather like a larger sort of dog-kennel. Mr. Lorry, the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the business of the day, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But, perhaps the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand clothes, come easily to let me know.

Yes, sir. If the weather holds and the wind is off, sir. Yes, sir. Tellson's Bank, sir.

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

The Concord bed-chamber being always assigned to a passenger by the mail, and passengers by the mail being always heavily wrapped up from head to foot, the room had the odd interest for the establishment of the Royal George, that although but one kind of man was seen to go into it, all kinds and varieties of men came out of it. Consequently, another drawer, and two porters, and severalmaids, and the laundress, were all loitering by accident at various points of the road between the Concord and the coffee-room, when a gentleman of sixty, formally dressed in a brown suit of clothes, pretty well worn, but very well kept, with large square

"Yes. We are quite a French house, as well as an English one, you see.

"Yes, sir. Not much in the habit of such travelling yourself, I think, sir?"

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

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

"I believe so."

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

"You might treble that, and say a hundred and fifty, yet not be far from the truth."

"Indeed, sir?"

Rounding his mouth and both his eyes, as he stepped backward from the table, the waiter shifted his napkin from his right arm to his left, dropped into a comfortable attitude, and stood surveying the guest while he ate and drank, as from an observatory or watch-tower. According to the immemorial usage of waiters in all ages.

When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast, he went out for a stroll on the beach. The little narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach, and ran its head into the chalk-cliffs, like a marine ostrich. The beach was bare; the bones of sea and stones tumbling wildly about, and the sea did what it liked, and what it liked was destruction. It thundered at the town, and thundered at the cliffs, and what it liked was destruction. It was a desert of heaps of sea and stones tumbling from the beach, and running its head into the sea. A little fishing was done, and it was remarkable that nobody in the neighbourhood encouraged a small flaxen wig at the ears, and followed the waiter to Miss Manette’s apartment. It was a large, dark room, furnished in a funereal manner with black horschair, and loaded with heavy, dark tables. These had been oiled and oiled, until the two tall candles on the table in the middle of the room were gloomily reflected on every leaf; as if they were buried, in deep graves of black mahogany, and no light to speak of could be expected from them until they were dug out.

The obscurity was so difficult to penetrate that Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, supposed Miss Manette to be, for the moment, in some adjacent room, until, having got past the two tall candles, he saw standing to receive him by the table between them and the fire, a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding-dress, and still holding her straw travelling-hat by its ribbon, in her hand. As his eyes rested on a slight, short, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, and a forehead with a singular capacity (remember, beg how young and smooth it was), of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright fixed attention, though it included all the four expressions—as his eyes rested on these things, a sudden vivid likeness passed between them and the fire, a young woman whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very Channel, one cold time, when the hail drifted heavily and the sea ran high. The likeness passed away, say, like a breath along the surface of the glistening pier-glass behind her, on the frame of which, a hospital procession of negro cupids, several headless and all cripples, were offering black baskets of Dead-Sea fruit to black divinities of the feminine gender—and he made his formal bow to Miss Manette.

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

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

"I received a letter from the Bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some new intelligence—and discovery—"

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

"—respecting the small property of my poor father whom I never saw—so long dead—"
Mr. Lorry moved in his chair, and cast a troubled look towards the hospital procession of negro cupids. As if they had any help for anybody in their absurd baskets!

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

"Myself."

"As I was prepared to hear, sir." She courtesied to him (young ladies made curtseys in these days), with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she. He made her another bow.

"I replied to the Bank, sir, that as it was considered necessary, by those who know, and who are so kind as to advise me, that I should go to France, and that as I am an orphan and have no friend who could go with me."

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

"Naturally," said Mr. Lorry. "Yes—I am a man of great acquirements—a Doctor."

"But this is my father's story, sir; and I begin to think the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honour of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential."

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

"I was at that time in our French House, and, had been—oh! twenty years."

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

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

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

"Lord", he said, "Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that I had held with both hands (which was not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers."

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

After this odd description of his daily routine, Mr. Lorry flattened his flaxen wig upon his head with both hands (which was rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the Bank, so good as to be despatched to Paris for the purpose."

"Myself."

Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business charge to acquit myself of. In your reception of it, don't heed me any more than if I was a speaking machine—truly, I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers."

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most unnecessary, for nothing could be flatter than its shining surface was before), and resumed his former attitude.

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

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

"Pray," said Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on the supplicatory fingers that clasped him in so violent a tremble: "pray control your agitation—a matter of business. As I was saying—"

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

"As I was saying; if Monsieur Manette had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had been spirited away; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place, though no art could trace him; if he had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege that I in my own time have known the boldest people afraid to speak of in a whisper, across the water, there; for instance, the privilege of filling up blank forms for the consignment of any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time; if his wife had implored the king, the queen, the court, the clergy, for any tidings of him, and all quite in vain;—then the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the Doctor of Beauvais."

"I entreat you to tell me more, sir."

"I will. I am going to. You can bear it?"

"You speak collectedly, and you—are collected. That's good!" (Though his manner was less satisfied than his words.) "A matter of business. Regard it as a matter of business—business that must be done. Now, if this Doctor's wife, though a lady of great courage and spirit, had suffered so intensely from this cause before her little child was born—"

"The little child was a daughter, sir."

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

"For the truth. O dear, good, compassionate sir, for the truth!"

"A—a matter of business. You confuse me, and how can I transact business if I am confused? Let us be clear-headed. If you could kindly mention now, for instance, what nine times ninepence are, or how many shillings in twenty guineas, it would be so encouraging. I should be so much more at my ease about your state of mind."

Without directly answering to this appeal, she sat so still when he had very gently raised her, and the hands that had not ceased to clasp his wrists were so much more steady than they had been, that she communicated some reassurance to Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"That's right, that's right. Courage! Business! You have business before you; useful business. Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you. And when she died—I believe broken-hearted—having never slackened her unavailing search for your father, she left you, at two years old, to grow to be blooming, beautiful, and happy, without the dark cloud upon you of living in uncertainty whether your father soon wore his heart out in prison, or wasted there through many lingering years."

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

"You know that your parents had no great possession, and that what they had was secured to your mother and to you. There has been no new discovery, of money, or of any other property; but—"

He felt his wrist held closer, and he stopped. The expression in the forehead, which had so particularly attracted his notice, and which was now immoveable, had deepened into one of pain and horror.

"But he has been—been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable; almost a wreck, it is possible; though we will hope the best. Still, alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there: I, to identify him, if I can; you, to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort."

A shiver ran through her frame, and from it through his. She said, in a low, distinct, awe-striken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream, "I am going to see his Ghost! It will be his Ghost—not him!"

Mr. Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm. "There, there, there! See now, see now! The best and the worst are known to you now. You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman, and, with a fair sea voyage, and a fair land journey, you will be soon at his dear side."

She repeated in the same tone, sunk to a whisper, "I have been free, I have been happy, yet his Ghost has never haunted me!"

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

Perfectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat under his hand, utterly insensible, with her eyes open and fixed upon him, and with that last expression looking as if it were carved or branded into her forehead. So close was her hold upon his arm, that he feared to detach himself lest he should hurt her; therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving.

A wild-looking woman, whom, even in his agitation, Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red colour, and to have red hair, and to be dressed in some extraordinary tight-fitting fashion, and to have on her head a most wonderful bonnet like a Frenchwoman's, caused running into the room in advance of the inn servants, and soon settled the question of his detachment from her, by laying a brawny hand against the nearest wall.

"I really think this must be a man!" was Mr. Lorry's breathless reflection, simultaneously with his coming against the wall.

"Why, look at you all!" bawled this figure, addressing the inn servants. "Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there staring at me? I am not so much to fear as a Banker; I am not so much to fear to detach myself lest I should hurt her; therefore I call out loudly for assistance without moving."

Mr. Lorry was so exceedingly disconcerted, that he asked her whether she had assistance at all. This being another question hard to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.

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

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does. My poor young lady, by laying a brawny hand against the nearest wall."

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

This went to law (for the County Courts have robbed the process of one-half its pleasurable excitement), I knew what that meant. Now, I don't. I solemnly declare that I am so perplexed by the innovating tendencies of this degenerate age, that I don't know what the law is coming to.

Take that most magnificent and perfect product of the human intellect, built up by the accumulated wisdom of ages—the law of real property. What is it coming to? The old-established, well-appointed legal conveyance is to be taken off the road. Feoffment, grant, release, confirmation, surrender, assignment, defeasance, feoffments to uses, covenants to stand seised to uses, bargain and sale, lease and release, are to haunt the legal mind as relics of a bygone age.

But this is not the end of it. The titles tinker up into a respectable state of soundness, by the gentlemen of ten years' experience in the trade, are to be registered (as vulgar stoves and coffee-pots are registered, I suppose); the certificate of registration is to circulate as a patent litigation annihilator, guaranteed to effectually quench the professional prying of the most sceptical lawyer for ever.
A large cask of wine had been dropped and broken, in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

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

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine-game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a griddle-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a door-step the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billlets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the ashes of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a nightcap than in it, scrawled a wine lees—Blood.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street-stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there. And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy—cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want, were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last.
grown faces, and ploughed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sign, Hunger. It was prevalent everywhere. Hunger was posted out of the tall houses, in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of fire-wood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and started up from the filthy street that had no offal, among its refuse, of anything to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker’s shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at the sausage-shop, in every dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chesnuts in the turned cylinder; Hunger was shred into atomies in every farthing stock of bad bread; at the sausage-shop, in shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock, among its refuse, of anything to eat.

A narrow winding street, full of offence and stench, with other narrow winding streets diverging, all peopled by rags and nightcaps, and all smelling of rags and nightcaps; and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not wanting among them; nor compressed lips, nor foreheads white with what they suppressed; nor pressed together, white and of a not temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but earned one over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were slung over his shoulder. His stained shoes jerked off his feet, and then rubbed around the room, and the girl passed on.

The butcher and the porkman painted up, only the leanest scraggs of meat; the baker, the maker’s stock was murderous. The crippling and Port was a corner shop, better than all the rest of the public streets. Is there—tell me—tell me, thou—tell me—is there no other place to write such words in? In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidentally, perhaps not), upon the joker’s heart. The joker rapped it with his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

"Put it on, put it on," said the other. "Call wine, wine; and finish there." With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker’s dress, such as it was—quite deliberately, as having dirtied the hand on his account; and then replaced, and entered the wine-shop. This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his bronzed arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured-looking on the whole, but in his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidentally, perhaps not), upon the joker’s heart. The joker rapped it with his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

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Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicted that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large earrings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

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

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

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

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

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

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

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

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

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

The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

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

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

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

"Hold then! True!" muttered her husband.

"Gentlemen—my wife!"

The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourishes. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving them a quick look. Then she glanced in a casual manner round the wine-shop, took up her knitting with great apparent calmness and repose of spirit, and became absorbed in it.

"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eye observantly upon her, "good day. The chamber, furnished bachelor-fashion, that you wished to see, and were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the fifth floor. The doorway of the staircase gives on the little courtyard close to the left here," pointing with his hand, "near to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember, one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!"

They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting, when the elderly gentleman advanced from his corner, and begged the favour of a word.

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

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word, Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway to which he had directed his other company just before. It opened from a stinking little black court-yard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done; a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humour in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

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

"Is he alone?" the latter whispered.

"Alone! God help him who should be with him!" said the other, in the same low voice.

"Is he always alone, then?"

"Yes."

"Of his own desire?"

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

"He is greatly changed?"

"Changed!"

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

Such a staircase, with its accessories, in the older and more crowded part of Paris, would be had enough now; but, at that time, it was vile indeed to uncustomed and unhardened senses. Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building—that is to say, the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase—left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition so engendered, would have polluted the air, even if poverty and deprivation had not loaded it with their intangible impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable. Through such an atmosphere, by a steep dark shaft of dirt and poison, the way lay. Yielding to his own disturbance of mind, and to his young companion's agitation, which became greater every instant, Mr. Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest. Each of these stoppages was made at a doleful grating, by which any languishing good airs that were left uncorrupted, seemed to escape, and all spoilt by which any languishing good airs that were left uncorrupted, seemed to escape, and all spoilt:

The worst will be over in a moment; it is but relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Let our good friend here, assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come, now. Business, business!"

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There, as it had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who wereointly looking into the room to which the door belonged, through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned, and rose, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"I forgot them, in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down. There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well?"

"Is that well?"

"I think it is well."

"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"

"I choose them as real men, of my name—Jacques is my name—to whom the sight is likely to do good. "Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little longer."

With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall. Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door—evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention, he drew the key across it, three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something:
Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter, as if to awe them into silence. He could not have felt that she was sinking.

"A—a—a business, business!" he urged, with a moan.

"Of it? What?"

"I mean of him. Of my father."

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

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

The garret, built to be a dry depository for firewood and the like, was dim and dark: for, the contrast must have been visible enough for any one, the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet, work of that kind was being done; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one, the ability to exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through some opening at the top, that only one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through some crack in the floor, with a little crano over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street: unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through some crack in the floor, with a little crano over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street: unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction.

The garret, built to be a dry depository for firewood and the like, was dim and dark: for, the window of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crano over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street: unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through some crack in the floor, with a little crano over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street: unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.
In Three Books.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER VI. THE SHOE MAKER.

"Good day!" said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance:

"Good day!"

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

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

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour, faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was, of a hopeless and lost creature, that a tarnished traveller, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die.

Some minutes of silent work had passed, and the haggard eyes had looked up again: not with any interest or curiosity, but with a dull mechanical perception, beforehand, that the spot where the only visitor they were aware of had stood, was not yet empty.

"I want," said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, "to let in a little more light here. You can bear a little more?"

"I must bear it, if you let it in." (Laying the palest shadow of a stress upon the second word.)

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

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

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

"What did you say?"

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

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

But, the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it (his lips and his nails were of the same pale lead-colour), and then the hand dropped to his work, and he once more bent over the shoe. The look and the action had occupied but an instant.
"You have a visitor, you see," said Monsieur Defarge.

"What did you say?"

"Here is a visitor."

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

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

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name."

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

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

"I said, couldn't you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur's information?"

"It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking-shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand."

He glanced at the shoe, with some little passing touch of pride.

"And the maker's name?" said Defarge.

Now that he had no work to hold, he laid the knuckles of the right hand in the hollow of the left, and then the knuckles of the left hand in the hollow of the right, and then passed a hand across his bearded chin, and so on in regular changes, without a moment's intermission. The task of recalling him from the vacuum into which he always sank when he had spoken, was like recalling some very weak person from a swoon, or endeavouring, in the hope of some disclosure, to stay the spirit of a fast-dying man.

"Did you ask me for my name?"

"Assuredly I did."

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

"Is that all?"

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

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

"Yes; for a moment. At first I thought it was you, and then I saw that I was mistaken."

"You are not a shoemaker by trade?"

"No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—"

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

"Monsieur Manette, do you remember anything of me?"

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

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

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long-obliterated marks of an actively intense intelligence in the middle of the forehead, gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but, they had been there. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, and where she now stood looking at him, with hands which at first had been only raised in frightened compassion, if not even to keep him off and turn on the sight of him, but which were now extending towards him, trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it to life and hope—so exactly was the expression repeated (though in stronger characters) on her fair young face, that it looked as though it had passed, like a moving light, from him to her.

Darkness had fallen on him in its place. He looked at the two, less and less attentively, as his eyes in gloomy abstraction sought the ground and looked about him in the old way. Finally, with a deep long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

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

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

She had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labour.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand; for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she stayed them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, though they had.

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

"What is this?"

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips, and kissed them to him; then chapped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.

"You are not the gaoler's daughter?"

She signed "No."

"Who are you?"

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

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up, and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking.

But, not for long. Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it, or two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee, and it contained a very little quantity of hair: not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off his forehead. He seemed to become conscious that his forehead, he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. He turned her full, to the light, and looked at her.

"It is the same. How was it! How was it!"

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. "It is the same. How can it be! When was it! How was it!"

As the concentrating expression returned to his forehead, he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. He turned her full to the light, and looked at her.

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder. That night when I was summoned out—she had a fear of my going, though I had none—and when I was brought to the North Tower they found these upon my sleeve. 'You will leave me, then, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it!' If you touch, in touching my hair, anything 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 hint to you of a Home there is before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a Home long desolate, while your poor heart pined away, weep for it, weep for it!"

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

"If, when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that I have come here to take you from it, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you of my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to him, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to him, and of my mother who is living, and of my father, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you, here and now, is, that I pray to you to touch me, and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! O my dear, my dear!"

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

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

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

"How was this? -Was it you?"

Once more, the two spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But, she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said, in a low voice, "I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!"

"Hush!" he exclaimed. "Whose voice was that?"

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. It died out, as everything but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he re-
Life must hush at last—they came forward to
raise the father and daughter from the ground.
He had gradually drooped to the floor, and lay
there in a lethargy, worn out. She had nestled
down with him, that his head might lie upon
her arm; and her hair drooping over him curt-
tained him from the light.
"If, without disturbing him," she said, raising
her hand to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them,
after repeated blowings of his nose, "all could
be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so
that, from the very door, he could be taken
away."
"But, consider. Is he fit for the journey?" asked Mr. Lorry.
"More fit for that, I think; than to remain in
this city, so dreadful to him."
"It is true," said Defarge, who was kneeling
to look on and hear. "More than that: Mon-
sieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of
France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and post-
horses?"
"That's business," said Mr. Lorry, resuming
on the shortest notice his methodical manners;
"and if business is to be done, I had better
do it."
"Then be so kind," urged Miss Manette,
as to leave us here. You see how composed
he has become, and you cannot be afraid to leave
him with me now. Why should you be? If
you will lock the door to secure us from inter-
rup tion, I do not doubt that you will find him,
when you come back, as quiet as you leave him.
In any case, I will take care of him until you
return, and then we will remove him straight."
Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were rather dis-
inclined to this course, and in favour of one of
them remaining. But, as there were not only
carriage and horses to be seen to, but travelling
papers; and as time pressed, for the day was
drawing to an end, it came at last to their
hastily dividing the business that was neces-
sary to be done, and hurrying away to do it.
Then, as the darkness closed in, the daughter
laid her head down on the hard ground close at
the father's side, and watched him. The darkness
deepened and deepened, and they both lay quiet,
until a light gleamed through the clunks in the
wall.
Mr. Lorry and Monsieur Defarge had made
all ready for the journey, and had brought with
them, besides travelling cloaks and wrappers,
bread and meat, wine, and hot coffee. Monsieur
Defarge put this provender, and the lamp he
carried, on the shoemaker's bench (there was
nothing else in the garret but a pallet bed), and
he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive, and
assisted him to his feet.
No human intelligence could have read the
workings of his mind, in the scared blank won-
der of his face. Whether he knew what had
happened, whether he recollected what they had
said to him, whether he knew that he was free,
were questions which no sagacity could have
solved. They tried speaking to him; but, he
was so confused, and so very slow to answer,
that they took fright at his bewilderment, and
agreed for the time to tamper with him no more.
He had a wild, lost manner of occasionally
clapping his head in his hands, that had not been
seen in him before; yet, he had some pleasure
in the mere sound of his daughter's voice, and invari-
ably turned to it when she spoke.
In the submissive way of one long accus-
tomed to obey under coercion, he ate and drank
what they gave him to eat and drink, and put
on the cloak and other wrappings that they gave
him to wear. He readily responded to his
daughter's drawing her arm through his, and took
—and kept—her hand in both of his own.
They began to descend; Monsieur Defarge
3001 going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing
the little procession. They had not traversed
many steps of the long main staircase when he
stopped, and stared at the roof and round at the
walls.
"You remember the place, my father? You
remember coming up here?"
"What did you say?"
But, before she could repeat the question, he
muttered an answer as if she had repeated it.
"Remember? No, I don't remember. It was
so very long ago."
That he had no recollection whatever of his
having been brought from his prison to that	house, was apparent to them. They heard him
mutter, "One hundred and five, North Tower,"
and when he looked about him, it evidently was
for the strong fortress-walls which had long en-
compased him. On their reaching the court-
yard, he instinctively altered his tread, as being
in expectation of a drawbridge; and when there
was no drawbridge, and he saw the carriage
waiting in the open street, he dropped his
daughter's hand and clasped his head again.
No crowd was about the door; no people
were discernible at any of the many windows;
not even a chance passer-by was in the street
An unnatural silence and desertion reigned
there. Only one soul was to be seen, and that
was Madame Defarge—who leaned against the
door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.
The prisoner had got into the coach, and his
daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry's
feet were arrested on the step by his asking,
'memember? No, I don't remember. It was
so very long ago."
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was Madame Defarge—who leaned against the
door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

"To the Barrier!" The postilion cracked his
whip, and they clattered away under the feeble
over-swinging lamps—swinginggreyer,
brighter in the better streets, and ever dim-
mer in the worse—and by lighted shops, gay crowd
illuminated coffee-houses, and theatre doors, 
one of the city gates. Soldiers with their
at the guard-house there. "Your papers
travellers!" "See here then, Monsieur the
Officer," said Defarge, getting down, and taking him gravely apart, "these are the papers of monsieur inside, with the white head. They were consigned to me, with him, at the barge." He dropt the voice, there was a flutter among the military lanterns, and one of them being handed into the coach by an arm in uniform, the eye connected with the arm looked, not an every day or an every night look, at monsieur with the white head. "It is well. Forward!" from Defarge. And so, under a short grove of feebler and feebler overswinging lamps, out under the great grove of stars.

Beneath that arch of unmoved and eternal lights: some, so remote from this little earth that the learned tell us it is doubtful whether their rays have even yet discovered it, as a point in space where anything is suffered or done: the shadows of the night were broad and black. All through the cold and restless interval until dawn, they once more whispered in the ears of Mr. Jarvis Lorry—sitting opposite the buried man who had been dug out, and wondering what subtle powers were for ever lost to him, and what were capable of restoration—the old inquiry:

"I hope you care to be recalled to life?"

And the old answer:

"I can't say."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BUNGAREE, KING OF THE BLACKS.

I.

There are few old Australian colonists to whom the name of Bungaree is not familiar; but I conceive it right that the whole world should know something of this departed monarch, and of his habits and peculiarities. Honoured, as I was, by his favour, politely expected, as I always was whenever I met his Majesty in the streets of Sydney, flattered, as I was, when he invited me occasionally to accompany him in his boat to "go kedge fiss," I consider myself as well qualified to become his biographer as was Mr. Boswell to write the life of Dr. Johnson, or Lord John Russell that of Thomas Moore.

King Bungaree and myself were contemporaries; but there was a vast difference between our ages. When I first knew him, he was an old man, over sixty, and I a boy of twelve. It would be false to say that I cannot account for the great liking the king always had for me; for, the truth is, I was in the habit of lending him small sums of money, bread and meat, and not unfrequently a glass of rum. Many a time have I, slyly, visited the larder, and the decanters on the sideboard, to minister to the wants of the monarch. I used the word "lend" because the king never said "give." It was invariably "len' it half a dump" (7½d.), "len' it glass o' grog," "len' it half a bread," "len' it ole shirt." It is needless, perhaps, to state that, although in some respects the memory of King Bungaree was as extraordinary as that of the late King George the Third, he was utterly oblivious to the extent of his obligations, so far as repayment was concerned.

In person, King Bungaree was about five feet eight inches high, not very stout and not very thin, except as to his legs, which were mere spindles. His countenance was benignant to the last degree, and there was a kind and humorous sparkle in his eye (especially when it was lighted up by liquor), which was, to say the least of it, very cheerful to behold.

King Bungaree's dress consisted of the cocked hat and full dress-coat of a general officer or colonel, an old shirt, and—that was all. I never saw him in pantaloons, or shoes, or stockings. Once, I remember he wore a worsted sock on his left foot; but that was in consequence of having wounded himself by treading on a broken bottle.

As the king was a person of irregular habits, he generally slept as well as fished in his clothes, and his tailor's bill would have been enormous, even if he had had a tailor; but, as he "borrowed" his uniform, as well as his money, bread, and rum, his finances were in no way embarrassed. Every new governor, from Governor Macquarie down to Governor Gipps (during whose administration Bungaree died), supplied him with an old cocked-hat and full dress-coat, and almost every colonel commanding a regiment instantly complied when his Majesty pronounced these words: "Len' it cock-at—len' it cost—len' it ole shirt." Around his neck was suspended, by a chain, a brass plate. On this plate, which was shaped like a half moon, were engraved, in large letters, the words:

"BUNGAREE, KING OF THE BLACKS."

On the plate there was also engraved the arms of the colony of New South Wales—an eagle and a kangaroo.

In point of intelligence and natural ability, King Bungaree was far from deficient. He was, in truth, a clever man; and not only did he understand all that was said to him in English, but he spoke the language so as to be completely understood, except when his articulation was impaired by the too copious use of ardent spirits, or other fermented liquors.

His Majesty changed his manners every five years; or rather, they were changed with every administration. Bungaree, like many of the aborigines of New South Wales, was an amazing mimic. The action, the voice, the bearing, the attitudes, the walk, of any man, he could personate with astonishing minuteness. It mattered not whether it was the attorney-general stating a case to a jury, the chief justice sentencing a culprit to be hanged, a colonel drilling a regiment in the barrack-square, a Jew bargaining for old clothes, a drunken sailor resisting the efforts of the police to quiet him—King Bungaree could, in mere dumb show, act the scene in such a way as to give you a perfect idea of it.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER I. FIVE YEARS LATER.

Tellson’s Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very inconvenient. It was an old-fashioned place moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its inconvenience. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson’s (they said) wanted no elbow room, Tellson’s wanted no light, Tellson’s wanted no embellishment. Noakes and Co.’s might, or Snooks Brothers’ might; but Tellson’s, thank Heaven!—Any one of these partners would disinherit his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson’s. In this respect, the house was much on a par with the Country; which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable, but were the more respectable.

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

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

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

Crammed in all kinds of dim cupboards and lutches at Tellson’s, the oldest of men carried on
the business gravely. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they hid him somewhere till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like a cheese, until he was the full Tellson flavour and blue-mould upon him. Then only was he permitted to be seen, spectacularly poring over large books, and casting his breeches and gaiters into the general weight of the establishment.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I was only saying my prayers."

"Saying your prayers. You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying again me?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Worth no more than that," repeated Mr. Cruncher. "They ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed again, I tell you. I can't afford it. I'm not going to be made unlucky by your sneaking. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favour of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. If I had had any but a unnat'ral wife, and this poor boy had had any but a unnat'ral mother, I might have made some money last week, instead of being counterprayed and countermined and religiously circumwented into the worst of luck. Bu-u-ust me!" said Mr. Cruncher, who all this time had been putting on his clothes, "if I ain't, what with piety and one blowed thing and another, been choused this last week into my pocket; and it's my suspicion that you've been at it from morning to night to prevent me from being the better for it in pocket, and I won't put up with it, Aggerawayter, and what do you say now?"

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

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

“Now, Aggrawatery! What are you up to? At it again?”

His wife explained that she had merely “asked a blessing.”

CHAPTER II. A SIGHT.

“You know the Old Bailey well, no doubt?” said one of the oldest of clerks to Jerry the messenger.

“Ye-es, sir,” returned Jerry, in something of a dogged manner. “I do know the Bailey.”

“Just so. And you know Mr. Lorry.”

“I know Mr. Lorry, sir, much better than I know the Bailey. Much better,” said Jerry not unlike a reluctant witness at the establishment in question, “than I, as a honest tradesman, wish to know the Bailey.”

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

“Into the court, sir?”

“Into the court.”

Mr. Cruncher’s eyes seemed to get a little closer to one another, and to interchange the inquiry, “What do you think of this?”

“Am I to wait in the court, sir?” he asked, as the result of that conference.

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

“That’s all, sir?”

“That’s all. He wishes to have a messenger at hand. This is to tell him you are there.”

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

“I suppose they’ll be trying Forgeries this morning?”

“Treason!”

“That’s quartering,” said Jerry. “Barbarous!”

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

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

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

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

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

They hanged at Tyburn, in those days, so the street outside Newgate had not obtained one infamous notoriety that has since attached to it. But, the gaol was a vile place, in which most kinds of debauchery and villany were practised, and where dire diseases were bred, that came into court with the prisoners, and sometimes rushed straight from the dock at my Lord Chief Justice himself, and pulled him off the bench. It had more than once happened, that the judge in the black cap pronounced his own doom as certainly as the prisoner's, and even died before him. For the rest, the Old Bailey was famous as a kind of deadly inn-yard, from which pale travellers set out continually, in carts and coaches, on a violent passage into the other world: traversing some two miles and a half of public street and road, and shaming few good citizens, if any. So powerful is use, and so desirable to be good use in the beginning. It was famous, too, for the pillory, a wise old institution, that inflicted a punishment of which no one could foresee the extent; also, for the whipping-post, another dear old institution, very humanising and softening to behold in action; also, for extensive transactions in blood-money, another fragment of ancestral wisdom, systematically leading to the most frightful mercenary crimes that could be committed under Heaven. Altogether, the Old Bailey, at that date, was a choice illustration of the precept, that "Whatever is right;" an aphorism that would be as final as together, the Old Bailey, at that date, was a choice illustration of the precept, that "Whatever is right;" an aphorism that would be as final as

"What's on?" he asked, in a whisper, of the doorkeeper, whom he saw making his way to Mr. Lorry, with the note in his hand.

Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentlemen in wigs: not far from a wigged gentleman, the prisoner's counsel, who had a great bundle of papers before him: and nearly opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention, when Mr. Cruncher looked at him then or afterwards, seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court. After some gruff coughing and rubbing of his chin and signing with his hand, Jerry attracted the notice of Mr. Lorry, who had stood up to look for him, and who quietly nodded, and sat down again.

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

"Blest if I know," said Jerry.

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

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

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

Everybody present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, stared at him. All the human breath in the place, rolled at him, like a sea, or a wind, or a fire. Eager faces strained round pillars and corners, to get a sight of him; spectators in back rows stood up, not to miss a hair of him; people on the floor of the court, had their hands on the shoulders of the people before them, to help themselves, at anybody's cost, to a view of him—stood upright, got upon ledges, stood upon next to nothing, to see every inch of him. Conspiracies among these latter, like an animated bit of the spiked wall of Newgate, Jerry stood: aiming at the prisoner the beery breath of a wife he had taken as he came along, and discharging it to mingle with the waves of other beer, and
gun, and tea, and coffee, and what not, that
flowed at him, and already broke upon the
great windows behind him in an impure mist
and rain.
The object of all this staring and blaring, was
a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-
grown and well-looking, with a sunburnt cheek
and a dark eye. His condition was that of a
young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in
black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was
long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the
back of his neck; more to be out of his way than
ornament. As an emotion of the mind will
express itself through any covering of the body,
so the paleness which his situation engendered
came through the brown upon his cheek, show-
ing the soul to be stronger than the sun. He
so the paleness which his situation engendered
expressed an intensity of face: not of an active
kind, but of an engrossing terror and compassion
pressingly and naturally shown, that starers
impressively and naturally shown, that starers
that saw nothing but the peril of the accused,
pressive of an engrossing terror and compassion
that saw nothing but the peril of the accused,
and so forth, had in preparation to send to Canada and North America. This
much, Jerry, with his

silence in the court! Charles Darnay had
already pleaded Not Guilty to an indictment
concerning his father. The sort of interest
with which this man was

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direction, recalled them, leaned back in his seat and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney-General rose to spin the rope, grind the axe, and hammer the nails into the scaffold.

GOOD QUALITIES OF GOUT.

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

Rheumatic gout may be assumed to be no real gout at all, but either pure rheumatism or rheumatic fever. There is no such thing as gouty rheumatism; which is simply a contradiction of terms. It is possible, however, for gout and rheumatism to be co-resident in the same patient, just as it is possible for a white man and a black man to be fellow-lodgers in the same boarding-house, on this side of the Atlantic. Gout is strictly confined to the joints; rheumatism has no objection to a sojourn amongst the muscles. For instance, it will play tricks with your intercostal (mid-rib) muscles, frightening you with false terrors of heart disease. Gout comes to a regular crisis: it has its rise, its culmination (lying somewhere between ten and ninety degrees) at which their rain-drops impinge on the ground. Rheumatism is the vile Old Man of the Sea, who insidiously instals himself upon your shoulder, and who never looses his hold entirely, although he may relax it from time to time. Gout is a mighty but irascible genius, who occasionally opens the flood-gates of his wrath; but who, as soon as the tempest is over, descends with dignity to his retreat at the bottom of the sea.

When Xerxes offered a reward for a new pleasure, it is a pity he did not first think of asking his physicians to give him a taste of the twenty flat shoes would have found its departure duly preceded by its arrival and its stay—the most agreeable sensation he ever felt in his life. For gout is a gentlemanly and accommodating visitor, not dangerous upon the whole; you may enjoy the advantage of his company often and often, without apprehension of any untoward result. It cannot be denied that unlooked-for accidents will now and then occur; but they are the exceptions rather than the rule. They are treacherous and shabby tricks which Death maliciously plays off on Gout to put him out of fashion. Many and many people are in the habit of receiving Gout in their houses, all their lives long, till he becomes quite an old and respected acquaintance (to despise him is impossible), and yet receive their death-stroke from some other enemy. They die, not of Gout's ill-treatment, but because Gout cannot come to their rescue and drive out the new intruder, who has broken into the premises with malevolent preface. Count the total number of fits of the gout which come off in Europe in ten years; and multiply by fifteen the number of men which Gout stands really and truly chargeable during the same period, and the proportion is reduced to an infinitesimal fraction: to all but snow-white innocence.

Gout introduces you to a variety of new sensations and new ideas which otherwise would be closed to you; and consequently enlarges your views of life. You have heard of the village stocks (once a national institution); but you have no notion what it is to be in the stocks. Gout will enlighten your ignorance, by laying you flat on your back so that you could not sit for your life if the house caught fire. He will then put your feet into his own private stocks (made of burning iron). As a further improvement, he will set on a few of his private pack of phlegmatics with red-hot teeth, to gnaw at your toes till you exclaim, "Don't talk to me of the village stocks as a punishment! They were nothing to this."

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

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK, THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER III. A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL had to inform the jury, that the prisoner before them, though young in years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life. That this correspondence with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That, it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That, if it were in the nature of traitorous ways to thrive (which, happily, it never was), the real wickedness and guilt of his business might have remained undiscovered. That, Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and most honourable Privy Council. That, this patriot would be produced before them. That, his position and attitude were, on the whole, sublime. That, he had been the prisoner's friend, but, at once in an auspicious and an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom, on the sacred altar of his country. That, if statues were decreed in Britain as in ancient Greece and Rome, to public benefactors, this shining citizen would assuredly have had one. That, as they were not so decreed, he probably would not have one. That, Virtue, as had been observed by the poets (in many passages which he well knew the jury would have, word for word, at the tips of their tongues; whereas the jury's countenances displayed a guilty consciousness that they knew nothing about the passages), was in a manner contagious; more especially the bright virtue known as patriotism, or love of country. That, the lofty example of this immaculate and unimpeachable witness for the Crown, to whom, however unworthily an honour, had communicated itself to the prisoner's servant, and had engendered in him a holy determination to examine his master's table-drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers. That, he (Mr. Attorney-General) was prepared to hear some disparagement attempted of this admirable servant; but that, in a general way, he preferred him to his (Mr. Attorney-General's) brothers and sisters, and honoured him more than his (Mr. Attorney-General's) father and mother. That, he called with confidence on the jury to come and do likewise. That, the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land, and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile power. That, these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting; but that it was all the same; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That, the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions, within a few weeks before the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That, for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), and being a responsible jury (as they knew they were), must positively find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not. That, they never could lay their heads upon their pillows; that, they never could tolerate the idea of their wives laying their heads upon their pillows; that, they never could endure the notion of their children laying their heads upon their pillows; in short, that there never more could be, for them or theirs, any laying of heads upon pillows at all, unless the prisoner's head was taken off. That head Mr. Attorney-General concluded by demanding of them, in the name of everything he could think of with a round turn in it, and on the faith of his solemn assurance that he already considered the prisoner as good as dead and gone.

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

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

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

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

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

"I am."

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

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

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

"They did."

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

"I cannot undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

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

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

"No."

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

"No."

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

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

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity in the prisoner?"

"I certainly have seen that."

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

"I have."

"When?"

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

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"At a little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that unwholesome hour?"
In the midst of profound stillness, she faintly
heard him say: "Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner?"

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

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

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

"Miss Manette?"

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

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

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

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

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

"You are the young lady just now referred to, sir, and on the same occasion."

"Yes, sir."

"Recall it."

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

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

"Yes, sir."

"Recall it."

"When the gentleman came on board—"

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

"Yes, my Lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board, he noticed my father. I hope," bursting into tears, "I may not repay him by doing him harm to-day."

"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me: because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there...

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

"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"

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

"Like these in shape and size?"

"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me: because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that was hanging there...

"Perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. But there was no harm in his way of saying this: it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time."

Any strongly marked expression of face on the part of a chief actor in a scene of great interest to whom many eyes are directed, will be unconsciously imitated by the spectators. Her
The witness was quite sure.

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

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

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

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise not only the witness, but everybody present, when they were thus brought into comparison.

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Mr. Stryver, the prisoner, was quite sure.

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

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

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise not only the witness, but everybody present, when they were thus brought into comparison.

Mr. Stryver, the prisoner, was quite sure.
would be a weakness in the government to break down in this attempt to practise for popularity on the lowest national antipathies and fears, and therefore Mr. Attorney-General had made the most of it; how, nevertheless, it rested upon nothing, save that vile and infamous character of evidence too often disfiguring such cases, and of which the State Trials of this country were full. But, there My Lord interposed (with as grave a face as if it had not been true), saying that he could not sit upon that Bench and suffer those allusions.

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

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

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changed neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend, Mr. Stryver, massing his papers before him, whispered with those who sat near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury, while all the spectators moved more or less, and grouped themselves anew; while even My Lord himself arose from his seat, and slowly paced up and down his platform, not unattended by a suspicion in the minds of the audience that his state was feverish; this one man sat leaning back, with his torn gown half off him, his unshaved wig put on just as it had happened to light on his head after its removal, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes on the ceiling as they had been all day. Something especially reckless in his demeanour, not only gave him a reputable look, but so diminished the strong resemblance he undoubtedly bore to the prisoner (which his momentary earnestness, when they were compared together, had strengthened), that many of the lookers-on, taking note of him now, said to one another they would hardly have thought the two were so alike. Mr. Cruncher made the observation to his next neighbour, and added, "I'd hold half a guinea that he don't get no law-work to do. Don't look like the sort of one to get any, do he?"

Yet, this Mr. Carton took in more of the details of the scene than he appeared to take in; for now, when Miss Manette's head dropped upon her father's breast, he was the first to see it, and to say audibly: "Officer! look to that young lady. Help the gentleman to take her out. Don't you see she will fall?"

There was much commiseration for her as she was removed, and much sympathy with her father. It had evidently been a great distress to him, to have the days of his imprisonment recalled. He had shown a strong internal agitation when he was questioned, and that pondering or brooding look which made him old, had been upon him, like a heavy cloud, ever since. As he passed out, the jury, who had turned back and paused a moment, spoke, through their foreman.

"They were not agreed, and wished to retire. My Lord (perhaps with George Washington on his mind) showed some surprise that they were not agreed, but signified his pleasure that they should retire under watch and ward, and retired himself. The trial had lasted all day, and the lamps in the court were now being lighted. It began to be rumoured that the jury would be out a long while. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock, and sat down."

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

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

"How is the young lady?"

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

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

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

"Mr. Darnay!"

The prisoner came forward directly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The worst."

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

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

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

"The worst."
in the glass above them.

An hour and a half lapsed heavily away in the third-and-rascal-crowded passages below, even though assisted off with mutton pies and ale.

The hoarse messenger, uncomfortably seated on the court, carried him along with them. The tide of people setting up, the stairs that led to the old Bailey; for, the crowd came pouring out legs, and a loud buzz swept into the street as if the baffled blue-flies were dispersing in search of other carrion.

The thieving and rascally throng. "Quick! Have you got it?"

Here, sir!" Mr. Lorry was already calling at the door when he got there.

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

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

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

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

"Yes, sir."

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

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

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

**THE CONFESSOR'S HAND-BOOK.**

Are we to confess, or not to confess, our sins and failings to the Rev. Francis Clifford? That is the question: or rather, one of the numerous questions, to which that earnest gentleman's recent appointment to the rectory and cure of souls in our parish, has given rise. We are all in hot haste to enter the Confessional-box. (Readers who have ever been in a continental church will remember the little boxes with a closed centre compartment for the priest to sit in, hidden from observation, and furnished on either side with keying accommodation for the penitents, who are to mutter their communications through a little grated opening in the partition which separates them from the Confessor.) The duty of those licensed by superior ecclesiastical authority to hear confessions, is by no means, as we all know, a learned knowledge of the technicalities and specialities of his craft. And just as any professional ignorance of his business on the part of the attorney whom we consult, may lead us into some error fatal to some part of our goods and chattels: so, an imperfect knowledge of his craft in a man's Confessor may, according to the Catholic system, lead him into a perilous position as regards his prospects in a future life.

Nor am I competent to decide at all events for others, on so important a matter, not being determined to obtain the best means towards the formation of a rational opinion on the real merits of the practice, I resolved on writing to an old friend in Italy, to beg him to get for me any book or books which should best show the real practical working of the Confessional, in a country where it enters into the ordinary daily life and habits of the people, and has become a constant constituent element in the formation of the national character.

My friend executed my commission in a satisfactory manner, by sending me a little volume used throughout the dioceses of a large part of Italy for the instruction of confessors in the duties of the Confessional, I have studied the little book with care, and, as the authority of my information is unquestionable, as I am conscious that I brought no overweening partisan prejudices into the inquiry, and, lastly, as I have been no little surprised, as well as enlightened by my study of the hand-book for confessors, I have thought that I should do well to communicate some of my discoveries to the English public.

The book in question, then, is a small, but decimo volume, of some three hundred and thirty pages, by "Agostino Valenti, a Benedictine Monk," printed at Florence in 1853, and issued in the title-page to be "for the special use of such as are to be examined for the hearing of sacramental confessions."

The first thing that my study of it made manifest to me, was the absolute necessity of some such work for the use of priests who have to enter the Confessional-box. Of course, I have always been in a continental church will remember that it enters into the ordinary daily life and habits of the people, and has become a constant constituent element in the formation of the national character. Still, that does not settle the question between the two,..
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER IV. CONGRATULATORY.

From the dimly-lighted passages of the court, the last sediment of the human stew that had been boiling there all day, was straining off, when Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defence, and its counsel Mr. Stryver, stood gathered around Mr. Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his escape from death.

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

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind. She was the golden thread that united him to a Past beyond his misery, and to a Present beyond his misery: and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always. Not absolutely always, for she could recall some occasions on which her power had failed; but, they were few and slight, and she believed them over.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver, a man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally and physically) into companies and conversations, that augured well for his shouldering his way up in life.

He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group: "I am glad to have brought you off with honour, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, grossly infamous; but not the less likely to succeed, on that account."

"You have laid me under an obligation to you for life—in two senses," said his late client, taking his hand.

"I have done my best for you, Mr. Darnay; and my best is as good as another man's, I believe."

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

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

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

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver; "I have a night's work to do yet. Speak for yourself."

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

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

"My father," said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his. He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

"Shall we go home, my father?"

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

Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing-room. Another person who had not joined the group, but who had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had silently strolled out after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

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

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

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

Mr. Lorry reddened, and said, warmly, "You have mentioned that before, sir. We men of business who serve, a House, are not our own masters. We have to think of the House, more than of ourselves."

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

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

"Business! Bless you, I have no business," said Mr. Carton.

"It is a pity you have not, sir."

"I think so too."

"If you had," pursued Mr. Lorry, "perhaps you would attend to it."

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

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

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

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

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

Again Darnay answered not a word.

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

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

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

"Willingly, and a small return for your good offices."

"Do you think I particularly like you?"

"Really, Mr. Carton," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "I have not asked myself the question."

"But ask yourself the question now."

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

"I don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued Darnay, rising to ring the bell, "there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning, and our parting without ill-blood on either side."

Carton rejoining, "Nothing in life!" Darnay rang. "Do you call the whole reckoning?" said Carton. On his answering in the affirmative, "Then bring me another pint of this same wine, drawer, and come and wake me at ten."

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and thanked him for it.

"I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton."

"Think? You know I have been drinking."

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

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

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

"May be so, Mr. Darnay; may be not. Don't let your sober face elate you, however; you don't know what it may come to. Good night!"

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

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

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

CHAPTER V. THE JACKAL.

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

A favourite at the Old Bailey, and eke at the Sessions, Mr. Stryver had begun cautiously to new away the lower stairs of the ladder on which he mounted. Sessions and Old Bailey had now to summon their favourite, specially, to their longings arms; and shouldering itself towards the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryver might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs, like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank garden-full of flaring companions.

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

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

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

"What's the matter?"

"Ten o'clock, sir."

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

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

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

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, which the man dexterously combated by stirring the fire continuously for five minutes, he got up, tossed his hat on, and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and, having revived himself by twice pacing the pavements of King's Benchwalk and Paper-buildings, turned into the Stryver chambers.

The Stryver clerk, who never assisted at these conferences, had gone home, and the Stryver principal opened the door. He had his slippers on, and a loose bedgown, and his throat was bare for his greater ease. He had that rather wild, strained, seared marking about the eyes, which may be observed in all free-livers of his class, from the portrait of Jeffries downward, and which can be traced, under various disguises of Art, through the portraits of every Drinking Age.

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

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

They went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers, where there was a blazing fire. A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, rum, and sugar, and lemons.

"You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney."

"Two to-night, I think. I have been dining with the day's client; or seeing him dine—it's all one!"

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

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

Mr. Stryver laughed, till he shook his pre-occupied pince-nez. "You and your luck, Sydney! Get to work, get to work."

Suddenly enough, the jackal loosened his dress, went into an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin, and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water, and par-ative on him to get up, and steep his towels anew. From these pilgrimages to the jug and basin, he returned with such eccentricities of damp head-gear as no words can describe; while the work was made the more ludicrous by his anxious gravity.

At length the jackal had got together a con- posed to the drinking-table without stint, but the jackal found the matter in hand so knotty, that the jackal put his hat in his waistband again, and lay down to meditate. The jackal then invigorated himself with a bumper for his throttle, and a fresh application to his head, and applied himself to the toffees of a second meal; this was administered to the lion in the same manner, and was not disposed of until the clocks struck three in the morning.

"And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of punch," said Mr. Stryver.

The jackal removed the towels from his head, which had been steaming again, shook himself yawned, shivered, and compiled. "You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told."

"I always am sound; am I not?"

"I don't gainsay it. What has roughened your temper? Put some punch to it and smooth it again."

With a deprecatory grunt, the jackal again complied. "The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School," said Stryver, nodding his head over his friend as he reviewed him in the present and the past—"the old sawn Sydney. Up one minute not down the next; now in spirits and now in despondency!"

"Ah!" returned the other, sighing: "yes. The same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then, I did exercises for other boys, and seldom did my own."

"And why not?"

"God knows. It was my way, I suppose."

He sat, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out before him, looking at the fire.

"Carton," said his friend, squaring himself at him with a bullying air, as if the fire-grate had
"Do you know Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, "I have had enough of wit. I have had enough of wit and French, and French law, and other French scruples that we didn't get much good of, you know."

"And whose fault was that?"

"You have fallen into your rank, and I have been the furnace in which sustained endeavour was forged, and the one delicate thing to be done for the old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School was to shoulder him into it, "your way is, and always was, a lame way. You summon no energy and purpose. Look at me."

"Oh, botheration!" returned Sydney, with a lighter and more good-humoured laugh, "don't you be moral!"

"How have I done what I have done?" said Stryver; "how do I do what I do?"

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

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

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

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

"And whose fault was that?"

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

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

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

"Pretty witness," he muttered, looking down into his glass. "I have had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night; who's your pretty witness?"

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

"She pretty?"

"Is she not?"

"No."

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

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

"Do you know, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face: "do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathised with the golden-haired doll, and were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll?"

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

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

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of honourable ambition, self-dead, and perseverance. In the fair city of this vision, there were airy galleries from which the loves and graces looked upon him, gardens in which the fruits of life hung ripening, waters of Hope that sparkled in his sight. A moment, and it was gone. Climbing to a high chamber in a well of houses, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears.

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

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER VI. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE.

The quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street-corner not far from Soho-square. On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday when the waves of four months had rolled over the trial for treason, and carried it, as to the public interest and memory, far out to sea, Mr. Jarvis Lorry walked along the sunny streets from Clerkenwell where he lived, on his way to dine with the Doctor. After several relapses into business-absorption, Mr. Lorry had become the Doctor’s friend, and the quiet street-corner was the sunny part of his life.

On this certain fine Sunday, Mr. Lorry walked towards Soho, early in the afternoon, for three reasons of habit. Firstly, because, on fine Sundays, he often walked out, before dinner, with the Doctor and Lucie; secondly, because, on unfavourable Sundays, he was accustomed to be with them as the family friend, talking, reading, looking out of window, and generally getting through the day; thirdly, because he happened to have his own little shrewd doubts to solve, and knew how the ways of the Doctor’s household pointed to that time as a likely time for solving them.

A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived, was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor’s lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. There were few buildings then, north of the Oxford-road, and forest-trees flourished, and wild flowers grew, and the hawthorn blossomed, in the now vanished fields. As a consequence, country airs circulated in Soho with vigorous freedom, instead of languishing into the parish like stray paupers without a settlement; and there was many a good south wall, not far off, on which the panels ripened in their season.

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

There ought to have been a tranquil bark in such an anchorage, and there was. The Doctor occupied two floors of a large still house, where several callings purported to be pursued by day, but whose little was audible any day, and which was shunned by all of them at night. In a building at the back, attainable by a courtyard where a plane-tree rustled its green leaves, church-organs claimed to be made, and silver to be chased, and likewise gold to be beaten by some mysterious giant who had a golden arm starting out of the wall of the front hall—as if he had beaten himself precious, and menaced a similar conversion of all visitors. Very little of these trades, or of a lonely lodger rumoured to live up stairs, or of a dim coach-trimming maker asserted to have a counting-house below, was ever heard or seen. Occasionally, a stray workman putting his coat on, traversed the hall, or a stranger peered about there, or a distant clink was heard across the courtyard, or a thump from the golden giant. These, however, were only the exceptions required to prove the rule that the sparrows in the plane-tree behind the house, and the echoes in the corner before it, had their own way from Sunday morning unto Saturday night.

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

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

"Doctor Manette at home?"
"Expected home.
"Miss Lucie at home?"
"Expected home.
"Miss Pross at home?"
"Possibly at home, but of a certainty impossible for handmaid to anticipate intentions of Miss Pross, as to admission or denial of the fact.
"As I am at home myself," said Mr. Lorry, "I’ll go up-stairs."
"Although the Doctor’s daughter had known
nothing of the country of her birth, she appeared to have innately derived from it that ability to make much of little means, which is one of its most useful and most agreeable characteristics. Simple as the furniture was, it was set off by so many little adornments, of no value but for their taste and fancy, that its effect was delightful. The disposition of everything in the rooms, from the largest object to the least; the arrangement of colours, the elegant variety and contrast obtained by thrift in trifles, by delicate hands, clear eyes, and good sense; were at once so pleasant in themselves, and so expressive of their originator, that, as Mr. Lorry stood looking about him, the very chairs and tables seemed to ask him, with something of that peculiar expression which he knew so well by this time, whether he approved. There were three rooms on a floor, and, the doors by which they communicated being put open that the air might pass freely through them all, Mr. Lorry, smilingly observant of that fanciful resemblance which he detected all around him, walked from one to another. The first was the sitting-room, and in it were Lucie's birds, and flowers, and books, and desk, and work-table, and box of water-colours; the second was the Doctor's consulting-room, used also as the dining-room; the third, changingly speckled by the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselvish women—who have forgiven him, to take Ladybird's affection away from me." 

"I wonder," said Mr. Lorry, pausing in his looking about, "that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings by him!"

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

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

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

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

"I am pretty well, I thank you," answered Mr. Lorry, with meekness, "how are you?"

"Nothing to boast of," said Miss Pross.

"Indeed?"

"Ah! indeed!" said Miss Pross. "I am very much put out about my Ladybird."

"Indeed?"

"For gracious sake say something else besides 'indeed,' or you'll fidget me to death," said Miss Pross. "When you began it——"

"I began it, Miss Pross?"

"Didn't you? Who brought her father to Tellson's."

"I began it, Miss Pross?"

"You get up both by Nature and Art, my dear Miss Pross."

"I am pretty well, I thank you," answered Mr. Lorry, with meekness, "how are you?"

"Nothing to boast of," said Miss Pross.

"It wasn't ending it, I suppose? I say, when you began it, it was hard enough; as that I have any fault to find with Doctor Manette, except that he is not worthy of such a daughter, which is no imputation on him, for I was not with you, and I know that anybody should, under any circumstances. But it really is doubly and trebly hard to have crowds and sortitudes of people turning up after him (I could have forgivem him), to take Ladybird's affection away from me."

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

Here again: Mr. Lorry's inquiries into Miss Pross's personal history, had established the fact that she bore him no malice.
that her brother Solomon was a heartless scoundrel who had stripped her of everything she possessed, as a stake to speculate with, and had abandoned her in her poverty for evermore, with no touch of compassion. Miss Pross's fidelity of belief in Solomon (deducting a mere trifle for this slight mistake) was quite a serious matter with Mr. Lorry, and had its weight in his good opinion of her.

"As we happen to be alone for the moment, and are both people of business," he said, when they had got back to the dressing-room, and had sat down there in friendly relations, "let me ask you—does the Doctor, in talking with Lucie, never refer to the shoemaking time, yet?"

"Never."

"And yet keeps that bench and those tools beside him?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Pross, shaking her head. "But I don't say he don't refer to it within himself."

"Do you believe that he thinks of it much?"

"I do," said Miss Pross.

"Do you imagine—-?" Mr. Lorry had begun, when Miss Pross took him up short with:

"Never imagine anything. Have no imagination at all."

"I stand corrected; do you suppose—you go so far as to suppose, sometimes?"

"Now and then," said Miss Pross.

"Do you suppose?" Mr. Lorry went on, with a laughing twinkle in his bright eye, as it looked kindly at her, "that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own, preserved through all those years, relative to the cause of his being so oppressed; perhaps, even to the name of his oppressor?"

"I don't suppose anything about it but what Ladybird tells me."

"And that is—?"

"That she thinks he has."

"Now don't be angry at my asking all these questions; because I am a mere dull man of business, and you are a woman of business."

"Dull?" Miss Pross inquired, with pleasantry. Rather wishing his modest adjective away, Mr. Lorry replied, "No, no, no. Surely not. To return to business:—Is it not remarkable that Doctor Manette, unquestionably innocent of any crime as we are well assured he is, should never touch upon that question? I will not say with me, though he had business relations with me many years ago, and we are now intimate; I will say with the fair daughter to whom he is so devotedly attached, and who is so devotedly attached to him? Believe me, Miss Pross, I don't approach the topic with you, out of curiosity, but out of zealous interest."

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

"Afraid?"

"It's plain enough, I should think, why he may be. It's a dreadful remembrance. Besides that, his loss of himself grew out of it. Not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again. That alone wouldn't make the subject pleasant, I should think."

It was a profounder remark than Mr. Lorry had looked for. "True," said he, "and fearful to reflect upon. Yet, a doubt lurks in my mind, Miss Pross, whether it is good for Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him. Indeed, it is this doubt and the un- easiness it sometimes causes me that has led me to our present conference."

"Can't be helped," said Miss Pross, shaking her head. "Touch that string, and he instantly changes for the worse. Better leave it alone. In short, must leave it alone, like or no like. Sometimes, he gets up in the dead of the night, and will be heard, by us overhead there, walking up and down, walking up and down, in his room. Ladybird has learnt to know them, that his mind is walking up and down, walking up and down, in his old prison. She herries to him, and they go on together, walking up and down, walking up and down, until he is composed. But, she says a word of the true reason of his restlessness, to her, and she finds it best not to hint at it to him. In silence they go walking up and down together, walking up and down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself."

Notwithstanding Miss Pross's denial of her own imagination, there was a perception of the pain of being monotonously haunted by one sad idea, in her repetition of the phrase, walking up and down, which testified to her possessing such a thing.

The corner has been mentioned as a wonderful corner for echoes; it had begun to echo so soundingly to the tread of coming feet, that it seemed as though the very mention of that weary pacing to and fro had set it going.

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

It was such a curious corner in its acoustical properties, such a peculiar Ear of a place, that as Mr. Lorry stood at the open window, looking for the father and daughter whose steps he heard, he fancied they would never approach. Not only would the echoes die away, as though the steps had gone; but, echoes of other steps that never came, would be heard in their stead, and would die away for good when they seemed close at hand. However, father and daughter did at last appear, and Miss Pross was ready at the street door to receive them.

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grie, taking off her being's bonnet when she came upstairs, and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of women. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her—which last she only dared to do
playfully, or Miss Pross, sorely hurt, would have retired to her own chamber and cried. The Doctor was a pleasant sight too, looking on at them, and telling Miss Pross how she spoiled Lucie, in accents and with eyes that had as much spoiling in them as Miss Pross had, and would have had more if it were possible. Mr. Lorry was a pleasant sight too, beaming at all this in his little wig, and thanking his bachelor stars for having lighted him in his declining years to a Home. But, no Hundreds of people came to see the sights, and Mr. Lorry looked in vain for the fulfilment of Miss Pross’s prediction.

Dinner time, and still no Hundreds of people. In the arrangements of the little household, Miss Pross took charge of the lower regions, and always acquitted herself marvelously. Her dinners, of a very modest quality, were so well cooked and so well served, and so neat in their contrivances, half English and half French, that nothing could be better. Miss Pross’s friendship being of the thoroughly practical kind, she had ravaged Sich and the adjacent provinces, in search of improvised French, who, tempted by shillings and half-crowns, would impart culinary mysteries to her. From these decayed sons and daughters of Gaul, she had acquired such wonderful arts, that the woman and girl who formed the staff of domestics regarded her as quite a Sorceress, or Cinderella’s Godmother: who would send out for a foul, a rabbit, a vegetable or two from the garden, and change them into anything she pleased.

On Sundays, Miss Pross dined at the Doctor’s table, but on other days persisted in taking her meals, at unknown periods, either in the lower regions, or in her own room on the second floor—a blue chamber, to which no one but her Ladybird ever gained admittance. On this occasion Miss Pross, responding to Ladybird’s pleasant face and pleasant efforts to please her, unbent exceedingly; so the dinner was very pleasant, too. It was an oppressive day, and, after dinner, Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and they should sit there.

As everything turned upon her and revolved about her, they went out under the plane-tree, and she carried the wine down for the special benefit of Mr. Lorry. She had installed herself, some time before, as Mr. Lorry’s cup-bearer; and while they sat under the plane-tree, talking, she kept his glass replenished. Mysterious backs and ends of houses peeped at them as they talked, and the plane-tree whispered to them in its own way above their heads. Still, the Hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Darnay presented himself while they were sitting under the plane-tree, but he was only One.

Doctor Manette received him kindly, and so did Lucie. But, Miss Pross suddenly became afflicted with a twitching in the head and body, and retired into the house. She was not unfrequently the victim of this disorder, and she called it, in familiar conversation, “a fit of the jerks.” The Doctor was in his best condition, and looked specially young. The resemblance between him and Lucie was very strong at such times, and, as they sat side by side, she leaning on his shoulder, and he resting his arm on the back of her chair, it was very agreeable to trace the likeness.

He had been talking, all day, on many subjects and with unusual vivacity. “Pray, Doctor Manette,” said Mr. Darnay, as they sat under the plane-tree—and he said it in the natural pursuit of the topic in hand, which happened to be the old buildings of London—“have you seen much of the Tower?”

“Lucie and I have been there; but only casually. We have seen enough of it, to know that it teems with interest; little more.”

“I have been there, as you remember,” said Darnay, with a smile, though reddening a little angrily, “in another character, and not in a character that gives facilities for seeing much of it. They told me a curious thing when I was there.”

“What was that?” Lucie asked.

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

“My father!” exclaimed Lucie, “you are ill!”

He had suddenly started up, with his hand to his head. His manner and his look quite terrified them all.

“No, my dear, not ill. There are large drops of rain falling, and they made me start. We had better go in.”

He recovered himself almost instantly. Rain was really falling in large drops, and he showed the back of his hand with rain-drops on it. But, he said not a single word in reference to the discovery that had been told of, and, as they went into the house, the business eye of Mr. Lorry either detected, or fancied it detected, on his face, as it turned towards Charles Darnay, the same singular look that had been upon it when it turned towards him in the passages of the Court House.
He recovered himself so quickly, however, that Mr. Lorry had doubts of his business eye. The arm of the golden giant in the hall was more steady than he was, when he stopped under it to remark to them that he was not yet proof against slight surprises (if he ever would be), and that the rain had startled him.

Tea-time, and Miss Pross making tea, with another fit of the jersks upon her, and yet no signs of anyHundreds of people. Mr. Carton had lounged in, but he made only Two.

The night was so very sultry, that although they sat with doors and windows open, they were overpowered by heat. When the tea-table was done with, they all moved to one of the windows, and looked out into the heavy twilight. Lucie sat by her father; Darnay sat beside her; Carton leaned against a window. The curtains were long and white, and some of the thunder-gusts that whirled into the corner, caught them up to the ceiling, and waved them like spectral wings.

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

"It comes surely," said Carton. They spoke low, as people watching and waiting mostly do; as people in a dark room, watching and waiting for Lightning, always do.

There was a great hurry in the streets, of people speeding away to get shelter before the storm broke; the wonderful corner for people with its rush and roar, bearing down upon them, too.

"That is deep and cunning); and so on, till we ever see such a night again, together!"

But perhaps, see the great crowd of people with its rush and roar, bearing down upon us, too.

"AUSTRIA.

The empire which we harmoniously style Austria (falsely leading the world to suppose that the name is derived from something connected with the south wind, Auster), is called by its aboriginal savages and savageses Oestreich, the Realm of the East, pronouncing the initial oe in a way scarcely practicable by British mouths, and giving the final ch a guttural sound which may be imitated approximatively whenever you are in the full enjoyment of a bad sore-throat. The French, who transmogrify all proper names, have come nearer than ourselves to the typical Oestreich; their version is l'Autriche, which is so far a happy one, because it leads itself aptly to a jingling description (in French) of the characters of the principal European nations. Thus: l'Angleterre, Reine des Mers (England, Queen of the Seas); la Prusse ruse (Prussia is deep and cunning); and so on, till we
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.
In Three Books.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND.
THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER VII.
MONSIEUR THE MARQUIS IN TOWN.

Monsieur, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monsieur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiests to the crowd of worshippers in the suite of rooms without. Monsieur was about to take his chocolate. Monsieur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but, his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monsieur, without the aid of four strong men besides the Cook.

Yes. It took four men, all a-blaze with gorgeous decoration, and the Chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monsieur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monsieur's lips. One lacquey carried the chocolate-pot into the sacred presence; a second, milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; a third, presented the favoured napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches) poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monsieur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring Heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

Monsieur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monsieur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so impressee was Monsieur, that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tressesome articles of state affairs and state secrets, than the needs of all France. A happy circumstance for France, as the like always is for all countries similarly favoured!—always was for England (by way of example), in the regretted days of the merry Stuart who said it.

Monsieur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was, to let everything go on in its own way; of particular public business, Monsieur had the other truly noble idea that it must all go his way—tend to his own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monsieur had the other truly noble idea, that the world was made for them. The text of his order (altered from the original by only a pronoun, which is not worth) ran: "The earth and the fulness thereof are mine, saith Monsieur."

Yet, Monsieur had slowly found that vulgar embarrassments crept into his affairs, both private and public; and he had, as to both classes of affairs, allied himself per force with a Farmer-General. As to finances public, because Monsieur could not make anything at all of them, and must consequently let them out to somebody who could; as to finances private, because Farmer-Generals were rich, and Monsieur, after generations of great luxury and expense, was growing poor. Hence, Monsieur had taken his sister from a convent, while there was yet time to ward off the impending veil, the cheapest garment she could wear, and had bestowed her as a prize upon a very rich Farmer-General, poor in family, Which Farmer-General, carrying an appropriate cane with a golden apple on the top of it, was now among the company in the outer rooms, much prostrated before mankind—always excepting superior mankind of the blood of Monsieur, who, his own wife included, looked down upon him with the loftiest contempt.

A sumptuous man was the Farmer-General. Thirty horses stood in his stables, twenty-four male domestics sat in his halls, six body-women waited on his wife. As one who pretended to do nothing but plunder and forage where he could, the Farmer-General—howsoever his matrimonial relations conduced to social morality—was at least the greatest reality among the personages who attended at the hotel of Monsieur that day.

For, the rooms, though a beautiful scene to look at, and adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve, were, in truth, not a sound business; considered with any reference to the scarecrows in the rags and nightcaps elsewhere (and not so far off, either, that the watching towers of Notre-Dame, almost equidistant from the two...
extremes, could see them both), they would have been an exceedingly uncomfortable business—if that could have been anybody's business, at the house of Monseigneur. Military officers designate of military knowledge; naval officers with no idea of a ship, civil officers without a notion of affairs, barren ecclesiastics, of the worst world worldly, with sensual eyes, loose tongues, and looser lives; all totally unfit for their several callings, all lying horribly in pretending to belong to them, but all nearly or remotely of the order of Monseigneur, and therefore foisted on all public employments from which anything was to be got; these were to be told off by the score and the score. People not immediately connected with Monseigneur or the State, yet equally unconnected with anything that was real, or with lives passed in travelling by any straight road to any true earthly end, were no less abundant. Doctors who made great fortunes out of imaginary remedies for imaginary disorders that never existed, smiled upon their courtly patients in the ante-chambers of Monseigneur. Projectors who had discovered every kind of remedy for the little evils with which the State was wrapt, except the remedy of setting to work in earnest to root out a single sin, poored their distracting babble into all cars they could lay hold of, at the reception of Monseigneur. Unbelieving Philosophers who were remodelling the world with words, and making card-towers of Babel to scale the skies with, talked with Unbelieving Chemists who had an eye on the trickery of metals, at this wonderful gathering accumulated by Monseigneur. Exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding, which was at that remarkable time—and has been since—to be known by its fruits of indifferency to every natural subject of human interest, were in the most exemplary state of exhaustion, at the hotel of Monseigneur. Such homes had these various notabilities left behind them in the fine world of Paris, that the Spies among the angels of Babel, could see them both), they would have been a highly intelligible finger-post to the Future, for Monseigneur's guidance. Besides these, Debuts, were other three who had rushed into another sect, which mended matters with a jargon about "the Centre of truth:" holding that Man had got out of the Centre of truth—which did not need much demonstration—but had not got out of the Circumference, and that he was to be kept from flying out of the Circumference, and was even to be shoved back into the Centre, by fasting and seeing of spirits. Among these, accordingly, such discouraging with spirits were on—and it did a world of good which never became manifest.

But, the comfort was, that all the company at the grand hotel of Monseigneur were perfectly dressed. If the Day of Judgment had only been ascertainment to be a dress day, everybody there would have been eternally correct. Such frizzing and powdering and sticking up of hair, such delicate complications artificially preserved and regarded, such gallant swords to look at, and such delicate sumptuary to the sense of smell, would surely keep anything going, for ever and ever. The popular gentlemen of the finest breeding wore little pendant trinkets that tinkled as they languidly moved; these golden fetters rang like precious little bells; and what with that ringing, and with the rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen, there was a flutter in the air that caused Saint Antoine and his devouring hunger far away.

Dress was the one unfailing talisman and charm used for keeping all things in their places. Everybody was dressed for a Fancy Ball that was never to leave off. From the Palais de la Tulleries, through Monseigneur and the whole Court, through the Chamburs, the Tribunaux of Justice, and all society (except the scarecrows, the Fancy Ball descended to the Common of Justice, and all society (except the scarecrows, the Fancy Ball descended to the Common Executioner; who, in pursuance of the charm, was required to officiate "frizzled, powdered, in a gold-laced coat, pumps, and white silk stockings." At the gallows and the wheel—the axe was a rarity—Monseigneur Paris, as it was the episcopal mode among his brother Professors of the provinces, Monseigneur Orleans, and the rest, to call him, presided in this dainty dress. And who among the company at Monseigneur's reception in that seventeen hundred and eightieth year of our Lord, could possibly doubt, that a system of cutting up of hair, such delicate trinkets that tinkled as they languidly moved; these golden fetters rang like precious little bells; and what with that ringing, and with the rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen, there was a flutter in the air that caused Saint Antoine and his devouring hunger far away.

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of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the Circumference of Truth. There, Monseigneur turned, and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more.

The show being over, the flutter in the air became quite a little strong, and the precious little bells went ring—ding down stairs. There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

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

With that, he shook the snuff from his fingers as if he had shaken the dust from his feet, and quietly walked down stairs.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face showed, resided. They persisted in occasional dilating and contracting by some

expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed, was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his hand on another, Monseigneur affably clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

The fountain was a little removed; for the street opened, where it was, into a space some ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground, and came running at the carriage, Monseigneur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

"Killed!" shrieked the man, in wild desperation, extending both arms at their length above his head, and staring at him. "Dead!"

The people closed round, and looked at Monseigneur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say anything; after the first cry, they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken, was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monseigneur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is for ever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses. See! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stopping over the motionless bundle, and moving

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"I know all, I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little playing to die so, than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily?"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the Marquis, smiling. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vendor of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vendor of wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?"

Without designing to look at the assembling a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it, and could afford to pay for it; when his case was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge the vendor of wine had stood, a moment before; but the wretched father was face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the Marquis, but smoothly, and with an unchanged front, except as to the spots on his nose: "I ... which rascal threw at the carriage, and if that brigand were suf-ficiently near it, he should be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, and so long and so hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the bar and beyond it, that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye, was raised. Among the men, not one. But, the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and locked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemplation eyes passed over her, and over all the other rats; and he leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word "Go on!"

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession; the Minister, the State-Projector, the Farmer-General, the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Ecclesiastic, the Grand Opera, the Comedy, the whole Fancy Ball in a bright continuous flow, came whirling by. The rats had crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours; soldiers and police often passing between them and the spectators, and making a barrier behind which they slunk, and through which they peeped.

The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, when the women who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain, sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball—when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate. The water of the foun-tain ran, the swift river ran, the day ran into evening, so much life in the city ran into death according to rule, time and tide waited for no man, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, the Fancy Ball was lighted up at supper, all things ran their course.

CHAPTER VIII. MONSIEUR THE MARQUIS IN THE COUNTRY.

A beautiful landscape, with the corn bright in it but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitu-tes for wheat. On inanimate nature, as on the men, what was green was grass, and by midsummer, what was green was weeds, and by autumn, what was green was bracken. But even the weeds and bracken, hurrying towards a semblance of vegetation, and not being satisfied, and not being content, had given rise to a tendency towards an appearance of vege-tating unwillingly—a dejected disposition to give up, and wither away.

Monsieur the Marquis in his travelling carriage (which might have been lighter), conducted by four post-horses and two postilions, flagged up a steep hill. A blush on the countenance of Monsieur the Marquis was no impeachment of his high breeding; it was not from within; it was occasioned by an external circumstance beyond his control—the setting sun.

The sunset struck so brilliantly into the tra-velling carriage when it gained the hill-top, that its occupants were enveloped in crimson. "It will die out," said Monsieur the Marquis, glancing at his hands, "directly."

In effect, the sun was so low that it dipped at the moment. When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel, and the carriage slid down hill, with a cinderous smell, in a cloud of dust, the red glow departed quickly; the sun and the Marquis going down together, there was no glow left when the drag was taken off.

But, there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church-tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it used as a prison. Round upon all these things objects as the night drew on, the Marquis looked, with the air of one who was coming near home.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor stable-yard for relays of post-horses, poor foun-tain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shedding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the for cultivated it, a pre-
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Few children were to be seen, and no dogs.
As to the men and women, their choice on earth was stated in the prospect—Life on the lowest terms that could sustain it, down in the little village under the mill; or captivity and Death in the dominant prison on the crag.

Heralded by a courier in advance, and by the cracking of his position's whips, which twined snake-like about their heads in the evening air, as if he came attended by the Furies, Monsieur the Marquis drove up in his travelling carriage at the post-house gate. It was hard on the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him. He looked at them, and saw in them, without knowing it, the slow sure filing down of misery-worn face and figure, that was to make the meagreness of Frenchmen an English superstition which should survive the truth through the best part of a hundred years.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as if of like himself had drooped before Monsieur of the Court—only the difference was, that these faces drooped merely to suffer and not to prostitute—when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

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

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

"I passed you on the road?"

"Monsieur, it is true."

"What did you look at, so fixedly?"

"Monsieur, I looked at the man."

He stopped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage. All his fellows stopped to look under the carriage.

"What man, pig? And why look there?"

"Pardon, Monsieur; he swung by the chain of the shoe—the drag."

"Who?" demanded the traveller.

"Monsieur, the man."

"May the Devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?"

"Your ecclesiency, Monsieur! He was not of this part of the country. Of all the days of my life, I never saw him."

"Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?"

"With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monsieur. His head hanging over—like this!"

He turned himself sideways to the carriage, and leant back, with his face thrown up to the sun and his head hanging down; then recovered himself, fumbled with his cap, and made a bow.

"What was he like?"

"Monsieur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a spectre!"

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd; but all eyes, without comparing notes with other eyes, looked at Monsieur the Marquis. Perhaps, to observe whether he had any spectre on his conscience.

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

Monsieur Gabelle was the Postmaster, and some other taxing functionary, united; he had come out with great declamatory assistance to assist at this examination, and had held the examination by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

"Bah! Go aside!" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to-night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle."

"Monsieur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders."

"Did he run away, fellow?—where is that Accursed?"

The accursed was already under the carriage with some half-dozen particular friends, pointing out the chain with his blue cap. Some half-dozen other particular friends promptly haled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

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

"Monsieur, he precipitated himself over the hill-side, head first, as a person plunges into the river."

"See to it, Gabelle. Go on!"

The half-dozen who were peering at the chain were still among the wheels, like sheep; the wheels turned so suddenly that they were lucky to save their skins and bones; they had very little else to save, or they might not have been so fortunate.

The burst with which the carriage started out of the village and up the rise beyond, was soon checked by the steepness of the hill. Gradually, it subsided to a foot pace, swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night. The postilions, with a thousand gossamer quirts circling about them in lieu of the Furies, quietly mended the points to the lashes of their whips; the valet walked by the horses; the courier was audible, trotting on ahead into the dim distance.

At the steepest point of the hill there was a little burial-ground, with a Cross and a new large figure of Our Saviour on it; it was a poor figure in wood, done by some inexperienced rustic carving, but he had studied the figure from the life—his own life, maybe—for it was dreadfully bare and thin.

To this distressful emblem of a great distress that had long been growing worse, and was not at its worst, a woman was kneeling. She turned her head as the carriage came up to her, rose quickly, and presented herself at the carriage-door.

"It is you, Monsieur! Monsieur, a petition!"
With an exclamation of impatience, but with his unchangeable face, the Marquis looked out of the carriage-door—tenderly, caressingly, as if it had been a human breast, and could be expected to feel the appealing touch.

"Monseigneur, hear me! Monseigneur, hear my petition! My husband died of want; so many die of want; so many more will die of want."

"Again, well? Can I feed them?"

"Monseigneur, the good God knows; but I don't ask it. My petition is, that a morsel of stone or wood, with my husband's name, may be placed over him to show where he lies. Otherwise, the place will be quickly forgotten, it will never be found when I am dead of the same malady, I shall be laid under some other heap of poor grass."

"Again, well?"

"Monseigneur, there are so many little heaps of poor grass."

"Again, well?"

She looked an old woman, but was young. Her manner was one of passionate grief; by turns she clasped her veinous and knotted hands together with wild energy, and laid one of them on the carriage-door—tenderly, caressingly, as if it had been a human breast, and could be expected to feel the appealing touch.

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The valet had put her away from the door, the carriage had broken into a brisk trot, the postilions had quickened the pace, she was left far behind, and the Marquis, again escorted by the Furies, was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his château.

The sweet scents of the summer night rose all around him, and rose, as the rain falls, impartially, on the dusty, ragged, and toil-worn group at the fountain not far away; to whom the mender of roads, with the aid of the blue cap without which he was nothing, still enlarged upon his man like a spectre, as long as they could bear it. By degrees, as they could bear no more, they dropped off one by one, and lights twinkled in little easements; which lights, as the casements darkened, and more stars came out, seemed to have shot up into the sky instead of having been extinguished.

The shadow of a large high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon Monseigneur the Marquis by that time; and the shadow was exchanged for the light of a flambeau, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his château was opened to him.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER IX. THE GORGON'S HEAD.

It was a heavy mass of building, that château of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone court-yard before it, and two stone sweeps of stair-case meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it, when it was finished, two centuries ago.

Up the broad flight of shallow steps, Monsieur the Marquis, flambeau preceded, went from his carriage, sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable-building away among the trees. All else was so quiet, that the flambeau carried up the steps, and the other flambeau held at the great door, burst as if they were in a close room of state, instead of being in the open night-air. Other sound than the owl's voice there was none, save the falling of a fountain into its stone basin; for, it was one of those dark nights that hold their breath by the hour together, and then heave a long low sigh, and hold their breath again.

The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall, grim with certain old boar spears, swords, and riding-whips, of which many a peasant, gone to his benefactor Death, had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-bearer going on before, went up the stair-case to a door in a corridor. This thrown open, admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms: his bedchamber and two others. High vaulted rooms with cool uncarpeted floors, great dogs upon the hearths for the burning of wood in winter time, and all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country. The fashion of the last Louis but one, of the line that was never to break—the fourteenth Louis—was conspicuous in their rich furniture; but, it was diversified by many objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France.

A supper-table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms; a round room, in one of the château's four extinguisher-topped towers; a small lofty room, with its window wide open, and the wooden jalousie-blinds closed, so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black, alternating with their broad lines of stone colour.

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation; "they said he was not arrived."

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

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive tonight; nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour,"

In a quarter of an hour, Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup, and was raising his glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down.

"What is that?" he calmly asked, looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black and stone colour.

"Monseigneur? That?"

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here."

The servant who spoke, had thrown the blinds wide, had looked out into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him, looking round for instructions.

"Good," said the imperturbable master. "Close them again."

That was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He was half way through it when he again stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the château.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind Monseigneur, early in the afternoon. He had diminished the distance rapidly, but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur, at the posting-houses, as being before him.
He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while, he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You left Paris yesterday, sir?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at table. "Yesterday. And you?"

"I come direct."

"From London?"

"Yes."

"You have been a long time coming," said the Marquis, with a smile. "On the contrary; I come direct."

"Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by—" the nephew stopped a moment in his answer—"various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle. So long as a servant was present, no other word passed between them. When coffee had been served and they were alone together, the nephew, looking at the uncle and meeting the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask, opened a conversation.

"I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me."

"Not to death," said the uncle; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

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

The deepened marks in the nose, and the lengthening of the fine straight lines in the cruel face, looked ominous as to that; the uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, which was so clearly a slight form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

"Indeed, sir," pursued the nephew, "for anything I know, you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me."

"No, no, no," said the uncle, pleasantly.

"But, however that may be," resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, "I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means, and would know no scruple as to means."

"My friend, I told you so," said the uncle, with a fine pulsation in the two marks. "Do me the favour to recall that I told you so, long ago."

"I recall it."

"Thank you," said the Marquis—very sweetly indeed.

His tone lingered in the air, almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

"In effect, sir," pursued the nephew, "I believe it to be at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."
of keenness, closeness, and dislike, than was

comportable with its wearer's assumption of in-

difference.

"Represen is the only lasting philosophy.
The dark deference of fear and slavery, my

friend," observed the Marquis, "will keep the
dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof!"

looking up to it, "shuts out the sky," himself.

That might not be so long as the Marquis

supposed. If a picture of the château as it was
to be a very few years hence, and of fifty like it: as
they too were to be a very few years hence, could
have been shown to him, that night, he might
have been at a loss to claim his own from the
ghastly, fire-charred, plunder-wrecked ruins. As
for the roof he vaunted, he might have found

that shutting out the sky in a new way—to wit,
for ever, from the eyes of the bodies into which its
lead was fixed, out of the barrels of a hundred
thousand muskets.

"Meanwhile," said the Marquis, "I will pre-
sure the honour and repose of the family, if
you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall
we terminate our conference for the night?

"A moment more."

"An hour, if you please.

"Sir," said the nephew, "we have done wrong,
and are reaping the fruits of wrongdoing.

"We have done wrong?" repeated the Mar-
quis, with an inquiring smile, and delicately
pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family; our honourable family, whose
honour is of so much account to both of us, in
such different ways. Even in my father's time,
we did a world of wrong, injuring every human
creature who came between us and our pleasure,
whatever it was. What need I speak of my
father's time, when it is equally yours? Can I
separate my father's twin-brother, joint inheritor,
and next successor, from himself?

"Death has done that," said the Marquis.

"And has left me," answered the nephew,
bound to a system that is frightful to me, re-
ponsible for it, but powerless in it; seeking to
execute the last request of my dear mother's
lips, and obey the last look of my dear mother's
eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to
redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and
power in vain.

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said
the Marquis, touching him on the breast with
his forefinger—they were then standing by the
hearth—"you will for ever seek them in vain,
be assured.

Every fine straight line in the clear white-
ness of his face, was cruelly, craftily, and closely
compressed, while he stood looking quietly at his
nephew, with his snuff-box in his hand. Once
again he touched him on the breast, as though
his finger were the fine point of a small sword,
with which, in debate, finesse, he ran him through
the body, and said,

"My friend, I will die, perpetuating the system
under which I have lived."

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

"Better to be a rational creature," he added
then, after ringing a small bell on the table,
and accept your natural destiny... But you are
lost, Monieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me,"
said the nephew, sadly; "I renounce them.

"Are they both yours to renounce? France
may be, but is the property? It is scarcely
worth mentioning; but, is it yet?"

"I had no intention, in the words I used, to
claim it yet. If it passed to me from you, to-
morrow—"

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not
probable."

"—or twenty years hence—"

"You do me too much honour," said the
Marquis; "still, I prefer that supposition."

"—I would abandon it, and live otherwise and
elsewhere. It is little to relinquish. What is
it but a wilderness of misery and ruin?

"Hah!" said the Marquis, glancing round the
luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough, here; but seen
in its integrity, under the sky and by the day-
light, it is a crumbling tower of waste, mis-
management, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppres-
sion, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah!" said the Marquis again, in a well-
satisfied manner.

"If it ever becomes mine, it shall be put into
some hands better qualified to free it slowly (if
such a thing is possible) from the weight that
drags it down, so that the miserable people who
cannot leave it and who have been long wrong
at the last point of endurance, may, in another
generation, suffer less; but it is not for me.
There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

"And you?" said the uncle. "Forgive my
curiosity; do you, under your new philosophy,
graciously intend to live?"

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

"In England, for example?"

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

The ringing of the bell had caused the ad-
joining bedchamber to be lighted. It now
shone brightly, through the door of communica-
tion. The Marquis looked that way, and listened
for the retracting step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing
how indifferently you have prospered there," he
observed then, turning his calm face to his nephew
with a smile.

"I have already said, that for my prospering
there, I am sensible I may be indebted to you,
sir. For the rest, it is my Refugee."

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

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes"

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued.
Good night!"

As he beat his head in his most courte-

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it would have been of as much avail to interro-igate any stone face outside the chateau, as to interrogate that face of his. The nephew looked at him, in vain, in passing on to the door. “Good night!” said the uncle. “I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose! Light Monsieur my nephew to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom. The valet came and gone, Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose chamberrobe, to prepare himself gently for sleep, that hot still night. Rustling about the room, his softly-slipped feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger—looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenitently wicked sort, in story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off, or just coming on.

He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom, looking again at the scraps of the day’s journey that came unbidden into his mind; the slow toil up the hill at sunset, the setting sun, the desert, the mill, the prison on the crag, the little village in the hollow, the peasants at the fountain, and the mendicant of roads with his blue cap pointing out the chain under the car-riage. That fountain suggested the Paris foun-tain, the little bundle lying on the step, the women bending over it, and the tall man with the latter prayers, the led cow, trying for a breakfast among the weeds at the Cross-foot.

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

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

What winds conveyed this hurry to the grizzled mendic of roads, already at work on the hill-top beyond the village, with his day’s dinner (not much to carry) lying in a bundle on the grass? Had the birds, in their trilling of grumes of it to a distance, dropped one over him.
as they sow chance seeds? Whether or no, the mender of roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for his life, down the hill, knee-high in dust, and never stopped till he got to the fountain.

All the people of the village were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner, and whispering softly, but showing no other emotions than grim curiosity and surprise. The led cows, hastily brought in and tethered to anything that would hold them, were looking stupidly, or were lying down chewing the cud of nothing particularly repaying their trouble, which they had picked up in their interrupted samter. Some of the people of the chateau, and some of those of the posting-house, and all the taxing authorities, were armed more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the little street in a purposeless way, that was highly fraught with nothing. Already, the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends, and was sliding himself in the breast with his blue cap. What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was), at a gallop, like a new version of the ghost of Lady Macbeth? It portended that there was one stone face too many, up at the château.

The Gorgon had surveyed the building again in the night, and had added the one stone face to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill ofPrecision text is not included in the image.
In London, he had expected neither to walk on pavements of gold, nor to lie on beds of roses; if he had had any such exalted expectation, he would not have prospered. He had expected labour, and he found it, and did it, and made the best of it. In this, his prosperity consisted.

A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge, where he read with undergraduates as a sort of tolerated smuggler who drove a contraband trade in European languages, instead of conveying Greek and Latin through the Custom-house. The rest of his time he passed in London.

Now, from the days when it was always summer in Eden, to these days when it is mostly winter in fallen latitudes, the world of a man has invariably gone one way—Charles Darnay's way—the way of the love of a woman.

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice; he had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful, as hers when it was confronted with his own on the edge of the grave that had been dug for him. But, he had not yet spoken to her on the subject; the assassination at the deserted chateau far away beyond the heaving water and the long, long, dusty roads—the solid stone chateau which had itself become the mere mist of a dream—had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

That he had his reasons for this, he knew full well. It was again a summer day when, lately arrived in London from his college occupation, he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was the close of the summer day, and he knew Lucie to be out with Miss Pross.

He found the Doctor reading in his arm-chair at a window. The energy which had at once supported him under his old sufferings and aggravated their sharpness, had been gradually restored to him. He was now a very energetic man indeed, with great firmness of purpose, strength of resolution, and vigour of action. In his recovered energy he was sometimes a little fitful and sudden, as he had at first been in the exercise of his other recovered faculties; but, this had never been frequently observable, and had grown more and more rare.

He studied much, slept little, sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was equably cheerful. To him, now entered Charles Darnay, at sight of whom he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

"Charles Darnay! I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past. Mr. Stryver and Sydney Carton were both here yesterday, and both made you out to be more than due."

"I am obliged to them for their interest in the matter," he answered, a little coldly as to them, though very warmly as to the Doctor.

"Miss Manette—"

"Is well," said the Doctor, as he stopped short, "and your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters, but will soon be home."

"Doctor Manette, I knew she was from..."
home. I took the opportunity of her being from home, to beg to speak to you.

There was a blank silence.

"Yes?" said the Doctor, with evident constraint. "Bring your chair here, and speak on."

He complied as to the chair, but appeared to find the speaking on less easy.

"I have had the happiness, Doctor Manette, of being so intimate here," so he at length began, "for some year and a half, that I hope the topic on which I am about to touch may not—"

He was stayed by the Doctor's putting out his hand to stop him. When he had kept it so a little while, he said, drawing it back!

"Is Lucie the topic?"

"She is."

"It is hard for me to speak of her, at any time. It is very hard for me to hear her spoken of in that tone of yours, Charles Darnay."

"It is a tone of fervent admiration, true homage and deep love, Doctor Manette!" he said, deferentially.

There was another blank silence before her father rejoined:

"I believe it. I do you justice; I believe it."

His constraint was so manifest, and it was so manifest, too, that it originated in an unwillingness to approach the subject, that Charles Darnay hesitated.

"Shall I go on, sir?"

Another blank.

"Yes, go on."

"You anticipate what I would say, though you cannot know how earnestly I say it, how earnestly I feel it, without knowing my secret heart, and the hopes and fears and anxieties with which it has long been laden. Dear Doctor Manette, I love your daughter fondly, dearly, disinterestedly, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world, I love her. You have loved yourself; let your old love speak for me!"

The Doctor sat with his face turned away, and his eyes bent on the ground. At the last words, he stretched out his hand again, hurriedly, and cried:

"Not that, sir! Let that be! I adjure you, do not recall that!"

His cry was so like a cry of actual pain, that it rang in Charles Darnay's ears long after he had ceased. He motioned with the hand he had extended, and it seemed to be an appeal to Darnay to pause. The latter so received it, and remained silent.

"I ask your pardon," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone, after some moments. "I do not doubt your loving Lucie; you may be satisfied of it."

He turned towards him in his chair, but did not look at him, or raise his eyes. His chin dropped upon his hand, and his white hair overshadowed his face:

"Have you spoken to Lucie?"

"No."

"Not written?"

"Never."

"It would be ungenerous to affect not to know that your self-denial is to be referred to your consideration for her father. Her father thanks you."

He offered his hand; but, his eyes did not go with it.

"I know," said Darnay, respectfully, "how can I fail to know, Doctor Manette, I who have seen you together from day to day, that between you and Miss Manette there is an affection so unusual, so touching, so belonging to the circumstances in which it has been nurtured, that it can have few parallels, even in the tenderness between a father and child. I know, Doctor Manette — how can I fail to know — that mingled with the affection and duty of a daughter who has become a woman, there is, in her love towards you, all the love and reliance of infancy itself. I know that, as in her childhood she had no parent, so she is now devoted to you with all the constancy and fervour of her present years and character, united to the trustfulness and attachment of the early days in which you were lost to her. I know perfectly well that if you had been restored to her from the world beyond this life, you could have invested, in her sight, with a more sacred character than that in which you are always with her. I know that when she is chiding to pump, the hands of baby, girl, and woman, all are round your neck. I know that in loving you she sees and loves her mother at her own age, sees and loves you at my age, loves in mother broken-hearted, loves you through your dreadful trial and in your blessed restoration. I have known this, night and day, since I have known you in your house.

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

Dear Doctor Manette, always knowing this, always seeing her and you with this light about you, I have forborne, and forborne, as long as it was in the nature of man to do it, to have felt, and do even now feel, that to bring my love — even mine — between you, is to touch your history with something not quite so good as itself. But I love her. Heaven is my witness that I love her!"

"I believe it," answered her father, most fully. "I have thought so, before now. I believe it."

"But, do not believe," said Darnay, unparaphrased, "that my ear the mournful voice struck with a reproachful sound, "that if my fortune were no cast as that, being one day so happy as to make her my wife, I must at any time put my separation between her and you, I could would breathe a word of what I now say. Besides that I should know it to be hopeless, I should know it to be a baseness. If I had any such possibility, even at a remote distance of years, harboured in my thoughts and hidden in my heart — if it ever had been there — if it ever could be there — I could not now touch this honoured hand."

He laid his own upon it as he spoke.

"No, dear Doctor Manette. Like you, a
Her father considered a little before he answered. "May I ask, sir, if you think she is—" "You have seen Mr. Carton here, yourself."

"I am sure of it. Charles Darnay, mysteries arise out of close love, as well as out of wide division; in the former case, they are subtle and delicate, and difficult to penetrate. My daughter Lucie is, in this one respect, such a mystery to me; I can make no guess at the nature of her heart."

"You said something to me," said Doctor Manette, "and dropped it, that Darnay felt his own hand turn cold in the hand that slowly released it."

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

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

"Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England."

"Stop!" said the Doctor of Beauvais. "I wish it, that I may the better deserve your confidence, and have no secret from you."

"You said something to me," said Doctor Manette, breaking into a smile. "What was it you said to me?"

"He was at a loss how to answer, until he remembered having spoken of a condition. Replied as his mind reverted to that, he answered: "Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England.""

"Stop!" said the Doctor of Beauvais.

"Do you seek any guidance from me?"

"I do seek that."

"What is it?"

"I well understand that, without you, I could have no hope. I well understand that, even if Miss Manette held me at this moment in her innocent heart—do not think I have the presumption to assume so much—I could retain no place in it against her love for her father."

"But I have thought it possible that you might have it in your power, if you should deem it right, to give me some."

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"I ask none, sir. But I have thought it possible that you might have it in your power, if you should deem it right, to give me some."

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"I do seek that."

"What is it?"

"I am sure of it. Charles Darnay, mysteries arise out of close love, as well as out of wide division; in the former case, they are subtle and delicate, and difficult to penetrate. My daughter Lucie is, in this one respect, such a mystery to me; I can make no guess at the nature of her heart."

"May I ask, sir, if you think she is—"

As he hesitated, her father supplied the rest. "Is sought by any other suitor?"

"It is what I meant to say."

"Or both," said Darnay.

"I had not thought of both; I should not think either, likely. You want a promise from me. Tell me what it is."

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

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directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go! God bless you!"

It was dark when Charles Darnay left him, and it was an hour later and darker when Lucie came home; she hurried into the room alone—for Miss Pross had gone straight up-stairs—and was surprised to find his reading chair empty.

"My father!" she called to him. "Father dear!"

Nothing was said in answer, but she heard a low hammering sound in his bedroom. Passing lightly across the intermediate room, she looked in at his door and came running back frightened, crying to herself, with her blood all chilled, "What shall I do! What shall I do?"

Her uncertainty lasted but a moment; she hurried back, and tapped at his door, and softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, calling to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they walked up and down together for a long time.

She came down from her bed, to look at him in his sleep that night. He slept heavily, and his tray of shoemaking tools, and his old unfinished work, were all as usual.

CHAPTER XI. A COMPANION PICTURE.

"SYDNEY," said Mr. Stryver, on that self-same night, or morning, to his jackal; "mix another bowl of punch, I have something to say to you."

Sydney had been working double tides that night, and the night before, and the night before that, and a good many nights in succession, making a grand clearance among Mr. Stryver's papers before the setting in of the long vacation. The clearance was effected at last; the Stryver arraers were handsomely fetched up; everything was got rid of, until November should come with its fogs atmospheric and fogs legal, and bring grist to the mill again. Sydney was none the livelier and none the soberer for so much application. It had taken a deal of extra wet-towelling to pull him through the night; a correspondingly extra quantity of wine had preceded the towelling; and he was in a very damaged condition, as he now pulled his waistband, glancing round from the sofa where he lay on his back.

"I am."

"Now, look here! I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you, and that perhaps will make you think me not quite as shrewd as you usually do think me. I intend to marry."

"Do you?"

"Yes. And not for money. What do you say now?"

"I don't feel disposed to say much. Who is she?"

"Guess."

"Do I know her?"

"Guess."

"I am not going to guess, at five o'clock in the morning, with my brains frying and sputtering in my head. If you want me to guess, you must ask me to dinner."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Stryver coming slowly into a sitting posture. "Sydney, I rather despair of making myself intelligible to you, because you are such an insensible dog."

"And you," returned Sydney, busy concocting the punch, "are such a sensitive and poetical spirit."

"Come!" rejoined Stryver, laughing heartily, "though I don't prefer any claim to being the soul of Romance (for I hope I know better; still, I am a tenderer sort of fellow than you)."

"You are a luckier, if you mean that."

"I don't mean that. I mean, I am a man of more—more—"

"Say gallantry, while you are about it," suggested Carton.

"Well! I'll say gallantry. My meaning is, that I am a man," said Stryver, inclining his head at his friend as he made the punch, "to care more to be agreeable, who takes pains to be agreeable, who knows better how to be agreeable, in a woman's society, than you do."

"Go on," said Sydney Carton.

"No; but before I go on," said Stryver shaking his head in his bullying way, "I'll have this out with you. You have been a Doctor Manette's house as much as I have; more than I have. Why, I have been ashamed of your meanness there! You may have been of that silent and sullen and hang-dog that, upon my life and soul, I have been ashamed of you, Sydney!"

"It should be very beneficial to a man if you practice at the bar, to be ashamed of anything returned Sydney, "you ought to be much obliged to me."

"You shall not get off in that way," returned Stryver, shouldering the rejoinder at him; "Sydney, it's my duty to tell you—and I tell you—You have been at Doctor Manette's house as much as I have, or more than I have. Why, I have been ashamed of your meanness there! You may have been of that silent and sullen and hang-dog that, upon my life and soul, I have been ashamed of you, Sydney!"

"You shall not get off in that way," replied Sydney, busy concocting the punch, "You shall not get off in that way, Sydney."

"I do it because it's politic; I do it on principle. And look at me! I get on."

"I never saw you do it yet," answered Carton.

"I do it because it's politic; I do it on principle. And look at me! I get on."

"You don't get on with your account of your matrimonial intentions," answered Carton, "with a careless air, "I wish you would keep to that. Sydney, it's my duty to tell you—and I tell you—and I tell you—and I tell you."

"As to me—will you never understand that I am incorrigible?"

He asked the question with some appearance of scorn.

"You have no business to be incorrigible;"
was his friend's answer, delivered in no very soothing tone.

"I have no business to be, at all, that I know of," said Sydney Carton. "Wlio is the lady?"

"Now, don't let my announcement of the name make you uncomfortable, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, preparing him with ostentatious friendliness for the disclosure he was about to make, "because I know you don't mean half you say; and if you meant it all, it would be of no importance. I make this little preface, because you once mentioned the young lady to me in slighting terms."

"I did?"

"Certainly; and in these chambers." Sydney Carton looked at his punch and looked at his complacent friend; drank his punch and looked at his complacent friend.

"You made mention of the young lady as a golden-haired doll. The young lady is Miss Manette. If you had been a fellow of any sensiveness or delicacy of feeling in that kind of way, this might have been a little resentful of your employing such a designation; but you are not. You want that sense altogether; therefore, I am no more annoyed when I think of the expression, than I should be annoyed by a man's opinion of a picture of mine, who had no eye for pictures; or of a piece of music of mine, who had no ear for music."

Sydney Carton drank the punch at a great rate; drank it by bumpers, looking at his friend.

"Now you know all about it, Syd," said Mr. Stryver. "I don't care about fortune: she is a charming creature, and I have made up my mind to please myself: on the whole, I think I can afford to please myself. She will have in me a chum is a man of a pretty strong will. Yes, well enough by this time that your ancient are less mercenary on my behalf than I thought you would be; though, to be sure, you know you live hard, you'll knock up one of these days, and be ill and poor; you really ought to think of your having no enjoyment of women's society, nor understanding of it, nor tact for it. Find out somebody. Find out some respectable woman with a little property—a lady in the landlady way, or lodging-letting way—and marry her, against a rainy day. That's the kind of thing for you. Now, think of it, Sydney."

"I'll think of it," said Sydney.

"Why should I not approve?"

"You made mention of the young lady as a golden-haired doll. The young lady is Miss Manette. If you had been a fellow of any sensiveness or delicacy of feeling in that kind of way, this might have been a little resentful of your employing such a designation; but you are not. You want that sense altogether; therefore, I am no more annoyed when I think of the expression, than I should be annoyed by a man's opinion of a picture of mine, who had no eye for pictures; or of a piece of music of mine, who had no ear for music."

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"I'll think of it," said Sydney.

"Why should I be astonished?"

"Why should I be astonished?"

"Why should I not approve?"

"Well!" said his friend Stryver, "you take to it more easily than I fancied you would, and are less mercenary on my behalf than I thought you would be; though, to be sure, you know well enough by this time that your ancient are a man of a pretty strong will. Yes, Sydney, I have had enough of this style of life, with no other as a change from it; I feel that it is a pleasant thing for a man to have a home when he feels inclined to go to it (when he doesn't, he can stay away), and I feel that Miss Manette will tell well in any station, and will always do me credit. So I have made up my mind. And now, Sydney, old boy, I want to say a word to you about your prospects. You are in a bad way, you know; you really are in a bad way. You don't know the value of money, you live hard, you'll knock up one of these days, and be ill and poor; you really ought to think of a nurse."

The prosperous patronage with which he said it, made him look twice as big as he was, and four times as offensive.

"Now, let me recommend you," pursued Stryver, "to look it in the face. I have looked it in the face, in my different way; look it in the face, you, in your different way. Marry. Provide somebody to take care of you. Never mind your having no enjoyment of women's society, nor understanding of it, nor tact for it. Find out somebody. Find out some respectable woman with a little property—in the landlady way, or lodging-letting way—and marry her, against a rainy day. That's the kind of thing for you. Now, think of it, Sydney."

"I'll think of it," said Sydney.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL.
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 12.] SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859. [Price 2d.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.
In Three Books.
By Charles Dickens.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.
CHAPTER XII. THE FELLOW OF DELICACY.

Mr. Stryver having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the doctor's daughter, resolved to make her happiness known to her before he left town for the Long Vacation. After some mental debating of the point, he came to the conclusion that it would be as well to get all the preliminaries done with, and they could then arrange at their leisure whether he should give her his hand a week or two before Michaelmas Term, or in the little Christmas vacation between it and Hilary.

As to the strength of his case, he had not a doubt about it, but clearly saw his way. Argued with the jury on substantial worldly grounds—the only grounds ever worth taking into account—it was a plain case, and had not a weak spot in it. He called himself for the plaintiff, there was no getting over his evidence, the counsel for the defendant threw up his brief, and the jury did not even turn to consider.

Accordingly, Mr. Stryver inaugurated the Long Vacation with a formal proposal to take Miss Manette to Vauxhall Gardens; that failing, to Ranelagh; that unaccountably failing too, it behoved him to present himself in Soho, and there declare his noble mind.

Towards Soho, therefore, Mr. Stryver shouldered his way from the Temple, while the bloom of the Long Vacation's infancy was still upon it. Anybody who had seen him projecting himself into Soho while he was yet on Saint Dunstan's side of Temple Bar, bursting in his full-blown way along the pavement, to the jostlement of weaker people, might have seen how safe and strong he was.

His way taking him past Tellson's, and he both banking at Tellson's and knowing Mr. Lorry as the intimate friend of the Manettes, it entered Mr. Stryver's mind to enter the bank and reveal to Mr. Lorry the brightness of the Soho horizon. So, he pushed open the door with the weak rattle in its throat, stumbled down the two steps, got past the two ancient cashiers, and shouldered himself into the musty back closet where Mr. Lorry sat at great books ruled for figures, with perpendicular iron bars to his window as if that were ruled for figures too, and everything under the clouds were a sum.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Stryver. "How do you do? I hope you are well!"

It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place, or space. He was so much too big for Tellson's that old clerks in distant corners looked up with looks of remonstrance, as though he squeezed them against the wall. The House itself, magnificently reading the paper quite in the far-off perspective, lowered displeased, as if the Stryver head had been butted into its responsible waistcoat.

The discreet Mr. Lorry said, in a sample tone of the voice he would recommend under the circumstances, "How do you do, Mr. Stryver? How do you do, sir?" and shook hands. There was a peculiarity in his manner of shaking hands, always to be seen in any clerk at Tellson's who shook hands with a customer when the House pervaded the air. He shook in a self-abnegating way, as one who shook for Tellson and Co.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Stryver?" asked Mr. Lorry, in his business character.

"Why, no thank you; this is a private visit to yourself, Mr. Lorry; I have come for a private word."

"Oh indeed!" said Mr. Lorry, bending down his ear, while his eye strayed to the House afar off.

"I am going," said Mr. Stryver, leaning his arms confidentially on the desk: whereupon, although it was a large double one, there appeared to be not half desk enough for him: "I am going to make an offer of myself in marriage to your agreeable little friend Miss Manette, Mr. Lorry."

"Oh dear me!" cried Mr. Lorry, rubbing his chin, and looking at his visitor dubiously.

"Oh dear me, sir?" repeated Stryver, drawing back. "Oh dear you, sir? What may your meaning be, Mr. Lorry?"

"My meaning?" answered the man of business, "is, of course, friendly and appreciative, and that it does you the greatest credit, and—in short, my meaning is everything you could desire. But—"
really, you know, Mr. Stryver—" Mr. Lorry paused, and shook his head at him in the oddest manner, as if he were compelled against his will to add, internally, "you know there really is so much too much of you!"

"Well!" said Stryver, slapping the desk with his contentious hand, opening his eyes wider, and taking a long breath, "if I understand you, Mr. Lorry, I'll be hanged!"

Mr. Lorry adjusted his little wig at both ears as a means towards that end, and hit the feather of a pen.

"D—n it all, sir!" said Stryver, staring at him, "am I not eligible?"

"Oh, dear yes! Yes. Oh yes, you're eli-
gible!" said Mr. Lorry. "If you say eligible, you are eligible."

"Am I not prosperous?" asked Stryver.

"Oh! if you come to prosperous, you are prosperous," said Mr. Lorry.

"And advancing?"

"If you come to advancing, you know," said Mr. Lorry, delighted to be able to make another admission, "no one could doubt that."

"Then what on earth is your meaning, Mr. Lorry?" demanded Stryver, perceptibly crest-fallen.

"Well! I—— Were you going there now?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"Straight!" said Stryver, with a plump of his fist on the desk.

"Then I think, I wouldn't, if I was you."

"Why?" said Stryver. "Now, I'll put you in a corner," forensically shaking a forefinger at him. "You are a man of business and bound to have a reason. State your reason. Why wouldn't you go?"

"Because," said Mr. Lorry, "I wouldn't go on such an object without having some cause to believe that I should succeed."

"D—n me!" cried Stryver, "but this beats everything!"

Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and glanced at the angry Stryver.

"Here's a man of business—a man of years—a man of experience—in a Bank," said Stryver, "and having summed up three leading reasons for complete success, he says there's no reason at all! Says it with his head on! Mr. Stryver remarked upon the peculiarity of it as if it would have been infinitely less remarkable if he had said it with his head off.

When I speak of success, I speak of success with the young lady, and when I speak of causes and reasons to make success probable, I speak of causes and reasons that will tell as such with the young lady. The young lady, my good sir," said Mr. Lorry, mildly tapping the Stryver arm, "the young lady. The young lady goes before all."

"Then you mean to tell me, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, squaring his elbows, "that it is your deliberate opinion that the young lady at present in question is a mining Fool?"

"Not exactly so. I mean to tell you, Mr. Stryver," said Mr. Lorry, reddening, "that I will hear no disrespectful word of that young lady from any lips; and that if I know any man—which I hope I do not—whose taste was so coarse, and whose temper was so overbearing, that he could not restrain himself from speaking disrespectfully of that young lady at this low, that I would not even Tellson's should prevent my giving him a piece of my mind."

The necessity of being angry in a suppressive tone had put Mr. Stryver's blood-vessels into a dangerous state when it was his turn to be angry. Mr. Lorry's venus, methodical as their course could usually be, were in no better state now; it was his turn.

"That is what I mean to tell you, sir," said Mr. Lorry. "Pray let there be no mistake about it."

Mr. Stryver sucked the end of a ruler for a little while, and then stood hitting a tune out of his teeth with it, which probably gave him toothache. He broke the awkward silence, saying:

"This is something new to me, Mr. Lorry. You deliberately advise me not to go up to Tellson's and offer myself——myself, Stryver of the Lin-Bench bar?"

"Do you ask me for my advice, Mr. Stryver?"

"Yes I do."

"Very good. Then I give it, and you repeated it correctly."

"And all I can say of it, is," laughed Stryver, with a vexed laugh, "that this——ba, ba—— everything, past, present, and to come."

"Now understand me," pursued Mr. Lorry.

"As a man of business, I am not justified in saying anything about this matter, for, as a man of business, I know nothing of it. But, an old fellow, who has carried Miss Manette in his arms, who is the trusted friend of Miss Manette and of her father too, and who has a great affection for them both, I have spoken. In confidence is not of my seeking, recollect. No, you think I may not be right?"

"Not I!" said Stryver, whisking. "I am undertake to find third parties in common sense, and I can only find it for myself. I suppose in certain quarters; you suppose mining lunatic and-butter nonsense. It's new to me, but ye are right, I dare say."

"What I suppose, Mr. Stryver, I don't characterise for myself. And understand me, sir," said Mr. Lorry, quickly flushing again. "I was about to say:—it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit for me by any gentleman belonging to the family. You know the terms upon which I have the honour and happiness to stand with the family. If you please, committing you in no way, you will not—not even at Tellson's—have it characterised for me by any gentleman belonging to the family."

"There! I beg your pardon!" said Stryver.

"Granted. Thank you, Well, Mr. Stryver. I was about to say—it might be painful to me to find yourself mistaken, it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit for me by any gentleman belonging to the family. You know the terms upon which I have the honour and happiness to stand with the family. If you please, committing you in no way, you will undertake to correct my advice by the exercise of a little new observation and judgment: especially I am brought to bear upon it. If you should then be..."
dis satisfied with it, you can but test its sound ness for yourself; if, on the other hand, you should be satisfied with it, and it should be what it now is, it may spare all sides what is best spared. What do you say?"

"How long would you keep me in town?"

"Oh! It is only a question of a few hours. I could go to Soho this evening, and come to your chambers afterwards."

"Then I say yes," said Stryver: "I won't go up there now, I am not so hot upon it as that comes to; I say yes, and I shall expect you to look in to-night. Good morning."

Then Mr. Stryver turned and burst out of the Bank, causing such a concussion of air on his passage through, that to stand up against it bowing behind the two counters, required the utmost remaining strength of the two ancient clerks. Those venerable and frail persons were always seen by the public in the set of bowing, and were popularly believed, when they had bowed a customer out, still to keep on bowing in the empty office until they bowed another customer in.

The barrister was keen enough to divine that the banker would not have gone so far in his expression of opinion on any less solid ground than moral certainty. Unprepared as he was for the large pill he had to swallow, he got it down. "And now," said Mr. Stryver, shaking his forensic forefinger at the Temple in general, when it was down, "my way out of this, is to come to Soho."

"And now," said Mr. Stryver, shaking his head in a smoothing and final way; "no argument, and sorry for it on the poor father's account, I know this must always be a sore matter, no matter, no matter."

"But it does matter," Mr. Lorry urged.

"No it doesn't; I assure you it doesn't.

Having supposed that there was sense where there is none, and a laudable ambition where there is not a laudable ambition, I am well out of my mistake, and no harm is done. Young women have committed similar follies often before, and have repented them in poverty and obscurity often before. In an unselfish aspect, I am sorry that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a good thing for others in a worldly point of view; in a selfish aspect, I am glad that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view—it is hardly necessary to say I could have gained nothing by it. There is no harm at all done. I have not proposed to the young lady, and, between ourselves, I am by no means certain, on reflection, that I ever should have committed myself to that extent. Mr. Lorry, you cannot control the mincing vanities and giddinesses of empty-headed girls; you must not expect to do it, or you will always be disappointed. Now, pray say no more about it. I tell you, I regret it on account of others, but I am satisfied on my own account. And I am really very much obliged to you for allowing me to sound you, and for giving me your advice; you know the young lady better than I do; you were right, it never would have done."

Mr. Lorry was so taken aback, that he looked quite stupidly at Mr. Stryver shouldering him towards the door, with an appearance of showering generosity, forbearance, and good-will, on his erring head. "Make the best of it, my dear sir," said Stryver; "say no more about it; thank you again for allowing me to sound you; good night!"

Mr. Lorry was out in the night, before he knew where he was. Mr. Stryver was lying back on his sofa, winking at his ceiling.

CHAPTER XIII. THE FELLOW OF NO DELICACY.

If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose lounging there. When he cared to talk, he talked well; but, the cloud of caring for nothing, which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness, was very rarely pierced by the light within him.

And yet he did care something for the streets that enclosed that house, and for the senseless stones that made their pavements. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there, when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him; many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there, and still lingering there when the first beams of the sun brought into strong relief, removed beauties of architecture in spires of churches and lofty buildings, as perhaps the quiet time brought some sense of better things, else forgotten and unattainable, into his mind. Of late, the news spared. What do you say?"

"Then I say yes," said Mr. Lorry.

"I dare say not," rejoined Stryver, nodding his head in a smoothing and final way; "no matter, no matter."

"But it does matter," Mr. Lorry urged.

"No it doesn't; I assure you it doesn't.
minutes, he had got up again, and haunted that neighbourhood.

In a day in August, when Mr. Stryver (after notifying to his jackal that "he had thought better of that marrying matter") had carried his delinquency into Devonshire, and when the sight and scent of flowers in the City streets had some wails of goodness in them for the worst, of health for the sickliest, and of youth for the oldest, Sydney's feet still trod those stones. From being irresolute and purposeless his feet became animated by an intention, and, in the working out of that intention, they took him to the Doctor's door.

He was shown up-stairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few commonplaces, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton!"

"No, the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates?"

"Is it not—forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips—a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so, with what a sudden mastery you kindled your tears.

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

"If it will do you any good. Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier, it would make me very glad."

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!"

He unshed his face after a little while, and spoke steadily:

"I don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been." "No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be; I am sure that you might be much, much, worthier of yourself."

"Say of you, Miss Manette, and although I know better—although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better—I shall never forget it!"

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misdeed as you know him to be—he would have been so some this day and hour, in spite of his base misdeeds, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight your grace, pull you down with him. I love you very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that I cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recoll you—forgive me again—take a better course? Can I in no way repay you confidence? I know this is a confidence," modestly said, after a little hesitation, and a earnest tears, "I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. I will bear the through a very little men must ever can ever do for me is done. I wish you well that you have been the last dream of me, in my degradation, I have not been so desolate that the sight of you with your father and this home made such a home for me, I have the old shadows that I thought had died of me. Since I knew you, I have been tried, I have been troubled, I have been softened, and sadden to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

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She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man
PIEDMONT.

[July 25, 1859.]

"Which I intreated you to believe, again and again, most fervently, with all my heart, was capable of better things, Mr. Carton!"

"Entreat me to believe it no more, Miss Manette. I have proved myself, and I live better. I press you; I draw fast to an end. Will you let me believe, when I recall this day, that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your pure and innocent breast, and that it lies there alone, and will be shared by no one?"

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

"Mr. Carton," she answered, after an agitated pause, "the secret is yours, not mine; and I promise to respect it."

"Thank you. And again, God bless you!"

"Entreat me to believe it no more, Miss Manette." He put her hand to his lips, and moved towards the door.

"Be under no apprehension, Miss Manette, of my ever resuming this conversation by so much as a passing word. I will never refer to it, were dead, that could not be swifter than it is henceforth. In the hour of my death, I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance—and shall thank and bless you for it—that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my name, and faults, and miseries, were gently eased in your heart. May it otherwise be light and happy?"

He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away, and how much he every day kept down and perverted, that Lucie Manette went wearily for him as he stood looking back at her.

"Be comforted!" said he, "I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. An hour or two hence, and the low companions, and low habits that I scorn but yield to, will make me less worth such tears as those, than any wretch who creeps along the streets. Be comforted! But, within myself I shall always be, towards you, what I am now, though outwardly I shall be what you have hereafter seen me. The last supplication but one I make to you, is, that you will believe this of me."

"I will, Mr. Carton."

"My last supplication of all, is this; and with it, I will relieve you of a visitor with whom I will know you have nothing in unison, and between whom and you there is an impassable space. It is useless to say it, I know, but it rises out of my soul. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do anything. If my career were of that better kind that there was any opportunity or capacity of sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind, at some quiet time, as ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will come, the time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed by these three boundaries, till the Appennines took their decided bend, was a vast arm of the sea, or estuary, open to what is now the Adriatic, at the eastern end. Then came earthquakes, and steam explosions, and catastrophes of rain, splintering the tops of the walls, rolling their fragments into the estuary, and so helping to fill it up. As yet, Frost had not appeared on earth. Afterwards he came: and then his glaciers brought down innumerable boulders, great and small; and the chips, and..."

PIEDMONT.

The Sardinian States are, altogether, composed of the insular and the continental dominions of the house of Savoy. We have already glanced at the island portion. On the continent, Savoy is a cluster of mountains, whose monarch, the famous and used-up Mont Blanc, has been crowned long ago with a diadem of snow. Piedmont, whether we derive the name from the French, "le pied des monts," or the Italian, "il pie del monte," is, both actually and etymologically, the foot of the mountains. Still, a great part of Piedmont is not yet quite the sole of the foot, but rather the instep. It is not wholly in the plain, though it is all on the slope which conducts to the plain. The valleys of Aosta, of the Oreo, of the Cerro, and the Sesia (the last fed by Monte Rosa), are naturally the outskirts of Switzerland, stretching southward to bask in Italian sunshine. This geographical character does not belong to Piedmont alone. The whole of Austro-Venetian-Lombardy, and a portion of Parma and the Papal States, are physically and geologically the same, or similar. They are, in fact, vast plains formed by the wearing down of the grand Alpine chain, with a little help from the Appennines. Nevertheless, there is more of the mountain's foot in Piedmont than elsewhere in Northern Italy.

At some awfully remote date there uprose on the earth's surface from out the waters, a lofty wall, running in the direction of from east to west, and joined at its western extremity by another similar mighty wall, running from north to south, and so forming a right-angled corner. Those two broad, solid walls are the Alps. From the southern end of the second wall, there started a third and lesser wall (but still of respectable dimensions), the Appennines, running from west to east for a time, and then starting off south-eastwards to follow their own independent course, and afterwards form the backbone of Italy. The foot of the walls, whose mass extended backward over what is now Savoy and Switzerland, was doubtless bathed by the primeval ocean. So that the enclosure formed by these three boundaries, till the Appennines took their decided bend, was a vast arm of the sea, or estuary, open to what is now the Adriatic, at the eastern end. Then came earthquakes, and steam explosions, and catastrophes of rain, splintering the tops of the walls, rolling their fragments into the estuary, and so helping to fill it up. As yet, Frost had not appeared on earth. Afterwards he came: and then his glaciers brought down innumerable boulders, great and small; and the chips, and..."
BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER X

IV. THE HONEST TRADESMAN.

To the eyes of Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher, sitting on his stool in Fleet-street with his grisly urchin beside him, a vast number and variety of objects in movement were every day presented. Who could sit upon anything in Fleet-street during the busy hours of the day, and not be dazed and deafened by two immense processions, one ever tending westward with the sun, the other ever tending eastward from the sun, both ever tending to the plains beyond the range of red and purple where the sun goes down!

With his straw in his mouth, Mr. Cruncher sat watching the two streams, like the heathen rustic who has for several centuries been on duty watching one stream—saving that Jerry had no expectation of their ever running dry. Nor would it have been an expectation of a hopeful kind, since a small part of his income was derived from the pilotage of timid women (mostly of a full habit and past the middle term of life) from Tellson's side of the tides to the opposite shore. Brief as such companionship was in every separate instance, Mr. Cruncher never failed to become so interested in the lady as to express a strong desire to have the honour of drinking her very good health. And it was from the gifts bestowed upon him towards the execution of this benevolent purpose, that he recruited his finances, as just now observed.

Time was, when a poet sat upon a stool in a public place, and mused in the sight of men. Mr. Cruncher, sitting on a stool in a public place but not being a poet, mused as little as possible, and looked about him.

It fell out that he was thus engaged in a season when crowds were few, and belated women few, and when his affairs in general were so unprosperous as to awaken a strong suspicion in his breast that Mrs. Cruncher must have been "flopping" in some pointed manner, when an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet-street westward, attracted his attention. Looking that way, Mr. Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral was coming along, and that there was popular objection to this funeral, which engendered uproar.

"Young Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, turning to his offspring, "it's a buryin'."

"Hooroar, father!" cried Young Jerry.

The young gentleman uttered this exultant sound with mysterious significance. The elder gentleman took the cry so ill, that he watched his opportunity, and smote the young gentleman on the ear.

"What dy'e mean? What are you hooroaring at? What do you want to convey to your own father, you young Rip? This boy is a getting too many for me!" said Mr. Cruncher, surveying him. "Him and his hooroars! Don't let me hear no more of you, or you shall feel some more of me. Dy'e hear?"

"I warn't doing no harm," Young Jerry protested, rubbing his cheek.

"Drop it then," said Mr. Cruncher; "I won't have none of your no harms. Get a top of that there seat, and look at the crowd."

His son obeyed, and the crowd approached; they were bawling and hissing round a dingy hearse and dingy mourning coach, in which there was only one mourner, dressed in the dingy trappings that were considered essential to the dignity of the position. The position appeared by no means to please him, however, with an increasing rabble surrounding the coach, deriding him, making grimaces at him, and incessantly groaning and calling out: "Yah! Spies! Tst! Yaha! Spies!" with many compliments too numerous and forcible to repeat.

Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr. Cruncher; he always pricked up his senses, and became excited, when a funeral passed Tellson's. Naturally, therefore, a funeral with this uncommon attendance excited him greatly, and he asked of the first man who ran against him:

"What is it, brother? What's it about?"

"I don't know," said the man. "Spies! Yaha! Tst! Spies!"

He asked another man. "Who is it?"

"I don't know," returned the man: clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless, and vociferating in a surprising heat and with the greatest ardour, "Spies! Yaha! Tst, tst! Spies!"

At length, a person better informed on the merits of the case, tumbled against him: "What is it, brother? What's it about?"

"I don't know," said the man. "Spies! Yaha! Tst, tst! Spies!"

He asked another man. "Who is it?"

"I don't know," returned the man: clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless, and vociferating in a surprising heat and with the greatest ardour, "Spies! Yaha! Tst, tst! Spies!"

At length, a person better informed on the merits of the case, tumbled against him, and
from this person he learned that the funeral was

"Was He a spy?" asked Mr. Cruncher.

"Old Bailey spy," returned his informant.

"Yaha! Tst! Yah! Old Bailey Spi-i-ies!"

"Why, to be sure!" exclaimed Jerry, recalling
the Trial at which he had assisted. "I've seen
him. He's Dead, is he?"

"Dead as mutton," returned the other, "and
can't be too dead. Have 'em out, there! Spies!
Pull 'em out, there! Spies!"

The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent
abuse of any idea, that the crowd caught it
up with eagerness, and loudly repeating the
suggestion to have 'em out, and to pull 'em out,
mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they
came to a stop. On the crowd's opening the coach
doors, the one mourner scuffled out of himself
and was in their hands for a moment; but he
was so alert, and made such good use of his
time, that in another moment he was scouring
away up a by-street, after shedding his cloak,
hat, long hatband, white pocket-handkerchief,
and other symbolical tears.

These, the people tore to pieces and scattered
far and wide with great enjoyment, while the
tradesmen hurried shut up their shops; for
a crowd in those times stopped at nothing, and
a crowd in those times, especially in London,
never came, and this was the usual progress of a
procession in which he walked.

The officiating undertakers made some protest
against these changes in the ceremonies; but,
the river being alarmingly near, and several
voices remarking on the efficacy of cold immer-
sion in bringing refractory members of the pro-
fession to reason, the protest was faint and brief.

The remodelled procession started, with a
chimney-sweep driving the hearse—advised by
the regular driver, who was perched beside him,
under close inspection, for the purpose—and
with a pianist, also attended by his cabinet
minister, driving the mourning coach. A bear-
leader, a popular street character of the time,
was impressed as an additional ornament, before
the ex-lacenaire had gone far down the Strand;
and his bear, who was black and very mangy,
gave quite an Undertaking air to that part of
the procession in which he walked.

Thus, with beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, song-
roaring, and infinite caricaturing of woe, the
disorderly procession went its way, recruiting at
every step, and all the shops shutting up before it.
Its destination was the old church of Saint
Pancras, far off in the fields. It got there in
course of time; insisted on pouring into the
burial-ground; finally, accomplished the inter-
ment of the deceased Roger Cly in its own way,
and highly to its own satisfaction.

The dead man disposed of, and the crowd being
under the necessity of providing some other
entertainment for itself, another brighter genius (or
perhaps the same) conceived the humour of
impeaching casual passers-by, as Old Bailey
spies, and wreaking vengeance on them. One
was given to some scores of indiscriminate persons
who had never been near the Old Bailey in their
lives, in the realisation of this fancy, and they
were roughly hustled and maltreated.

To transition to the sport of window-breaking,
and thence to the plundering of public-houses,
was easy and natural. At last, after several long
hours, when sundry summer-houses had been pulled
down, and some area railings had been torn
out, to arm the more belligerent spirits, a rumour
was poured into the Guards were coming. Front
this rumour, the crowd gradually melted away
and perhaps the Guards came, and perhaps the
Guards came, and perhaps the Guards never came, and this was the usual progress of a
mob.

Mr. Cruncher did not assist at the diastereous
sports, but had remained behind in the court-
yard, to confer and condole with the make-
bakers. The place had a soothing influence on
him. He proceeded a pipe, instead, to a neighbour-
public-house, and smoked it, looking in at the
railings and maturely considering the spot.

"Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, apostrophizing
himself in his usual way, "you see that this
Cly that day, and you see with your own
eyes that young one, and you see the regular
driver, who was perched beside him,
derived to his destination
amidst general rejoicing. Practical suggestions
being much needed, this suggestion, too, was
received with acclamation, and the coach was im-
mediately filled with eight inside and a dozen
out, while as many people got on the roof of the
hearse as could by any exercise of ingenuity stick
up, while as many people got on the roof of the
hearse as could by any exercise of ingenuity stick
upon it. Among the first of these volunteers was
Jerry Cruncher himself, who modestly con-
cluded his spiky head from the observation of
the officiating undertakers, in the further corner of the mourning
coach.

The officiating undertakers made some protest
against these changes in the ceremonies; but,
the river being alarmingly near, and several
voices remarking on the efficacy of cold immer-
sion in bringing refractory members of the pro-
fession to reason, the protest was faint and brief.

The remodelled procession started, with a
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the procession in which he walked.

Thus, with beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, song-
roaring, and infinite caricaturing of woe, the
disorderly procession went its way, recruiting at
every step, and all the shops shutting up before it.
Its destination was the old church of Saint
Pancras, far off in the fields. It got there in
"Yes, Jerry," repeated Mr. Cruncher, sitting down to tea. "Ah! It is yes, Jerry. That's about it. You may say yes, Jerry."

Mr. Cruncher had no particular meaning in these silly corroboration but made use of them, as people not unfrequently do, to express general ironical dissatisfaction.

"You and your yes, Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, taking a bite out of his bread and butter, and seeming to help it down with a large invisible oyster out of his saucer. "Ah! I think so. I believe you.

"You are going out tonight?" asked his de-oeat wife, when he took another bite.

"Yes, I am.

"May I go with you, father?" asked his son, briskly.

"No, you mayn't. I'm a going—as your mother knows—a fishing. That's where I'm going... Going a fishing.

"Your fishing-rod gets rather rusty don't it; father?"

"Never you mind."

"Shall you bring any fish home, father?"

"If I don't, you'll have short commons to-morrow."

He devoted himself during the remainder of the evening to keeping a most vigilant watch on Mrs. Cruncher, and sullenly holding her in conversation that she might be prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage. With this view, he urged his son to hold her in conversation also, and led the unfortunate woman a hard life by dwelling on any causes of complaint he could bring against her, rather than he would leave her for a moment to her own reflections. The devoted person could have rendered no greater homage to the efficacy of an honest prayer than he did in the distress of his honest calling.

He was full of lodgers; and the door stood ajar and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Towards that small and ghostly hour, he rose up from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cupboard, and brought forth a sack, a crowbar of convenient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing-tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in a skilful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light, and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a faint of undressing when he went to bed, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness he followed out of the room, followed down the stairs, followed down the court, followed out into the streets. He was in no uneasiness concerning his getting into the house again, for it was full of lodgers, and the door stood ajar till the small night.

Impelled by a laudable ambition to study the art and mystery of his father's honest calling, Young Jerry, keeping as close to house-fronts, walls, and doorways, as his eyes were close to one another, held his honoured parent in view. The honoured parent steering Northward, had not gone far, when he was joined by another disciple of Izaak Walton, and the two trudged on together.

Within half an hour from the first starting, they were beyond the winking lamps, and the more than winking watchmen, and were out upon a lonely road. Another fisherman was picked up here—and that so silently, that if Young Jerry had been superstitious, he might have supposed the second follower of the gentle craft to have, all of a sudden, split himself into two.

The three went on, and Young Jerry went on, until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall surmounted by an iron railing. In the shadow of bank and wall, the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall surmounted by an iron railing. In the shadow of bank and wall, the three turned aside, and all the three moved away on their hands and knees.

This touched Young Jerry on a tender place; who adjured his mother to perform her first duty, and, whatever else she did or neglected, above all things to lay especial stress on the discharge of that maternal function so affect-ingly and delicately indicated by his other parents.

Thus the evening wore away with the Cruncher family, until Young Jerry was ordered to bed, and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, obeyed them. Mr. Cruncher beguiled the earlier watches of the night with solitary pipes, and did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Towards that small and ghostly hour, he rose up from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cupboard, and brought forth a sack, a crowbar of convenient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing-tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in a skilful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light, and went out.

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It was now Young Jerry's turn to approach the gate: which he did, holding his breath. Crouching down in a corner, peeping up the lane, the next object that Young Jerry saw, was the form of his honoured parent, pretty well defined against a watery and clouded moon, dimly scaling an iron gate. He was soon over, and then the second fisherman got over, and then the third. They all dropped softly on the ground within the gate, and lay there a little—listening perhaps. Then, they moved away on their hands and knees.

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"Yes, Jerry," repeated Mr. Cruncher, sitting down to tea. "Ah! It is yes, Jerry. That's about it. You may say yes, Jerry."

Mr. Cruncher had no particular meaning in these silly corroboration but made use of them, as people not unfrequently do, to express general ironical dissatisfaction.

"You and your yes, Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, taking a bite out of his bread and butter, and seeming to help it down with a large invisible oyster out of his saucer. "Ah! I think so. I believe you.

"You are going out tonight?" asked his de-oeat wife, when he took another bite.

"Yes, I am.

"May I go with you, father?" asked his son, briskly.

"No, you mayn't. I'm a going—as your mother knows—a fishing. That's where I'm going... Going a fishing.

"Your fishing-rod gets rather rusty don't it, father?"

"Never you mind."

"Shall you bring any fish home, father?"

"If I don't, you'll have short commons to-morrow."

He devoted himself during the remainder of the evening to keeping a most vigilant watch on Mrs. Cruncher, and sullenly holding her in conversation that she might be prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage. With this view, he urged his son to hold her in conversation also, and led the unfortunate woman a hard life by dwelling on any causes of complaint he could bring against her, rather than he would leave her for a moment to her own reflections. The devoted person could have rendered no greater homage to the efficacy of an honest prayer than he did in the distress of his honest calling.

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ghosts in white, while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far, before they stopped and turned upright. And then they began to fish.

They fished with a spade, at first. Presently the honoured parent appeared to be adjusting some instrument like a great corkscrew. Whatever tools they worked with, they worked hard, until the awful striking of the church clock so terrified Young Jerry, that he made off, with his hair as stiff as his father's.

But, his long-cherished desire to know more about these matters, not only stopped him in his running away, but lured him back again. They were still fishing perseveringly, when he peeped in at the gate for the second time; but, now they seemed to have got a bite. There was a screwing and complaining sound down below, and their bent figures were straitened, as if by a weight. By slow degrees the weight broke away the earth upon it, and came to the surface. Young Jerry very well knew what it would be; but, when he saw it, and saw his honoured parent about to wrench it open, he was so frightened, he turned to the sight, that he made off again, and never stopped until he had run a mile or more.

He would not have stopped then, for anything less necessary than breath, it being a spectral sort of race that he ran, and one highly desirable to get to the end of. He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him; and, pictured as hopping on behind him, bolt upright upon its narrow end, always on the point of overtaking him and hopping on at his side—perhaps taking his arm—it was a pursuer to slumber. It was an inconsistent and ubiquitous fiend too, for, while it was making the whole night behind him dreadful, he darted out into the roadway to avoid dark alleys, fearful of its ways too, rubbing its horrible shoulders against doors, and drawing them up to its ears, as if it were laughing. It got into shadows on the road, and lay cunningly on its back to trip him up. All this time, it was incessantly hopping on behind and gaining on him, so that when the boy got to his own door he had reason for being half dead. And even then it would not leave him, but followed him up-stairs with a bump on every stair, scrambled into bed with him, and bumped down, dead and heavy, on his breast when he fell asleep.

From his oppressed slumber, Young Jerry in his closet was awakened, after daybreak and before sunrise, by the presence of his father in the family room. Something had gone wrong with him; at least, so Young Jerry inferred, from the circumstances of his holding Mrs. Cruncher by the ears, and knocking the back of her head against the headboard of the bed.

"I told you I would," said Mr. Cruncher, "and I did."

"Jerry, Jerry, Jerry!" his wife implored.

"You oppose yourself to the profit of the business," said Jerry, "and me and my partners suffer. You was to honour and obey; why the devil don't you?"

"I try to be a good wife, Jerry," the poor woman protested, with tears.

"Is it being a good wife to oppose your husband's business? Is it honouring your husband to disown his business? Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the vital subject of his business?"

"You hadn't taken to the dreadful business then, Jerry."

"It's enough for you," retorted Mr. Cruncher.

"to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he didn't. A honouring and obeying wife would let his trade alone altogether, Call yourself a religious woman? If you're a religious woman, give me an irresistible one! You have no more sense of duty than the bed of this here Thames river has of a pile, and similarly must be knocked into you."

The altercation was conducted in a low tone of voice, and terminated in the honest tradesman's kick, in his day-soiled boots, as lying down at his length on the floor. Like taking a timid peep at him lying on his back, with his rusty hands under his head for a pillow, his son lay down too, and fell asleep again.

There was no fish for breakfast, and not man of anything to eat. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper, and kept an iron pot lid by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher, in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying Grace. He was trampled and washed at the usual hour, and set off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling.

Young Jerry, walking with the stool under arm at his father's side along swung up crowded Fleet-street, was a very different Young Jerry from him of the previous night, running home through darkness and solitude and darkness, and taking care to keep at arm's length and distance from his grim pursuer. His cunning was fresh with the day, and his qualms were gone with the night in which particulars it is not improbable that he had companions in Fleet-street and the City of London, that fine morning.

"Father," said Young Jerry, as they walked along: taking care to keep at arm's length and distance to have the stool well between them: "what's a Resurrection-Man?"

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered, "How should I know?"

"I thought you knewed everything, father," said the artless boy.

"Hem! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher, going on again, and lifting off his hat to give his spiked free play, "He's a tradesman."

"What's his goods, father?" asked the brisk Young Jerry.

"His goods," said Mr. Cruncher, after turning it over in his mind, "is a branch of Scientific goods."

"Persons' bodies, ain't it, father?" asked the lively boy.

"I believe it is something of that sort," said Mr. Cruncher.
THE TRACK OF WAR.

CHARLES DICKENS.

JULY 23, 1859.

"Oh, father, I should so like to be a Resurrection-Man when I’m quite grown up!"

Mr. Cruncher was soothed, but shook his head in a dubious and moral way. "It depends upon how you develop your talents. Be careful of develop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there’s no falling at the present time what you may not come to be fit for."

As Young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself: "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there’s hopes yet that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

THE TRACK OF WAR.

ONE moonlight night in the middle of the month of June in this present year, I found myself on the top of Mont Cenis, trudging along ahead of the diligence, in company with a band of extremely hirsute French soldiers, bound for the Italian wars. These gentlemen constituted the first symptoms I had encountered of the strife now raging in Italy, and it was only on falling into their company that it occurred to me that I was now, for the fourth time in my life, without intending it, on the traces of war.

What upon earth took me to Schleswig-Holstein at the only time (during the fight with Denmark) when those provinces could not be peaceably examined, I cannot remember, but I have a distinct recollection of learning from General Willeisen that everybody there being supposed to be "in earnest," it was imperative that I should either take my musket and fight for something or other, or evacuate Rendsburg without delay. As the general’s first suggestion was not even accompanied by the "twenty scudi," which, combined with the ecstasy of enthusiasm and uncertainty. This great page of human story is fairly turned: the results are for another page. One thing, at least, may be accepted as certain: the name of Italy is inscribed—the God of Nations grant!—for ever in the records of the free.

Passing one of the hospitals, I meet my friend Dr. Pound. He has been visiting the wounded Austrians, who, to the number of three hundred, are distributed, with French and Sardinians, among the general hospitals. Most of the former (Dr. Pound adds) are wounded in the back; but let that be no reflection on their courage. Their enemies, to a man, admit that they fought admirable—"perfectly." They stand well, and even if broken, can be rallied; but the bewildering rush of the French infantry is too much for them. The bayonets once crossed, all is over. They resist cavalry better. An Austrian square is afterwards without the opportunity of preferring a few re-
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XV. KNITTING.

There had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning, sallow faces peeping through its barred windows had descried other faces within, bending over measures of wine. Monsieur Defarge sold a very thin wine at the best of times, but, it would seem to have been an unusually thin wine that he sold at this time. A sour wine, moreover, or a souring, for its influence on the mood of those who drank it was to make them gloomy. No vivacious Bacchanalian flame leaped out of the pressed grape of Monsieur Defarge; but, a smouldering fire that burnt in the dark, lay hidden in the dregs of it.

This had been the third morning in succession, on which there had been early drinking at the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. It had begun on Monday, and here was Wednesday come. There had been more of early brooding than drinking; for, many men had listened and whispered and slunk about there from the time of the opening of the door, who could not have laid a piece of money on the counter to save their souls. These were to the full as interested in the place, however, as if they could have commandeered whole barrels of wine; and they gilded from seat to seat, and from corner to corner, swallowing talk in lieu of drink, with greedy looks.

Notwithstanding an unusual flow of company, the master of the wine-shop was not visible. He was not missed; for, nobody who crossed the threshold looked for him, nobody asked for him, nobody wondered to see only Madame Defarge in her seat, presiding over the distribution of wine, with a bowl of battered small coins before her, as much defaced and beaten out of their original impress as the small coinage of humanity from whose ragged pockets they had come.

A suspended interest and a prevalent absence of mind, were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine-shop, as they looked in at every place, high and low, from the king's palace to the criminal's gaol. Games at cards laced, players at dominoes musingly built towers with them, drinkers drew figures on the tables with spilt drops of wine, Madame Defarge herself picked out the pattern on her sleeve with her toothpick, and saw and heard something inaudible and invisible a long way off.

Thus, Saint Antoine in this vinous feature of his, until mid-day. It was high noontide, when two dusty men passed through his streets and under his swinging lamps: of whom, one was Monsieur Defarge: the other, a mender of roads in a blue cap. All adust and athirst, the two entered the wine-shop. Their arrival had lighted a kind of fire in the breast of Saint Antoine, fast spreading as they came along, which stirred and flickered in flames of faces at most doors and windows. Yet, no one had followed them, and no man spoke when they entered the wine-shop, though the eyes of every man there were turned upon them.

"Good day, gentlemen!" said Monsieur Defarge.

It may have been a signal for loosening the general tongue. It elicited an answering chorus of "Good day!"

"It is bad weather, gentlemen," said Defarge, shaking his head.

Upon which, every man looked at his neighbour and then all cast down their eyes and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

"My wife," said Defarge aloud, addressing Madame Defarge; "I have travelled certain leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!"

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the mender of roads, called Jacques, who doffed his blue cap to the company, and drank. In the breast of his blouse, he carried some coarse dark bread; he ate of this between whiles, and sat munching and drinking near Madame Defarge's counter. A third man got up and went out.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine—but, he took less than was given to the stranger, as being himself a man to whom it was no rarity—and stood waiting until the countryman had made his breakfast. He looked at no one present, and no one now looked at
him; not even Madame Defarge, who had taken up her knitting, and was at work.

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

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

Out of the wine-shop into the street, out of the street into a court-yard, out of the court-yard up a steep staircase, out of the staircase into a garret—formerly the garret where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

"No white-haired man was there now; but, the three men were there who had gone out of the wine-shop singly. And between them and the white-haired man afar off, was the one small link, that they had once looked in at him through the chinks in the wall.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a subdued voice:

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all.

"Jacques Five!"

The mender of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his swarthy forehead with it, and said, "Where shall I commence, monsieur?"

"Commence," was Monsieur Defarge's unreasonable reply, "at the commencement."

"I saw him then, messieurs," began, the mender of roads, "a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, lying by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain—like this.

Again, the mender of roads went through the old performance, in which he ought to have been perfect by that time, seeing that it had been the infallible resource and indispensable entertainment of his village during a whole year. Jacques One struck in, and asked if he had ever seen the man before?

"Never," answered the mender of roads, recovering his perpendicular.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterwards recognised him then?

"By his tall figure," said the mender of roads, softly, and with his finger at his nose.

"When Monsieur the Marquis demands that evening, 'Say, what is he like?' I make response, 'Tall as a spectre.' "

He imitated the action of a man's being impelled forward by the butt-ends of muskets.

"As they descend the hill like madmen running a race, he falls. They lift him and pink him up again. His face is blanched and covered with dust, but he cannot touch it; thereupon, they laugh again. They bring him into the village: all the village runs to look—like this!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth.

"Good!" said the mender of roads, with an air of mystery. "The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter, the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden, but at last he is unlicking found. Go on!"

The three men were there who had gone out of the wine-shop singly. And between them and the white-haired man afar off, was the one small link, that they had once looked in at him through the chinks in the wall.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Charles Dickens.

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Ob servant of his unwillingness to mar the effect by opening it again, Defarge said, "Go on, Jacques."

"Go on then," said Defarge.

"Again; on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain, resumed the countryman, "that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that because he has slain Monseigneur, and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants—serfs—what you will—he will be executed as a traitor. One old man says at the fountain, that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burnt off before his face; that, into wounds which will be made in his arms, his breast, and his legs, there will be poured boiling oil, melted lead, hot resin, wax, and sulphur; finally, that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says, all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the last King, Louis Fifteen. But how do I know if he lies? I am not a scholar."

"Listen once again then, Jacques," said the man with the restless hand and the craving, air. "The name of that prisoner was Damiens, and it was all done in open day, in the open streets of this city of Paris; and nothing was more noticed in the vast concourse that saw it done, than the crowd of ladies of quality and fashion, who spoke of nothing else; even the speeches of the last, Jacques, prolonged until nightfall, when he had lost two legs and an arm, and still breathed! And it was done—why, how old are you?"

"Thirty-five," said the mender of roads, who looked sixty.

"It was done when you were more than ten years old; you might have seen it."

"Enough!" said Defarge, with grim impatience. "Long live the Devil! Go on."

"Well! Some whisper this, some whisper that; they speak of nothing else; even the fountain appears to fall to that tune. At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the prison, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing; in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water."

The mender of roads looked through rather than at the roof ceiling, and pointed as if he saw the gallows somewhere in the sky.

"All work is stopped, all assembly there, nobody leads the cows out, the cows are there with the rest. At mid-day, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag—tied so, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed." He suggested it, by creasing his face with his two thumbs, from the corners of his mouth to his ears. "On the top of the gallows is fixed the knife, blade upwards, with its point in the air. He is hanged there forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water."

They looked at one another, as he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the per-
spiration had started afresh while he recalled the spectacle.

"It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and the children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening, under that shadow! Under it, have I said? When I left the village, Monday evening as the sun was going to bed, and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison—seemed to strike across the earth, messieurs, to where the sky rests upon it!"

The hungry man gnawed one of his fingers as he looked at the other three, and his finger quivered with the craving that was on him.

"That's all, messieurs. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do), and I walked on, that night and half next day, until I met (as I was warned I should) this companion. With him he came on, now riding and now walking, through night and half next day, until I met (as I was warned I should) this companion. With him he came on, now riding and now walking, through the rest of yesterday and through last night. And here you see me!"

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said, "O Gad! You have acted and recounted, faithfully. Will you wait for us a little, outside the door?"

"Very willingly," said the mender of roads. Whom Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs, and, leaving seated there, returned.

The three had risen, and their heads were together when he came back to the garret.

"How say you, Jacques?" demanded Number One. "To be registered?"

"To be registered, as doomed to destruction," returned Defarge.

"Magnificent!" croaked the man with the craving.

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

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

The hungry man repeated, in a rapturous voice, "Magnificent!" and began gnawing another finger.

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register. Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted, in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives, to erase himself from existence, than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge."

"Nothing more was said, and the mender of roads, being found already dozing on the topmost stair, was advised to lay himself down on the pallet-bed and take some rest. He needed no persuasion, and was soon asleep."

"Is this rustic to be sent back soon? I hope so! Judiciously show a dog his natural prey, if you wish him to bring it down one day."

"Is it a good sign, that he wishes to see Royalty?"

"Jacques," said Defarge; "judiciously show a cat, milk, if you wish her to thirst for it. Judiciously show a dog his natural prey, if you wish him to bring it down one day."

"What?" exclaimed the hungry man, staring. "For instance?"

"For instance," returned Madame Defarge, composedly, "shrouds."

"Yes," answered Madame Defarge; "I have a good deal to do."

"What do you make, madame?"

"Very many things."

"For instance?"

"For instance," returned Madame Defarge, composedly, "shrouds."

"The man moved a little further away, as near as he could, and the member of roads sat himself with his blue cap; feeling it mightily close and oppressive. If he needed a King and Queen to restore him, he was fortunate in hiring his remedy at hand; for, soon the large and oppressive. If he needed a King and Queen to restore him, he was fortunate in hiring his remedy at hand; for, soon the large-
DRIFT.

The reader who swears by the "good old days," will, perhaps, be satisfied to accept the following amusing picture of domestic life in the beginning of the fifteenth century, which is drawn from the "Inquisitions ad quod damnum," a series of documents forming an important portion of the Chancery division of our National Records. These Inquisitions are most of them taken to show the King whether it will be to "the damage or injury of him or any one else," if he allow lands to be given in mortmain; but, as in the case before us, inquiries upon other matters have been interpolated with this class of records.

King Henry the Fifth having been given to understand that an outrage had been committed on the person of one of his subjects, John Mortimer, of Grendon, in Northamptonshire, issued his writ, on the third day of December in the first year of his reign, to his beloved and faithful John Cokeyn, Sir John Bemse, Thomas Wydeville, John Barton, junior, William Palmer, William Wakefield, and John Geffard, appointing them his Commissioners to inquire into the case; which they, having duly summoned a jury, accordingly did at Northampton Castle, on the Thursday before Christmas. Christmas, in that year, 1413, fell on a Monday.

The result of their researches appears below, translated from the Latin; and I pray all who read it, to take breath for an awfully involved sentence. Latin scriptures were always a long-winded race.

The jurors say, that whereas John Mortimer, of Grendon, Esquire, was sitting in his mansion house of Grendon aforesaid, at the dawn, busy about the shaving of his beard, his beard being in part shaved and in part not shaved, clothes not wearing at the objects of his brief devotion and tearing them to pieces.

"Bravo!" said Defarge, clapping him on the back when it was over, like a patron; "you are a good boy!"

The manner of roads was now coming to himself, and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations; but no.

"You are the fellow we want," said Defarge, in his ear; "you make these fools believe that it will last to ever. Then, they are the more in
desirous; "that's true."

"These fools know nothing. While your breath, and would pick out the richest and gayest. Say ! Would you not?"

"If you were shown a flock of dolls, and despoil them for your own advantage, you would pick out the richest and gayest. Say ! Would you not?"

"Yes. And if you were shown a flock of birds unable to fly, and were set upon them to pluck them to pieces and despise your breast, and would stop it for ever. The clergy possessed great moral influence) next to the terror and perturbation of the Lord the King's people, riding on horseback, with force of arms, and arrayed in warlike manner, namely, with coats of offence, jakkes, bows, arrows, swords, one-handed and two-handed, hoods of mail, and daggers, on Sunday (these were the days when the clergy possessed great moral influence) next after the feast of St. Hugh the Bishop, in the first year of the reign of King Henry the Fifth from the Conquest, broke into the closes and mansion house of the aforesaid John Mortimer, at Grendon aforesaid, against the peace of the Lord the King, and then and there insulted the said John Mortimer, beat, imprisoned, and ill-treated him, some of the aforesaid malefactors shouting, "Sle, sle, sle, &c." and others of the aforesaid malefactors shouting, "Houghaynowlys, Houghaynowlyam" (Hock, sinew, ham string him) for which the incomplete state of his costume afforded a tempting facility, and (evidently confident in the justice of their cause and the strength of their jakkes, &c.) "let us hastily depart."

And they the said John Mortimer thus made prisoner, led, with daggers and other weapons pointed to his heart, and violent and malicious threats of death, away with them to Eston aforesaid, and him there as well as at Grendon.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

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BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XVI. STILL KNITTING.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.
Defarge immediately took her post at her desk, counted the small moneys that had been taken during her absence, examined the stock, went through the entries in the book, made other entries of her own, checked the serving-man in every possible way, and finally dismissed him to bed. Then she turned out the contents of the bowl of money for the second time, and began knotting them up in her handkerchief, in a chain of separate knots, for safe keeping through the night. All this while, Defarge, with his pipe in his mouth, walked up and down, complacently admiring, but never interfering; in which condition, independent to the business and his domestic affairs, he walked up and down through life.

The night was hot, and the shop, close shut and surrounded by so foul a neighbourhood, was ill-smelling. Monsieur Defarge’s olfactory sense was by no means delicate, but the stock of wine smelt much stronger than it ever tasted, and so did the stock of rum and brandy and aniseed. He whiffed the compound of scents away, as he put down his smoked-out pipe.

“I am a little tired,” said madame, raising her glance as she knotted the money. “There are only the usual odours.”

“I am a little tired,” her husband acknowledged.

“You are a little depressed, too,” said madame, whose quick eyes had never been so intent on the accounts, but they had laid a ray or two for him. “Oh, the men, the men!”

“But my dear,” began Defarge.

“But my dear!” repeated madame, nodding firmly: “but my dear! You are faint of heart to-night, my dear!”

“Well, then,” said Defarge, as if a thought were rising out of his breast, “it is a long time.”

“It is a long time,” repeated his wife; “and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time; it is the rule.”

“It does not take a long time to strike a man with Lightning,” said Defarge.

“How long?” demanded madame, comically, “does it take to make and store the lighhtning?”

Tell me?”

Defarge raised his forehead thoughtfully, as if there were something in that, too.

“It does not take a long time,” said madame, “for an earthquake to swallow a town. Eh! that is long, isn’t it? but wait for the time withLECCE and the devil chained—not shown yet always ready.”

Madame enforced the conclusion of this piece of advice by striking her little counter with her stock of money in as if she knocked its brains out, and then gathering the heavy handkerchief under her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and if she now and then glanced at the flower, it was with her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed. Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and if she now and then glanced at the flower, it was with her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

Next noontide saw the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and if she now and then glanced at the flower, it was with her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

The day was hot, and heaps of flies, who were extending their inquisitive and adhesive peregrinations into all the gluttonous little glasses near madame, fell dead at the bottom. Their decease made no impression on her usual preoccupied air. She tied a knot with flashing eyes, as if it thrilled her a foe.

“I tell thee,” said madame, extending her right hand, for emphasis, “that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell thee it never retreats, and never stops. I tell thee it is always advancing. Look around and consider the lives of all the world that we know, consider the faces of all the world that we know, consider the rage and discontent to which the Jacquerie addresses itself with more and more of certainty every hour. Can such things last? Bah! I mock you.”

“—My dear,” returned Defarge, standing before her with his head a little bent, and his hands clasped at his back, like a docile and attentive pupil before his catechist. “I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time, and it is possible—you know well, my wife, it is possible—that it may not come, during our lives.”

“Eh well! How then?” demanded madame, tying another knot, as if there were another enemy strangled.

“Well!” said Defarge, with a half complaining and half apologetic shrug. “We shall see the triumph.

“We shall have helped it,” returned madame, with her extended hand in strong action. “We shall see the triumph. But even if not, even if I knew certainly not, show me the neck of an aristocrat and tyrant, and I will still I would—”

There madame, with her teeth set, tied a very terrible knot indeed.

“Hold!” cried Defarge, reddening a little as if he fell charged with cowardice: “I too, my dear, will stop at nothing.”

“Yes! But it is your weakness, that you sometimes need to see your victim and your op-portunity, to sustain you. Sustain yourself without that. When the time comes, let him be a tiger and a devil; but wait for the time when the tiger and the devil chained—not show- yet always ready.”

Madame enforced the conclusion of this piece of advice by striking her little counter with her chain of money as if she knocked its brains out, and then gathering the heavy handkerchief under her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge head which she felt to be a new one. She laid down her knitting, and began to pin her roses in her head-dress, before she looked at the figure.
It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose, the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop.  

"Good day, madame," said the new comer.  

"Good day," answered Defarge, dryly.  

"I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is—and no wonder!—much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine, touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard."  

"No one has told me so," said Defarge, shaking his head; "I know nothing of it."  

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter, and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair, looking over that barrier at the persons who mentioned others. I think for others? No, no."  

The spy, who was there to pick up any crumbs he could find or make, did not allow his baffled state to express itself in his sinister face; but, stood with an air of gossiping gallantry, leaning his elbow on Madame Defarge's little counter, and occasionally sipping his cognac.  

"A bad business this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! the poor Gaspard!" With a sigh of great compassion.  

"My faith!" returned madame, coolly and lightly, "if people use knives for such purposes, they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price of his luxury was; he has paid the price."  

"I believe," said the spy, dropping his soft voice to a tone that invited confidence, and expressing an injured revolutionary susceptibility in every muscle of his wicked face: "I believe there is much compassion and anger in this neighbourhood, touching the poor fellow? Between ourselves."  

"Is there?" asked madame, vacantly.  

"Is there not?"  

"—Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge.  

As the keeper of the wine-shop entered at the door, the spy saluted him by touching his hat, and saying, with an engaging smile, "Good day, Jacques!" Defarge stopped short, and stared at him.  

"Good day, Jacques!" the spy repeated; with not quite so much confidence, or quite so easy a smile under the stare.  

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine-shop. "You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge."  

"It is all the same," said the spy, airily, but disinclined too; "good day!"  

"Good day!" answered Defarge, dryly.  

"As you say," madame retorted, correcting him, and daintily knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.  

"Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course."  

"I think?" returned madame, in a high voice.  

I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine-shop open, without thinking. All we think, here, is, how to live. That is the subject we think of, and it gives us, from morning to night, enough to think about, without embarrass-
change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of cognac, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of cognac. Madame Defarge poured it out for him, took to her knitting again, and hummed a little song over it.

"You seem to know this quarter well; that is to say, better than I do?" observed Defarge.

"Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so profoundly interested in its miserable inhabitants."

"Erra!" muttered Defarge.

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

"Indeed?" said Defarge, with much indifference.

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

"Such is the fact, certainly," said Defarge. He had had it conveyed to him, in an accidental touch of his wife's elbow as she knitted and warbled, that he was working down as his wife do best to answer, but always with brevity.

"It was to you," said the spy, "that his daughter came; and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by a neat brown monsieur; how is he called?—in a little wig—Lorry—of the bank of Tellson and Company—over to England."

"Such is the fact," repeated Defarge.

"Very interesting remembrances! said the spy. "I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England."

"Yes?" said Defarge.

"You don't hear much about them now," said the spy. "No," said Defarge.

"In effect," madame struck in, looking up from her work and her little song, "we never hear about them. We received the news of their safe arrival, and perhaps another letter or two; but since then, they have gradually taken their road in life—we, ours—and we have held no correspondence."

"Perfectly so, madame," replied the spy. "She is going to be married."

"Going?" echoed madame. "She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me."

"Oh! You know I am English?"

"I perceive your tongue is," returned madame; "and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is."

He did not take the identification as a compliment; but, he made the best of it, and turned it off with a laugh. After sipping his cognac to the end, he added:

"Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman; to one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard (ah, poor Gaspard! It was cruel, cruel!), it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet; in other words, the present Marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no Marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family."

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had a palpable effect upon her husband. Do what he would, behind the little counter, as to the striking of a light and the lighting of his pipe, he was troubled, and his hand was not trustworthy. The spy would have been no spy if he had failed to see it, or to record it in his mind.

Having made, at least, this one hit, whatever it might prove to be worth, and no customers coming in to help him to any other, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had drunk, and took his leaves, taking occasion to say, in a genteel manner, before he departed, that he looked forward to the pleasure of seeing Monsieur and Madame Defarge again. After he had emerged into the outer presence of Saint Antoine, the husband and wife remained exactly as he had left them, lest he should come back.

"Can it be true," said Defarge, in a low voice, looking down at his wife as she continued to smoke with his hand on the back of her chair, "what he has said of Ma'amelle Manette?"

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

"If it is..." Defarge began; and stopped.

"If it is?" repeated his wife.

"—And if it does come, while we live to see it triumph—I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France."

"Her husband's destiny," said Madame Defarge, with her usual composure, "will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him. That is all I know."

"But it is very strange—now, at least is it not very strange?—" said Defarge, rather pleading his wife with his hand to induce her to admit it, "that, after all our sympathy for Monsieur her father and herself, her husband's name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment, by the side of that infernal dog's who has just left us?"

"Stranger things than that, will happen when it does come," answered madame. "I have them both here, of a certainty; and they are both here for their merits; that is enough."

She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words, and presently took the rose out of the handkerchief that was wound about her head. Either Saint Antoine had an instinctive sense that the objectionable decoration was gone, or Saint Antoine was on the watch for its disappearance; howbeit, the Saint took courage to lounge in, very shortly afterwards, and the wine-shop recovered its habitual aspect.

In the evening, at which season of all others, Saint Antoine turned himself inside out, and sat on doorsteps and window-ledges, and came to the corners of vile streets and courts, for a breath of air, Madame Defarge with her work in her hand was accustomed to pass from place to place and from group to group: a Missionary
—there were many like her—such as the world will do well never to breed again. All the women knitted. They knitted worthless things; but, the mechanical work was a mechanical substitute for eating and drinking; the hands moved for the jaws and the digestive apparatus; if the bony fingers had been still, the stomachs would have been more famine-pinched.

But, as the fingers went, the eyes went, and the thoughts. And as Madame Defarge moved on from group to group, all three went quicker and fiercer among every little knot of women that she had spoken with, and left behind.

Her husband smoked at his door, looking after her with admiration. "A great woman," said he, "a strong woman, a grand woman, a frightfully grand woman!"

Darkness closed around, and then came the ringing of church bells and the distant beating of the drums of the Royal Guard, as the women sat knitting, knitting, that they their very selves were wretched voice, that night all potent as the voice of Power and Plenty, Freedom and Life. So the thoughts. And as Madame Defarge moved on from group to group, all three went quicker and fiercer among every little knot of women that she had spoken with, and left behind.

Many kinds of wood are liable to the attacks of fungi, "which renders," says the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, "one or two species, known under the common name of dry-rot, such a dreadful plague in ships and buildings." This disease, once established, spreads with wonderful rapidity; and Professor Burnett records the following instance of the speed with which a building may be destroyed by this insidious enemy. "I knew," he says, "a house into which the rot gained admittance, and which, during the four years we rented it, had the parlours twice wainscoted, and a new flight of stairs, the dry-rot having rendered it unsafe to go from the ground-floor to the bedrooms. Every precaution was taken to remove the decaying timbers when the new work was done; yet the dry-rot so rapidly gained strength, that the house was ultimately pulled down. Some of my books which suffered least, and which I still retain, bear mournful impressions of its ruthless hand; others were so much affected that the leaves resembled tinder, and, when the volumes were opened, fell out in dust or fragments."

A species of fungus called racodium is somewhat baccharian in its tastes, and to gratify them pays frequent visits to cellars and places like the London Docks, where it is said "he pays his unwelcome visits, and is in even worse odour than the exciseman." An instance is related of a gentleman who, having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine it contained might be decomposed by age; at the end of three years he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, on attempting to open the cellar door, it was found to be impossible, on account of some powerful obstacle. The door being cut down, the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungous production, so firm that it was necessary to use an axe for its removal. This production had grown from, or to have been nourished by, the decomposing particles of the wine, the cask being empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the fungus.
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BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XVII. ONE NIGHT.

NEVER did the sun go down with a brighter glory on the quiet corner in Soho, than one memorable evening when the Doctor and his daughter sat under the plane-tree together. Never did the moon rise with a milder radiance over great London, than on that night when it found them still seated under the tree, and shone upon their faces through its leaves.

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

"Quite sure, my darling! More than that," he added, as he tenderly kissed her: "my future is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage, than it could have been—nay, than it ever was—without it."

"If I could hope that, my father!—"

"Believe it, love! Indeed, it is so. Consider how natural and how plain it is, my dear, that it should be so. You, devoted and young, cannot freely appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted—"

She moved her hand towards his lips, but he took it in his, and repeated the word. "—wasted, my child—should not be wasted, struck aside from the natural order of things, for my sake. Your unselfishness cannot entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this; but, only ask yourself, how could my happiness be perfect, while yours was incomplete?"

"If I had never seen Charles, my father, I should have been quite happy with you."

He smiled at her unconscious admission that she would have been unhappy without Charles, having seen him, and replied:

"My child, you did see him, and it is Charles. If it had not been Charles, it would have been another. Or, if it had been no other, I should have been the cause, and then the dark part of my life would have cast its shadow beyond myself, and would have fallen on you."

It was the first time, except at the trial, of her ever hearing him refer to the period of his suffering. It gave her a strange and new sensa-
tion while his words were in her ears; and she remembered it long afterwards.

"See!" said the Doctor of Beauvais, raising his hand towards the moon. "I have looked at her, from my prison-window, when I could not bear her light. I have looked at her, when it has been such torture to me to think of her shining upon what I had lost, that I have beaten my head against my prison-walls. I have looked at her, in a state so dulled and lethargic, that I have thought of nothing but the number of horizontal lines I could draw across her at the full, and the number of perpendicular lines with which I could intersect them."

He added in his inward and pondering manner, as he looked at the moon. "It was twenty either way, I remember, and the twentieth was difficult to squeeze in."

The strange thrill with which she heard him
go back to that time, deepened as he dwelt upon it; but, there was nothing to shock her in the manner of his reference. He only seemed to contrast his present cheerfulness, and his calmness with the dire endurance that was over.

"I have looked at her, speculating thousands of times upon the unborn child from whom I had been rent. Whether it was alive. Whether it had been born alive; or the poor mother's shock had killed it. Whether it was a boy or a girl; who would some day avenge his father. (There was a time in my imprisonment, when my desire for vengeance was unbearable.) Whether it was a son who would never know his father's story; who might even live to weigh the possibility of his father's having disappeared of his own will and act. Whether it was a daughter, who would grow to be a woman."

She drew closer to him, and kissed his cheek and his hand.

"I have pictured my daughter, to myself, as perfectly forgetful of me—rather, altogether ignorant of me, and unconscious of me. I have cast up the years of her age, year after year. I have seen her married to a man who knew nothing of my fate. I have altogether perished from the remembrance of the living, and in the next generation my place was a blank."

"My father! Even to hear that you had such thoughts of a daughter who never existed, strikes to my heart as if I had been that child."

"You, Lucie? It is out of the consolation and restoration you have brought to me, that these remembrances arise, and pass between us and the moon on this last night. What did I say, just now?"

"She knew nothing of you. She cared for nothing."

"So! But on other moonlight nights, when the sadness and the silence have touched me in a different way—have affected me with something as like a sorrowful sense of peace, as any emotion that had pain for its foundations could—

I have imagined her as coming to me in my cell, and leading me out into the freedom beyond the fortress. I have seen her image in the moonlight, often, as I now see you; except that I never held her in my arms; it stood between the little grated window and the door. But, you understand that that was not the child I am speaking of?"

"The figure was not; the—the image; the fancy."

"No. That was another thing. It stood before my disturbed sense of sight, but it never moved. The phantom that my mind pursued, was another and more real child. Of her outward appearance I know no more than that she was like her mother. The other had that likeness too—as you have—but was not the same. Can you follow me, Lucie?"

"Hardly, I think, sir. But I doubt you must have been a solitary prisoner to understand these perplexed distinctions."

His collected and calm manner could not prevent her blood from running cold, as he thus tried to anatomise his old condition.

"In that more peaceful state, I have imagined her, in the moonlight, coming to me and taking me to show me that the home of her married life was full of her loving remembrance of her lost father. My picture of that domestic happiness that was, was in her prayers. Her life was active and useful; but any poor history pervaded it all."

"I was that child, my father. I was not half so good, but in my love that was all."

"And she showed me her children," said the Doctor of Beauvais, "and they had heard of me, and had been taught to pity me. Was it not strange, then, to be told that they had passed a prison of the State, that they were far from its frowning walls, and looked at it with no fear, and spoke in whispers. She could never deliver me; I imagined that she always brought me back after showing me such things: the moon, blessed with the relief of tears, I let you my knees, and blessed her."

"I am that child, I hope, my father. My dear, my dear, will you bless me as fervently to-morrow?"

"Lucie, I recall these old troubles in the reason that I have to-night for loving you better than words can tell, and thanking God for my great happiness. My thoughts, when we were wildest, never rose near the happiness that I have known with you, and that we have given each other."

He embraced her, solemnly commending her to Heaven, and humbly thanked Heaven for having bestowed her on him. By-and-by, they went into the house.

There was no one bidden to the marriage in Mr. Lorry; there was even to be no bridesmaid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it, by taking to themselves the upper rooms formerly belonging to the apocryphal invisible lodger, and by desired nothing more.

Doctor Manette was very cheerful at the supper: They were only three at table, and Miss Pross made the third. He regretted the absence of Mr. Charles Darnay. There was nothing more than had posed to object to the loving little plot that Miss Pross proposed to Mr. Lorry; there was even to be no bridesmaid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it, by taking to themselves the upper rooms formerly belonging to the apocryphal invisible lodger, and by desired nothing more.

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and put up a prayer that she might ever be as true to him as her love desired to be, and as his sorrows deserved. Then, she withdrew her hand, and kissed his lips once more, and went away. So, the sunrise came, and the shadows of the leaves of the plane-trees moved upon his face, as softly as her lips had moved in praying for him.

CHAPTER XVIII. NINE DAYS.

The marriage day was shining brightly, and they were ready outside the closed door of the Doctor's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church; the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross—to whom the event, through a gradual process of reconciliation to the inevitable, would have been one of absolute bliss, but for Solomon should have been the bridegroom. Miss Pross, to whom the event, through a gradual process of reconciliation to the inevitable, would have been one of absolute bliss, but for Solomon should have been the bridegroom.

"And so," said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride, and who had been moving round her to take in every point of her quiet, pretty dress; "and so it was for this, my sweet Lucie, that I brought you across the Channel, with love, with a kiss, with a tear, with a prayer, with a song, and with a hope! How little I thought what I was doing. How lightly I valued the obligation I was conferring on my friend Mr. Charles!"

"You didn't mean it," remarked the matter of fact Miss Pross, "and therefore how could you know it? Nonsense!"

"Really? Well; but don't cry," said the gentle Mr. Lorry.

"I am not crying;" said Miss Pross; "you are.

"I, my Pross?" (By this time, Mr. Lorry dared to be pleasant with her, on occasion.)

"You were just now; I saw you do it, and I don't wonder at it. Such a present of plate as don't wonder at it. Such a present of plate as couldn't see it."

"That I didn't cry over, last night after the box opened some shadowy indication that the old air of avoidance and dread had lately passed over him, like a cold wind.

To give his arm to his daughter, and took her down stairs to the chariot which Mr. Lorry had hired in honour of the day. The rest followed in another carriage, and soon, in a neighbouring church where no strange eyes looked on, Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette were happily married.

Besides the glancing tears that shone among the smiles of the little group when it was done, some diamonds, very bright and sparkling, glanced on the bride's hand, which were mingled with them again in the morning sunshine; and I, as two formal folks of business, are anxious to the shrewd glance of Mr. Lorry it disclosed some shadowy indication that the old air of avoidance and dread had lately passed over him, like a cold wind.

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"I, my Pross?" (By this time, Mr. Lorry dared to be pleasant with her, on occasion.)

"You were just now; I saw you do it, and I don't wonder at it. Such a present of plate as couldn't see it."

"That I didn't cry over, last night after the box came, till I couldn't see it."

"I am highly gratified," said Mr. Lorry, "though, upon my honour, I had no intention of rendering those trivial articles of remembrance, invisible to any one. Dear me! This is an occasion that makes a man speculate on all that to the shrewd glance of Mr. Lorry it disclosed some shadowy indication that the old air of avoidance and dread had lately passed over him, like a cold wind.

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The corner being out of the way of the idle and curious, and the preparations having been very simple and few, the Doctor, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross, were left quite alone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall, that Mr. Lorry observed a great change in the face of the bride.
to have come over the Doctor; as if the golden arm uplifted there, had struck him a poisoned blow.

He had naturally repressed much, and some revulsion might have been expected in him when the occasion for repression was gone. But, it was the old scared lost look that troubled Mr. Lorry; and through his absent manner of clapping his head and dreamily wandering away into his own room when they got up-stairs, Mr. Lorry was reminded of Defarge the wine-shop keeper, and an anxious consideration, "I think we had best not speak to him just now, or at all disturb him."

The occasion for repression was gone. But, it was, that Mr. Lorry could discover, was, that he somehow guiltily looked up without being asked. In that, there seemed a faint expression of curiosity or perplexity—as though he was trying to reconcile some doubts in his mind.

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

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

In the hope of his recovery, and of rest to this third course being thereby rendered practicable, Mr. Lorry resolved to watch him actively, with as little appearance as possible of doing so. He therefore made arrangements to absent himself from Tellson's for the first time in his life, and took his post by the window in the same room.

He was not long in discovering that it was worse than useless to speak to him, since, on being pressed, she became worried. He at once thought the attempt on the first day, and ceased merely to keep himself always before him, as a silent protest against the delusion into which he had fallen, or was falling. He remained, therefore, in his seat near the window, reading and writing, and expressing in as many pleasant and natural ways as he could think of, that it was a free place.

Doctor Manette took what was given him to eat and drink, and worked on, that first day, until it was too dark to see—worked on, half an hour after Mr. Lorry could not have seen, for his life, to read or write. When he put his nose aside as useless, until morning, Mr. Lorry rose, and said to him:

"Will you go out?"

He looked down at the floor on either side of him in the old manner, looked up in the old manner, and repeated in the old low voice:

"Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

He made no effort to say why not, and said not a word more. But, Mr. Lorry thought he saw, as he leaned forward on his bench in the dusk, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, that he was in some misty way seeking himself, "Why not?" The sagacity of
the man of business perceived an advantage here, and determined to hold it.

Miss Pross had divided the night into two watches, and observed him at intervals from the adjoining room. He paced up and down for a long time before he lay down; but, when he did finally lay himself down, he fell asleep. In the morning, he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

On this second day, Mr. Lorry saluted him cheerfully by his name, and spoke to him on topics that had been of late familiar to them. He returned no reply, but it was evident that he heard what was said, and that he thought about it, however confusedly. This encouraged Mr. Lorry to have Miss Pross in with her work, several times during the day; at those times, they quietly spoke of Lucie, and of her father then present, precisely in the usual manner, and as if there were nothing amiss. This was done without any demonstrative accompaniment, not long enough, or often enough, to harass him; and it lightened Mr. Lorry's friendly heart to believe that he looked up oftener, and that he appeared to be stirred by some perception of inconsistencies surrounding him.

When it fell dark again, Mr. Lorry asked him as before:

"Dear Doctor, will you go out?"

As before, he repeated, "Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

This time, Mr. Lorry feigned to go out when he could extract no answer from him, and, after remaining absent for an hour, returned. In the mean while, the Doctor had removed to the seat in the window, and had sat there looking down at the plane-tree; but, on Mr. Lorry's return, he slipped away to his bench.

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

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

OUR EYE-WITNESS AT WOOLWICH.

Our Eye-witness has spent the greater part of two days in a careful examination of the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich.

Before proceeding to enter into any description of what he saw on the occasion of this visit, the writer wishes to record here his sense of the obligation he is under to Colonel Tulloh, and the other officers and gentlemen engaged in the superintendence of the different departments, for their readiness to facilitate his examination of the place, and to afford him every assistance which lay in their power towards forming a correct idea of the resources of this splendid arsenal.

The great war establishment which covers upwards of two hundred and sixty acres of ground, is divided into three departments, which are arranged in the following order:

The Royal Gun Factories, under Colonel Eardley Wilmot;

The Royal Carriage Department, under Colonel Tulloh; and

The Royal Laboratory Department, under Captain Baxter.

In the Royal Gun Factories a large portion of the brass and iron guns used in our army and navy are cast, bored, and finished.

In the Royal Carriage Department are made the carriages on which these guns are mounted, and by means of which they, and the ammunition they require, are conveyed from place to place.

While the Royal Laboratory Department is for the construction of the heavy shot for cannon, of shells, bullets, cartridges, percussion-caps, and many other implements of death and mutilation.

The order in which the Eye-witness visited the different wonders of this great workshop of destruction is that in which he now proposes to treat of them, and as the introduction with which he entered the Arsenal gates was to Colonel Tulloh, it was naturally the department under the especial care of that officer which the Eye-witness examined before any other.

It happened that the day on which the Eye-witness first visited Woolwich was Friday, and that on that day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the men employed on the works are paid their weekly wages. The amount earned by each workman during the week is calculated beforehand, and placed ready for him in a numbered compartment of a tray, before which each time passes in a regular succession. As the workman reaches the paying-place he hands in his ticket, on which his number is inscribed. Instantly the money in the compartment bearing the corresponding number is handed to him, and he passes on, the ticket which he has just given up being considered as a receipt. This is the only way in which the thing could be done. The number of men employed in the Arsenal reaches to something like twelve thousand, and as they work by the piece as well as by time, there are hardly two in the place who receive the same sum.

It would be, therefore, impossible to calculate how much is due to each at the time of payment. The affair is settled, according to the arrangement just described, in a few minutes.

Through acres of timber, ranged in stacks, your Eye-witness was conveyed to the great saw-mills of the Carriage Department, where the logs from which the gun-carriages are made are handed over to a mass of machinery, by which they are hewn into shape with an almost inconceivable rapidity and precision. The timber is moved along on iron tramways, which intersect...
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.
In Three Books.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XIX. AN OPINION.

Worked out by anxious watching, Mr. Lorry fell asleep at his post. On the tenth morning of his suspense, he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had overtaken him when it was dark night. He rubbed his eyes and roused himself; but he doubted, when he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For, going to the door of the Doctor's room and looking in, he perceived that the shoemaker's bench and tools were put aside again, and that the Doctor himself sat reading at the window. He was in his usual morning dress, and his face (which Mr. Lorry could distinctly see), though still very pale, was calmly studious and attentive.

Even when he had satisfied himself that he was awake, Mr. Lorry felt giddily uncertain for some few moments whether the late shoemaking might not be a disturbed dream of his own; for, did not his eyes show him his friend before him in his accustomed clothing and aspect, employed as usual; and was there any sign within their range, that the change of which he had so strong an impression had actually happened? It was but the inquiry of his first confusion and astonishment, the answer being obvious. If the impression were not produced by a real corresponding and sufficient cause, how came he, Jarvis Lorry, there? How came he to have fallen asleep, in his clothes, on the sofa in Doctor Manette's consulting-room, and to be debating these points outside the Doctor's bedroom in the early morning?

Within a few minutes, Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. If he had had any particle of doubt left, her talk would of necessity have resolved it; but he was by that time clear-headed, and had none. He advised that they should let the time go by until the regular breakfast-hour, and should then meet the Doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred. If he appeared to be in his customary state of mind, Mr. Lorry would then cautiously proceed to seek direction and guidance from the opinion he had been, in his anxiety, so anxious to obtain.

Miss Pross, submitting herself to his judgment, the scheme was worked out with care. Having abundance of time for his usual methodical toilette, Mr. Lorry presented himself at the breakfast-hour in his usual white linen and with his usual next leg. The Doctor was summoned in the usual way, and came to breakfast.

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

Therefore, when the breakfast was done and cleared away, and he and the Doctor were left together, Mr. Lorry said, feelingly:

"My dear Manette, I am anxious to have your opinion, in confidence, on a very curious case in which I am deeply interested; that is to say, it is very curious to me; perhaps, to your better information it may be less so."

Glancing at his hands, which were discoloured by his late work, the Doctor looked troubled, and listened attentively. He had already glanced at his hands more than once.

"Doctor Manette," said Mr. Lorry, touching him affectionately on the arm, "the case is the case of a particularly dear friend of mine. Pray give your mind to it, and advise me well for his sake—and above all, for his daughter's—his daughter's, my dear Manette."

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

"Yes!"

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

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

"My dear Manette, it is the case of an old and a prolonged shock, of great acuteness and severity, to the affections, the feelings, the—the—as you express it—the mind. The mind. It is the case of a shock under which the sufferer was borne down, one cannot say for how long, because I believe he cannot calculate the time himself, and there are no other means of getting..."
at it. It is the case of a shock from which the suf-
ferer recovered, by a process that he cannot trace
himself— as I once heard him publicly relate in a
striking manner. It is the case of a shock from
which he has recovered, so completely, as to be a
highly intelligent man, capable of close applica-
tion of mind, and great exertion of body, and
of constantly making fresh additions to his stock
of knowledge, which was already very large. But,
unfortunately, there has been, he paused and took a
deep breath— "a slight relapse."

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

"Nine days and nights."

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

"That is the fact."

"Now, did you ever see him," asked the
Doctor, distinctly and colloquially, though in the
same low voice, "engaged in that pursuit origi-
nally?"

"Once."

"And when the relapse fell on him, was he in
most respects—or as he was then—"as I once
heard him publicly relate in a striking man-
ner, to many things. Now, does he do too
much?"

"You spoke of his daughter. Does his daughter
know of the relapse?"

"No. It has been kept from her, and I hope
will be kept from her. It is known only to
myself, and to one other who may be trusted."

The Doctor grasped his hand, and murmured,
"That was very kind. That was very thought-
ful!" Mr. Lorry grasped his hand in return, and
paused and took a deep breath— "a slight re-
apse."

"You have no idea how such an
apprehension weighs on the sufferer's mind, and
how difficult—how almost impossible—it is, for
him to force himself to utter a word upon the
topic that oppresses him."

"Would he," asked Mr. Lorry, "be so
scarcely relieved if he could prevail upon himself to
part that secret brooding to any one, when it is
on him?"

"I think so. But it is, as I have tolled you,
next to impossible. I even believe it,in some
cases—to be quite impossible."

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

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

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

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

"Now, as to the future," hinted Mr. Lorry,"asp
As to the future," said the Doctor, receiv-
ing firmness, "I should have great hope. As a
pleased Heaven in its mercy to restore him so
soon, I should have great hope. He yields
under the pressure of a complicated something,
long dreaded and long vaguely foreseen and ex-
tended against, and recovering after the dead
lost burst and passed, I should hope that the
worst was over."

"Very much." He said it with an involun-
tary shudder. "You have no idea how such an
apprehension weighs on the sufferer's mind, and
how difficult—how almost impossible—it is for
him to force himself to utter a word upon the
topic that oppresses him."

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

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pleased Heaven in its mercy to restore him so
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under the pressure of a complicated something,
long dreaded and long vaguely foreseen and ex-
tended against, and recovering after the dead
lost burst and passed, I should hope that the
worst was over."

"I am thankful!" repeated the Doctor, heal-
ing his head with reverence.

"There are two other points," said Mr. Lorry,
"on which I am anxious to be instructed. I
may go on?"

"You cannot do your friend a better service,"

The Doctor gave him his hand.

"To the first, then. He is of a studious
habit, and unusually energetic; he applies him-
self with great ardour to the acquisition of pro-
fessional knowledge, to the conducting of ex-
periments, to many things. Now, does he do too
much?"

"I think not. It may be the character of
his mind, to be always in singular need of occu-
pation. That may be, in part, natural to it;
in part, the result of affliction. The less it was
occupied with healthy things, the more it would
be in danger of turning in the unhealthy direction. He may have observed himself, and made the discovery.

"You are sure that he is not under too great a strain?"

"I think I am quite sure of it."

"My dear Manette, if he were overworked now——"

"My dear Lorry, I doubt if that could easily be. There has been a violent stress in one direction, and it needs a counterweight."

"Excuse me, as a persistent man of business. Assuming for a moment, that he were overworked; it would show itself in some renewal of this disorder?"

"I do not think so. I do not think," said Mr. Lorry, shaking his head, "that anything but the one train of association would renew it. I think that, henceforth, nothing but some extraordinary jarring of that chord could renew it. After what has happened, and after his sorrow, I find it difficult to imagine any such violent sounding of that string again. I trust, and I almost believe, that the circumstances likely to renew it are exhausted."

He spoke with the diffidence of a man who knew how slight a thing would overset the delicate organisation of the mind, and yet with the confidence of a man who had slowly won his assurance out of personal endurance and distress. It was not for his friend to abate that confidence. He professed himself more relieved and encouraged than he really was, and approached his second and last point. He felt it to be the most difficult of all; but, remembering his old Sunday morning conversation with Miss Pross, and remembering what he had seen in the last nine days, he knew that he must face it.

"The occupation resumed under the influence of illustration, that he had been used in his bad days; he knew how slight a thing would overset the delicate organisation of the mind, and yet with the confidence of a man who had slowly won his assurance out of personal endurance and distress. It was not for his friend to abate that confidence. He professed himself more relieved and encouraged than he really was, and approached his second and last point. He felt it to be the most difficult of all; but, remembering his old Sunday morning conversation with Miss Pross, and remembering what he had seen in the last nine days, he knew that he must face it.

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felt, and almost looked, like accomplices in a horrible crime.

CHAPTER XX. A PLEA.

WHEN the newly-married pair came home, the first person who appeared, to offer his congratulations, was Sydney Carton. They had not been at home many hours, when he presented himself. He was not improved in habits, or in looks, or in manner; but, there was a certain rugged air of fidelity about him, which was new to the observation of Charles Darnay.

He watched his opportunity of taking Darnay aside into a window, and of speaking to him when no one overheard.

"Mr. Darnay," said Carton, "I wish we might be friends."

"We are already friends, I hope."

"You are good enough to say so, as a fashion of speech; but, I don't mean any fashion of speech. Indeed, when I say I wish we might be friends, I scarcely mean quite that, either."

Charles Darnay—as was natural—asked him, in all good-humour and good-fellowship, what he did mean?

"Upon my life," said Carton, smiling, "I find that easier to comprehend in my own mind, than to convey to yours. However, let me try. You remember a certain famous occasion when I was more drunk than—than usual?"

"I remember a certain famous occasion when you forced me to confess that you had been drinking."

"I remember it too. The curse of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I always remember them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me!—Don't be alarmed; I am not going to preach."

"I am not at all alarmed. Earnestness in you, is nothing but alarming to me."

"Ah!" said Carton, with a careless wave of his hand, as if he waved that away. "On the drunken occasion in question (one of a large number, as you know), I was insupportable about liking you, and not liking you. I wish you would forget it."

"I remember it too. The course of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I always remember them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me!—Don't be alarmed; I am not going to preach."

"I am not at all alarmed. Earnestness in you, is nothing but alarming to me."

"Ah!" said Carton, with a careless wave of his hand, as if he waved that away. "On the drunken occasion in question (one of a large number, as you know), I was insupportable about liking you, and not liking you. I wish you would forget it."

"I forgot it long ago."

"Fashion of speech again! But, Mr. Darnay, obliquity is not so easy to me, as you represent it to be to you. I have by no means forgotten it, and a light answer does not help me to forget it."

"If it was a light answer," returned Darnay, "I beg your forgiveness for it. I had no other object than to turn a slight thing, which, to my surprise, seems to trouble you too much, aside. I declare to you, on the faith of a gentleman, that I have long disdained it from my mind. Good Heaven, what was there to dissemble? Have I had nothing more important to remember, in the great service you rendered me that day?"

"As to the great service," said Carton, "I am bound to avow to you, when you speak of it in that way, that it was mere professional clap-trap. I don't know that I cared what became of you, when I rendered it. Mind! I say when I rendered it; I am speaking of the past."

"You make light of the obligation," returned Darnay, "but I will not quarrel with your light answer."

"Genuine truth, Mr. Darnay, trust me! I have gone aside from my purpose; I was speaking about our being friends. Now, you know me; you know I am incapable of all the higher and better flights of men. If you doubt it, ask Stryver, and he'll tell you so."

"I prefer to form my own opinion, without the aid of his."

"Well! At any rate you know me as a dissolute dog, who has never done any good, and never will!"

"I don't know that you 'never will.'"

"But I do, and you must take my word for it."

"Well! If you could endure to have such a worthless fellow, and a fellow of such indescribable reputation, coming and going at odd times, I should ask that I might be permitted to come and go as a privileged person here; that I might be regarded as an useless (and I would add, if it were not for the resemblance (dissimilar) between you and me, an unmeaning) piece of furniture, tolerated for its old service and taken no notice of. I doubt if I should abuse the permission. It is a hundred to one if I should avail myself of it four times in a year. It would satisfy me, I dare say, to know that I had it."

"Will you try?"

"That is another way of saying that I am placed on the footing I have indicated. I thank you, Darnay. I may use that freedom with your name?"

"I think so, Carton, by this time."

They shook hands upon it, and Sydney turned away. Within a minute afterwards, he was, to all outward appearance, as unsubstantial as ever.

When he was gone, and in the course of an evening passed with Miss Pross, the Doctor, and Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay... of him, in short, not bitterly or meaning to bear hard upon him, but as anybody might who saw him as he showed himself."

He had no idea that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair young wife; but, when he afterwards joined her in their own rooms, he found her waiting for him with the old pretty lifting of the forehead strongly marked.

"We are thoughtful to-night!" said Darnay, drawing his arm about her.

"Yes, dearest Charles," with her hands on his breast, and the inquiring and attentive expression fixed upon him, "we are thoughtful to-night, for we have something on our mind to-night."

"What is it, my Lucie?"

"Will you promise not to press one question on me, if I beg you not to ask it?"

"Will I promise? What will I not promise to my Love?"
What, indeed, with his hand putting aside the golden hair from the cheek, and his other hand against the heart that beat for him!

"I think, Charles, poor Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you expressed for him to-night."

"Indeed, my own? Why so?"

"That is what you are not to ask me. But I think—I know—he does."

"If you know it, it is enough. What would you have me do, my Life?"

"I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always, and very lenient on his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart he very, very, seldom reveals, and that there are deep wounds in it. My dear, I have seen it bleeding."

"It is a painful reflection to me," said Charles Darnay, quite astounded, "that I should have done him any wrong. I never thought this of him."

"My husband, it is so. I fear he is not to be reconciled; there is surely a hope that anything in his character or fortunes is repairable now. But, I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things."

She looked so beautiful, in the purity of her faith in this lost man, that her husband could have looked at her as she was, for hours.

"And, O my dearest Love!" she urged, clinging nearer to him, laying her head upon his breast, and raising her eyes to his, "remember it as long as I live."

"I will always remember it, dear Heart! I will remember it as long as I live."

He bent over the golden head, and put the roses in the cheek, and folded her in his arms. If one forlorn wanderer then pacing the dark streets, could have heard her innocent disclosure, the night.—and the words would not have parted from his lips for the first time—

"God bless her for her sweet compassion!"

**SHIPS AND CREWS.**

**[August 20, 1859.]**

It comprises all sorts of inquiries in one, and that one is really this: Can Great Britain be, at sea, in these days, what she was in old days? Make that all clear, and your work is done. She can, on one condition—that no energy nor expense be spared in carrying out the object. No one can reasonably doubt this, whatsoever views he may bring to the consideration of the question, and with whatsoever preconceived opinions he may have entertained all about the Position and Policy from the excellent work of "A Naval Peer," from the book by Mr. Hans Busk, or from other recent authorities. How Britain came to be such a maritime power as she has been and is? It is not an affair of race only, nor of insular position only; but of these two fundamental things working upon each other, and both worked upon by our political history. Some will tell you that commerce created our navy; but what created our commerce? and how long would our commerce have lasted if we had not been able to protect it by force? Originally, of course, it must have been something in our blood that fitted us for the sea; but this would not have produced our greatness alone. The Saxons seem never to have kept a navy till the Danes forced it upon them. The Norman invasion was unopposed in the Channel, but it led to the Cinque Ports being established, and to a constant communication between England and Normandy very favourable to nautical progress. The Plantagenet wars with France had the same effect; and, in these days, we were as victorious at sea as in later times. Now it is worth notice that what we call seamanship has changed its character quite as much as other things, and that if steam is one change more, we ought to remember the consoling as well as the alarming side of the fact. Steam, they tell us, is an affair of science. Very true. But so was it an affair of science when the old rough hand-to-hand fighting, between huge galleys, was exchanged for the evolutions of squadrons under Blake and Nelson. It was a French Jesuit—L’Hoste—who was one of the earliest and best writers on naval tactics. But we, too, became masters in the tactics, and why not now in the new tactics?

It is steam war versus old war that makes the great feature of the new generation, and undoubtedly deserves the most careful inquiry. Still, let us remember that success in war depends at bottom on moral and physical superiority, and that the conditions under which this is exercised, though of great, are only of secondary importance. Certainly the rapidity of the change is a conspicuous feature in it. So late as fifteen or twenty years ago, there was not a screw liner known, and the steamers were all paddle steamers. Our ideal of a line-of-battle ship was one of Sir William Symonds’s vessels built for sailing, and beautiful to behold. Now, there are not much above a dozen effective sailing liners in the navy, and they are chiefly used as guard and receiving ships. The best are converted into screws; all new liners are built for screws; and, when a great battle comes, it will be fought with screws. This Spring, England and France had some thirty-five of them afloat each, and both are still building steadily.

"Steam"—this is the regular saying—"has bridged the Channel." The exact amount of truth here is, that it has made it easier to bridge. But there are the piers and piers to lay down, and our fleet must be disposed of before that is possible. All talk of invasion is based on the supposition that the Channel is cleared of our squadrons before the army is brought across. That secured, steam has shortened the
A WONDERFUL story of a love as yet unknown to her; doubts, of her own early grave; and thoughts of the husband whom little Lucie held out her chubby arms, as an unruly charger whip-corrected, snorting and pawing the earth under the plane-tree in the garden!

Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest, they were not harsh or cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said, with a radiant smile, "Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister; but I am called, and I must go!" those were not tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek, as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been entrusted to it. Suffer them and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. O Father, blessed words!

Thus, the rustling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them that breath of Heaven. Sighs of the winds that blew over a little garden-tomb were mingled with them also, and both were audible to Lucie, in a hushed murmur—like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore—as the little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the tongues of the Two Cities that were blended in her life.

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege of coming in uninvited, and would sit among them through the evening as he had once done often. He never came there, heated with wine. And one other thing regarding him was whispered in the echoes, which has been whispered by all true echoes for ages and ages.

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

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law, like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water, and dragged his useful friend in his wake, like a boat towed astern. As the boat so favoured is usually in a rough plight.
and mostly under water, so, Sydney had a swamped life of it. But, easy and strong custom, unhappily so much easier and stronger in him than any stimulating sense of desert or disgrace, made it the life he was to lead; and he no more thought of emerging from his state of lion's jacket, than any real jackal may be supposed to think of rising to be a lion. Stryver was rich; had married a florid widow with property and three boys, who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads.

These three young gentlemen, Mr. Stryver, exuding patronage of the most offensive quality from everywhere, had walked before him like three sheep to the quiet corner in Soho, and had offered as pupils to Lucie's husband: delicately saying, "Hallop here are three lumps of bread-and-cheese towards your matrimonial picnic, Darnay!" The polite rejection of the three shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads.

"No; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like, said the Doctor, entering the dark room at the moment. "I don't think I do like, if I may speak of you, if you like, said the Doctor. "A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay! Do you think it will do first, or which way to turn. There was an uneasiness in Paris, that we have seldom a run of confidence upon us! Our custom was there, seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is nothing among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay. "A bad look, you say, my dearest Darnay! But, we don't know what reason there is in it. People are so unreasonable! Some of us tell them they are getting old, and we really are troubled out of the ordinary course valued at occasion.

"Still," said Darnay, "you know how gay and threatening the sky is.""What has that to do with anything, my dear?" asked E. Lorry, trying to persuade himself that its temper was soured, and that he grudged, "I am determined to be peevish after my day's botheration. Where is Manezete?"

"Here he is," said the Doctor, entering the dark room at the moment. "I am quite glad you are at home; for the hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long, have made me a little without reason. You are not going out, hope?"

"No; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like," said the Doctor. "I don't think I do like, if I may speak of you, if you like, said the Doctor. "A bad look," said Darnay. "A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay! Do you think it will do first, or which way to turn. There was an uneasiness in Paris, that we have seldom a run of confidence upon us! Our custom was there, seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is nothing among some of them for sending it to England."

"A fancy, then, my wise pet," said Mr. Lorry, patting her hand. "They are very numerous and very loud, though, are they not? Only hear them!"

On a night in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, Mr. Lorry came late, from Tellson's, and sat himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot, wild night, and they were all then reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

"I began to think," said Mr. Lorry, putting his brown wig back, "that I should have to run the night at Tellson's. We have been all of business all day, that we have not known what to do first, or which way to turn. There was an uneasiness in Paris, that we have seldom a run of confidence upon us! Our custom was there, seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is nothing among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay. "A bad look, you say, my dearest Darnay! Do you think it will do first, or which way to turn. There was an uneasiness in Paris, that we have seldom a run of confidence upon us! Our custom was there, seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is nothing among some of them for sending it to England."

"A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay! But, there were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner all through this space of time. And it was now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they began to have an awful sound, as of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising.
the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the
time cast him up against a cannon, and on the in-
stant he became a cannonier—Defarge of the
wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, Two
fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone
walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire
and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work,
comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One,
Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques
Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thou-
sand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils
—which you prefer—work!" Thus Defarge of
the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had
long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried Madame his wife.
"What! We can kill as well as the men
when the place is taken!" And to her, with
a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously
armed, but all armed alike in hunger and re-
venge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still
the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the
massive stone walls, and the eight great towers.

Slight displacements of the raging sea, made
by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing
torches, smoking waggon-loads of wet straw,
hard work at neighbouring barricades in all
directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery
without stint, boom smash and rattle, and the
furious sounding of the living sea; but, still
the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and
the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers,
and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun,
grown doubly hot by the service of Four fierce
hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a
parley—this dimly perceptible through the
raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly
the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher,
and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the
lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone
outer walls, in among the eight great towers
surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing
him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his
head was as impracticable as if he had been strug-
gling in the surf of the South Sea, until he was
landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastille.
There, against an angle of a wall, he made a
struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was
nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still head-
ing some of her women, was visible in the inner
distance, and her knife was in her hand. Every-
where was tumult, exultation, deafening and
maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet
furious dumb-show:

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

Of all these cries, and ten thousand inco-
herencies. "The Prisoners!" was the cry most
taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there
were an eternity of people, as well as of time and
space. When the foremost billows rolled past,
nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with a grey head who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

"Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge.

"Quick!"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" asked Defarge.

"Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is in a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another, even then; so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, to the walls, a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went, with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the worm-eaten and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another, even then; so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, to the walls, a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

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to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the sea rushed on.

They were seven, as I had not seen half a dozen inhabitants; and, the few I had seen, appeared enfeebled to the last degree. Hunger was stamped upon their haggard countenances, children lay exhausted and dying at the doors of some of the miserable huts. Fie! what work appeared to be abandoned. Fields lay sterile, burnt up by the scorching heat; gardens, with a few exceptions, were withered and brown, as blasted by lightning; the nullahs were quite dry; the small rivers crept shuddering over their pebbly beds with scarcely sufficient water to keep themselves moving. The roads were strewn with dead cattle; and, not unfrequently, with human corpses, over whom scores of birds of prey were hovering, to whom one of the parched leaves in the jungle moved; not did there appear to be a single living creature for miles, save myself, as I rode slowly towards a little seaport town in Western India. The season had been a very trying one for the natives, nearly all their grain crops in that part of the continent having perished for want of the usual periodic supply of moisture.

As I drew near the sea-beach the eager crowds appeared to thicken, and looks of startled excitement in their faces told of some import. Hunger was stamped upon the countenances; but, unlike the inhabitants of other places, the people were flocking through the streets in sad and melancholy throngs, in one direction. Mothers were dragging their children after them, scarcely able to support their own tottering steps. Fathers were passing outwards with uncertain haste, carrying young squalid infants in their arms. As I drew near the sea-beach the eager throngs appeared to thicken, and looks of startled excitement in their faces told of some import.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXII. THE SEA STILL RIES.

Haggard Saint Antoine had had only one exultant week, in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread to such extent as he could, with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations, when Madame Defarge sat at her counter, as usual, presiding over the customers. Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head, for the great brotherhood of Spies had become, even in one short week, extremely chary of trusting themselves to the saint’s mercies. The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them.

Madame Defarge, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine-shop and the street. In both, there were several knots of loungers, squalid and miserable but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggiestest nightcap, awry on the wretchedest head, had this crooked significance in it: “I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support myself; but do you know how easy it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to destroy life in you? Every lean bare arm, that had been without work before, had this work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear. There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine; the image had been hammering into this for hundreds of years, and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

“Hark!” said The Vengeance. “Listen then! Who comes?”

As if a train of powder laid from the outermost bound of the Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine-shop door, had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

“It is Defarge,” said madame. “Silence, patriots!”

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked round him. “Listen, everywhere!” said madame again. “Listen to him!” Defarge stood, panting, against a background of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine-shop had sprung to their feet. “Say then, my husband. What is it?”

“News from the other world!”

“How, then?” cried madame, contemptuously. “The other world?”

“Does everybody here recall old Foulon, who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died, and went to Hell?”

“Everybody!” from all throats.

“The news is of him. He is among us!”

“Among us!” from the universal throat again. “And dead?”

“Not dead! He feared us so much—and with reason—that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock-funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hotel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! Had he reason?”

Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten, if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

“Patriots!” said Defarge, in a determined voice, “are we ready?”

Instantly Madame Defarge’s knife was in her hand; the drum was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic; and The Vengeance, uttering terrible shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down into the streets; but, the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such house-
hold occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick. Crouching on the bare ground famished, naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another, and themselves, to madness with the wildest cries and actions. Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! Then, a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming Foulon alive! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! O mother of God, this Foulon! O Heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father: I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands, and brothers, and young men, Give us the blood of Foulon, Give us the head of Foulon, Give us the heart of Foulon, Give us the body and soul of Foulon, Remi Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground, that grass may grow from him! With these cries, numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own breasts until they dropped in a passionate swoon, and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled under foot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a waste! This Foulon was at the Hôtel de Ville, and might be loosed. Never, if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast, and drew even these last dull ones with them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the street. Through the examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the Hall.

"See!" cried Madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Ha, ha! That was well done. Let him cut it now!" Madame put her knife under his arm, and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and these to others, the neighbouring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarity, during two or three hours of drudgery, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvellous quickness, at a distance: the more readily, because certain men who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building.

At length, the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray, as of hope or protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The face was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long, went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly, to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had not sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace. Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her back in one of the ropes with which he was tied—The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall, like hawks of prey from their high perches—when the cry swept to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Down, and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees, now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, mangled, yet with the last of the strength, yet with the last of the strength, yet half-waking, yet half-dying, yet yet-filled with a terrible longing, yet yet-screaming for mercy; now, full of violence agony of action, with a small clear space above him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood dragged through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fire-lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go—as a cat might have done to a mouse—silent and pensively composing herself while she made ready, and while he besought her: the women passimately were裡 at the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. One, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was merciful and held him, and his head was soon upon a pile, with grass caught in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.

Now was this the end of the day's bad work in Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up, that it boiled again, on hearing when the day closed in that the son-in-law of the despots, the Bourbon, was coming into Paris under a guard of five hundred strong, in cavalry alone. Saint Antoine wrote his crimes on flaring sheets of paper, seized him;—would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company—set his head and heart on pikes, and curried the three spoils of the day, in Wolf-procession through the streets.

Not before dark did the men and women come back to the children, wailing and breadless. Then, the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting to buy bad bread; and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty, they begged the
time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually, these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away; and then poor lights began to shine in high windows, and slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbours cooked in common, afterwards supping at their doors. Scanty and insufficient suppers those, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet, human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands, and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them. Fathers and mothers who had had their full share in the worst of the day, played gently with their meagre children; and lovers, with such a world around them and before them, loved and hoped.

It was almost morning, when Defarge's wine-shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monseigneur Defarge said to Madame: "All well, Jacques!"

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"Eh well!" returned Madame. "Almost." For, in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary, in the dust, not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it—in these times, as he raised his eyes from his lonely labour and viewed the prospect, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts, but was now a frequent presence. As it advanced, the mender of roads would discern without surprise, that it was a shaggy-haired man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads, grim, rough, swart, steeped in the mud and dust of many highways, dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds, sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many byways through woods. Such a man came upon him, like a ghost, at noon in the July weather, as he sat on his heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail. The man looked at him, looked at the village in the hollow, at the mill, and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects for his own information, he questioned them, as to how much he would do—beyond this, that it would probably not be what he was ordered.

Far and wide, lay a ruined country, yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shrivelled and poor as the miserable people. Everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them—all worn out.

Monseigneur (often a most worthy individual gentleman) was a national blessing, gave a chivalrous tone to things, was a polite example of luxurious and shining life, and a great deal more to equal purpose; nevertheless, Monseigneur as a class had, somehow or other, brought this thing to this. Strange that Creation, designed expressly for Monseigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something short-sighted in the eternal arrangements, surely!

Thus it was, however; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flints, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that itspurchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But, this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by, Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasures of the chase—now, found in hunting the people; now, found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of barbarous and barren wildernesses. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high-caste, chiselled, and otherwise beatified and beatifying features of Monseigneur.

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

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

"See!" returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. "You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain--"

"To the Devil with all that!" interrupted the other, rolling his eye over the landscape.

"I go through no streets and past no fountains. Well?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

"Good. When do you cease to work?"

"At sunset."

"Will you wake me, before departing?"

"Surely."

The wayfarer snaked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road-mender plied his dusty labour, and the hail-clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now, in place of his hairy and beard, the coarse woollen red cap, the bronze face, the shaggy black skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by the strain of serving these operations. They again joined hands.

"To-night?" said the mender of roads.

"About."

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, washing himself in among the lean kine brought thither to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper, it did not creep to bed, as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only, Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his homestead alone, and looked in that direction too; and the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin by-and-by.

The night deepened. The trees enring the old chateau, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they thinned the pile of building massive and dark in the gloom. Up the two terrace flights of steps, the rain ran wildly, and beat at the great door of the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin by-and-by.

"Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"Where?"

"Where?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of the hill above the village."

"At sunset."

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"To-night?" said the mender of roads.
was saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, gentlemen-officers! The tocsin rang impatiently, but other help (if that were any) there was none. The mender of roads, and two hundred and fifty particular friends, stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky. "It must be forty feet high," said they, gravely; and never moved.

The rider from the château, and the horse in a foam, clattered away through the village, and galloped up the stony steep, to the prison on the crag. At the gate, a group of officers were looking at the fire; removed from there, a group of soldiers. "Help, gentlemen-officers! The château is on fire; valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid! Help!" The officers looked towards the mender of roads, who looked at the fire; gave no orders; and answered, with shrugs and biting of lips, "It must burn!"

As the rider rattled down the hill again and thence, the village was illuminated by the altitude of the gallows that would turn to water and quench it, no functionary, by any stretch of mathematics, was able to calculate successfully. Probably, Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant château for fire and candle, and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing, for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his posting-house gate, which the village showed a lively inclination to displace in his favour. A trying suspense, to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean, ready to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved! But, the friendly dawn appearing at last, and the rush-candles of the village guttering out, the people happily dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down, bringing his life with him for that while.

Within a hundred miles, and in the light of other fires, there were other functionaries less fortunate, that night and other nights, whom the rising sun found hanging across once-peaceful streets, where they had been born and bred; also, there were other villagers and townsmen less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows, upon whom the functionaries and soldiery turned with success, and whom they strangup in their turn. But, the fierce figures were steadily wending East, West, North, and South, be that as it would; and whosoever hung, across the road before his posting-house gate, if his door were broken in (he was a small Southern man of retaliative temperament), to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet, and crush a man or two below.

Funguses are everywhere.* Spreading from one end of the land to the other, they assert their dominion from cellar to garret: some even preferring to leave this earth, have been found suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between it and the stars, on the highest pinnacle of Saint Paul's. Few persons imagine that the delicious mushroom, the poisonous toad-stool, or the puff-balls of our pastures, bear any relationship to the mouldiness and mildew which so

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* See Good and Bad Fungus, page 341.
for it would have been the mark for a hurried flight; so, Monseigneur, after boldly reading the latest news out in a line or so of the time of closing. The shining Bull's Eye of the Court was gone, and the House, was now the news-Exchange, and was filled to overflowing. It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing.

"But, although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, rather hesitating, "I must still suggest to you——"

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of travelling, a disorganised country, a city that may not even be safe for you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch some of the reasons for my going: not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me; nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow of hard upon four-score when there are so many people there much better worth interfering with. As to its being a disorganised city, if it were not a disorganised city there would be no occasion to..."
send somebody from our House here to our House there, who knows the city and the business, of old, and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain travelling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be?

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restless and, like one thinking aloud.

"Indeed! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "You wish you were going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counsellor."

"My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born, that the thought (which I did not mean to utter here, however) has passed through my mind often. One cannot help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people, and having abandoned some business-like to whisper it, even to you), by the strangest bearers you can imagine, every one of whom had his head hanging on by a snip hair as he passed the Barriers. At another time, our parcels would come and go as easily as in business-like Old England; but now, every thing is stopped."

"And do you really go tonight?"

"I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay."

"And do you take no one with you?"

"All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has my body-guard on Sunday nights for a yard or two of it, boastful of what he would do to avenge himself on the rascal-people before him, but to fly at anybody who touches his master."

"I must say again that I hear of your gallantry and youthful spirit."

"I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have executed this little commission, shall, perhaps, accept Tellson's promise and live in my ease. Time enough, I think about growing old."

This dialogue had taken place at the usual desk, with Monseigneur swarming within a yard or two of it, beside of which was the extravagant plot of the restoration of a state of things that had not been, like the troubles of the skies that had not been sown--as if nothing had ever been done, or omitted to be done that had led to it--as if observers of the wide millions in France, and of the monstrous resources that should have made it prosperous, had not seen it inevitably coming years before, and had not made plans worse what they saw. Such vapouring, such wild rambling about all his ears, like a shower of blood in his own head, added to a latent uneasiness in his mind, which had led to it--as if observers of the wide millions in France, and of the monstrous resources that should have made it prosperous, had not seen it inevitably coming years before, and had not made plans worse what they saw. Such vapouring, such wild rambling (which had his head hanging on by a single thread Bar, far on his way to state promotion and, therefore, lead on the thence, showed Monseigneur, his devices for blowing up and exterminating them, from the last of the line of Bench Bar, far on his way to state promotion and, therefore, lead on the thence, showing Monseigneur, his devices for blowing up and exterminating them, from the last of the line of
the hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the Bank, there was a general set of 
the current of talkers past Mr. Lorry's desk.

"After having long been in danger of my life at 
the hands of the village, I have been seized, with 
great violence, and indignity, and brought a long 
journey on foot to Paris. On the road I have 
suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my 
house has been destroyed—razed to the ground.

"The crime for which I am imprisoned, 
Mr. Stryver, is, they tell me, treason against the 
majesty of the people, in that I have acted 
against them for an emigrant. It is in vain 
I represent that I have acted for them, and not 
against, according to your commands. It is in 
vain I represent that, before the sequestration 
of emigrant property, I had remitted the im-
portant funds checked himself, and said: "You may 
not understand the gentleman." 

"Then I tell you again, Mr. Darnay, I am 
sorry for it. I am sorry to hear you putting any 
such extraordinary questions. Here is a 
woman, who, infected by the most pestilent 
and infamous code of devilry that ever was 
known, abandoned her property to the vilest scum 
of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale;

"Will you undertake to explain that we 
suppose it to have been addressed here, on the 
chance of our knowing where to forward it, and 
that it has been here some time?"

"Will you do so. Do you start for Paris from 
here?"

"I will do so. Do you start for Paris from 
here?"

"From here, at eight."

"I will come back, to see you off."

"Very ill at ease with himself, and with Stryver 
and most other men, Darnay made the best of 
his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the 
letter, and read it. These were its contents:


"Monsieur heretofore the Marquis.

"But I do ask why."

"Then I tell you again, Mr. Darnay, I am 
sorry for it. I am sorry to hear you putting any 
such extraordinary questions. Here is a 
fellow, who, infected by the most pestilent 
and infamous code of devilry that ever was 
known, abandoned his property to the vilest scum 
of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale;

and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who 
instructs youth knows him? Well, but I'll an-
swer you. I am sorry, because I believe there 
is contamination in such a scoundrel. That's 
way."

"Mindful of the secret, Darnay with great dif-
ficulty checked himself, and said: "You may 
not understand the gentleman."

"Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, and for 
which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, 
and shall lose my life (without your so gen-
erous help), is, they tell me, treason against the 
majesty of the people, in that I have acted 
against them for an emigrant. It is in vain 
I represent that I have acted for them, and not 
against, according to your commands. It is in 
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of emigrant property, I had remitted the im-
portant funds checked himself, and said: "You may 
not understand the gentleman."

"If this fellow is a gentleman, I don't under-
stand him. You may tell him so, with my com-
pliments. You may also tell him, from me, that 
after abandoning his worldly goods and position 
to this butcherly mob, I wonder he is not at the 
head of them. But, no, gentlemen," said Stryver, 
looking all round, and snapping his fingers, "I 
know something of human nature, and I tell 
you that you'll never find a fellow like this fel-
low, trusting himself to the mercy of such 
precious people. No, gentlemen; he'll always 
show 'em a clean pair of heels very early in the 
sniffle, and sneak away.

"With these words, a final snap of his 
fingers, Mr. Stryver shouldered himself into 
Fleet-street, amidst the general approbation of 
his hearers. Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay 
were left alone at the desk, in the general de-
parture from the Bank.

"If this fellow is a gentleman, I don't under-
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show 'em a clean pair of heels very early in the 
sniffle, and sneak away.
have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?  

"Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant! I cry in my sleep where is he! I demand of Heaven, will he not come to deliver me! No answer. Ah Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great bank of Tilson known at Paris! 

"For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honour of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to succour and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. O Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be you true that I have been true to you. O Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my sleep where is he! I demand of Heaven, will it come to my ears through the great bank of the sea, hoping it may possibly reach your ears through the great bank of Tilson known at Paris!"

"Your afflicted,  

"GABELLE."

The latent uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him so reproachfully in the face, that, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the passers-by. He knew very well, that in his horror of the deed which had culminated the bad deeds and bad reputation of the old family house, in his resentful suspicions of his uncle, and in the aversion with which his conscience regarded the crumbling fabric that he was supposed to uphold, he had acted imperfectly. He knew very well, that in his love for Lucie, his renunciation of his own private place there, and earned his own happiness of his own chosen English home, to himself and his family, his only aims were being worked out in his own heart, happy land by happy land, and that the fact could not fail to know that he was there for they, was not there, trying to do something to stay bloodshed, and assert the claims of mercy and humanity. With this uneasiness his mind and half reproaching him, he had been brought to the point of comparison (injurious to himself), had followed on one another so fast, that the events of this week annihilated the immature plans of last week, and the events of the week following made all new again; he knew very well, that to the force of these circumstances he had yielded—not without dispute, but still without continuous and accumulating resistance. That he had watched the times for a time of action, and that they had shifted and struggled until the time had gone by, and the nobility were trooping from France by every highway and by-way, and their property was in course of confiscation and destruction, and their very names were blotted out, was as well known to himself as it could be to any new authority in France that might imprison him for it. But, he had oppressed no man, he had imprisoned no man; he was so far from having

[September 10, 1859.]

"Your afflicted,  

"GABELLE."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
not discuss with himself. But, that circumstance too, had had its influence in his course.

He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Tellson’s, and take leave of Mr. Lorry. As soon as he arrived in Paris he would present himself to this old friend, but he must say nothing of his intention now.

A carriage with post-horses was ready at the Bank door, and Jerry was booted and equipped.

“I have delivered that letter,” said Charles Darnay to Mr. Lorry. “I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take a verbal one?”

“That I will, and readily,” said Mr. Lorry, “if it is not dangerous.”

“Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye.”

“What is his name?” asked Mr. Lorry, with his open pocket-book in his hand.

“Gabelle.”

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

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

“Any time mentioned?”

“Any person mentioned?”

“No.”

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old bank, into the misty air of Fleet-street. “My love to Lucie, and to little Lucie,” said Mr. Lorry at parting, “and take precious care of them till I come back.” Charles Darnay shook his head doubtfully, as the carriage rolled away.

That night—it was the fourteenth of August—he sat up late, and wrote two fervent letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner; took horse for Dover; and began his journey. “For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honour of your noble name!” was the poor prisoner’s cry with which he strengthened his sinking heart, as he left all that was dear on earth behind him, and floated away for the Load-stone Rock.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

NORTH-ITALIAN CHARACTER.

Now that there appears to be a chance of testing by experiment the possibility of North-Italian independence, a looker-on will be curious to know what promise is afforded by the character and habits of the people themselves. For man can observe what is going on in the world, or can reflect on the chapters of history they have read, without coming to the conclusion that each distinct nation is specially suited to live under some one special form of government.

Of what are the North-Italians capable? England, and her numerous progeny, must and will have self-government. The French, on the contrary, never do so well as when their vessel of state is steered by a firm, a capable, and even a severe pilot. They are too explosive, too deficient in sang-froid and self-restraint, to bear, without danger, the excitements of parliamentary debate and of an unfettered press; they are too vain, too ambitious individually, too fond of distinction, and, at the same time, too richly gifted with personal talent, to work out fairly the theoretical equality implied by a republic. Under a Louis XIV., or a Bonaparte, they flourish and thrive. They bear blossoms and fruit. If the history of the modern Italians indicates anything, it would seem to show that an oligarchy is their most congenial political element. The republics of Genoa and Venice, with their Councils of Ten, were always jealous and exclusive aristocracies. The Popedom was, and is, an aristocracy of Prelates and Cardinals. The Pope himself may, by chance, be a man of ability; more frequently he has been a man of taste, and of good intentions. But what sort of head was required by the princes of the Church, as a general rule, is evident from the fact that it was possible for a candidate for the Papal throne to secure his election by assuming crutches, decrepitude, and the stoop of extreme old age, casting them off afterwards with the sarcastic remark that he had been half moved to do it, so strange it was to him to act in anything without her quiet aid, and the day passed quickly. Early in the evening he embraced her, and her scarcely less dear namesake, pretending that he would return by-and-by (an imaginary engagement took him out, and he had secreted a valise of clothes ready), and so he emerged into the heavy mist of the heavy streets, with a heavier heart.

The unseen force was drawing him fast to itself, now, and all the tides and winds were setting straight and strong towards it. He left his two letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner; took horse for Dover; and began his journey. “For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honour of your noble name!” was the poor prisoner’s cry with which he strengthened his sinking heart, as he left all that was dear on earth behind him, and floated away for the Loadstone Rock.
In Three Books.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER I. IN SECRET.

The traveller fared slowly on his way, who fared towards Paris from England in the autumn of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. More than enough of bad roads, bad equipages, and bad horses, he would have encountered to delay him, though the fallen and unfortunate King of France had been upon his throne in all his glory; but, the changed times were fraught with other obstacles than these. Every town gate and village taxing-house had its band of citizen-patriots, with their national muskets in a most explosive state of readiness, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or sent them on, or stopped them and laid them in hold, as their capricious judgment or fancy deemed best for the dawning Republic One and Indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

A very few French leagues of his journey were accomplished, when Charles Darnay began to perceive that for him along these country roads there was no hope of return until he should have been declared a good citizen at Paris. Whatever might befall now, he must on to his journey's end. Not a mean village closed upon him, not a common barrier dropped across the road behind him, but he knew it to be another iron door in the series that was barred between him and England. The universal watchfulness so encompassed him, that if he had been taken in a net, or were being forwarded to his destination in a cage, he could not have felt his freedom more completely gone.

This universal watchfulness not only stopped him on the highway twenty times in a stage, but retarded his progress twenty times in a day, by riding after him and taking him back, riding before him and stopping him by anticipation, riding with him and keeping him in charge. He had been days upon his journey in France alone, when he went to bed tired out, in a little town on the high road, still a long way from Paris.
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—which they did at eventide, when the streets twilights fell. The escort were so wretchedly or two after daybreak, and lying by until the bare legs, and thatched their ragged shoulders to keep the wet off. Apart from the personal discomfort of being so attended, and apart from such considerations of present danger as arose from one of the patriots being chronically drunk, and carrying his musket very recklessly, Charles Darnay did not allow the restraint that was laid upon him to awaken any serious fears in his breast; for, he reasoned with himself that it could have no reference to the merits of an individual case that was not yet stated, and of representations, confirmable by the prisoner in the Abbaye, that were not yet made.

But, when they came to the town of Beauvais—which they did at eventide, when the streets were filled with people—he could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very alarming. An ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount at the posting-yard, and many voices in it called out loudly, “Down with the emigrant!”

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle, and, resuming it as his safest place, said:

“You are a cursed emigrant!" cried a farrier, making at him in a furious manner through the press, hammer in hand; “and you are a cursed aristocrat!"

The postmaster interposed himself between this man and the rider’s bridle (at which he was ever so clumsily grasping), and soothingly said, “Let him be; let him be! He will be judged at Paris.”

“Judged!” repeated the farrier, swinging his hammer. “Ay! and condemned as a traitor.”

As he could make his voice heard: "Friends, you deceive yourselves, or you are deceived. I am not a traitor."

“He lies!” cried the smith. “He is a traitor since the decree. His life is forfeit to the people. His cursed life is not his own!”

At the instant when Darnay saw a rush in the eyes of the crowd, which another instant would have brought upon him, the postmaster turned his horse into the yard, the escort rode in close to his horse’s flanks, and the postmaster shut and barred the crazy double gates. The farrier struck a blow upon them with his hammer, and the crowd groaned; but, no more was done.

“What is this decree that the smith spoke of?” Darnay asked the postmaster, when he had thanked him, and stood beside him in the yard.

“Truly, a decree for selling the property of emigrants.”

“When passed?”

“On the fourteenth.”

“The day I left England!”

“Everybody says it is but one of several, and that there will be others—if there are not already—annihilating all emigrants, and endangering all to death who return. That is what I meant when he said your life was not your own.”

“But there are no such decrees yet?”

“What do I know!” said the postmaster, shrugging his shoulders; “there may be, or there will be. It is all the same. What would we have?”

They rested on some straw in a loft until the middle of the night, and then rode forward again when all the town was asleep. Among the many wild changes observable on familiar things which make this wild ride unreal, not the least was the seeming rarity of sleep. After long and lonely spurring over dreary roads, they would come to a cluster of poor cottages, not steeped in darkness, but all glittering with light, and would find the people, in a ghastly manner in the dead of the night, circling hand in hand round a shrivelled tree of liberty, or all drawn up together singing a Liberty song. Happily, however, there was sleep in Beauvais that night to help them out of it, and they passed on ever more into solitude and loneliness: jingling through the unimlined cold and wet, among unvarished fields that had yielded no fruits to the earth that year, diversified by the blackened ruins of burnt houses, and by the sudden emergence from ambush, and sharp rising up across their way, of patriot patrols on their watch on all the roads.

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

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

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Charles Darnay requested the speaker to this notice that he was a free traveller and French citizen, in charge of an escort which he desired the state of the country had imposed upon him, and which he had paid for.

“Where,” repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, “are the papers of this prisoner?”

The drunken patriot held them in his cap, and produced them. Casting his eyes over Gabelle’s letter, the same personage in authority showed some disorder and surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention. He left escort and escort without saying a word, however, and went into the guard-room; meanwhile, they sat upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was held by a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, the latter far outnumbering the former; and that while ingress into the city for peasants’ carts bringing in supplies, and for similar trade and trafficers, was easy enough, ingress, even for the homeliest people, was very difficult. A
prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two armed patriots attended them.

"It is you," said Defarge, in a low voice, as they went down the guard-house steps and turned into Paris, "who married the daughter of Doctor Manette; once a prisoner in the Bastille that is no more."

"Yes," replied Darnay, looking at him with surprise.

"My name is Defarge, and I keep a wine-shop in the Quarter Saint Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me."

"My wife came to your house to reclaim her father? Yes!"

The word "wife" seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Citizen Defarge, to say with sudden impatience, "In the name of that sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

"You heard me say why, a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth?"

"A bad truth for you," said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows, and looking straight before him.

"Indeed, I am lost here. All here is so unprecedented, so changed, so sudden and unfair, that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?"

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

"Will you answer me a single question?"

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

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

"You will see."

"I am not to be buried there, prejudged, and without any means of presenting my case?"

"You will see. But, what then? Other people have been similarly buried in worse prisons, before now."

"But never by me, Citizen Defarge."

Citizen Defarge glanced darkly at him for answer, and walked on in a steady and set silence. The deeper he sank into this silence, the fainter hope there was—or so Darnay thought—of his softening in any slight degree.

"It is of the utmost importance to me (you know, Citizen, even better than I, of how much importance), that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson's Bank; an English gentleman who is now in Paris, the simple fact, without comment, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me?"

"I will do," Defarge doggedly rejoined, "nothing for you. My duty is to my country and the people; I am the sworn servant of both, against you. I will do nothing for you."

Charles Darnay felt it hopeless to entreat him further, and his pride was touched besides. As they walked on in silence, he could not but see how the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children scarcely noticed him. A few passers-
turned their heads, and a few shook their fingers at him as an aristocrat; otherwise, that a man in good clothes should be going to prison, was no more remarkable than that a labourer in working clothes should be going to work. In one narrow, dark, and dirty street through which they passed, an excited orator, mounted on a stool, was addressing an excited audience on the crimes against the people, of the king and the royal family. The few words that he caught from this man’s lips, first made it known to Charles Darnay that the king was in prison, and that the foreign ambassadors had one and all left Paris. On the road (except at Beauvais) he had heard absolutely nothing. The escort and the universal watchfulness had completely isolated him.

That he had fallen among far greater dangers than those which had developed themselves when he left England, he of course knew now. That perils had thickened about him fast, and might thicken faster and faster yet, he of course knew now. He could not but admit to himself that he might have made this journey, if he could have foreseen the events of a few days. And yet his misgivings were not so dark as, imagined by the light of this later time, they would appear. Troubled as the future was, it was the unknown future, and in its obscurity there was ignorant hope. The horrible massacre, days and nights long, which, within a few rounds of the clock, was to set a great mark of blood upon the blessed garnering time of harvest, was as far out of his knowledge as if it had been a hundred thousand years away. The “sharp female newly-born, and called La Guillotine,” was hardly known to him, or to the generality of people, by name. The frightful deeds that were to be soon done, were probably unimagined at that time in the minds of the doers. How could they have a knowledge of blood upon the blessed garnering time of harvest! Extraordinary how soon the noisome flavour of imprisoned sleep, becomes manifest in all such places that are ill-cared for!

The prison of La Force was a gloomy prison, dark and filthy, and with a horrible smell of foul sleep in it. Extraordinary how soon the sonorous flavour of imprisoned sleep, becomes manifest in all such places that are ill-cared for! “In secret, too,” grumbled the gaoler, looking at the written paper. “As if I was not already full to bursting!”

He stuck the paper on a file, in an ill-smelling, urchin-like drawer, and Charles Darnay awaited his further pleasure for half an hour: sometimes, pacing to and fro in the strong arched room; sometimes, resting on a stone seat: in either case detailed to be imprisoned on the memory of the chief and his subordinates.

“Come!” said the chief, at length taking up his keys, “come with me, emigrant.”

Through the dismal prison twilight, his raw charge accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors clanging and locking behind them, until they came into a large, low, vaulted chamber, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The women were seated at a long table, reading and writing, knitting, sewing, and embroidering; the men were for the most part standing behind their chairs, or lingering up and down the room.

In the instinctive association of prisoners with shameful crime and disgrace, the new comer recoiled from this company. But, the crowning unreasonableness of his long unreal ride, was, their all at once rising to receive him, with every refinement of manner known to the time, and with all the engaging graces and courtesies of life.

So strangely clouded were these refinements by the prison manners and gloom, so spectral did they become in the inappropriate squalor of misery through which they were seen, that Charles Darnay seemed to stand in a company of the dead. Ghosts all! The ghost of beauty, the ghost of stateliness, the ghost of elegance, the ghost of pride, the ghost of frivolity, the ghost of wit, the ghost of youth, the ghost of age, all turning to appearance in the ordinary exercises of their functions, locked so extravagantly coarse contrasted with sorrowing mothers and blooming daughters who were there—with the apparitions of the coquette, the young beauty, and the mature woman delicately bred—that the version of all experience and likelihood which the scene of shadows presented, was heightened to its utmost. Surely, ghosts all. Surely, the long unreal ride some progress of disease that had brought him to these gloomy shades!

In their appearance and address, coming forward, “There is no more foundation for the assembled companions in misfortunes,” said a gentleman of the company with the honour of giving you welcome to La Force.
and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us. May it soon terminate happily! It would be an impertinence elsewhere, but it is not so here, to ask your name and condition?"

Charles Darnay roused himself, and gave the required information, in words as suitable as he could find.

"But I hope," said the gentleman, following the chief gaoler with his eyes, who moved across the room, "that you are not in secret?"

"I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so."

"Ah, what a pity! We so much regret it! But take courage; several members of our society have been in secret, at first, and it has lasted but a short time." Then he added, raising his voice, "I grieve to inform the society—in secret."

There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay crossed the room to a grated door where the gaoler awaited him, and many voices—among which, the soft and compassionate voices of women were conspicuous—gave him good wishes and encouragement. He turned at the grated door, to render the thanks of his heart; it closed under the gaoler's hand; and the apparitions vanished from his sight for ever.

The wicket opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps (the prisoner of half an hour already counting them), the gaoler opened a low black door, and they passed into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp, but was not dark.

"Yours," said the gaoler.

"Why am I confined alone?"

"How do I know!"

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

There were in the cell, a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. As the gaoler made a general inspection of these objects, and of the four walls, of the door opposite to him, that this gaoler was so sure to find.

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TELLSON'S Bank, established in the Saint
German Quarter of Paris, was in a wing of
a large house, approached by a court-yard
and shut off from the street by a high wall and a
strong gate. The house belonged to a great
nobleman who had lived in it until he made a
flight from the troubles, in his own cook's dress,
and got across the borders. A mere beast of the
chase flying from hunters, he was still in his
metempsychosis no other than the same Monseig-
neur, the preparation of whose chocolate for
whose lips had once occupied three strong men
besides the cook in question.

Monseigneur gone, and the three strong men
absolving themselves from the sin of having
drawn his high wages, by being more than
ready and willing to cut his throat on the altar
of the dawning Republic one and indivisible
of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death,
Monseigneur's house had been first sequestrated,
and then confiscated. For, all things moved so
fast, and decree followed decree with that fierce
precipitation, that now upon the third night of
the autumn month of September, patriot emis-
saries of the law were in possession of Mon-
seigneur's house, and had marked it with the
tricolor, and were drinking brandy in its state
apartments.

A place of business in London like Tellson's
place of business in Paris, would soon have
driven the House out of its mind and into the
Gazette. For, what would staid British re-
sponsibility and respectability have said to
orange-trees in boxes in a Bank court-yard,
and even to a Cupid over the counter? Yet such
things were. Tellson's had whitewashed the
Cupid, but he was still to be seen on the ceiling,
in the coolest linen, aiming (as he very often
does) at money from morning to night. Bank-
ruptcy must inevitably have come of this
young Pagan, in Lombard-street, London, and
also of a curtained alcove in the rear of the im-
 mortal boy, and also of a looking-glass let into
the wall, and also of clerks not at all old who
danced in public on the slightest provocation.

Yet, a French Tellson's could get on with these
things exceedingly well, and, as long as the
times held together, no man had taken fright
at them, and drawn out his money.

What money would be drawn out of Tellson's
henceforth, and what would lie there, lost and
forgotten? what plate and jewels would tarnish
in Tellson's hiding-places, while the depositors
rustled in prisons, and when they should have
violently perished; how many accounts with
Tellson's, never to be balanced in this world, must
be carried over into the next; no man could
have said, that night, any more than Mr. Jarvis
Lorry could, though he thought heavily of
these questions. He sat by a newly lighted
wood fire (the blighted and unfruitful year
was prematurely cold), and on his honest
and courageous face there was a deeper shade
than the pendent lamp could throw, or any ob-
ject in the room distortedly reflect—a shade of
horror.

He occupied rooms in the Bank, in his fidelity
to the House of which he had grown to be a
part, like strong root-ivy. It chanced that they
derived a kind of security from the patriotic
occupation of the main building, but the true-
hearted old gentleman never calculated about
that. All such circumstances were indifferent to
him, so that he did his duty. On the opposite
side of the court-yard, under a colonnade, was
extensive standing for carriages — where, in-
deed, some carriages of Monseigneur yet stood.
Against two of the pillars were fastened two
great flaring flambeaux, and, in the light of
these, standing out in the open air, was a large
grindstone: a roughly mounted thing which ap-
peared to have hurriedly been brought there
from some neighbouring smithy, or other
workshop. Rising and looking out of win-
dow at these harmless objects, Mr. Lorry
shivered, and retired to his seat by the fire.
He had opened, not only the glass window,
but the lattice blind outside it, and he
shivered through his frame.

From the streets beyond the high wall and the
strong gate, there came the usual night hum of
the city, with now and then an indescribable
ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some un-
wanted sounds of a terrible nature were giving
up to Heaven.

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

Soon afterwards, the bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back!" and sat listening. But, there was no loud irruption into the court-yard as he had expected, and he heard the gate clack again, and all was quiet.

The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired that vague uneasiness respecting the Bank, which a great charge would naturally awaken, with such feelings roused. It was well guarded, and he got up to go among the trusty people who were watching it, when his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father! Lucie with her arms stretched out to him, and with that old look of earnestness so concentrated and intensified, that it seemed as though it had been stamped upon her face expressly to give force and power to it in this one passage of her life.

"What is this?" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What has happened? What has brought you here? What is it?"

With the look fixed upon him, in her paleness and wildness, she parted out in his arms, imploiringly, "O my dear friend! My husband!"

"Your husband, Lucie?"

"Charles!"

"What of Charles?"

"Here."

"Here, in Paris?"

"Has been here, some days—three or four—I don't know how many—I can't collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us; he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison."

The old man uttered an irrepressible cry.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out! Manette, for your life, don't touch the blind!"

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile:

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris—in France—who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastille would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces, or carry me in triumph. My old pain has given me a power that has brought us through the barrier, and guided us news of Charles there, and brought us here. I knew it would be so; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger; I told Lucie so. What is that noise?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. "No, Lucie, my dear, nor you?" He got his arm round her, and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles; that I had no suspicion even, of his being in this fatal place. What prison is he in?"

"La Force."

"La Force! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life—and you were always both—you will compose yourself now, to do exactly as I bid you; for, more depends upon it than you can think, or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night; you cannot possibly stir out. I say this, because what I must bid you to do for Charles's sake, is the hardest thing to do of all. You must instantly be obedient, still, and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are Life and Death in the world you must act delay."

"I will be submissive to you. I see in your face that you know I can do nothing else than this. I know you are true."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key; then, came hurrying back to the Doctor, and opened the window and partly opened the blind, and put his head upon the Doctor's arm, and looked out with him into the court-yard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women: not enough in number, or near enough to fill the court-yard: not more than forty or fifty in all. The people in possession of the house had let them in at the gate, and they had rushed in to work at the grindstone; it had evidently been set up there for their purpose, as in a convenient and retired spot.

The grindstone had a double handle, and, turning at it madly were two men, whose faces, in their long hair flapped back when the whirlings of the grindstone brought their faces up, are more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. False eyebrows and false moustaches wereset upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. As these ruffians turned and turned, their ruffian looks now flung forward over their eyes, now flung backward over their necks, some woman held wine to their mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and fire. The eye could not detect one creature in the group, free from the stain of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone, were men stripped to the waist, with the stain all over their limbs and bodies; men in all sorts of rags, with the stain upon those rags; men devilishly set off with spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon, with
the stain dyeing those trifles through and through. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. Some of the hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them, with strips of linen and fragments of dress: ligatures various in kind, but all deep of the one colour. And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched the wrists of those who carried them, with strips it. Some of the hacked swords were tied to through. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, into the streets, the same red hue was red in kind, but all deep of the one colour. And as of linen and fragments of dress: ligatures various Charles Dickens.]

There they drew back from the window, and of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window, and the doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face. "They are," Mr. Lorry whispered the words glancing fearfully round at the looked room. "Murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you think you have—as I believe you have—make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It's too late, I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the court-yard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the ineptitude of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried him in an instant to the heart of the concourse at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the un-intelligible sound of his voice; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line twenty men long, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of "Live the Bastille prisoner! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastille prisoner in front there! Save the prisoner Evrémonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but, it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterwards, when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night had.

Lucie had, by that time, fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the pillow beside her pretty charge. O the long, long night, with no return of her father and no tidings! Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate sounded, and the irruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered. "What is it?" cried Lucie, affrighted. "Hush! The soldiers' swords are sharpened there," said Mr. Lorry. "The place is National property now, and used as a kind of armoury, my love."

Twice more in all; but, the last spell of work was feeble and fitful. Soon afterwards the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand, and cautiously looked out again. A man, so besmeared that he might have been a sorely wounded soldier creeping back to consciousness on a field of slain, was rising from the pavement by the side of the grindstone, and looking about him with a vacant air. Shortly, this worn-out murderer descried in the imperfect light one of the carriages of Monseigneur, and, staggering to that gorgeous vehicle, climbed in at the door, and shut himself up to take his rest on its shaded curtains. The great grindstone, Earth, had turned when Mr. Lorry looked out again, and the sun was red on the court-yard. But, the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

CHAPTER III. THE SHADOW.

One of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry when business hoursean round, was this—that he had no right to imperil Tellson's, by sheltering the wife of an emigrant prisoner under the Bank roof. His own possessions, safety, life, he would have hazarded for Lucie and her child, without a moment's demur; but, the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

At first, his mind reverted to Defarge, and he thought of finding out the wine-shop again and taking counsel with its master in reference to the safest dwelling-place in the distracted state of the city. But, the same consideration that suggested him, repulsed him; he lived in the most violent Quarter, and Defarge was influential there, and deep in its dangerous workings.

Soon coming, and the Doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term, in that Quarter, near the Banking-house. As there was no business objection to this, and as he foresees that even if it were all well with Charles, and he were to be released, he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one, high up in a removed by-street where the closed blinds in all the other windows of a high melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross; giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had
himself. He left Jerry with them, as a figure to fill a doorway that would bear considerable knocking on the head, and returned to his own occupations. A disturbed and doleful mind he brought to bear upon them, and slowly and heavily the day lagged on with him.

It wore itself out, and wore him out with it, until the Bank closed. He was again alone in his room of the previous night, considering what to do next, when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments, a man stood in his presence, who, with a keenly observant look at him, addressed him by his name.

"Your servant," said Mr. Lorry. "Do you know me?"

He was a strongly made man with dark curling hair, from forty-five to fifty years of age. For emphasis, the words:

"Do you know me?"
"I have seen you somewhere."
"Perhaps at my wine shop?"

Much interested and agitated, Mr. Lorry said:

"You come from Doctor Manette?"
"Yes. I come from Doctor Manette."
"And what says he? What does he send me?"

Defarge gave into his anxious hand, an open scrap of paper. It bore the words in the Doctor's writing:

"Dearest,—Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this. Kiss our child for me."

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it, that she turned from Defarge to his wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a passionate, loving, thankful, womanly action, but the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check. She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and, with her hands yet at her neck, looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the lifted eyebrows and forehead with a cold, impassive stare.

"My dear," said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain; "there are frequent risings in the streets; and, although it is not likely that they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, to the end that she may know them—that she may identify them. I believe," said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his reassuring manner, "have the dear child here, and our good Pross. Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady, and knows no French."

The lady in question, whose rooted conviction that she was more than a match for any foe, remained, was not to be shaken by distress and danger, appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to The Vengeance whom her eyes first encountered, "Well, I am glad, Boldface, I hope you are pretty well!" She also bestowed a British cough on Madame Defarge; but, neither of the two took much heed of her.

"Is that his child?" said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time, and pointing her knitting-needle at little Lucie as if it were the finger of Fate.

"Yes, madame," answered Mr. Lorry; "this is our poor prisoner's darling daughter, and only child."

The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed to fall so threatening and dark on the child, that her mother instinctively knelled on the ground beside her, and held her to her breast. The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge seemed then to fall, threatening and dark, on both the mother and the child.

"It is enough, my husband," said Madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

But, the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it—not visible and presented, but indiscernible and withheld—to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress:
"You will be good to my poor husband. You will do him no harm. You will help me to see him if you can!"

"Your husband is not my business here," returned Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. "It is the daughter of your father who is my business here."

"For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake! She will put her hands together and pray you to be merciful. We are more afraid of you than of these others."

Madame Defarge received it as a compliment, and looked at her husband. Defarge, who had been unceasingly biting his thumb-nail and looking at her, collected his face into a sterner expression.

"What is it that your husband says in that little letter?" asked Madame Defarge, with a lowering smile. "Influence; he says something touching influence?"

"That my father," said Lucie, hurriedly taking the paper from her breast, but with her alarmed eyes on her questioner and not on it, "has much influence around him."

"Surely it will release him!" said Madame Defarge. "Let it do so."

"As a wife and mother," cried Lucie, most earnestly, "I implore you to have pity on me earnestly, "I implore you to have pity on me."

"The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and not to exercise any power that you possess, have much less, have not been greatly considered?"

"For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my sake's sake! She will put her hand on me and look at her husband. Defarge, who had been uneasily biting his thumb-nail and looking at her, collected his face into a sterner expression.

"The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and not to exercise any power that you possess, have much less, have not been greatly considered?"

"Courage, courage! So far as I can judge you! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now?"

She resumed her knitting and went out. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

"Courage, my dear Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, as he raised her. "Courage, courage! So far all goes well with us—much, much better than it has of late gone with many poor souls. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart."

"I am not thankless, I hope, but that dreadful woman seems to throw a shadow on me and on all my hopes."

"But, tut!" said Mr. Lorry; "what is this despondency in the brave little breast? A shadow indeed! No substance in it, Lucie."

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon himself, for all that, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

MELONS.

There can be little doubt that the coach which conveyed Cinderella to the prince's ball was not a pumpkin, but a Cantaloup melon. The hypothesis is supported by a variety of reasons. Imprimis—But first of all, perhaps, we ought to say a few words about the melons themselves.

Although Cinderella is now a tolerably old girl, we may assume that melons are considerably older. The "lodge in a garden of cucumbers" of the Scriptures was most probably a lodge in a garden of melons, with perhaps a mixture of water-melons. Cucumis is the generic name of all melons, pumpkins, and cucumbers. Zucchini or zucchini, cucumbers, is also Greek for the same. The Latin word melo, whence our melon, comes (etymologists say) from the Greek μέλος, melon, an apple, to which our fruit bears a distant resemblance in form and perfume. Palladius, who has left twelve books on the ancient Roman agriculture of his time, has a chapter on the culture of melons proper. Our pumpkin, pumispumis, and pumpkin, are modern forms of the Latin pepo, which is a modification of the Greek πεπόν, pepon, sweet or ripe. "When cucumbers attain an excessive magnitude," says Pliny, "they are called pepeones." he therefore uses the word melopepo to describe a sort of pepper resembling a quince in its powerful odour and its warty outside. By the way, meloncina, a sweeting apple, is the origin of our word marmalade. Our horticultural forefathers employed "musk melons" to distinguish various kinds from pumpkins that had no musky smell; which said pumpkins were, of old, called by the early gardeners and are still called by the English peasantry, melons and melons. It will thus be seen that the names, like the fruits, of the great pumpkin family, alter their form and their radical quality by such slight gradations as to render it difficult to draw the line between them.

Gourds, together with the French "courage" and the Dutch "kunzerts," from quite a different verbal root, are pumpkins of great variety in form, size, and properties. There are the Hercules or club-gourd, the calabash and bottle-gourd, whose outer rinds, when thoroughly ripe, dry, and hard, are made to serve for water-vessels, bottles, and powder-flasks. Some of these are eaten in their immature state, but it is wiser to label untried sorts, raised from imported seed, with a ticket marked ware! although their mawkish taste will generally prove a sufficient safeguard. In hot climates the club-gourd attains the enormous length of five or six feet. In a few weeks, if well watered, it forms shady arbours, under which the people of the East squat and smoke. When the fruit is young it hangs down inside the arbour like candles. In this state it is cut, boiled with
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.
In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IV. CALM IN STORM.

DOCTOR MANSETT did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. So much of what had happened in that dreadful time as could be kept from the knowledge of Lucie was so well concealed from her, that not until long afterwards when France and she were far apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenceless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace; that four days and nights had been darkened by this deed of horror; and that the air around her had been tainted by the slain. She only knew that there had been an attack upon the prisons, that all political prisoners had been in danger, and that some had been dragged out by the crowd and murdered.

To Mr. Lorry, the Doctor communicated under an injunction of secrecy on which he had no need to dwell, that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That, in the prison, he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. That, presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and an unaccused prisoner in the Bastille; that, one of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him, and that this man was Defarge.

That, hereupon he had ascertained, through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners; that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners; that, one of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him, and that this man was Defarge.

That, in the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a notable sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been accorded to him to have Charles Darnay brought before the lawless Court, and examined. That, he secured on the point of being at once released, when the tide in his favour met with some unexplained check (not intelligible to the Doctor), which led to a few words of secret conference. That, the man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held invisible in safe custody. That, immediately, on a signal, the prisoner was removed to the interior of the prison again; but, that he, the Doctor, had then so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son-in-law had not been through no malice or mischance, delivered to the concourse whose murderous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings, that he had obtained the permission, and had remained in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over.

The sights he had seen there, with brief snatches of food and sleep by intervals, shall remain untold. The mud joy over the prisoners who were saved, had astounded him scarcely less than the mad ferocity against those who were cut to pieces. One prisoner there was, he said, who had been discharged into the street free, but at whom a mistaken savage had thrust a pike as he passed out. Being besought to go to him and dress the wound, the Doctor had passed out at the same gate, and had found him in the arms of a company of Samurians, who were seated on the bodies of their victims. With an inconsistency as monstrous as anything in this awful nightmare, they had helped the healer, and tended the wounded man with the gentlest solicitude—had made a litter for him and escorted him carefully from the spot—had then caught up their weapons and plunged anew into a butchery so dreadful, that the Doctor had covered his eyes with his hands, and swooned away in the midst of it.

As Mr. Lorry received these confidences, and as he watched the face of his friend now sixty-two years of age, a misgiving arose within him that such dread experiences would revive the old danger. But, he had never seen his friend in his present aspect; he had never at all known him in his present character. For the first time the Doctor felt, now, that his suffering was strength and power. For the first time, he felt that in that sharp fire, he had slowly forged the iron which could break the prison doors of his daughter's husband, and deliver him. "It all tended to a good end, my friend; it was not mere waste and ruin. As my beloved child was helpful in restoring me to myself, I will be helpful now in restoring the dearest part
of herself to her; by the side of Heaven I will do it!" Thus, Doctor Manette. And when Jarvis Lorry saw the kindled eyes; the resolute face, the calm strong look and hearing of the man whose life always seemed to him to have been stopped, like a clock, for so many years, and then set going again with an energy which had lain dormant during the cessation of its usefulness, he believed.

Greater things than the Doctor had at that time to contend with, would have yielded before his persevering purpose. While he kept himself in his place, as a physician whose business was with all degrees of mankind, bond and free, rich and poor, bad and good, he used his personal influence so wisely, that he was soon the inspecting physician of three prisons, and among them of La Force. He could now assure Lucie that her husband was no longer confined alone, but was mixed with the general body of prisoners; he saw her husband weekly, and brought sweet messages to her, straight from his lips; sometimes her husband himself sent a letter to her (though never by the Doctor's hand), but she was not permitted to write to him; for, among the many wild suspicions of plots in the prisons, the wildest of all pointed at emigrants who were known to have made friends or permanent connexions abroad.

This new life of the Doctor's was an anxious one; but, he observed it as a curiosity. The Doctor knew, that up to that time, his imprisonment had been associated in the minds of his daughter and his friend, with his personal affliction, deprivation, and weakness. Now that he was changed, and he knew himself to be invested through that old trial with forces of a higher order, he became so far exalted by the change, that he took the lead and direction, and required them as the weak, to trust to him as the strong. The preceding relative positions of himself and Lucie were reversed, for he could have had no pride but in rendering some service to her who had rendered so much to him. "All curious to see," thought Mr. Lorry, in his amiably shrewd way, "but all natural and right; so, take the lead, my dear friend, and keep it; it couldn't be in better hands."

But, though the Doctor tried hand, and never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him. The new Era began; the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, declared death for victory or death against the world in arms; the black Dagwooded night and day from the great towers of Notre-Dame; three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the varying soils of France, as if the dragon's teeth had been sown

broadcast, and had yielded fruit equally on hill and plain, on rock in gravel and alluvial mud, under the bright sky of the South and under the clouds of the North, in fall and frost in the vineyards and the olive-grounds and among the cropped grass and the stubble of the corn, and in the sand of the sea-shore. What private solicitude could rear itself against the deluge of the Year One of Liberty—the deluge rising fast below, not falling from above, and with the windows of Heaven shut, not opened! There was no pause, no pity, no peace, as interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Though days and nights circled as regularly as when time was young, and the evening and the morning were the first day, other count of time there was none. Hold of it was lost in the raging fever of a nation, as it is in the fever of one patient. Now, breaking the unnatural silence of a whole city, the executioner showed the people the head of the king—and now, it seemed almost in the same breath, the head of his wife who had had eight weary months in a prison of widowhood and misery, to turn to grey.

And yet, observing the strange law of an tradition which obtains in all such cases, in time was long, while it flashed by so fast. A revolutionary tribunal in the capital, and forty or fifty thousand revolutionary committees all over the land; a law of the Suspected, which obtained in all such cases, in time was long, while it flamed by so fast. A revolution was opened, and the king was delivered over any good and innocent person in any bad and guilty one; prisons gorged with people who had committed no offence, and could obtain no hearing; these things became the established order and nature of appointed things, and seemed to be ancient usage before they were many weeks old. Above all, our hideous figure grew as familiar as it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the figure of the sharp-featured La Guillotine.

It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented hair from turning grey, it imparted a general delicacy to the complexion; it was the National Razor which shaved close; who kissed La Guillotine, looked through the little windows and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It separated the faithful from the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied.

It sheared off heads so many, that it, and the ground it most polluted, were a rotten red. It was taken to pieces, like a toy-puzzle for a young Devil, and was put together again where the occasion wanted it. It hushed the eloquent Razors which shrieked close; who kissed La Guillotine, looked through the little windows and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It separated the faithful from the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied.
tionary who worked it; but, so armed, he was stronger than his namesake, and blinder, and tore away the gates of God's own Temple every day.

Among these terrors, and the brood belonging to them, the Doctor walked with a steady head: confident in his power, cautiously persistent in his end, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last. Yet the current of the time swept by, so strong and deep, and carried the time away so fiercely, that Charles had lain in prison one year and three months when the Doctor was thus steady and confident. So much more wicked and distracted had the Revolution grown in that December month, that the rivers of the South wereumbered with the bodies of the violently-drowned by night, and prisoners were shot in lanes and squares under the southern wintry sun. Still, the Doctor walked among the terrors with a steady head. No man better known than he, in Paris at that day; no man in a stranger situation. Silent, humane, indispensable in hospital and prison, using his art equally among assassins and victims, he was a man apart. In the exercise of his skill, the appearance and the story of the Bastille Captive removed him from all other men. He was not suspected or brought in question, any more than if he had indeed been recalled to life some eighteen years before, or were a Spirit moving among mortals.

CHAPTER V. THE WOOD-SAWYER.

One year and threemonths. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the Guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. Every day, through the stony streets, the tumults now jolted heavily, filled with Condemned. Lovely girls; bright women, brown-haired, black-haired, and grey; youths; stalwart men and old; gentle born and peasant born; all red wine for La Guillotine, all daily brought into light from the dark cellars of the loathsome prisons, and carried to her through the streets to slake her devouring thirst. Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death; —the last, much the easiest to bestow, the Guillotine!

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

As soon as they were established in their new residence, and her father had entered on the routine of his avocations, she arranged the little household as exactly as if her husband had been there. Everything had its appointed place and its appointed time. Little Lucie she taught, as regularly, as if they had all been united in their English home. The slight devices with which she cheated herself into the show-of a belief that they would soon be reunited—the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting aside of his chair and his books—these, and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner especially, among the many unhappy souls in prison and the shadow of death—were almost the only out-spoken reliefs of her heavy mind.

She did not greatly alter in appearance. The plain dark dresses, akin to mourning dresses, which she and her child wore, were as neat and as well attended to as the brighter clothes of happy days. She lost her colour, and the old intent expression was a constant, not an occasional, thing; otherwise, she remained very pretty and comely. Sometimes, at night on kissing her father, she would burst into the grief she had repressed all day, and would say that her sole reliance, under Heaven, was on him. He always resolutely answered: "Nothing can happen to him without my knowledge, and I know that I can save him, Lucie.

They had not made the round of their changed life, many weeks, when her father said to her, on coming home one evening: "My dear, there is an upper window in the prison, to which Charles can sometimes gain access— at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it—which depends on many uncertainties and incidents—he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stood in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child, and even if you could, it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition." "O show me the place; my father, and I will go there every day."

From that time, in all weathers, she waited there two hours; As the clock struck two, she was there, and at four she turned resignedly away. When it was not too wet or inclement for her child to be with her, they went together; at other times she was alone; but, she never missed a single day.

It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street. The hovel of a cutter of wood into lengths for burning, the little house at that end; all else was wall. On the third day of her being there, he noticed her: "Good day, citizeness." "Good day, citizen;" This mode of address was now prescribed by decree. It had been established voluntarily some time ago, among the more thorough patriots; but, was now law for everybody. "Walking here again, citizeness?" "You see me, citizen!"

The wood-sawyer, who was a little man with a redundancy of gesture (he had once been a mender of roads), cast a glance...
“What! Walking here again, citizeness?”

“Yes, citizen.”

“Ah! A child too! Your mother, is it not, my little citizeness?”

“No, it’s not my business!” he would generally say at those times, and would briskly fall to his sawing again.

“Yes, citizen.”

“No, dearest.”

“Yes, citizen.”

“Ah! But it’s not my business. My work is my business. See my saw! I call it my Little Guillotine. La, la, la; La, la, la! And off his head comes!”

The billet fell as he spoke, and he threw it into a basket.

“I call myself the Samson of the firewood guillotine. See here again! Loo, loo, loo; Loo, loo, loo! And off her head comes! Now, a child. Tickle, tickle; Pickle, pickle! And off its head comes. All the family!”

Lucie shuddered as he threw two more billets into his basket, but it was impossible to be there while the wood-sawyer was at work, and not be in his sight. Thenceforth, to secure his good will, she always spoke to him first, and received often gave him drink-money which he readily heart up to her husband, she would come to the prison roofs and grates, and in lifting her when she had quite forgotten him in gazing at herself to find him looking at her, with his knee in the prison roofs where there was a relief to Lucie and left her non-rised. His shop was shut and he was not heard a troubled movement and a shouting coming round the corner by the prison wall, in the midst of whom was the wood-sawyer had a hand with The Vengeance. There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like a grating teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as huzard had brought them together. At first, they were a mere storm of coarse redcaps and coarse woollen rags; but, as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghostly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad arose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another’s hands, clutched at one another’s heads, spun round and caught one another and span round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While those were down, the rest linked hand in hand, and all spun round together; then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched, and tore, and then reversed the spin, and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again, paused, struck out the public way, and, with their heads low down and their hands high up, swooped screaming off. No sight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fall—"a something once innocent delivered over to all deviltry—a healthy pastime chafed into a means of angering the blood, bewildering the senses, and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it, made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maestiously bared to this, the pretty almost-child's head darkened with her hand; "such a cruel, bad momentarily sight."

This was the Carmagnole. As it passed, leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the doorway this slough of blood and dirt, were types of the disjointed time. No fight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fall—"a something once innocent delivered over to all deviltry—a healthy pastime chafed into a means of angering the blood, bewildering the senses, and steeling the heart. Such grace as was visible in it, made it the uglier, showing how warped and perverted all things good by nature were become. The maestiously bared to this, the pretty almost-child's head darkened with her hand; "such a cruel, bad momentarily sight."

"I know, my dear, I know. I have seen it many times. Don't be frightened! Not one of them would harm you.”

"I am not frightened for myself, my father.”
But when I think of my husband, and the mer-
cies of these people—"

"We will set him above their mercies, very 
soon. I left him climbing to the window and
I came to tell you. There is no one here
to see. You may kiss your hand towards that
highest shelving roof."

"I do so, father, and I send him my Soul with
it."

"You cannot see him, my poor dear?"

"No, father," said Lucie, yearning and weep-
ing as she kissed her hand, "no."

A footstep in the snow. Madame Defarge.

"I salute you, citizen," from the Doctor. "I
salute you, citizen." This in passing. Nothing
more. Madame Defarge gone, like a shadow over
the white road.

"Give me your arm, my love. Pass from here
with an air of cheerfulness and courage,
for his sake. That was well done;" they had
left the spot: "it shall not be in vain. Charles
is summoned for to-morrow."

"For to-morrow!"

"There is no time to lose. I am well pre-
pared, but there are precautions to be taken,
that could not be taken until he was actually
summoned before the Tribunal. He has not
replied yet, but I know that he will
presently be summoned for to-morrow, and re-
moved to the Conciergerie; I have timely infor-
mation. You are not afraid?"

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

"Do so, implicitly. Your suspense is nearly
ended, my darling; he shall be restored to you
within a few hours; I have encompassed him
with every protection. I must see Lorry."

He stopped. There was a heavy lumbering
of wheels within hearing. They both knew
too well what it meant. One, Two. Three.
Three tumbrils faring away with their dread
loads over the hushing snow.

"I must see Lorry," the Doctor repeated,
turning her another way.

The staunch old gentleman was still in his
trust; had never left it. He and his books were
in frequent requisition as to property confiscated
and made national. What he could save for the
owners, he saved. No better man living to
hold fast by what Tellson's had in keeping, and
hold his peace.

"I salute you, citizeness," from the Doctor. "I
salute you, citizen."

A murky red and yellow sky, and a rising
morning, before any one was up, and that he
had entered Ipswich early in the
morning, before any one was up, and that he
had inferred non-existence from invisibility. The
third fact is now matter of history. In old
times, it is said (goodness knows with what
truth) that the worthy burgesses of Ipswich
used to furnish their donkeys with leggings, in
order to protect them from the mud, and these
leggings were by Rochester termed boots. But
the second fact, that Ipswich stands on a river
without water is as valid, so far as it goes, in
the nineteenth century as in the seventeenth.

The river, or rather the branch of the sea
called the Orwell, which to the London traveller
by boat commences at Harwich and terminates
at Ipswich, is of considerable breadth, and is
bounded on each side by a fine woodland country,
which for richness of verdure and for picturesque
undulations of surface, is not to be surpassed by
any locality in England. The soil is in the
hands of a few proprietors, who, whatever they
have done with the rest of their estates, have
converted all that lies towards the river into a
series of parks, so that one gorgeous combina-
tion of trees follows without interruption upon
another during a journey of twelve miles. At
high water the scenery is indescribably beautiful;
at low water it is less beautiful, but far more
curious. Then, the river which has bathed the
town itself for richness of verdure and for picturesque
undulations of surface, is not to be surpassed by
any locality in England. The soil is in the
hands of a few proprietors, who, whatever they
have done with the rest of their estates, have
converted all that lies towards the river into a
series of parks, so that one gorgeous combina-
tion of trees follows without interruption upon
another during a journey of twelve miles. At
high water the scenery is indescribably beautiful;
at low water it is less beautiful, but far more
curious. Then, the river which has bathed the
extremities of these fine parks dwindles into a
narrow stream, which has the appearance of
being little more than a ditch, flowing it does
through two vast plains of verdant mud. It
must not be imagined that there is anything re-
pulsive in the surface now offered to the view,
for it looks like a broad, irregular field, partly
overflowed with water, which plays among the
irregularities in countless streams, and falls in
miniature cascades. As for the stream itself, it
is so shallow, that the running aground of a boat
is anticipated without alarm, as an event of very
of fervour or intoxication, known, without doubt, to have led some persons to brave the guillotine unnecessarily, and to die by it, was not mere boastfulness, but a wild infection of the wildly shaken public mind. In seasons of pestilence, some of us will have a secret attraction to the disease—a terrible passing inclination to die of it. And all of us have like wonders hidden in our breasts, only needing circumstances to evoke them.

The passage to the Conciergerie was short and dark; the night in its vermin-haunted cells was long and cold. Next day, fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a half.

"Charles Evremonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned. His Judges sat upon the Bench in feathered hats; but the rough red cap and tricolored cockade was the head-dress otherwise prevailing. Looking at the Jury and the turbulent audience, he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed, and that the felons were trying the honest men. The lowest, cruellest, and worst populace of a city, never without its quantity of low, cruel, and bad, were the directing spirits of the scene: noisily commenting, applauding, disapproving, anticipating, and precipitating the result, without a check. Of the men, the greater part were armed in various ways; of the women, some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, many knitted. Among these last, was one, with a spare piece of knitting under her arm as she worked. She was in a front row, by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear, and that she seemed to be his wife; but, what he most noticed in the two figures was, that although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked towards him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the Jury, but at nothing else. Under the President sat Doctor Manette, in his usual quiet dress. As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unconnected with the Tribunal, who wore their usual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse garb of the Camagnole.
Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an aristocrat and an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which punished all emigrants on pain of Death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree; he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

"Take off his head!" cried the audience.

"An enemy to the Republic!"

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense of the law.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

"An enemy to the Republic!"

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned; whereas, in England, he had lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back, to save a citizen’s life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republi

The populace cried enthusiastically, "No!" and the President rang his bell to quiet them.

Which it did not, for they continued to cry "No!" until they left off, of their own will.

The President required the name of that Citizen? The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen’s letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there—had assured him that it would be there—and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle hinted, with infinite delicacy and politeness, that in the pressure of business imposed on the Tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the Republic with which it had to deal, he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye—in fact, had rather passed out of the Tribunal’s painful remembrance—until three days ago; when he had been summoned before it, and had been delivered from its persecution.

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save that he had resigned; whereas, in England, he had lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back, to save a citizen’s life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic?
braces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him, that after his long and unwholesome confinement he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion; none the less because he knew very well, that the very same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity, to read him to pieces and strrew him over the streets.

His removal, to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these cares for the moment. Five were to be tried together, next, as enemies of the Republic, forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. So quick was the Tribunal to compensate itself and the nation for a chance lost, that these five came down to him before he left the place, condemned to die within twenty-four hours. The first of them told him so, with the customary prison sign of Death—a raised finger—and they all added in words, "Long live the Republic!"

The five had had, it is true, no audience to lengthen their proceedings, for when he and Doctor Manette first emerged from the cell, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in Court—except two, for which he looked in vain. On his coming out, the concourse made at him snow, weeping, embracing, and shouting, all by turns, as the three previous triumphs were made, no One Hundred and Five, North Tower prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant: partly because that was the safest way, partly because they were not rich, and Charles, throughout his imprisonment, had had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his guard, and towards the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant;
the citizen and citizeness who acted as porters at the court-yard gate, rendered them occasional service; and Jerry (almost wholly transferred to them by Mr. Lorry) had become their daily retainer, and had his bed there every night.

It was an ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, that on the door or doorpost of every house, the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embelished the doorpost down below; and, as the afternoon shadows deepened, the owner of that name himself appeared, from overlooking a painter whom Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evremonde, called Darnay.

In the universal fear and distrust that darkened the time, all the usual harmless ways of life were changed. In the Doctor's little house-hold, as in very many others, the articles of daily consumption that were wanted, were purchased everywhere, in small quantities and at various small shops. To avoid attracting notice, and to give as little occasion as possible for talk and envy, was the general desire.

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying the money; the latter, the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful. Although the French family, might have known as much of their language as of her own, if she had had a mind, she had no mind in that direction; consequently she knew no more of "that nonsense" (as she was pleased to call it), than Mr. Cruncher did. So her manner of marketing was to plump just price, one finger less than the merchant bargain was concluded. She always made a bargain for it, by holding up, as a statement of its value.

"Who's he?" said Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher, with some difficulty, explained himself as meaning "Old Nick's.

"Ha!" said Miss Pross, "it doesn't need an interpreter to explain the meaning of these creatures. They have but one, and its Midnight Murder, and Mischief."

"Hush, dear! Pray, pray, be cautious!" cried Lucie.

"Yes, yes, yes, I'll be cautious," said Miss Pross; "but I may say among ourselves, that life hope there will be no enmity and tossoeryishments in the form of embracings going on in the streets. Now, Ladybird, never you stir from that fire till I come back! Take care of the dear husband you have recovered, and don't move your pretty head from his shoulder as you have it now, till you see me again! May I ask a question, Doctor Manette, before I go?"

"I think you may take that liberty," the Doctor answered, smiling.

"For gracious' sake, don't talk about Liberty; we have quite enough of that," said Miss Pross.

"Hush, dear! Again?" Lucie remonstrated.

"Well, my sweet," said Miss Pross, nodding her head emphatically, "the short and the hier of it is, that I am a subject of these Gracious Majesty King George the Third; Miss Pross curtseyed at the name; "and as such, my maxim is, Confound their policies, Fratrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save the King!"

Mr. Cruncher, in an access of loyalty, gloatingly repeated the words after Miss Pross, like somebody at church.

"I am glad you have so much of the Englishman in you, though I wish you had never taken that cold in your voice," said Miss Pross, approvingly. "But the question, Doctor Manette. Is there?"—it was the good creature's way to affect to make light of anything that was great anxiety with them all, and to come at it in a change manner—"is there any prospect of our getting out of this place?"

"I fear not yet. It would be dangerous for Charles yet."

"Height-he-hum!" said Miss Pross, cheerfully representing a sigh as she glanced at her daughter's golden hair in the light of the fire, "then we must have patience and wait: that's all. We must hold up our heads and fight low, as my brother Solomon used to say. Now, Mr. Cruncher!—Don't you move, Ladybird!"

They went out, leaving Lucie, and her husband, her father, and the child, by the light of the fire. Mr. Lorry was expected back presently from the Banking House. Miss Pross had lighted the lamp, but had put it aside in a corner, that they might enjoy the firelight undisturbed. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather, her hands clasped through his arm; and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper, began to tell her a story of a great and powerful Fairy who had opened a prison-wall and led out a captive who had once done the Fairy a service.
All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that?" she cried, all at once, "my dear!" said her father, stopping in his story, and laying his hand on hers, "command yourself. What a disordered state you are in! The least thing—nothing—startles you. You, your father's daughter?"

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself, with a pale face and in a faltering voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as Death." As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

"O father, father. What can this be! Hide Charles. Save him!"

"My child," said the Doctor, rising and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "I have saved him. What weakness is this, my dear! Let me go to the door."

He took the lamp in his hand, crossed the two intervening outer rooms, and opened it. A rude clattering of feet over the floors, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

"The Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay," said the first.

"Who seeks him?" answered Darnay.

"I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evrémonde; I saw you before the Tribunal to-day. You are again the prisoner of the Republic."

The four surrounded him, where he stood with his wife and child clinging to him.

"Tell me how and why am I again a prisoner?"

"It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie, and will know to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow." Dr. Manette, whom this visitation had so

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HAPPILY unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont-Neuf, reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side. They both looked to the right and to the left into most of the shops they passed, had a wary eye for all gregarious assemblages of people, and turned out of their road to avoid any very excited group of talkers. It was a raw evening, and the misty river, blurred to the eye with blazing lights and to the ear with harsh noises, showed where the barges were stationed in which the smiths worked, making guns for the Army of the Republic. Woe to the man who played tricks with that Army, or got undeserved promotion in it! Better for him that his beard had never grown, for the National Razor shaved him close.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery, and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross bethought herself of the wine they wanted. After peeping into several wine-shops, she stopped at the sign of The Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the National Palace, once (and twice) the Tuileries, where the aspect of things rather took her fancy. It had a quieter look than any other place of the same description they had passed, and, though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. Sounding Mr. Cruncher and finding him of her opinion, Miss Pross resorted to the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, attended by her cavalier.

Slightly observant of the smoky lights; of the people, pipe in mouth, playing with limp cards and yellow dominoes; of the one bare-breasted, bare-armed, soot-begrimed workman reading a journal aloud, and of the others listening to him; of the weapons worn, or laid aside to be resumed; of the two or three customers fallen forward asleep, who in the popular, high-shouldered shaggy black spencer looked, in that attitude, like slumbering bears or dogs; the two outlandish customers approached the counter, and showed what they wanted.

As their wine was measuring out, a man parted from another man in a corner, and rose to depart. In going, he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her, than Miss Pross uttered a scream, and clapped her hands.

In a moment, the whole company were on their feet. That somebody was assassinated by somebody vindicating a difference of opinion, was the likeliest occurrence. Everybody looked to see somebody fall, but only saw a man and woman standing staring at each other; the man with all the outward aspect of a Frenchman and a thorough Republican; the woman, evidently English.

What was said in this disappointing anticlimax, by the disciples of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, except that it was something very voluble and loud, would have been as much Hebrew or Chaldean to Miss Pross and her protector, though they had been all ears. But, they had no ears for anything in their surprise. For, it must be recorded, that not only was Miss Pross lost in amazement and agitation; but, Mr. Cruncher—though it seemed on his own separate and individual account—was in a state of the greatest wonder.

"What is the matter?" said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream; speaking in a vexed, abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

"Oh, Solomon, dear Solomon!" cried Miss Pross, clapping her hands again. "After not setting eyes upon you or hearing of you for so long a time, do I find you here!"

"Don't call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?" asked the man, in a furtive, frightened way.

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Pross, bursting into tears. "Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question?"

"Then hold your meddlesome tongue," said Solomon, "and come out, if you want to speak to me. Pay for your wine, and come out. Who's this man?"

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head at her by no means affectionate brother, said, through her tears, "Mr. Cruncher."

"Let him come out too," said Solomon. "Does he think me a ghost?"

Apparently, Mr. Cruncher did, to judge from his looks. He said not a word, however, and
Miss Pross, exploring the depth of her reticule through her tears with great difficulty, paid for the wine. As she did so, Solomon turned to the followers of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, and offered a few words of explanation in the French language, which caused them all to relapse into their former places and pursuits.

"Now," said Solomon, stopping at the dark street corner, "what do you want?"

"How dreadfully unkind in a brother nothing has ever turned my love away from!" cried Miss Pross, "to give me such a greeting, and show me no affection."

"There, Confound it! There," said Solomon, making a dab at Miss Pross's lips with his own. "Now are you content?"

Miss Pross only shook her head and wept in silence.

"If you expect me to be surprised," said her brother Solomon, "I am not surprised; I knew you were here; I know of most people who are here. If you really don't want to endanger my existence—which I half believe you do—go your ways as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official." Solomon John? She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And I love you, John, you know. Which of the two goes first? And regarding that name of Pross, sir. That wasn't your name over the water?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know all I mean, for I can't—call to mind what your name was, over the water."

"No!" sneered Solomon.

"No. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. T'other one's was one syllable. I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What in the name of the Father of Lies was your father to yourself was you called at that time?"


The speaker who struck in, was Sydney Carton. He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding-coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher's elbow as negligently as he might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry's, to his surprise, yesterday evening; we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere until all was well, or unless I could be useful; I present myself here, to be a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother than Mr. Barsad. I wish for your sake Mr. Barsad was not a spy of the Prisons."

Sleep was the cant word of the day for a spy, under the gaolers. The spy, who was pictured pale, and asked him how he did—

"I'll tell you," said Sydney. "I lighted on you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison at the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the walls, an hour or more ago. You have a face, I thought, to be remembered, and I remember faces well. Made curious by seeing you in that connexion to be associated you with the misfortunes of a friend now very unfortunate, I walked in your direction. I walked into the wine-shop here close after you, and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing from your unreserved conversation, and the rumour openly going about among your admirers, the nature of your affections. And gradually, what I had done, seemed to shape itself into a purpose, Mr. Barsad."

"What purpose?" the spy asked.

"It would be troublesome, and might be dangerous, to explain in the street. Could you favour me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company—at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance?"

"Under a threat?"

"Oh! Did I say that?"

"Then why should I go there?"

"Really, Mr. Barsad, I can't say, if you can't."

"Do you mean that you won't say, sir?"

The spy irresolutely asked.
with. His practised eye saw it, and made the most of it.

"Now, I told you so," said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister; "if any trouble comes of this, it's your doing."

"Come, come, Mr. Barsad," exclaimed Sydney. "Don't be ungrateful. But for my great respect for your sister, I might not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal that I wish to make for our mutual satisfaction. Do you go with me to the Bank?"

"I'll hear what you have to say. Yes, I'll go with you."

"I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. This is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in, unprotected; and as your request knows Mr. Barsad, I will introduce him to Mr. Lorry's with us. Are we ready? Come then!"

Miss Pross recalled soon afterwards, tad to the end of her life remembered, that as she pressed her hands on Sydney's arm and looked up in his face, imploring him to do no hurt to Solomon, there was a braced purpose in the arm and a kind of inspiration in the eyes, which not only contradicted his light manner, but changed and raised the man. She was too much occupied then, with fears for the brother who so little deserved her affection, and with Sydney's friendliness, adequately to heed what she observed.

They left her at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry's, which was within a few minutes' walk. John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire—perhaps looking into their blaze for the picture of that younger elderly gentleman from Tellson's, who had looked into the red coals at the Royal George at Dover, now a good many years ago. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

"Miss Pross's brother, sir," said Sydney. "Mr. Barsad."

"Barsad?" repeated the old gentleman. "Barsad? I have an association with the name—and with the face."

"I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad," observed Carton, coolly. "Pray sit down."

As he took a chair himself, he supplied the link that Mr. Lorry wanted, by saying to him with a frown, "Witness at that trial."

"Mr. Barsad," he went on, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards: "Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English, than an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters than a

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

Carton's negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully in all of his quickness and skill, in such a business as he had in his secret mind, and with such a man as he had to do with. His practised eye saw it, and made the most of it.

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, sir," said Sydney, "and I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend and brother.

Sheep over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place. He left the messengers at the gate, and saw them admitted by the porter.

"Mr. Barsad," he said, "is the best authority possible, Mr. Barsad has been recognised by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of," said Sydney, "and has acknowledged the relationship. I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed, "What do you tell me! I left him safe and free within these two hours, and am about to return to him?"

"Arrested for all that. When was it done, Mr. Barsad?"

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, sir," said Sydney, "and I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend and brother."

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

"Yes; I believe so."

"In as good steady to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I own to you, I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent this arrest."

"He may not have known of it beforehand," said Mr. Lorry.

"But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law."

"That's true," Mr. Lorry acknowledged, with his troubled hand at his chin, and his troubled eyes on Carton.

"In short," said Sydney, "this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the Doctor play the winning game; I will play the losing one."

"I'll run them over. I'll see what I hold,—in as good stead to-morrow as to-day. Yes; I believe so."

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Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That's a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government; the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay of the aristocratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom, the English traitor and agent of all mischief so much spoken of and so difficult to find. That's a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad?

"Not to understand your play," returned the spy, somewhat uneasily.

"I play my Ace, Denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest Section Committee. Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry." He drew the bottle near, poured out another glassful of brandy, and drank it off. He said that the spy was fearful of his drinking himself into a fit state for the immediate denunciation of him. Seeing it, he poured out and drank another glassful.

"Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad. Take time."

It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his honourable employment in England, through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there—not because he was not wanted there; our English reasons for vauluting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date—he knew that he had crossed the Channel, and accepted service in France: first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there; gradually, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine-shop; had received from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, release, and history, as should serve him for any dissonance with his ostentatiously rough dress, and probably with his usual demeanour, received such a check from the inscrutability of Carton, who was a mystery to wiser and honester men—wiser and honester than he—that it altered here and failed him. While he was at a loss, Carton said, resuming his former air of contemplating cards:

"And indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here, not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow-Sheep, who spoke of himself as pasturing in the country prisons; who was he?"

"French. You don't know him, said the spy.

"French, eh? repeated Carton, musing, and not appearing to notice him at all, though he echoed his word. "Well; he may be."

"Is, I assure you," said the spy; "though it's not important."

"Though it's not important," repeated Carton in the same mechanical way—"though it's not important—No, it's not important. No. Yet I know the face."

"I think not. I am sure not. It can't be," said the spy.

"It—can't—it," muttered Sydney Carton, retracting, and filling his glass (which fortunately was a small one) again. "Can't be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner. I thought?"
Charles Dickens.

On his mind. "Cly! Disguised, but the same inclination to one side; "there you really give with a smile that gave his aquiline nose an extra time, was a partner of mine) has been dead several years. I attended him in his last illness at Saint Pancras-in-the-Fields. His unpopularity prevented my following his remains, but I helped to lay him in his coffin."

Here, Mr. Lorry became aware, from where he sat, of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall. Tracing it to its source, he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head. "Let us be reasonable," said the spy, "and let us bear it fair. To show you how mistaken you are, and what an unfounded assumption yours is, I will lay before you a certificate of Cly's burial, which I happen to have carried in my pocket-book," with a hurried hand he produced and opened it, "ever since. There it is. Oh, look at it, look at it! You may take it in your hand; it's no forgery."

Here Mr. Lorry perceived the reflection on a paving-stones and earth in that there coffin, which I happen to have carried in my pocket-book," with a hurried hand he produced and opened it, "ever since. There it is. Oh, look at it, look at it! You may take it in your hand; it's no forgery."

"So you put him in his coffin?" asked Carton, firmly.

"No," returned the spy. "I throw up. You are a turnkey at the Conei gerie?"

"I tell you once for all, there is no such thing as an escape possible," said the spy, firmly. "Why need you tell me what I have not asked? You are a turnkey at the Conei gerie?"

"I am sometimes."

"You can be when you choose?"

"I can pass in and out when I choose."

"What's that to you? Ecod!" growled Mr. Cruncher, "it's you I have got a old grudge against, with your shameful impositions upon trademans! I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

Sydney Carton, who, with Mr. Lorry, had been lost in amazement at this turn of the business, here requested Mr. Cruncher to moderate and explain himself.

"At another time, sir," he returned, evasively, "the present time is ill-convenient for explanation. What I stand to, is, that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin. Let him say he was, in so much as a word of one syllable, and I'll either catch hold of his throat and choke him for the whole of half a guinea." Mr. Cruncher dwelt upon this as quite a liberal offer; "or I'll out and announce him."

"Humph! I see one thing," said Carton. "I hold another card, Mr. Barsad. Impossible, here in rising Paris, with suspicion filling the air, for you to outline denunciation, when you are in communication with another aristocratic spy of the same antecedents as yourself, who, moreover, has the mystery about him of having feigned death and come to life again! A plot in the prisons, of the foreigner against the Republic. A strong card—a certain Guillotine card! Do you play?"

"No!" returned the spy. "I throw up. I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob, that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death, and that Cly was so ferreted up and down, that he never would have got away at all but for that sham. Tho'gh how this man knows it was a sham is a wonder of wonders to me."

"Never you trouble your head about this man," retorted the contentious Mr. Cruncher; "you'll have trouble enough with giving your attention to that gentleman. And look here! Once more!"—Mr. Cruncher could not be restrained from making rather an ostentatious parade of his liberty—"I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

The Sheep of the prisons turned from him to Sydney Carton, and said, with more decision, "It has come to a point. I go on duty soon, and can't overstay my time. You told me you had a proposal; what is it? Now, it is of no use asking too much of me. Ask me to do anything in my office, putting my head in great extra strain from making rather an ostentatious parade of his liberty—"I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

The spy looked round at the two gentlemen; they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry. "So you put him in his coffin?"

"I did."

"Who took him out of it?"

Barsad leaned back in his chair, and stammered, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. Cruncher, "that he warn't never in it. No! Not he! I'll have my head took off, if he was ever in it."

The spy looked round at the two gentlemen; they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry. "I tell you," said Jerry, "that you buried paving-stones and earth in that there coffin. Don't go and tell me that you buried Cly. It was a take in. Me and two more knows it."

"How do you know it?"

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"So far, we have spoken before these two,
FRUIT RIPENING IN TUSCANY.

A liberal Englishman long resident in Florence, with wit to observe, and knowledge to bring to bear upon, and skill to record what passes, has watched with interest the political efforts of the Tuscans. He now tells us in a book, which compares the Tuscany of forty-nine with the Tuscany of fifty-nine, the true sequence of national events in that state during the last dozen years. By help of such a book we understand more thoroughly the meaning of what now passes in the country to which all Europe is looking with deep interest and active curiosity, for the writer—Mr. Thomas A dophus Trollo-
pes—speaks of the affairs of Tuscany in such as they were the affairs of Italy, and are the affair of every man who would see thought and honest action set free everywhere to help in the ad-
vancement of society.

That the world does not grow wise by royal edicts, but by the free, wholesome, individual working of each man among his fellows, is the truth lying at the heart of Mr. Trollope's history. In the bonds of desperation, whether they be leading-strings or fetters, men can only stagger forward painfully. The bonds of the Austrian were leading-strings for Tuscany, when Leopold the First, grandfather of the last duke, governed the country. He was wiser than his cousins in the Austrian empire. "Italy," said Archduke John to them, had a century ago, in it the wish of your hearts to become one Italian?" If so, the condition of the Tuscans at present is the wish of this wish was that they should be upon the side of Austria. "Italians, in need only to will it, for you to be an Italian." So they were told how the wish was to be taken for the deed. "Italians" claimed an Austrian commander, three years later, "you are to become, all of you, a dependent nation." The independence of Austria was defined by Bellegarde in the people of Lombardy to be this, that revolutions "were definitively incorporated within the Austrian empire. "Italy," said Metternich, at last, in a despatch of the second of August, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, "Italy is a geographical abstraction." From Austria, when he heard that in sundry states of Europe, constitutions were being established, exclaimed that "the world was going mad! And when he received compliments from the faces of Professors of the University of Vienna, said to them, "Remember always, gentlemen, your duty is to form, not learned men, but the students." Italy, however, argued by the Austrian in Lombardy, had not fully realized the indispensable condition of her independence to be a complete freedom from Austrian domination.

The predecessor of Persplus the Ninth had been a helpless old man, personally harmless, but officially the maintenance, by force of dark bayonets, of the true Papal system of oppressive confiscations, banishments, imprisonments, and executions. He died in the year forty, when roses were in blossom. The Roman Church lost, of course, as a political state, Liberals and Tories. Lantwuchschi, at the head of the Tories, strove to slant the gate against reforms, and fasten it with the aid of the Austrian military padlock. Since reform is the spirit of poison that will some day shake the charred glass of the popedom, since the dec-
repentant Papal government must sink and die if it be much exposed to the sharp, burning air of human progress, there can be no doubt that in the interests of the state, Lantwuchschi was the trusty counselor. On the other side there was a large body trusting in the beautiful dream

because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone."
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IX. THE GAME MADE.

WHILE Sydney Carton and the Sheep of the prisons were in the adjoining dark room, speaking so low that not a sound was heard, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry in considerable doubt and mistrust. That honest tradesman’s manner of receiving the look, did not inspire confidence; he changed the leg on which he rested, as often as if he had fifty of those limbs, and were trying them all; he examined his finger-nails with a very questionable closeness of attention; and whenever Mr. Lorry’s eye caught his, he was taken with that peculiar kind of short cough requiring the hollow of a hand before it, which is seldom, if ever, known to be an infirmity attendant on perfect openness of character.

“Jerry,” said Mr. Lorry. “Come here.”

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

“What have you been besides a messenger?”

After some cogitation, accompanied with an intent look at his patron, Mr. Cruncher conceived the luminous idea of replying, “Agricultural character.”

“My mind misgives me much,” said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, “that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson’s as a blind, and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, don’t expect me to befriend you when you get back to England. If you have, don’t expect me to keep your secret. Tellson’s shall not be imposed upon.”

“I hope, sir,” pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, “that a gentleman like yourself, whom I’ve had the honour of odd jobbing till I’m grey at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it was so—I don’t say it is, but even if it was. And which is it to be took into account that if it was, it wouldn’t, even then, be all o’ one side. There’d be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, a picking up their guineas where a honest tradesman don’t pick up his fardens—fardens! no, nor yet his half fardens—half fardens! no, nor yet his quarter—a banking away like smoke, if not more so. Well, that ‘ud be imposing, too, on Tellson’s. For you cannot sarse the goose and not the gander. And here’s Mrs. Cruncher, or leastways wos in the Old England times, and would be to-morrow, if cause given, a floppin’ agen the business to that degree as is ruinating — stark ruinating! Whereas them medical doctors’ wives don’t flop—catch ’em at it! Or, if they flop, their floppings goes in favour of more patients, and how don’t you rightly have one without the t’other? Then, wot with undertakers, and wot with parish clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all avaricious and all in it), a man wouldn’t get much by it, even if it was so. And wot little a man did get, would never prosper with him, Mr. Lorry. He’d never have no good of it; he’d want all along to be out of the line, if he could see his way out, being once in—even if it was so.”

“Ugh!” cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless. “I am shocked at the sight of you.”

“Now, what I would humbly offer to you, sir,” pursued Mr. Cruncher, “even if it was so, which I don’t say it is—”

“Don’t prevaricate,” said Mr. Lorry.

“No, I will not, sir,” returned Mr. Cruncher, as if nothing were further from his thoughts or practice—"which I don’t say it is—wot I would humbly offer to you, sir, would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there Bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general-light-job you, till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your wishes. If it was so, which I still don’t say it is—(for I will not prevaricate to you, sir), let that there boy keep his father’s place, and take care of his mother; don’t blow upon that boy’s father—do not do it, sir—and let that father go into the line of the reg’lar diggin’, and mate amends for what he would have un-dug—if it wos so—by diggin’ of ‘em in with a will, and with convictions respectin’ the future keepin’ of ‘em safe. That, Mr. Lorry,” said Mr. Cruncher, wiping his forehead with his arm, as an announcement that he had arrived at the peroration of his discourse, “is wot I would respectfully offer to you, sir. A man don’t see all this here a goin’ on dreadful round him, in...
the way of Subjects without heads, dear me, plentiful enough fur to bring the price down to porterage and hardly that, without havin' his serious thoughts of things. And these here would be mine, if it was so, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry.

"Say no more now. It may be that I shall yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action—not in words. I want no more words."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "To return to poor Darnay, said Mr. Lorry. "We have secured to her. I can put my hand out to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without that. You are going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir?" said Carton, turning to him. "Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my Leave to Pass. I have done all that I can do here. I hoped to have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

"How many people will miss you when you leave us?" said Carton, wistfully. "You have been useful all your life; steady and constantly occupied; trusted, respected, and having the expression of prisoners' faces fresh in his mind, he was strongly reminded of that expression."

"And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir?" said Carton, wistfully. "Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my Leave to Pass. I have done all that I can do here. I hoped to have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

"You have been a man of business, ever since I have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

"See what a place you fill at seventy-eight, sir?"

"How can you say that? Wouldn't she weep for you? Wouldn't her child?"

"A solitary old bachelor," answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. "There is nobody to weep for me."

"How can you say that? Wouldn't she weep for you? Wouldn't her child?"

"Yes, yes, thank God. I didn't quite mean what I said."

"It is a thing to thank God for; is it not?"

"Surely, surely."

"If you could say, with truth, to your own solitary heart, to-night, 'I have secured to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude"
or respect, of no human creature; I have won
myself a tender place in no regard; I have done
nothing good or serviceable to be remembered
by! your seventy-eight years would be seventy-
eight heavy curses; would they not?"
"You say truly, Mr. Carton; I think they
would be.
Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire,
and, after a silence of a few moments, said:
"I should like to ask you: Does your child-
hood seem far off? Do the days when you sat
at your mother's knee, seem days of very long
ago?"
Responding to his softened manner, Mr.
Lorry answered:
"Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my
life, no. For, as I draw closer and closer to the
end, I travel in the circle, nearer and nearer to
the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind
smoothings and preparings of the way. My
heart is touched now, by many remembrances
that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young
heart is touched now, by many remembrances
of the days when what we call the World was
not so real with me, and my faults were not con-
firmed in me.
"I understand the feeling," exclaimed Car-
ton, with a bright flush. "And you are the
mother (and I so old!), and by many associations
that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young
heart is touched now, by many remembrances
of the days when what we call the World was
not so real with me, and my faults were not con-
firmed in me.
"I understand the feeling!" exclaimed Car-
ton, with a bright flush. "And you are the
mother (and I so old!),
"You are young.
"Yes," said Carton, pausing again, and an-
swering over his shoulder.
"You speak like a Frenchman.
"I am an old student here.
"Ah, a perfect Frenchman! Good night,
Englishman.
"Good night, citizen.
"But go and see that droll dog," the little
man persisted, calling after him. "And take a
pipe with you!"
Sydney had not gone far out of sight, when
he stopped in the middle of the street under a
glimmering lamp, and wrote with his pencil on a
scrap of paper. Then, traversing with the de-
cided step of one who remembered the way well,
several dark and dirty streets—much dirtier
than usual, for the best public thorough-
fares remained uncleansed in those times of
terror—he stopped at a chemist's shop, which
the owner was closing with his own hands. A
small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous,
up-hill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked
man.
Giving this citizen, too, good night, as he con-
fronted him at his counter, he laid the scrap
of paper before him. "Whew!" the chemist
whistled softly, as he read it. "Hi! hi! hi!"
Sydney Carton took no heed, and the chemist
said:
"For you, citizen?"
"For me.
"You will be careful to keep them separate,
citizen? You know the consequences of mixing
them?"
"Perfectly."
Certain small packets were made and given
to him. He put them, one by one, in the
breast of his inner coat, counted out the money
for them, and deliberately left the shop.
"There is nothing more to do," said he, glanc-
ing upward at the moon, "until to-morrow. I
can't sleep.
It was not a reckless manner, the manner in
which he said these words aloud under the fast-
sailing clouds, nor was it more expressive of
negligence than defiance. It was the settled
manner of a tired man, who had wandered and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck into his road and saw its end.

Sydney Carton, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise, he had followed his father to the grave. His mother had died, years before. These solemn words, which had been read at his father's grave, arose in his mind as he went down the dark streets, among the heavy shadows, with the moon and the clouds sailing on high above him. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

In a city dominated by the axe, alone at night, with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty-three who had been that day put to death, and for to-morrow's victims then awaiting their doom in the prisons, and still of to-morrow's and to-morrow's, the chain of association that brought the words home, like a rusty old ship's anchor from the deep, might have been easily found. He did not seek it, but repeated them and went on.

With a solemn interest in the lighted windows where the people were going to bed, forgetting through a few calm hours of the horrors surrounding them; in the towers of the churches, where no prayers were said, for the popular revolution had even travelled that length of self-destruction from years of priestly impositions, plunderers, and profiteers; in the distant burial-places, reserved, as they wrote upon the gates, for Eternal Sleep; in the abounding gaols; in the streets along which the sixties rolled to a death which had become so common and material, that no sorrowful story of a haunting Spirit ever arose among the people out of all the working of the Guillotine; with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of the city settling down to its short nightly pause in fury; with a solemn interest in the lighted windows of all the year round.

The court was all astir and a-buzz, when the black sheep—whom many fell away from in terror—their heads pressed against him, turned a look upon him, so sustaining, so encouraging, yet so courageous for his sake, that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart. If there had been any eyes to notice the influence of her look, on Sydney Carton, it would have been seen to be the same influence exactly.

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

Every eye was turned to the jury. The name determined patriots and good republicans as yesterday and the day before, and to-morrow and the day after. Exager and prominent among them, one man with a craving face, and his famous perpetual hovering about his lips, whose appearance gave great satisfaction to the spec-
tators. A life-thirsting, cannibal-looking, bloody-minded juryman, the Jacques Three of Saint Antoine. The whole jury, as a jury of dogs enamelled to try the deer.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favourable leaning in that quarter, to-day. A fell, uncompromising, murderous business-meaning there. Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd, and gleaned at it approvingly; and heads nodded at one another, before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Re-accused and re-taken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night. Suspected and Denounced enemy of the Republic, Aristocratic, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, in right of such proscription, accused to be the husband of my daughter, Therese Defarge, his wife. Therese Defarge, his wife. Good. "Alexandre Manette, physician."

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it, Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

"Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of Law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic."

Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell; "Let it be read." The President asked, was the Accused openly denounced or secretly?

"Openly, President." "By whom?"


This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

"You did good service at the taking of the Bastille, citizen?"

"I believe so."

Here, an excited woman screeched from the crowd: "You were one of the best patriots there. Why not say so? You were a cannonier that day there, and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell. Patriots, I speak the truth!"

It was The Vengeance who, amidst the warm commendations of the audience, thus assisted the proceedings. The President rang his bell; but, The Vengeance, warming with encourage-ment, shrieked, "I defy that bell!" wherein she was likewise much commended.

"Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille, citizen." "I knew," said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him; "I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of the Jury, directed by a gaoler. I examine it, very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper. This is that written paper. I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the President."

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness—the prisoner under trial looking lovingly at his wife, his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father, Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader, Madame Defarge never taking hers from the prisoner, Defarge never taking hers from the prisoner, all the other eyes there intent upon the Doctor, who saw none of them—the paper was read, as follows.

**LIFE.**

_LIFE is a tree, and we and all mankind Are but the tender germ or fruit thereon._

Some born to blossom, some to fade away.

Some to endure the end by furthest stay.

Amid its rosy bloom; and afterward

Doth Infancy appear; then Childhood, rich

In promise of the great hereafter, smiles

And comeliness more sound. Hence anxious year,

In whom as yet the stream of knowledge runs

Some born to blossom, some to fade away.

Some to endure the end by furthest stay.

Amid its rosy bloom; and afterward

Doth Infancy appear; then Childhood, rich

In promise of the great hereafter, smiles

And comeliness more sound. Hence anxious year,

In whom as yet the stream of knowledge runs

But sour and undefined. Then followeth Man,

Assuming both the tone of rounder thought

And melodies more sound. Hence anxious year,

With mellow grace do dwell within the minds

Until the heavy-laden weight of age.
I, Alexandre Manette, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais and afterwards resident in Paris, with the aid of this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year, 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.

"One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month) in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

"The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

"'You are Doctor Manette?' said one.

"'I am.'

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

"'Doctor Manette of whom you speak so generously,' I returned, 'I am that Doctor Manette whom you speak so kindly.'

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

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

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'

"The reply to this, was made by him who had spoken second. 'Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

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

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a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath in a garden whose a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding-glove, across the face.

"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people strike more commonly than dogs. But, the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike, that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

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

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

"I saw this, within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient; for, in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place. I had to pass through that part, to get up before the windows, to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve, and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent, that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but, I had looked to them, to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case was, that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquillised the pendulum could be more regular.

"'How long,' I asked, 'has this lasted?'

"'Since about this hour last night.'

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

"'The younger brother impatiently rejoined, 'With twelve o'clock!'

"'See, gentleman,' said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, 'how useless I am, as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.'

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

"'You see, monsieur, I am going to use them,' I replied, and said no more.

"'I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man down stairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently, recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve, and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent, that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but, I had looked to them, to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case was, that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquillised the pendulum could be more regular.

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them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the
close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw
them all that night.

On some day on the ground, with a cushion
thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant
boy—a boy of no more than seventeen at the
most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set,
his right hand clenched on his breast, and his
glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could
not see where his wound was, as I knelted on
one knee over him; but, I could see that he was
dying of a wound from a sharp point.

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

"I do not want it examined," he answered;
"let it be."

"It was under his hand, and I soothed him
let me move his hand away. It was a sword
thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours
before, but no skill could have saved him if it
had been looked to without delay. He was
then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the
elder brother, I saw him looking down at this
handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as
if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit;
not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

"How has this been done, monsieur?"

"A crazed young common dog! A serf!
Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has
fallen by my brother's sword—like a gentle-
man."

"There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or
compassion feeling about the boy, or about
vermin land. He was quite incapable of any
kindred humanity, in this answer. The
speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient
to have that different order of creature dying
there, and that it would have been better if he
had died in the usual obscure routine of his
fate.

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

"We were so robbed by that man who stands
there, as all we common dogs are by those su-

perior Beings—taxed by him without mercy,
obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to
grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed sources
of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and
forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame
bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that
degree that when we chanced to have a bit of
meat, we ate it in fear, with the door barred
and the shutters closed, that his people should not
see it and take it from us—tily, we were so robbed,
and hunted, and were made so poor, that
our father told us it was a dreadful thing to
bring a child into the world, and that what we
should first pray for, was, that our women
might be barren and our miserable race die
out!

"I had never before seen the sense of being
oppressed, bursting forth like a fire. I had
supposed that it must be latent in the people
somewhere; but, I had never seen it break out,
until I saw it in the dying boy.

"Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married.
He was selling at that time, poor fellow, and she
married her lover, that she might tend and com-
fort him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man
would call it. She had not been married many
weeks, when that man's brother saw her and
admired her, and asked that man to lend her
for what are husbands among us! He
was willing enough, but my sister was good
enough, and hated his brother with a
hatred as strong as mine. What did the two
then, to persuade her husband to use his in-
fluence with her, to make her wive?

"The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on
mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw
in the two faces that all he said was true. The
two opposing kinds of pride confronting one
another, I can see, even in this Bastille; the
gentleman's, all negligent indifference; the
peasant's, all trodden-down sentiment, and pas-
ionate revenge.

"You know, Doctor, that it is among
the Rights of these Nobles to harness our
common dogs to carts, and drive us. They
so harnessed him and drove him. You know
that it is among their Rights to keep us in
their grounds all night, quaking the frogs, in
order that their noble sleep may not be dis-
turbed. They kept him out in the unwhole-
some mists at night, and ordered him back into
his harness in the day. But he was not per-
suaded. No! Taken out of harness one day
at noon, to feed—if he could find food—he
gavetwelve times, once for every stroke of
the bell, and died on her bosom.

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

"Then, with that man's permission and
even with his aid, his brother took him over
in spite of what I know she must have told his
brother—and what that is, will not be long un-
known to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother
took her away—for his pleasure and diversion,
for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister and last night climbed in—a common dog, but I tracked the brother here, and where, at least, she will never be his vassal. Then, I raised the sword in hand,—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here?

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

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

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

"Now, lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?" 'He is not here,' I said, supporting the boy's head against my knee. "Proud as these nobles are, he is not here? Turn my face to him.' "I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But, invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely: obliging me to rise too, or I could not have avoided answering.

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

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

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

"I repeated the medicines I had given her, and lay at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always: 'My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!' "This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by-and-by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead. "It was as if the wind and rain had bailed at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

"'Is she dead?' asked the Marquis, whom I would still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse. 'Not dead,' said I; 'but like to die.' "'What strength there is in these common bodies!' he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

"'There is prodigious strength,' I answered him, 'in sorrow and despair.'

"He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said, in a subdued voice: "'Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hints, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest.

"The things that you see here, are things to be seen, and not spoken of.' "I listened to the patient's breathing, and avoided answering.

"Do you honour me with your attention, Doctor?' "Monsieur,' said I, 'in my profession, the communications of patients are always received in confidence.' I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind by what I had heard and seen.

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

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

"She lingered for a week. Towards the last, I could understand some few syllables that she said to me, by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She finally shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.
"I had no opportunity of asking her any question, until I had told the brothers she was drinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain, at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother’s (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared really to affect the mind of either of them, was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother’s eyes, their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply, for knowing what I knew from the woman, he was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an encumbrance in the mind of the elder too.

"My patient died, two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly woes and sorrows ended.

"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to their riding-whips, and loitering up and down. "The brothers were waiting in a room down stairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with the riding-whips, and bittering up and down. "At last she is dead?" said the elder, when I went in.

"'She is dead,' said I."

"'I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words as he turned round. "He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, was, to help that sister. I could tell her nothing was a young sister living, and her greatest desire must finish my record to-day.

"My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband’s share in it, and my being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman’s sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

"She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was, to help that sister, I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas, to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both. * * * *

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

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage."

"For his sake, Doctor," she said, pointing to him in tears, "I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered."
"She kissed the boy, and said, carressing him, 
It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?" The child answered her bravely, 'Yes!' I kissed her hand, and she in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang my gate, standing silent behind him.

"It brought me here; it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black maunster was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot.

"If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me my dearest wish—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But, now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And then and their de- nunciation to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth."

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving and eagerness that had nothing articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the nation but must have dropped before it.

Little need, in presence of that tribunal and that auditory, to show how the Deforges had wrought into the fatal register. The man never trod ground, whose virtues and services would have sustained him in that place that day, against such denunciation.

And all the worse for the doomed man, that the denouncer was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his wife. One of the frenzied aspirations of the populace was, for imitations of the questionable public virtues of satiety, and for sacrifices and self-damnations on the people's alter. Therefore, when the President said (also had his own head quivered on his shoulders), that the good physi- cian of the Republic would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of Aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervour, not a touch of human sympathy.

"Much influence around him, has that doctor?" murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to The Vengeance. "Save him now, my doctor, save him!"

At every jurymans' vote, there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar. Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an Aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a no- torious oppressor of the People. Back to the Conciergerie, and Death within four-and-twenty hours!}
THE wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die, fell under the sentence, as if she had been mortally stricken. But, she uttered no sound; and so strong was the voice within her, representing that it was she of all the world who must uphold him in his misery and not augment it, that it quickly raised her, even from that shock.

The judges having to take part in a public demonstration out of doors, the tribunal adjourned. The quick noise and movement of the court's emptying itself by many passages had not ceased, when Lucie stood stretching out her arms towards her husband, with nothing in her face but love and consolation.

"If I might touch him! If I might embrace him once! O, good citizens, if you would have so much compassion for us!"

There was but a gaoler left, along with two of the four men who had taken him last night, and Barsad. The people had all poured out to the show in the streets. Barsad proposed to the rest, "Let her embrace him, then; it is but a moment." It was silently acquiesced in, and they passed her over the seats in the hall to a raised place, where he, by leaning over the dock, could fold her in his arms.

"Farewell, dear darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love. We shall meet again, where the weary are at rest!"

They were her husband's words, as he held her to his bosom.

"I can bear it, dear Charles. I am supported from above; don't suffer for me. A parting blessing for our child."

"I send it her by you. I kiss her by you. I say farewell to her by you."

"My husband. No! A moment." He was tearing himself apart from her. "We shall not be separated long. I feel that this will break my heart by-and-by; but I will do my duty while I can, and when I leave her, God will raise up friends for her, as He did for me."

Her father had followed her, and would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him, crying:

"No, no! What have you done, what have you done, that you should kneel to us! We know now, what a struggle you made of old. We know now, what you underwent when you suspected my descent, and when you knew it. We know now, the natural antipathy you strove against, and conquered, for her dear sake. We thank you with all our hearts, and all our love and duty. Heaven be with you!"

Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair, and wring them with a shriek of anguish.

"It could not be otherwise," said the prisoner.

"All things have worked together as they have fallen out. It was the always-vain endeavour to discharge my poor mother's trust, that first brought my fatal presence near you. Good could never come of such evil, a happier end was not in nature to so unhappy a beginning. Be comforted, and forgive me. Heaven bless you!"

As he was drawn away, his wife released him, and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer, and with a radiant look upon her face, in which there was even a comforting smile. As he went out at the prisoners' door, she turned, laid her head lovingly on her father's breast, tried to speak to him, and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. Only her father and Mr. Lorry were with her. His arm trembled as it raised her, and supported her head. Yet, there was an air about him that was not all of pity—that had a flush of pride in it.

"Shall I take her to a coach? I shall never feel her weight."

He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down in a coach. Her father and their old friend got into it, and he took his seat beside the driver.

When they arrived at the gateway where he had paused in the dark not many hours before, to picture to himself on which of the rough stones of the street her feet had trodden, he lifted her again, and carried her up the staircase to their rooms. There, he laid her down on a couch, where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"Don't recall her to herself," he said, softly, to the latter, "she is better so; don't revive her to consciousness, while she only faints."
"Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton!" cried little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him, in a burst of grief. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa!" "O, look at her, dear Carton! Can you, of all the people who love her, bear to see her so?"

He bent over the child, and laid her blooming cheek against his face. He put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother. "Before I go," he said, and paused. "I may kiss her?"

It was remembered afterwards that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips, he murmured some words. The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterwards, and told her grandchildren when she was a handsome old lady, that she heard him say, "A life you love.

When he had gone out into the next room, he turned suddenly on Mr. Lorry and her father, who were following, and said to the latter: "You had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette; let it, at least, be tried. These judges, and all the men in power, are very friendly to you, and very recognisant of your services; are they not?"

"Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me. I had the strongest assurances that I should save him; and I did." He returned the answer in great trouble, and very slowly. "Try them again. The hours between this and to-morrow afternoon are few and short, but try."

"That's well. I have known such energy as yours do great things before now—though never," he added, with a smile and a sigh together, "such great things as this. But try! Of little worth as life is when we misuse it, it is worth all the world to save papa! O, look at her, dear Carton!"

Don't despond," said Carton, very gently, "don't grieve. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise, she might think his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted, and that might trouble her.

"Yes, yes, yes," returned Mr. Lorry, drying his eyes, "you are right. But he will perish; there is no real hope."

"Yes. He will perish; there is no real hope," echoed Carton. And walked with a settled step, down stairs.

CHAPTER XII. DANGEROUS.

SYDNEY CARTON passed in the street, not quite decided where to. "At Tilsley's banking-house at nine," he said, with a sneer. "Shall I do well, in the mean time, to show myself? I think so. It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here; it is a sound precaution, and may be a necessary preparation. But, care, care! Let me think it out.

Checking his steps which had begun to tend towards an object, he took a turn or two in the already darkening street, and traced the thought in his mind to its possible consequences. His first impression was confirmed. "It is best," he said, finally resolved, "that these people should know there is such a man as I here.

And he turned his face towards Saint Antoine. Defarge had described himself, that day, as the keeper of a wine-shop in the Saint Antoine suburb. It was not difficult for one who knew the city well, to find his house without asking any question. Having ascertained its situation, Carton came out of those closer streets again, and dined at a place of refreshment and fell sound asleep after dinner. For the first time in many years, he had no strong drink. Since last night he had taken nothing but a little light thin wine, and last night he had dropped the brandy slowly down on Mr. Lorry's hearth like a man who had done with it.

It was as late as seven o'clock when he awoke refreshed, and went out into the streets again. As he passed along towards Saint Antoine, he stopped at a shop-window where there was a mirror, and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose cravat, and his coat-collar, and his wild hair. This done, he went on direct to Defarge's, and went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques Three, of the restless fingers on direct to Defarge's, and went in.
and wife. The Vengeance assisted in the conversation, like a regular member of the establishment.

As Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked (in very indifferent French) for a small measure of wine, Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and then a keener, and then a keener, and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he had ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

"English?" asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively raising her dark eyebrows.

After looking at him, as if the sound of even a single French word were slow to express itself to him, she answered, in his former strong foreign accent. "Yes, Madame, yes. I am English!"

Defarge returned to her counter to get the wine, and, as he took up a Jacobin journal and feigned to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear, to you, like Evrémonde!"

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him Good Evening.

"How?"

"Good evening!"

"Oh! Good evening, citizen," filling his glass. "Ah! and good wine. I drink to the republic.

"I communicate to him that secret. I smite this bosom with these two hands as I smite it."

"No!" protested Defarge. "Not if to lift this glass would do it! But I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there.

"Good evening.

"How?"

"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere. After all, the question is still where?"

"At extemination," said madame. "At extemination, said Jacques Three. The Vengeance, also, highly approved.

"Extemination is good doctrine, my wife," said Defarge, rather troubled; "in general, I say nothing against it. But this Doctor has suffered much; you have seen him to-day; you have observed his face when the paper was read."

"I have observed his face!" repeated madame, contemptuously and angrily. "Yes, I have observed his face. I have observed his face to be not the face of a true friend of the Republic. Let him take care of his face!"

"And you have observed, any wife," said Defarge, in a deprecated manner, "the anguish of his daughter, which must be dreadful anguish to him?"
the Wind and the Fire where to stop; not me!"

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, peremptorily counted his change, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed towards the National Palace. Madame Defarge took him to the door, and put her arm on his, in pointing out the road. The English customer was not without his reflections then, that it might be a good deed to seize that arm, lift it, and strike under it sharp and deep.

But, he went his way, and was soon swallowed up in the shadow of the prison wall. At the appointed hour, he emerged from it to present himself in Mr. Lorry's room again, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. He had been with Lucie until just now, and had only left her for a few minutes, to come and keep his appointment. Her father had not been seen, since he quitted the banking-house towards four o'clock. She had some faint hope that his meditation might save Charles, but they were very slight. He had been more than five hours gone: where could he be?

Mr. Lorry waited until ten; but, Doctor Manette did not return, and he being unwilling to leave Lucie any longer, it was arranged that he should go back to her, and come to the banking-house again at midnight. In the mean while, Carton would wait alone by the fire for the Doctor.

He waited and waited, and the clock struck twelve; but, Doctor Manette did not come back. Mr. Lorry returned, and found no tidings of him, and brought none. Where could he be?

They were discussing this question, and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged absence, when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room, it was plain that all was lost.

Whether he had really been to any one, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, was never known. As he stood staring at them, they asked him no question, for his face told them everything.

"I cannot find it," said he, "and I must have it. Where is it?"

His head and throat were bare, and, as he spoke with a helpless look straying all around, he took his coat off, and let it drop on the floor.

"Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere for my bench, and I can't find it. What have they done with my work? Time presses; I must finish those shoes.

"The last chance is gone: it was not much.

"The figure in the chair between them, was all the time monotonously rocking itself to and fro, and moaning. They spoke in such a tone as they would have used if they had been watching by a sick-bed in the night.

Carton stooped to pick up the coat, which lay almost entangling his feet. As he did so, a small case in which the Doctor was accustomed to carry the list of his day's duties, fell lightly on the floor. Carton took it up, and there was a folded paper in it. "We should look at this?" he said. Mr. Lorry nodded his consent. He opened it, and exclaimed, "Thank God!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lorry, eagerly.

"A moment! Let me speak of it in its place. First," he said, "perhaps he obtained it as his last and earnest face.

"I don't torture a poor forlorn wretch," he said, "but give me my work! That is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see—Sydney Carton, an Englishman?"

"Yes!"

"Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil, yesterday. When is it dated? But no matter; don't stay to look; put it up carefully with mine and your own. Now, observe! I never doubted until

Lost, utterly lost! It was so clearly beyond hope, to reason with him, or try to restore him, that—as if by agreement—they each put a hand upon his shoulder, and soothed him to sit down before the fire, with a promise that he should have his work presently. He sank into the chair, and brooded over the umbers, and shed tears. As if all that had happened since the garret time were a momentary fancy, or a dream, Mr. Lorry saw him shrink up into the exact figure that Defarge had had in mind.
within this hour or two, that he had, or could have, such a paper. It is good, until recalled. But it may be soon recalled, and, I have reason to think, will be.

"They are not in danger?"

"They are in great danger. They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge. I know it from her own lips. I have overheard words of that woman’s, to-night, which have presented their danger to me in strong colours. I have lost no time, and since then, I have seen the spy. He confirms me. He knows that a wood-sawyer, living by the prison-wall, is under the control of the Defarges, and has been rehearsed by Madame Defarge as to his having seen her—"he never mentioned Lucie’s name—"making signs and signals to prisoners. It is easy to foresee that the pretence will be the common one, a prison plot, and that it will involve her life—and perhaps her child’s—and perhaps her father’s—for both have been seen with her at that place. Don’t look so horrified. You will save them all."

"I am going to tell you how. It will depend on you, and it could depend on no better man. This new denunciation will certainly not take place until after to-morrow; probably not until two or three days afterwards; more probably a week afterwards. You know it is a capital crime, to mourn for, or sympathise with, a victim of the Guillotine. She and her father would unquestionably be guilty of this crime, and this woman (the inveteracy of whose pursuit cannot be described) would wait to add that strength to her case, and make herself doubly sure. You follow me?"

"So attentively, and with so much confidence in what you say, that for the moment I lose sight," touching the back of the Doctor’s chair, "even of this distress."

"You have money, and can buy the means of travelling to the sea-coast as quickly as the journey can be made. Your preparations have been completed for some days to return to England. Early to-morrow, have your horses ready, so that they may be in starting trim at two o’clock in the afternoon."

"It shall be done!"

His manner was so fervent and inspiring, that Mr. Lorry caught the flame, and was as quick as youth.

"You are a noble heart. Did I say we could depend upon no better man? Tell her, to-night, what you know of her danger as involving her life—so happy in the memorable time when he would lay her own fair head beside her husband’s, cheerfully."

He faltered for an instant; then went on as before. "For the sake of her child and her father, press upon her the necessity of leaving Paris, with them and you, at that hour. Tell her that it was her husband’s last arrangement. Tell her that more depends upon it than she dare believe, or hope. You think that her father, even in this sad state, will submit himself to her; do you not?"

"I am sure of it."

"I thought so. Quietly and steadily, have all these arrangements made in the court-yard here, even to the taking of your own seat in the carriage. The moment I come to you, take me in, and drive away."

"I understand that I wait for you, under all circumstances?"

"You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England!"

"Why, then," said Mr. Lorry, grasping his eager but so firm and steady hand, "it does not all depend on one old man, but I shall have a young and ardent man at my side."

"By the help of Heaven you shall! Promise me solemnly, that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to one another?"

"Nothing, Carton."

"Remember these words to-morrow: change the course, or delay in it—for any reason—and no life can possibly be saved, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed."

"I will remember them. I hope to do my part faithfully."

"And I hope to do mine. Now, good-by!"

Though he said it with a grave smile of sternness, and though he even put the old man’s hand to his lips, he did not part from him then. He helped him so far to arouse the rocking figure before the dying embers, as to get a cloak and hat upon it, and to tempt it forth to find where the bench and work were hidden that it still mournfully besought to have. He walked on the other side of it and protected it to the court-yard of the house where the afflicted had revealed his own desolate heart to it—outwatched the awful night. He entered the court-yard and remained there for a few moments alone, looking up at the light in the window of her room. Before he went away, he breathed a blessing towards it, and a Farewell.

SUBTERRANEAN SWITZERLAND.

FORMERLY, books, records, human authorities (as they were called), transmitted occasional truths, but more frequently error after error, to successive generations. Strange assertions appeared to be truths, because the venerable but credulous Pliny, or such an Pliny, had delivered them, ex cathedra, to mankind. Now, we choose to see and judge for ourselves. Even history, which emphatically might be termed a science of record, is obeying the universal rule. If we do not supersede, we, at least, strive to authenticate history by the evidence of our eyes. And how do we effect this? Precisely by the same method that the geologist makes use of, when he is so wise—or, as poor Cowper thought, so sinful—as to

Drill and bore

The solid earth, and from the strata there

Extract a register.
In the black prison of the Conciergerie the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them, new occupants were appointed; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Physical diseases, engendered in the vices and neglects of men, will seize on victims of all degrees; and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intolerable oppression, and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him, that he was virtually sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen; by gradual efforts and degrees unclosed a little here, it clenched the tighter there; and when he brought his strength to bear on that hand and it yielded, this was closed again. There was a hurry, too, in all his thoughts, a turbulent and heated working of his heart, that contended against resignation. If, for a moment, he did feel resigned, then his wife and child who had to live after him, seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But, all this was at first. Before long, the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers went the same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly, every day, springing up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the unceasing of mind enjoyable by the dear ones, depended on his quiet fortitude. So, by degrees he calmed into the better state when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation, he had travelled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing, and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery, until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had relinquished, was the one condition—fully intelligible now—that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her, for her father's sake, never to seek to know whether her father had become oblivious of the existence of the paper, or had had it recalled to him (for the moment, or for good), by the story of the Tower, on that old Sunday under the dear plane-tree in the garden. If he had preserved any definite remembrance of it, there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed with the Bastille, when he had found no mention of it among the relics of prisoners which the populace had discovered there, and which had been described to all the world. He besought her—though he added that he knew it was needless—to console her father, by impressing him through every tender means she could think of, with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing, and her overcoming of her sorrow, to devote herself to their dear child, he adjured her, as they would meet in Heaven, to comfort her father.

To her father himself, he wrote in the same strain; but, he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care. And he told him this, very strongly, with the hope of rousing him from any despondency or dangerous
jolted heavily and slowly through the streets.

He could walk up and down, free from distracting thoughts and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from your wife, dear Darney."

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember?"

"The prisoner wrung his hand."

"I bring a request from her."

"What is it?"

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expect to see me!" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not!—the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—a prisoner!"

"A prisoner?"

"I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from your wife, dear Darney."

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember?"

"The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

"Down on these boots of mine."

"The prisoner turned his face partly aside."

"I have been apprised that the final hour was Thence, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep Two before his mind, as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others."

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard One struck away from him, without surprise. The hour had measured the most other hours. devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought,
With wonderful quickness, and with a strength, both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished; it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are but a few words more."

"Have you written 'forget them?"' Gaston asked.

"You shall know directly. Write on; there is no one."

"To whom do I address it?"

"No." The prisoner looked up, at each question. He was drawing his hand from his breast; he was stretched insensible on the ground.

"Have you written 'forget them?"' Carton asked. "The prisoner bent over the paper, once more."

"What is it in your hand?"

"Have you written 'forget them?"' Gaston asked.

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in the prisoner's hand.

"Do I date it?"

"No." The prisoner, looking steadily at him.

"Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be no -

"You swear not to betray me?" the spy asked. "You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him himself to the court-yard you know of, place him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and drive away!"

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplat-
ing the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that
his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of
Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could
hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat
drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it
on a litter they had brought to the door, and
bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the Spy,
in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be
careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave
me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad.

"Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone.
Straining his powers of listening to the utmost,
he listened for any sound that might denote
suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys
turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along
distant passages; no cry was raised, or hurry
made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more
freely in a little while, he sat down at the
table, and listened again until the clocks
struck Two.

ounds that he was not afraid of, for he
divined their meaning, then began to be audible.
Several doors were opened in succession, and
finally his own. A gaoler, with a list in his
hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me,
me."

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evremonde,
will you let me hold your hand? I am not
afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give
me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face,
he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then si-
sonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hung-
worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"O you will let me hold your brave hand,
stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."
“I am he. Necessarily, being the last.”

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. It is Jarvis Lorry who has suddenly and stands with his hand on the coach door, replying to a group of officials. They leisurely walk round the carriage and leisurely mount the box, to look at what little luggage it carries on the roof; the country-people hanging about near, press nearer to the coach-doors and greedily stare in; a little child, carried by its mother, has its short arm held out for it, that it may touch the wife of an aristocrat who has gone to the Guillotine.

“Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, counter-sign!”

“One can depart, citizen?”

“One can depart. Forward, my positions! A good journey!”

“I salute you, citizens.—And the first finger passed!”

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry, as he clasps his hands, and looks upward. There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveller.

“If we are going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?” asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

“It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much: it would rouse suspicion.”

“What is it?” asks Mr. Lorry, looking out at window.

“Ho! Within the carriage there. Speak louder!”

“That might be the barber here, would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The Guillotine goes forward. Whoop there!”

The night comes on dark. He moves more; he is beginning to revive, and to speak intelligibly; he thinks they are still together; he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O pity us, kind Heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

“The road is clear, my dearest. So far, we are not pursued.”

Houses in twos and threes pass by us, solitary farms, ruined buildings, dye-works tanneries and the like, open country, avenues of leafless trees. The hard uneven pavement is under us, the soft deep mud is on either side. Sometimes, we strike into the skirting mud, to avoid the stones that clutter us and shake us, and sometimes we stick in ruts and sloughs there. The agony of our impatience is then so great, that in our wild alarm and hurry we are for getting out and running—hiding—doing anything but stopping.

Out of the open country, in again among ruined buildings, solitary farms, dye-works tanneries and one like, cottages in twos and three, avenues of leafless trees. Have these men deceived us, and taken us back by another road? Is not this the same place twice over? Thank Heaven no. A village. Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued! Hush; the posting-house.

Leisurely, our four horses are taken out; leisurely, the coach stands in the little street, breth of horses, and with so likelihood upon it of ever moving again; leisurely, the new horses come into visible existence, one by one; leisurely, the new positions follow, sucking and plading the lashes of their whips; leisurely, the old positions count their money, make wrong additions, and arrive at dissatisfied results. All the time, our overfraught hearts are beating at a rate that would far outstrip the fastest gallop of the fastest horses ever foaled.

At length the new positions are in their saddles, and the old are left behind. We are through the village, up the hill, and down the hill, and the low wavy moorlands. Suddenly, the positions exchange speech with animated gestures, and the horses are pulled up, almost on their haunches. We are pursued!

“Ho! Within the carriage there. Speak then!”

“What is it?” asks Mr. Lorry, looking out at window.

“How many did they say?”

“I do not understand you.”

“At the last post. How many to the Guillotine to-day?”

“Fifty-two.”

“I said so! A brave number! My fellow-citizen here, would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The Guillotine goes handsomely. I love it. Hi forward. Whoop then!”

The night comes on dark. He moves more; he is beginning to revive, and to speak intelligibly; he thinks they are still together; he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O pity us, kind Heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but, so far, we are pursued by nothing else.

DRIFT.

SANCTUARY-ARREST FOR DEBT.

Like all the dispensations of the earlier English Church, the right of "sanctuary" was so distorted from its original conditions that it proved a contention, grievance, point of quarrel, and stumbling-block between the ecclesiastics and the laity, especially the feudal chiefs who held any law rather cheap. The privilege, which had belonged to every church during the earlier ages of Christianity, of sheltering the criminal and avenge upon the spot every wrong, imaginary or real, when the opportunities of escape from the pursuit of justice were many, when the law indeed was slow of foot and weak of hand. It was a revival of that earlier law which had provided a place of refuge "that the slayer might flee thither that should kill his neighbour unwares, and hated him not in times past, and that fleeing thither he might live." What the cities of refuge had been to the Jew, the Church was to the Christian.

As the power of the Church waned, this immortality as a consequence was disregarded, nor was set aside altogether. In the days of Richard the Second, John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward the Third, by his Queen Philippa, "feudal to the core," and a staunch friend of the reformer John Wyclift, openly violated the privi-
A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIV. THE KNITTING DONE.

In that same juncture of time when the Fifty-Two awaited their fate, Madame Defarge held darkly ominous council with The Vengeance and Jacques Three of the Revolutionary Jury. Not in the wine-shop did Madame Defarge confer with these ministers, but in the shed of the wood-sawyer, erst a mender of roads. The sawyer himself did not participate in the conference, but abided at a little distance, like an outer satellite who was not to speak until required, or to offer an opinion until invited.

"But our Defarge," said Jacques Three, "is undoubtedly a good Republican? Eh?"

"There is no better," the voluble Vengeance protested in her shrill notes, "in France."

"In a word," said Madame Defarge, coming out of her short abstraction, "I cannot trust my husband in this matter. Not only do I feel since last night, that I dare not confide to him the details of my projects; but also I feel that if I delay, there is danger of his giving warning, and then they might escape."

"That must never be," croaked Jacques Three; "no one must escape. We have not half enough as it is. We ought to have six score a day."

"In a word," Madame Defarge went on, "my husband has not my reason for pursuing this family to annihilation, and I have not his reason for regarding this Doctor with any sensibility. I must act for myself, therefore. Come hither, little citizen."

The wood-sawyer, who held her in the respect, and himself in the submission, of mortal fear, advanced with his hand to his red cap.

"Touching those signals, little citizen," said Madame Defarge, sternly, "that she made to the prisoners; you are ready to bear witness to them this very day?"

"Ay, ay, why not!" cried the sawyer. "Every day, in all weathers, from two to four, always signalling, sometimes with the little one, sometimes without. I know what I know, I have seen with my eyes."

He made all manner of gestures while he spoke, as if in incidental imitation of some few of the great diversity of signals that he had never seen.

"Clearly plots," said Jacques Three. "Transparently!"

"There is no doubt of the Jury?" inquired Madame Defarge, letting her eyes turn to him with a gloomy smile.

"Rely upon the patriotic Jury, dear citizeness. I answer for my fellow-Jurymen."

"Now, let me see," said Madame Defarge, pondering again. "Yet once more! Can I spare this Doctor to my husband? I have no feeling either way. Can I spare him?"

"He would count as one head," observed Jacques Three, in a low voice. "We really have not heads enough; it would be a pity, I think."

"He was signalling with her when I saw her," argued Madame Defarge; "I cannot speak of one without the other; and I must not
be silent, and trust the case wholly to him, this little citizen here. For, I am not a bad wit-
ness."
The Vengeance and Jacques Three vied with
each other in their fervent protestations that
she was the most admirable and marvellous
of witnesses. The little citizen, not to be outdone, declared her to be a celestial
witness.

"He must take his chance," said Madame
Defarge. "No; I cannot spare him! You are
engaged at three o'clock; you are going to see
the batch of to-day executed.—Yes?"

The question was addressed to the wood-
sawyer, who hurriedly replied in the affirmative:
seeing the occasion to add that he was the most
ardent of Republicans, and that he would be in
effect the most desolate of Republicans, if any-
things prevented him from enjoying the pleasure
of smoking his afternoon pipe in the contempla-
tion of the droll national barber. He was so
very conscientious herein, that he might have
been suspected (perhaps was, by the dark eyes
that looked contemptuously at him out of
Madame Defarge's head) of having his small
individual fears for his own personal safety,
even hourly in the day.

"I," said madame, "am equally engaged at
the same place. After it is over—say at eight
to-night—come you to me, in Saint Anionic,
and we will give information against these people
at the Section."

The wood-sawyer said he would be proud and
flattered to attend the citizenship. The citi-
zeness looking at him, he became embarrassed,
excused her glance as a small dog would have
done, patting his wood, and hid his
confusion over the handle of his saw.

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

"She will now be at home, awaiting the mo-
ment of his death. She will be mourning and
grieving. She will be in a state of mind to im-
peach the justice of the Republic. She will be
full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to
her."

"What an admirable woman! what an ador-
able woman!" exclaimed Jacques Three, raptur-
ously. "Ah, my cherished!" cried The Venge-
cence; and embraced her.

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

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

"I shall be there before the commencement."

"And before the tumbrils arrive. Be sure
you are there, my soul," said The Vengeance,
calling after her, for she had already turned into
the street, "before the tumbrils arrive!"

Madame Defarge slightly waved her hand,
to leave the city, should leave it at three o’clock, in the lightest-wheeled conveyance known to that period. Unencumbered with luggage, they would soon overtake the coach, and, passing it and preceding it on the road, would order horses in advance, and greatly facilitate its progress during the precious hours of the night, when delay was the most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had beheld the coach start, had known who it was that Solomon brought, and had passed some ten minutes in tortures of suspense, and were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, now drew nearer and nearer to the else-deserted lodging in which they held their consultation.

“Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher,” said Miss Pross, whose agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, or form any plan. “Are you capable of forming any plan, my dear good Mr. Cruncher?”

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

“I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures,” said Miss Pross, wildly crying, “that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are you capable of forming any plan, my dear good Mr. Cruncher?”

“Respectin’ a future spear o’ life, miss,” returned Mr. Cruncher, “I hope so. Respectin’ any present use o’ this here blessed old head o’ mine, I think not. Would you do me the favour, miss, to take notice o’ two promises and wows wot it is my wishes fur to record in this here crisis?”

“Oh, for gracious sake!” cried Miss Pross, still wildly crying, “record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man.”

“First,” said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble, and who spoke with an ashy and solemn visage, “them poor things well out o’ this, never no more will I do it, never no more!”

“I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher,” returned Miss Pross, “that you never will do it again, whatever it is, and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is.”

“No, miss,” returned Jerry, “it shall not be named to you. Second: them poor things well out o’ this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher’s flopping, never no more!”

“Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be,” said Miss Pross, still wildly crying, “I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence—O my poor darling!”

“And still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer. “If we ever get back to our native land,” said Miss Pross, “you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think!”

Still, Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer. “If you were to go before,” said Miss Pross, “you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think!”

“First,” said Mr. Cruncher, hesitating and shaking his head, “about leaving of you, you see. We don’t know what may happen.”

“No, miss,” answered Mr. Cruncher.

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

“No, miss,” answered Mr. Cruncher. She and Jerry had beheld the coach start, had known who it was that Solomon brought, and had passed some ten minutes in tortures of suspense, and were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, now drew nearer and nearer to the else-deserted lodging in which they held their consultation.

“I go so far as to say, miss, moreover,” proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with a most alarming tendency to hold forth, as from a pulpit—“and let my words he took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself—that wot my opinions respectin’ flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time.”

“There, there, there! I hope she is, my dear man,” cried the distracted Miss Pross, “and I hope she finds it answering her expectations.”

“Forbid it,” proceeded Mr. Cruncher, “with additional solemnity, additional showiness, and additional tendency to hold forth and hold out, ‘as anything wot I have ever said or done should be visited on my earnest wishes for them poor creatures now!’ Forbid it as we shouldn’t all stop (if it was anyways convenient) to get ‘em out o’ this here dismal risk! Forbid it, miss! Wot I say, for—” This was Mr. Cruncher’s conclusion after a protracted but vain endeavour to find a better one.

“And still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer. “If you were to go before,” said Miss Pross, “you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think!”

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not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!"

This exordium, and Miss Pross's two hands in quite agonised entirety clasping his, decided Mr. Cruncher. With an encouraging nod or two, he immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow water-fall proposed.

The having originated a precaution which was already in course of execution, was a great relief to Miss Pross. The necessity of composing her appearance so that it should attract no special notice in the streets, was another relief. She looked at her watch, and it was twenty minutes past two. She had no time to lose, but must get ready at once and go.

Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laying her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, she could not bear to have her sight obscured for a minute at a time by the dripping water, but constantly paused and looked around to see that there was no one watching her. In one of these pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By strange stern ways, and through much stain, those feet had come to meet that water.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evremonde; where is she?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the light. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber whither Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her; years had not tamed the wildness, or softened the grimness, of her appearance; but, she too was a determined woman in her different way, and she sensed Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucie," said Miss Pross, in her breathing. "Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman!"

Madame Defarge looked at her scornfully, but still with something of Miss Pross's own perception that they two were at bay. She saw a sight, hard, wry woman before her, as Mr. Lorry had seen in the same figure a woman with the strong hand, in the years gone by. She knew full well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew full well that Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy.

"On my way yonder," said Madame Defarge, with a slight movement of her hand towards the fatal spot, "where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it, I'll hold my own against them."

Each spoke in her own language; neither of them, the greater hope there in, both was very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner, what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment," said Madame Defarge. "Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear?"

"If those eyes of yours were bed-winches," returned Miss Pross, "and I was an English four-poster, they shouldn't lose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman; I am your match!"

Madame Defarge was not likely to follow these idiomatic remarks in detail; but, she so far understood them as to perceive that she was set at naught.

"Woman imbecile and pig-like!" said Madame Defarge, frowning. "I take no answer from you! I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!"

This, with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, to the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."

Neither of them for a single moment relaxed the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her; but, she now advanced one step.

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross, "I am desperate, I don't care an English Twopence for myself. I know that the longer I keep the greater hope there in is for my Ladybird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!"

Thus Miss Pross, with a shake of her head and a flash of her eyes between every rapid sentence, and every rapid sentence a whole breath. Thus Miss Pross, who had never struck a blow in her life.

But, her courage was of that emotional nature that it brought the irrepressible tears into her eyes. This was a courage that Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness. "Hi, ha!" she laughed, "you poor wretch! What are you worth? I address myself to that Doctor."

Then she raised her
Charles Dickens.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

[November 19, 1859.]

voice and called out, "Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge!"

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclose in the expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

"These rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself. "As... if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me, I will tear you to pieces but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary court-yard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for... to keep you here while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, ... with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon, Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist. "It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, ... not draw it. I am stronger than you, I bless Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone—blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

In the first fright and horror of the situation, Miss Pross passed the body as far from it as she could, and ran down the stairs to call for fruitless help. Happily, she bethought herself of the consequences of what she did, in time to check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again; but, she did go in, and even went near it, to get the bonnet and other things that she must wear. These she put on, out on the staircase, first shutting and locking the door and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few moments, to breathe and to cry, and then got up and hurried away.

By good fortune she had a veil on her bonnet, or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped. By good fortune, too, she was naturally so peculiar in appearance as not to show disguise or like any other woman. She needed both advantages, for the marks of gripping fingers were deep in her face, and her hair was torn, and her dress (hastily composed with unsteady hands) was clutched and dragged a hundred ways.

In crossing the bridge, she dropped the door key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral some few minutes before her escort, and waiting there, she thought, what if the key were already taken in a net, what if it were identified, what if the door were opened and the remains discovered, what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder! In the midst of these fluttering thoughts, the escort appeared, took her in, and took her away.

"Is there any noise in the streets?" asked Miss Pross again, presently.

Again Mr. Cruncher nodded his head.

"I don't hear it," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing. O, my good man, there was first a great... and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts!"

"If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end," said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed.

"I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing. O, my good man, there was first a great... and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts!"

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"Wot can she have been a takin', to keep her courage up? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, miss?"

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"If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end," said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed.
Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, "it's my opinion that indeed she never will hear anything else in this world."

And indeed she never did.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

Women and children under five years old form several hundred thousand more than half the London population. Women and young children, all the world over, are more numerous than men. Wherever they may be, or whatever they may do, they are in man's opinion a peculiar people. Among the clumsiest male stammerers of ignorance, the women move, knowing more than their lords, talking a dozen times as much, but uttering far less of what is in them.

We laugh at the woman's tongue, and wonder when a woman keeps a secret; but every true woman keeps a box of choice reserves for her own private indulgence. The man's mysteries are not hers; if he cannot keep them to himself let him expect them to be blown abroad. Her own confusions of love, of loss, of self-deny, of unsuspected suffering, no woman exposes altogether, even to her nearest friend. There never lived a husband happy in the true love of his wife, who fairly knew all the depths of her mind about him. Every man profits stupidly by the wise little perceptions that arise so quietly and have no utterance except in deeds, of which we vaguely ascribe the fitness to a special faculty called woman's tact. Women, in short, keep to their own. A man with a secret will be stony or portentous, or provokingly suggestive; he will keep his mouth shut ostentatiously. A woman is too absolutely secret to set up a public sign over whatever may lie buried in her mind. She gossips, prattles, pours out what she does not care to hold, with such an air of unreserved simplicity that all mankind is mystified, and says, in friendly jest, "A woman only hides what she doesn't know."

Among the uneducated poor, this difference between the woman and the man is most conspicuous. The innate powers of her sex place her at once upon an eminence which man can never reach by the physicians and surgeon at this very institution. By far the greater number of the sick poor, only two very small establishments confined themselves to the treatment of the weaker sex and age. Of women and children under five years old, there were then in London a million and a hundred and fifty thousand; the whole remaining population was only eight hundred thousand. Women and children had, however, equal admission with the men to all the charities. There was no hospital for women, or even a child's hospital, absolute and urgent. Little children, who should have their three-score years before them, perish by millions because of our great want of understanding, and death sups especially upon the young. But women sicken as men sicken; their obvious peculiarities of constitution require study—special heed to them produces larger understanding of their treatment—lives may be saved, according to the present average, a woman lives a little longer than a man.

A dozen years ago, the founders of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Young Children observed that of seventy-five public institutions for supplying medical relief to the sick poor, only two very small establishments confined themselves to the treatment of the weaker sex and age. Of women and children under five years old, there were then in London a million and a hundred and fifty thousand; the whole remaining population was only eight hundred thousand. Women and children had, however, equal admission with the men to all the charities. There was no hospital for women, or even a child's hospital, absolute and urgent. Little children, who should have their threescore years before them, perish by millions because of our great want of understanding, and death sups especially upon the young. But women sicken as men sicken; their obvious peculiarities of constitution require study—special heed to them produces larger understanding of their treatment—lives may be saved, according to the present average, a woman lives a little longer than a man.

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A Tale of Two Cities.

By Charles Dickens.

Chapter XV. The Footsteps Die Out for Ever.

Along the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble, hollow and shrill. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in one realisation, Guillotine. And yet there is not in France, with its rich variety of soil and climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a peppercorn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious licence and oppression ever again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. Change these back again to what they were, powerful enchanter, Time, and they shall be seen to be the carriages of absolute monarchs, the equipages of feudal nobles, the toilettes of flaring Jezabels, the churches that are not my father's house but dens of thieves, the huts of millions of starving peasants! No; the great magician who majestically works out the appointed order of the Creator, never reverses his transformations. "If thou be changed into this shape by the will of God," say the seers to me enchanted, in the wise Arabian stories, "then remain so! But, if thou wear this form through mere passing conjuration, then resume thy former aspect!" Changeless and hopeless, the tumbrils roll along.

As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacles, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupations of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there, the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with some thing of the complacency of a curator or authorised exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again, there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres, and in pictures. Several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for, it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long Street of St. Honoré, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quick smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them; not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries "Down, Evrémonde! To the guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"
"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly.
"And why not, citizen?"
"He is going to pay the forfeit; it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But, the man continuing to exclaim, "Down! Evremonde!" the face of Evremonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evremonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the swiftest among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridge thrown to this side and to that, now crumbles in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Therese!" she cries, in her shrill tones.
"What do you say to Therese Defare?"
"She never missed before," says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance impatiently. "Therese!"

"Louder," the woman recommends.

"Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet, although the messengers have come, a little will be said for her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!"

"Bad Fortune!" cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair, "and here are the tumbrils! And Evremonde will be despatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in her hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who so severely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evremonde descends, and the scanstrass is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crushing engine that constantly whirs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him, who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or on to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fears not!"

The two stand in the fast-thrashing throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark high way, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you to be that reporteth in me? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly, who is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knews nothing of my fate; for I cannot write, and if I could, how should I tell her? It is better as it is."

"Yes; yes; better as it is."

"What have I been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support in this—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think?" the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the dark, though both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Do you wish me to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they remotely bless each other. The space stands tremulous before my mind, nor can I think, nor can I write, nor can I think."

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Two.

They said of him, about the city that night;
All the year round.

[November 26, 1859.]

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We now beg to introduce to the attention of our readers. It will pass, next week, into the station hitherto occupied by A Tale of Two Cities. And it is our hope and aim, while we work hard at every other department of our journal, to produce, in this one, some sustained works of imagination that may become a part of English Literature.

The woman in white.

Preliminary.

This is the story of what a Woman’s patience can endure, and of what a Man’s resolution can achieve.

If the machinery of the Law could be depended on to fathom every case of suspicion, and to conduct every process of inquiry, with moderate assistance only from the lubricating influences of oil of gold, the events which fill these pages might have claimed their share of the public attention in a Court of Justice. But the Law is still, in certain inevitable cases, the pre-engaged servant of the long purse; and the story is left to be told, for the first time, in this place. As the Judge might once have heard it, so the Reader shall hear it now. No circumstance of importance, from the beginning to the end of the disclosure, shall be related on hearsay evidence. When the writer of these introductory lines (Walter Hartright, by name) happens to be more closely connected than others with the incidents to be recorded, he will describe them in his own person. When his experience fails, he will retire from the position of narrator; and his task will be continued from the point at which he has left it; either by other persons who can speak to the circumstances under notice, or by persons who can speak to the circumstances under notice from their own knowledge, just as clearly and positively as he has spoken before them.

Thus, the story here presented will be told by more than one pen, as the story of an offence against the laws is told in Court by more than one witness—with the same object, in both cases, to present the truth always in its most direct and most intelligible aspect; and to trace the course of one complete series of events, by making the persons who have been most closely connected with them, at each successive stage, relate their own experience, word for word.

Let Walter Hartright, teacher of drawing, aged twenty-eight years, be heard first.

The Narrative of Walter Hartright, of Clement’s Inn, London.

It was the last day of July. The long hot summer was drawing to a close; and we, the weary pilgrims of the London pavement, were beginning to think of the cloud-shadows on