CHARLES DICKENS

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

ABRIDGED AND SIMPLIFIED BY

E. TILING.



KIRJASTUS „KOOL“, TARTU

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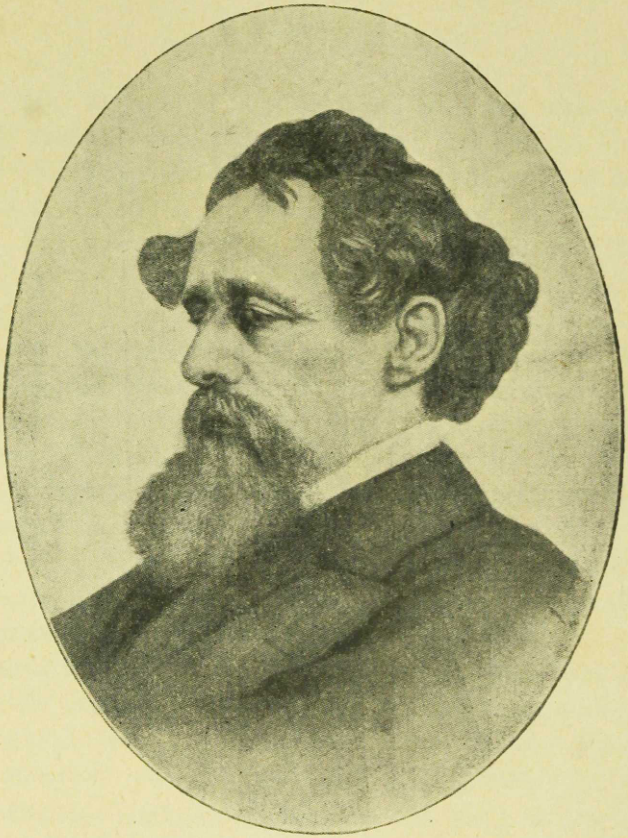
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ILLUSTRATED BY
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KIRJASTUS „KOOL", TARTU
1939.

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Charles Dickens.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The age in which Charles Dickens was born, was the age under the shadow of the French Revolution. The world in which he grew up was hard and cruel, but it was also full of hope. It was, after all, the age of reform. About the year 1800 there existed in England social grievances against which society was powerless. The steam-engine had conquered the world. Thousands of workmen had lost their jobs. Machines could be worked by single men, women, or even children. The poorhouses supplied cheap workers. The work itself was not hard, but working-hours were inhumanly long, and working-conditions unhealthy. People had hardly time to eat and rest. More and more of the work was done by women and children, because they were cheaper. The wealthy were growing richer and richer, the poor poorer and more miserable. This was the world into which Charles Dickens was born to be the voice in England that preached the ideas of the French Revolution: the gospel of liberty and brotherly love.

Charles Dickens was born at Landport, in Portsea, on February 7, 1812. His father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the Navy Pay-Office. Soon after the family moved to Chatham. The boy grew up in the quiet prosperity of the lower middle class.

His father found it very amusing to listen to the little fellow singing comic songs to his admiring aunts and uncles. Thus encouraged, Charles early became an actor and always remained one. He was a delicate child and given to much reading. He read chiefly the works of the great English humorists Fielding and Smollet, which he had found in a garret. When a boy, he used to stare at a great house of stone called Gad's Hill and to wish it were his. He made up his mind to buy it when he grew up, and he really did so as soon as he had enough money.

Little Charles was ambitious and longed to go to school. But when the time came, a great misfortune overtook the boy. His father was thrown into prison for debt, and little Charles found himself pasting labels on to blacking-bottles from morning till night among a crowd of ragged boys in a great gloomy factory in London. This state of affairs was much easier to bear for John Dickens, the father, whose portrait we find in Mr. Micawber in David Copperfield. For little Charles it meant black despair. In later years, at the height of his fame, he never spoke of this time otherwise than as a man might speak of hell. But it was there he saw life. The streets of London opened to the lonely child walking them in darkness, and revealed their hidden secrets. At last John Dickens was released from prison, and little Charles could go to school and become a boy again. After school he became a clerk, but he never meant to remain a clerk. He made up his mind to become a reporter and worked all day

at law and all night at shorthand. Before long he had made himself one of the most rapid reporters of his time. When he first began reporting in the House of Commons, he was only nineteen, but a fellow-reporter of his said about him: "There never *was* such a shorthand-writer." He went about wildly in post-chaises to report political meetings, writing up his reports "on the palm of his hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise-and-four galloping through the dead of night".

While still a boy he had written for his own amusement some sketches of queer people he had met. He had a notebook full of such sketches. In 1833 he published some of them under the title "Sketches by Boz".

The next book Dickens published was called "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club". It marked the beginning of his career. In this book, as in all the many books written by Dickens, the story is less important than the characters, for they do not exist for the story; the story exists for them. Round the kindly figure of Mr. Pickwick, who goes wandering all about England, Dickens could build up a picture of his country as he saw it with those bright and laughing eyes of his that missed nothing. He could make fun of the many things he thought were wrong in England and, by making them ridiculous, pave the way for social reform. He spoke in this book, as indeed he did in all his writings, straight to the people. In this sense Dickens is a great event in English history: the people listened to him and

followed him, as they had never followed anyone before. There never was a popularity like his. He had a joyous belief in democracy and thought preaching it to the world a sacred service. The world cried for books by Dickens, and Dickens worked like a slave, day and night. In order to refresh himself he went for long walks through the streets of London, often helping the poor forlorn creatures he found in them. Dickens often wrote with the printer's boy at his elbow waiting for a new chapter to carry to the printer's office.

His next book was "Oliver Twist", a serious tale about the terrible sufferings of a poor father- and motherless boy among beggars and thieves. Dickens's children are not real children, but little grown-up people: they are too wise and know too much of life.

In the year 1842 Dickens went to America. He travelled in one of those old-time steamers with paddle-wheels, and it was really a very dangerous voyage, as the ship was caught in a bad storm. The Americans had invited him in order to show him what a really free country was like, but when the great democrat entered the great democracy, he was disappointed: he found that everybody kept telling everybody else that it was a free country and that they were a free people, while yet many things were not what they should have been. Especially disgusted Dickens was with slavery, for at the time when he visited America, people there still kept slaves to work in their fields. On coming back from America

Dickens wrote his "American Notes" which made the Americans very angry.

Shortly after his return Dickens went on another journey. He was very fond of travelling, but when abroad, he always longed for England and he was never quite happy, except when he was at home. This time he went to Italy, taking his family with him in a great coach which he had had built for the purpose. While in Italy he wrote Christmas stories full of fog and snow and hail. In the sunlight of the south he dreamt of the firelight of the north. The best known of his Christmas stories is "A Christmas Carol". It tells us how a cruel old miser called Scrooge, who never loved anything but money before, is taught to love his fellow creatures. Another well-known Christmas story is "The Cricket on the Hearth". This has been translated into Estonian under the title "Kilk koldel". In his later books Dickens tried to be more realistic, especially in the great autobiographical novel "David Copperfield". The best constructed of all Dickens's novels is "A Tale of Two Cities". In this story Dickens is trying to imitate Thomas Carlyle, who wrote a great book on the French Revolution. Although Carlyle had read all the literature about the French Revolution he could get hold of, he never quite understood it. Dickens, though he had only read Carlyle, gave a much truer picture of it, because he was a revolutionary himself.

All his life Dickens had been greatly overworking, writing all day, walking all night, and going on long

lecturing tours in England and America to read parts of his stories to large crowds of people. He died quite suddenly in the year 1870 and was mourned by the whole nation like a king.

Dickens was of middle height and very lively. He had long brown hair and, later, a beard. His face was clean-cut and looked as if it were made of steel. His eyes were very clear and bright, his mouth large and expressive like an actor's. He had weak health, and yet he was never tired. He was, as a famous critic said, like the bright blade of a sword, delicate, and yet hard and sharp. In society Dickens was always very funny and very amusing, laughing at everything and everybody.

He was a great writer, even if he was not a good writer. He was great in that he could create characters that were really alive, that are still alive and will be alive as long as English Literature exists.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

When the mail got successfully to Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head waiter at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach-door as his custom was.

The mildewy inside of the coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity, was rather like a larger dog-kennel. Mr. Lorry, the passenger, shaking himself out of it in chains of straw, a tangle of shaggy wrapper, flapping hat, and muddy legs, was rather like a larger sort of dog.

"There will be a packet to Calais, to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets tolerable fair. Bed, sir?"

"I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom, and a barber."

"And then breakfast, sir? Yes, sir. That way, sir, if you please."

When Mr. Lorry came out of the bedroom, he was a gentleman of about sixty, dressed in a brown suit of clothes, pretty well worn, but very well kept. He wore an odd little flaxen wig that looked as if it were spun of silk or glass, and he had a pair of bright eyes and a healthy colour in his cheeks.

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

The arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the waiter, as he moved his chair to it:

"I wish a room prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Please let me know."

"Yes, sir. Tellson's Bank in London, sir?"

"Yes."

"Yes, sir. We have oftentimes the honour to entertain your gentlemen in their travelling backwards and forwards between London and Paris, sir. A great deal of travelling, sir, in Tellson and Company's House."

"Yes. We are quite a French House, as well as an English one."

"Indeed, sir!"

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

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapour, Mr. Lorry sat before the coffee-room fire after dinner, and had just poured out his last glassful of wine when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street, and rumbled into the inn-yard.

He set down his glass untouched. "This is Mam'selle!" said he.

In a very few minutes the waiter came in to announce that Miss Manette had arrived from London, and would be happy to see the gentleman from Tellson's.

CHAPTER II.

The Preparation.

Miss Manette's apartment was a large, dark room, furnished in a funeral manner with black horsehair, and heavy dark tables.

Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, saw standing to receive him by the fire, a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding-cloak, and still holding her straw travelling-hat by its ribbon in her hand. His eyes rested on a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair and a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look

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

"I kiss your hand, miss," said Mr. Lorry, with the manners of an earlier date, and took his seat.

"I received a letter from the Bank, sir, yesterday, informing me that some discovery rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the Bank, so good as to be sent to Paris for the purpose."

"Myself."

"As I am an orphan and have no friend who could go with me, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection."

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

"Sir, I thank you indeed. It was told me by the Bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are."

"Naturally," said Mr. Lorry. "Yes — I —"

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

"It is very difficult to begin."

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

"Are you quite a stranger to me, sir?"

"Am I not?"

"I begin to think that when I was left an orphan through my mother's surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidingly advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips. He then conducted the young lady straightway to her chair again, and stood looking down into her face while she sat looking up into his.

"Miss Manette, it *was* I. And you have been the ward of Tellson's House since. Now if Monsieur Manette had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had had an enemy who could exercise the privilege of filling up blank forms for sending anyone to 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 —"

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

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

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

"Well, he has been — been found. He is 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. But what is the matter! 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. He called out loudly for assistance.

A wild-looking woman, whom even in his agitation, Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red colour,

and to have red hair, came running into the room.

She softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness, calling her "my precious!" and "my bird!" and spreading her golden hair aside over her shoulder with great pride and care.

This was Miss Pross who had taken care of Miss Manette, ever since she was left an orphan.

CHAPTER III

The Wine-shop.

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

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the shop and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the pools with little mugs, or even with hand-

kerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths.

Shrill laughter of amused voices — voices of men, women, and children — sounded in the street while this wine game lasted.

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. And one tall joker had written upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine — BLOOD.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street-stones.

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

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured looking on the whole, but evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman with a watchful eye, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. She was busy knitting, and when her husband came in, she did not look up, but coughed once. This suggested to him that a new customer had dropped in.

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.

CHAPTER IV

An old Servant.

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 had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway. 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 entrance 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. A very remarkable transformation had come over

him. He had no good-humour in his face, 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 at my peril — as he was then, so he is now."

"He is greatly changed?"

"Changed!"

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

At last, the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped. The keeper of the wine-shop took out a key.

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

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

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman shut up?"

"I think it necessary to turn the key."

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened if his door was left open."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible!" repeated Defarge, bitterly. "Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it *is* possible, and when many other such things are done — done, see you! — under that sky there, every day. Long live the Devil. Let us go on."

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.

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 with as loud a noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with measured steps to where the window was.

With his back towards the door, and his face towards the window where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

CHAPTER V

The Shoemaker.

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

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice replied 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, it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last echo of a sound made long and long ago, it was like a voice underground.

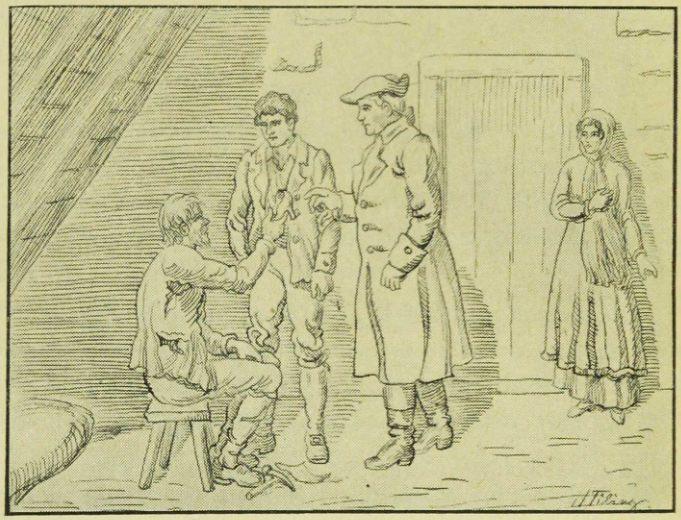
The shoemaker stopped his work with an unfinished shoe upon his lap. His few common tools and scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, a hollow face, and very bright eyes. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn.

"Are you going to finish that pair of shoes today?" asked Defarge.

"I suppose so. I don't know."

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 once more bent over the shoe.

"You have a visitor, you see," said Monsieur Defarge.



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

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

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

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

"It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking-shoe." He glanced at the shoe with some pride.

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

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

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

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

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge; but as no help came from that quarter, they turned back on the questioner.

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

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

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

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

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

The prisoner of many years looked fixedly, by turns, at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge. Finally, with a deep long sigh, he took the shoe up, and continued his work.

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

"Yes. Hush! Let us draw further back. Hush!"

CHAPTER VI

Father and Daughter.

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

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 his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face.

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

"What is this?"

With the tears streaming down her face, she sat down on the bench beside him. He drew back, but she laid her hand upon his arm.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up and looked at it.

Then he 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 one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

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

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

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out — she had a fear of my going, though I had none — and when I was brought to the North Tower they found these upon my sleeve."

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?*"

He still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

"No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. It can't be. What is your name, my gentle angel?"

His daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

"O, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father. But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. I pray you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! O my dear, my dear!"

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

"If you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my

hair, anything that recalls a beloved head that lay on your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it! If I bring back the remembrance of a Home long desolate, 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! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. O, see! Thank God for us, thank God!"

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

They came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground.

CHAPTER VII

The Departure.

"If, without disturbing him," she said, raising her hand to Mr. Lorry, "all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door, he could be taken away —"

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

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

"It is true," said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. "More than that; Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France."

When the night came, 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 food, and the lamp he carried, on the shoemaker's bench, and he and Mr. Lorry roused the prisoner, and assisted him to his feet.

In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey, 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.

When they began to descend, Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, 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 surrounded him. When he saw the carriage waiting in the open street, he dropped his daughter's hand and clasped his head.

No crowd was about the door; not even a chance passer-by was in the street. An unnatural silence and desertion reigned there.

The prisoner had got into a coach, and his daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry's feet

were arrested on the step by his asking, miserably, for his shoemaking tools and the unfinished shoes. Madame Defarge quickly brought them down and handed them in; — and immediately afterwards Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word "To the Barrier!" The postilion cracked his whip, and they clattered away, by lighted shops, gay crowds, bright coffee-houses, and theatre-doors, to one of the city gates. Soldiers with lanterns, at the guard-house there. "Your papers, travellers!" "See here then, Monsieur the Officer," said Defarge, getting down, "these are the papers of monsieur inside, with the white head." "It is well. Forward!" from the officer. "Adieu!" from Defarge. And so out under the stars.

CHAPTER VIII

Five Years later.

Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar [1]) was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark and very ugly. The partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no beauty. Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heaven! —

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1) Gateway (removed 1879) that marked the westward limit of the City Corporation's jurisdiction in London.

Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards, 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.

"You know the Old Bailey [1]) well, no doubt?" said one of the oldest of clerks to Jerry the messenger, a large strongly-built man with a red face and spiky hair.

"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, as a honest tradesman, wish to know the Bailey."

"Very well. Find the door where the witnesses go in, and show the door-keeper this note for Mr. Lorry. He will then let you in."

"Into the court, sir?"

"Into the court."

"Am I to wait in the court, sir?"

"The door-keeper will pass the note to Mr. Lorry, and what you have to do is, to remain there until he wants you. Here is the letter. Go along."

Jerry took the letter, and went.

Making his way through the crowd, the messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter through a trap in it.

After some delay, the door turned on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court.

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1) The Central Criminal Court in London.

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

"The Treason case."

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.

Presently, the dock became the central point of interest. Two gaolers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in, and put to the bar.

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

He was a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-grown and well-looking, with a sunburnt cheek and a dark eye. 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. He was quite self-possessed, bowed to the Judge, and stood quiet.

About on a level with his eyes, there sat, in a corner of the Judge's bench, two persons upon whom his look immediately rested: a young lady of little more than twenty, and a gentleman who was evidently her father; a man of a very remarkable appearance in the absolute whiteness of his hair, a handsome man, not past the prime of life.

His daughter had one of her hands drawn through his arm, as she sat by him, and the other pressed upon it. She had drawn close to him, in her dread of the scene, and in her pity for the prisoner. Starers who had had no pity for him were touched by her; and the whisper went about, "Who are they?"

Jerry, the messenger, stretched his neck to hear who they were.

"Witnesses."

The Judge leaned back in his seat, and looked steadily at the man whose life was in his hand, as Mr. Attorney General rose to speak.

CHAPTER IX

A Patriot.

Mr. Attorney General had to inform the jury, that the prisoner before them had been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England, on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach, to find out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State. That, this patriot had induced the prisoner's servant to examine his master's table-drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers. That documents would be produced that 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 passed 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 the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these destructive missions within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That, for these reasons, the jury must find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not.

When the Attorney General ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blue-flies were swarming about the prisoner, in expectation of what he was soon to become. When toned down again, the patriot appeared in the witness-box and was examined: John Barsad, gentleman, by name. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite, still looking at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't precisely remember where it was. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtors' prison? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at cards? Something like that was said by the

liar who commited the assault, but it was not true. Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? 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. Not in regular government pay and employment, to lay traps? Oh dear no.

CHAPTER X

The Traitor.

Mr. Attorney-General then called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

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

"I am."

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

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France 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."

"Was he the only passenger who came on board?"

"He was."

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry?"

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

"Miss Manette!"

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

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was harder for the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd.

"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."

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

"Yes, sir."

"Recall it."

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

"When the gentleman came on board —"

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

"Yes, my Lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board, he noticed that my father, was much fatigued and in a very weak state of health. The prisoner was so good as to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather, better than I had done."

"Had he come on board alone?"

"No."

"How many were with him?"

"Two French gentleman."

"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."

Mr. Attorney-General now told my Lord[1]), that he thought it necessary, to call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette.

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

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

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

"Sir, I can do neither."

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

He answered, in a low voice, "There is."

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

He answered, in a tone that went to every heart, "A long imprisonment."

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

"They tell me so."

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[1]) Form for speaking to or of a judge of the high court.

"Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

"None. My mind is a blank, from some time — I cannot even say what time — when I employed myself, in my imprisonment, in making shoes, to the time when I found myself living in London with my dear daughter here."

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

CHAPTER XI

Acquitted.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand being to show that the prisoner went to a garrison and dockyard, and there collected information; a witness was called to identify him as having been in the coffee-room of an hotel in that garrison-and-dockyard town, waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness when the wigged gentleman who had all this time been looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Opening this piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

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

The witness was quite sure.

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

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

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

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise, not only the witness, but everybody present especially when my learned friend laid aside his wig. My Lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel), whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (name of my learned friend) for treason? But, Mr. Stryver replied to my Lord, no; but he would ask the witness to tell him whether he was still sure it had been the prisoner he had seen in the coffee-room of that garrison-and-dock-yard town. Mr. Stryver, then, showed the jury how the patriot Barsad was a hired spy and traitor, and how some family affairs in France, the prisoner being of French extraction, required him making those passages across the Channel.

Mr. Attorney-General then showed the jury, how Barsad was even a hundred times better than he had thought him, and the prisoner a hundred times worse. Lastly, came my Lord himself and summed up all that had been said.

And now, the jury turned to consider.

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, with his torn gown half off him, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes on the

ceiling, took in more of the details of the scene than he apeared 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. As he passed out, the jury, who had turned back, spoke, through their foreman.

They were not agreed, and wished to retire. The trial had lasted all day, and the lamps in the court were now being lighted. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, and the prisoner withdrew to the back of the dock, and sat down.

Mr. Lorry beckoned to Jerry:

"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."

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."

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 and ears.

"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?"

"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, leaning with his elbow against the bar.

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

Jerry heard no more: but left them — so like each other in feature, so unlike each other in manner — standing side by side.

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

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

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

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

"Yes, sir!"

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

CHAPTER XII

After the Verdict

Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette, his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defence, and its counsel, Mr. Stryver, stood gathered round Mr. Charles Darnay — just released — congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult to recognise in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Yet, a reference to his long agony, would always draw a gloom over him.

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black cloud from his mind.

His face had now become frozen, as it were, in a very curious look at Darnay: an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, mixed 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 lights were nearly all extinguished in the passages, the iron gates were being closed with a jar and a rattle, and the gloomy place was deserted. A hackney-coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it.

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, now stepped up to where Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you."

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

"I don't wonder at it; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly."

"I begin to think I *am* faint."

"Then why the devil don't you dine? Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at."

Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Fleet-street, into a tavern. Here, they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon renewing his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine: while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him.

Carton presently said, "Why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay?"

"What health?"

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

"Miss Manette, then!"

"Miss Manette, then!"

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

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

Darnay answered not a word.

"She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it to her."

This reminded Darnay that this disagreeable companion had, of his own free will, assisted him in the strait of the day and he thanked him for it.

"I neither want any thanks, nor merit any," was the careless answer.

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good night. Without returning the wish, Carton rose too, with something of a threat of defiance in his manner, and said, "A last word, Mr. Darnay: you think I am drunk?"

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

"Think? You know I have been drinking."

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

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

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

"May be so, Mr. Darnay; may be not. Good night!"

CHAPTER XIII

The Jackal.

Mr. Stryver was little more than thirty, but looked twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, and free from any drawback of delicacy.

It had once been noted at the Bar, that while Mr. Stryver was unscrupulous, and 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 when Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, became Stryver's great ally. 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. 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 service to Stryver in that humble character.

At ten o'clock of the night after the trial Sydney Carton knocked on the door of the Stryver chambers. Mr. Stryver himself, in his slippers and a loose bed-gown, opened the door.

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

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

Sullenly the jackal loosened his dress, went into the next room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin, and a towel or two. Dipping the towels in the water, and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold, sat down at the table, and said, "Now I am ready!"

"Not much to be done to-night, Memory," said Mr. Stryver, gaily, as he looked among his papers.

"How much?"

"Only two sets of them."

"Give me the worst first."

"There they are, Sydney. Fire away!"

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking table, while the jackal sat on the other side of it, with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand: the lion for the most part looking at the fire, the jackal, with knitted brows, so deep in his task, that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass — which often groped about, for a minute or more, before it found the glass for his lips. Two or three times he got up and wetted his towels anew.

At length the jackal had got together a meal for the lion, and proceeded to offer it to him. The

lion took it with care and caution, made his selections from it, and his remarks upon it, and the jackal assisted both. When the meal was fully discussed, the clocks struck three in the morning.

The jackal removed the towels from his head, shook himself, yawned, and shivered.

"You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told."

"I always am sound; am I not?"

"The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School," said Stryver.

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

"And why not?"

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

"Carton," said his friend, "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. You were always in the front rank, and I was always behind."

"And whose fault was that?"

"Upon my soul, I am not sure that it was not yours. You were always driving and shouldering and pressing, to that restless degree that I had no

chance. And now I'll have no more drink; I'll get to bed."

When he got out of the house, the air was cold and sad, the dull sky clouded, the river dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifeless desert.

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.

CHAPTER XIV

Monseigneur in Town.

The Marquis of Evrémonde 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.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman lack of consideration the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and clutching children out of its way. At last, at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jerk, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

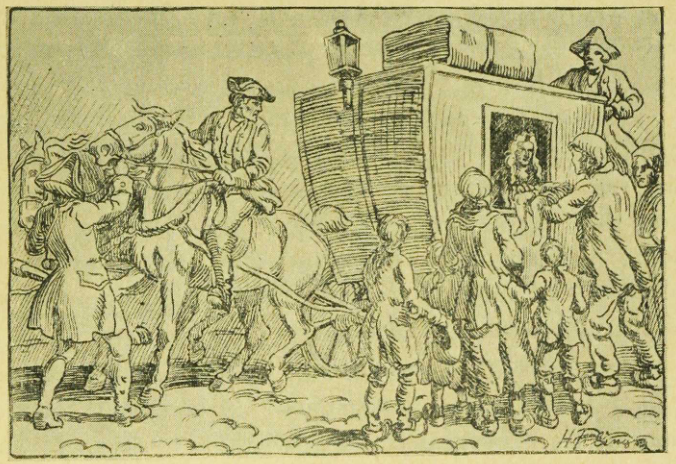
"What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the steps of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

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

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

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis — it is a pity — yes."



As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground, and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

"Killed!" screamed the man, in wild desperation, stretching both arms above his head, and staring at him. "Dead!"

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. After the first cry, they had been silent, and they remained so. Monsieur the Marquis

ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is for ever in the way. See! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

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

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

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

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, seller of wine."

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

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

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

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

She looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. He leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word, "Go on!"

CHAPTER XV

The Tall Man.

Monsieur the Marquis in his travelling carriage conducted by four post-horses and two postilions, toiled up a steep hill. There was a little village at the bottom of the hill, a church-tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a rock with a fortress on it used as a prison.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor stable-yard for relays of post-horses, poor fountain, and its poor

people. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, cutting onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain, washing leaves, and grasses, and other such things that could be eaten.

Few children were to be seen, and no dogs.

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

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

"Bring me here that fellow!" said the Marquis.

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

"I passed you on the road?"

"Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honour of being passed on the road."

"What did you look at so fixedly?"

"Monseigneur, I looked at the man."

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

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

"Pardon, Monseigneur; he hung there, under the carriage."

"What was he like?"

"Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a ghost, tall as a ghost!"

Monsieur Gabelle the Postmaster, had come out to assist at this examination.

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

The carriage started out of the village, rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between it and the château.

CHAPTER XVI

Monseigneur in the Country.

It was a heavy mass of building, that château of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone court-yard before it, and a stone terrace before the door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions.

The great door shut behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall grim with old swords, and knives; grimmer with heavy riding-whips, of which many a peasant had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Monsieur the Marquis, with his torch bearer going on before, went up the staircase to his own private apartment of three rooms. High vaulted rooms with all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country.

A supper-table was laid for two, in a small room, with its window wide open, and the wooden blinds

closed, so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black.

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

"What is that?" he calmly asked his valet looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black.

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well?"

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

The servant had thrown the blinds wide, had looked out into the darkness.

"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.

"Ask who has arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him then and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while he came. He had been know in England as Charles Darnay.

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

CHAPTER XVII

Uncle and Nephew.

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, 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 I should have remained faithful."

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

"I doubt, sir," said the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to death, you would have cared to save me. I know your diplomacy knows no scruples. I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the court, a lettre de cachet [1]) would have sent me to some fortress for life."

"It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. "For the honour of the family, I could even resolve to trouble you to that extent. But it is useless to discuss the question. France in all such things is changed for the worse. Our ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. From this room, many such dogs have been taken out to

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[1]) A blank form for imprisonment given out to great nobles. They could then fill in the name of any person whom they wished to have imprisoned.

be hanged. We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode. All very bad, very bad!"

The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff, and shook his head.

"We have been so cruel, both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew, gloomily, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low."

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

"*We* have done wrong?" repeated the Marquis, with an inquiring smile, and gently pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

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

"Death has done that!" said the Marquis.

"And has left me," answered the nephew, "bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it, but powerless in it; seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother who implored me to have mercy and to redress; and seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Marquis, touching him on the breast with his fore-finger, "you will for ever seek them in vain, be assured."

Every fine straight line in the clear whiteness of his face, was cruelly compressed, while he stood looking quietly at his nephew, with his snuff-box in his hand.

"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?"

"If it ever becomes mine, it shall be used to help the miserable people who cannot leave it."

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

"I must work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes."

"England is very attractive to you."

"It is my Refuge."

"You know a fellow-countryman who has found a Refuge there? A Doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

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

As he bent his head in his most courtly manner, the thin straight lips, curved with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolic.

"Yes," repeated the Marquis. "A Doctor with a daughter. Yes. So begins the new philosophy! You are fatigued. Good night! Light Monsieur my nephew to his chamber there! — And burn Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will," he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bed-room.

CHAPTER XVIII

Death of a Tyrant.

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

At length, leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin curtains fall around him, and composed himself to sleep.

The stone faces on the outer walls stared blindly at the black night, the horses in the stables rattled at their racks, the dogs barked.

Dead darkness lay on all the landscape. The village was fast asleep. Dreaming, perhaps, of ease and rest, as the driven slave and the yoked ox may.

The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, through three dark hours. Then, the grey water began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the château were opened.

Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees. On the weather-beaten sill

of the great window of the bed-chamber of Monsieur the Marquis, a little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might.

Now, the sun was full up, and movement began in the village. Windows opened, doors were unbarred, and people came forth shivering — to the toil of the day.

The château awoke later. Doors and windows were thrown open, horses in their stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at doorways, leaves sparkled and rustled, dogs pulled hard at their chains, and reared impatient to be loosed.

All these things belonged to the return of morning. Surely, not so the ringing of the great bell of the château, nor the running up and down the stairs; nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

What did all this mean?

It meant that there was one stone face too many, up at the château.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly startled, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a paper, on which was written:

"*Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from* JACQUES."[1])

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1) Nickname of the French peasant.

CHAPTER XIX

Two Promises.

Twelve months had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a teacher of the French language.

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. But he had not yet spoken to her on the subject. That he had his reasons for this he knew full well.

It was again a summer day when he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, resolved on opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was growing toward evening, and he knew Lucie to be out with Miss Pross.

The quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a street-corner, not far from Soho Square. There were few buildings, then, north of Oxford Road, and forest-trees and wild flowers grew in the now vanished fields.

Here Doctor Manette received such patients as his old reputation and scientific knowledge brought him, and earned as much as he wanted. The energy, which had once supported him in his sufferings, had been restored to him. He studied much, slept little, was able to stand a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was quietly cheerful.

Charles Darnay found the Doctor reading in his armchair by the window. At sight of the young man he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

"Charles Darnay! I rejoice to see you. Lucie 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."

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

"Dear Doctor Manette, I love your daughter fondly, dearly, disinterestedly, devotedly."

The Doctor rested his hands upon the arms of his chair, and looked up. A struggle was evidently in his face, a look of dark doubt and dread.

"Do you seek any promise from me!"

"I do seek that."

"What is it?"

"It is that you may urge no influence against me."

"I give the promise," said the Doctor. "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 — anything whatsoever, new or old, against the man she really loved — the direct responsibility thereof not lying on his head — they should all be forgotten for her sake. She is everything to me; more to me than suffering, more to me than wrong, more to me — Well! This is idle talk."

So strange was the way in which he faded into silence, so strange his fixed look when he had ceased to speak, that Charles Darnay was quite surprised. At length he said:

"Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name 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. "Tell me when I ask you, not now. You shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise?"

"Willingly."

"Give me your hand. Go! God bless you!"

It was dark when Lucie came home; she was surprised to find his reading-chair empty.

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

She heard a low hammering sound in the bedroom.

She tapped at his door, and softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they walked up and down together for a long time.

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

CHAPTER XX.

Sydney Carton.

If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and gloomy fellow there.

On a day in August he was shown up-stairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton!"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health."

"Is it not — forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips — a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so, without looking at her, and said:

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

"If it will do you any good, Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier, it would make me very glad!"

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!"

He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me. I am like one who died young. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me, but I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. Since I knew you, I have been troubled by remorse. I have had ideas of beginning a new, a better life. A dream, all a dream, but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? O Mr. Carton, think again! Try again! Have I no power for good with you?"

"Let me carry through the rest of my wasted life, the remembrance that I opened my heart to you, and that there was something left in me at this time which you could pity."

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

"Thank you. And again, God bless you."

He put her hands to his lips, and moved towards the door.

Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her.

"Be comforted!" he said, "I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. My last supplication of all, is this; think now and then that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you!"

He said, "Farewell!" said at last "God bless you!" and left her.

CHAPTER XXI

An Execution.

There had been earlier drinking than usual in the wineshop of Monsieur Defarge. There had been more of early whispering than drinking; for, many men had crept 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.

It was high noontide, when two dusty men of whom, one was Monsieur Defarge, the other a mender of roads in a blue cap, entered the wineshop. The eyes of every man there were turned upon them.

"Good day, gentlemen!" said Monsieur Defarge. "I have travelled many leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!"

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.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine, while Madame Defarge had taken up her knitting, and was at work.

"Have you finished your meal, friend?" he asked after some time.

"Yes, thank you."

"Come, then!"

Out of the wine-shop into the street, out of the street into a court-yard, up a steep staircase into a garret, — formerly the garret where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

Three men were there who had gone out of the wine-shop singly.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a low voice:

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness found by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five!"

The mender of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his forehead with it, and said.

"I saw him, messieurs, a year ago this summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain."

Jacques One struck in, and asked if he had ever seen the man before?

"Never," answered the mender of roads.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterwards recognised him then?

"By his tall figure," said the mender of roads.

"The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter, the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden, but at last he is unluckily found. Go on!"

"I am again at work upon the hill-side, and the sun is about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below,

where it is already dark, when I raise my eyes, and see coming over the hill six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms tied to his sides.

"But when they advance quite near to me, I recognise the tall man, and he recognises me.

"We know it, with our eyes. 'Come on!' says the chief of that company, pointing to the village, 'bring him fast to his tomb!' and they bring him faster. I follow. His arms are swelled because of being bound so tight, his wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame, because he is lame, and slow, they drive him with their guns.

"As they descend the hill he falls. They laugh and pick him up again. His face is bleeding and covered with dust. They bring him into the village; all the village runs to look; they take him past the mill, and up to the prison; all the village sees the prison gate open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him.

"They whisper at the fountain, that although condemned to death he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition has been presented to the King himself. What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

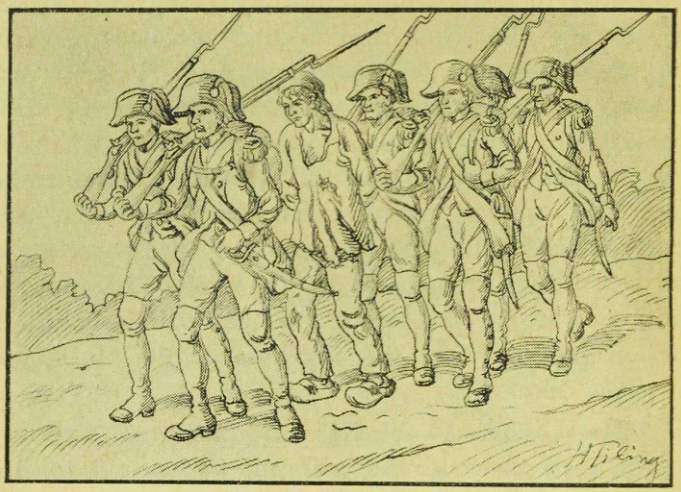
"Listen then, Jacques," Number One of that name sternly interrupted. "Know that a petition was presented to the King and Queen. All here saw the King take it, in his carriage in the street, sitting beside the Queen. It is Defarge whom you see here,

who, at the risk of his life, ran out before the horses, with the petition in his hand."

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

"I hear, messieurs."

"Go on then," said Defarge.



"Well! 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. At midday, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. On the top of the gallows is fixed

the knife he killed Monseigneur with blade upwards, with its point in the air. He is hanged there forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water."

They looked at one another, as he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the perspiration had started afresh while he recalled the sight.

"It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and the children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening, under that shadow!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Doomed to Destruction.

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said, "Good! 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.

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

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

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner

of keeping the register? Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted, in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge."

There was a murmur of confidence and approval, and then Jacques Three asked: "Is this rustic to be sent back soon? I hope so. He is very simple; is he not a little dangerous?"

"He knows nothing," said Defarge; "I will take care of him. He wishes to see the fine world—the King, the Queen, and Court; let him see them on Sunday."

"What?" exclaimed Jacques Three staring. "Is it a good sign, that he wishes to see Royalty and Nobility?"

"Jacques," said Defarge; "show a cat milk, if you wish her to thirst for it. Show a dog his natural prey, if you wish him to bring it down one day."

Nothing more was said, and the mender of roads was advised to lay himself down on the pallet-bed and take some rest.

When Sunday came, the mender of roads accompanied M. Defarge to Versailles, to see the fine world.

Soon the large-faced King and the fair-faced Queen came in their golden coach, attended by the shining Bull's Eye[1]) of their Court, a glittering multitude of laughing ladies and fine lords; and in jewels and silks and powder and splendour and elegant figures and handsomely contemptuous faces of both sexes, the mender of roads bathed himself, so much to his temporary intoxication, that he cried Long live the King, Long live the Queen, Long live everybody and everything!

"Bravo!" said Defarge, clapping him on the back when it was over; "you are a good boy! You make these fools believe that it will last for ever. Then, they are the more insolent, and it is the nearer ended."

"Hey!" cried the mender of roads, thoughtfully, coming to himself; „that's true."

CHAPTER XXIII.

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.

The door of the Doctor's room opened presently, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so

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[1]) The lords and ladies of the Court nearest to the King and Queen.

deadly pale — which had not been the case when they went in together — that no trace of colour was to be seen in his face.

He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her down-stairs to the coach 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.

They returned home to breakfast, and all went well, and in due course the golden hair that had mingled with the poor shoemaker's white locks in the Paris garret, were mingled with them again in the morning sunlight, on the threshold of the door at parting.

It was a hard parting, though it was not for long. Doctor Manette was to join them for a trip in Wales after a fortnight.

It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall, that Mr. Lorry observed a great change to have come over the Doctor. The old scared look had come back to his face, and he wandered away drearily to his own room.

"I think," Mr. Lorry whispered to Miss Pross, "I think we had best not speak to him just now, or at all disturb him. I must look in at Tellson's; so I will go there at once and come back presently."

Mr. Lorry was detained two hours. When he came back, he was stopped by a low sound of knocking.

"Good God!" he said, with a start. "What's that?"

Miss Pross, with a terrified face, was at his ear. "O me, O me! All is lost!" cried she, wringing her hands. "He doesn't know me, and is making shoes!"

Mr. Lorry went into the Doctor's room. The bench was turned towards the light, his head was bent down, and he was very busy.

"Doctor Manette. My dear friend, Doctor Manette!"

The Doctor looked at him for a moment — half inquiringly, half as if he were angry at being spoken to — and bent over his work again.

He had laid aside his coat and waistcoat; his shirt was open at the throat, as it used to be when he did that work; and even the old haggard, faded face had come back to him.

"But, Doctor Manette. Look at me!"

He obeyed, in the old submissive manner, without pausing in his work.

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

Nothing would induce him to speak. He worked, and worked, and worked, in silence, and words fell on him as they would have fallen on an echoless wall, or on the air.

Mr. Lorry resolved to watch him attentively. He therefore remained 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.

The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's hope darkened, and his heart grew 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.

Worn out by anxious watching, Mr. Lorry fell asleep at his post. On the tenth morning of his suspense, he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had overtaken him when it was dark night.

He rubbed his eyes and roused himself; but he doubted, when he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For, going to the door of the Doctor's room and looking in, he perceived that the shoemaker's bench and tools were put aside again, and that the Doctor himself sat reading at the window. He was in his usual morning dress, and his face, though still very pale, was calmly attentive.

Mr. Lorry presented himself at the breakfast-hour. The Doctor was summoned in the usual way, and came to breakfast.

He at first supposed that his daughter's marriage had taken place yesterday, and kept looking at his hands, which were discoloured by his late work. In all other respects he was his usual self.

They passed the day in the country, and the Doctor was quite restored. On the three following days he remained perfectly well, and on the fourteenth day he went away to join Lucie and her husband.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Storm is rising.

When the newly-married pair came home, the first person who appeared to offer his congratulations, was Sydney Carton. 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 Charles Darnay.

"Mr. Darnay," said Carton, "I wish we might be friends."

"We are already friends, I hope."

"I mean, may I come and go here as a privileged person, tolerated and taken no notice of?"

"Will you try?"

"Thank you, Darnay."

They shook hands upon it, and Carton turned away. When he was gone, Lucie said to her husband:

"I would ask you, dearest, to be generous and lenient with poor Mr. Carton.

"Indeed, my own? Why so?"

"I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things."

* * *

Time passed and the shady house in the quiet corner of Soho was made sunny with a child's laughter and the sounds of her prattling words.

Some half-dozen times a year Sydeny Carton claimed his privelege of coming uninvited, and would

sit among them through the evening. He never came there heated with wine. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie held out her chubby arms, and he kept his place with her as she grew.

It was about little Lucie's sixth birthday when they began to hear of a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising. The hour had come when the people, maddened by hunger and tyranny, rose against their oppressors.

Three more birthdays of little Lucie came and went. For three years the storm in France had been raging. The Bastille [1]) had been taken. Monseigneur as a class had fled. The shining Bull's Eye of the Court was gone. Royalty was gone. The August of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two had come, and the storm was still rising.

On a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him, when a clerk approached Mr. Lorry, and laying a dirty and unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered the person to whom it was addressed. Darnay saw the address the more quickly because it was his own right name. It ran:

"Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evrémonde, of France. Care of Messrs. Tellson and Co. Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning, Dr. Manette had made it his one urgent request that the secret of his name

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1) Paris prison-fortress destroyed 1789.

should be kept between them. Nobody else knew it to be his name.

"I know the fellow," he said quickly.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"I will. And do you really go to Paris to-night?"

"I do. Matters have become too pressing to admit of delay."

"And do you take no one with you? Think that it is a disorganized country, a city that may not be safe even for you."

"I intend to take Jerry. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being anything but an English bull-dog, ready to fly at anybody who touches his master."

"Do you start from here?"

"From here at eight."

"I will come back to see you off."

CHAPTER XXV.

Drawn to the Rock.

Darnay made his way into the quiet of the court-yard and opened the letter.

"Prison of the Abbaye, Paris.

"June 21, 1792.

"Monsieur heretofore the Marquis.

"After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. My house has been destroyed.

"The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life, is, they tell me, 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 collected no rent. The only answer is, that I have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?

"For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honour of your noble name, I pray you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to release me.

"Your unfortunate

"Gabelle".

Darnay's resolution was soon made. He would go to Paris. He saw hardly any danger. He had oppressed no man. He had imprisoned no man. He had relinquished his property to the people before the storm. He even believed he could do some good in guiding this raging Revolution that was running so wild. Lucie should be spared the pain of separation. She and her father should know of his step only after he was gone.

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. "Perhaps you will take an answer?"

"That I will, and readily," said Mr. Lorry, "if it is not dangerous."

"Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye."

"What is his name?" said Mr. Lorry, with his open pocket-book in his hand.

"Gabelle."

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

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

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey to-morrow night."

"Any person mentioned?"

"No."

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him into the misty air of Fleet-street. "My love to Lucie, and to little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry at parting, "and take precious care of them till I come back." Charles Darnay shook his head and doubtfully smiled, as the carriage rolled away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

End of a Journey.

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.

The universal watchfulness stopped him on the highway twenty times a day, riding after him and taking him back, riding before him and stopping him, riding with him and keeping him in charge. He had been days upon his journey in France alone, when he went to bed tired out, in a little town on the highroad, still a long way from Paris.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by three armed patriots in rough red caps and with pipes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

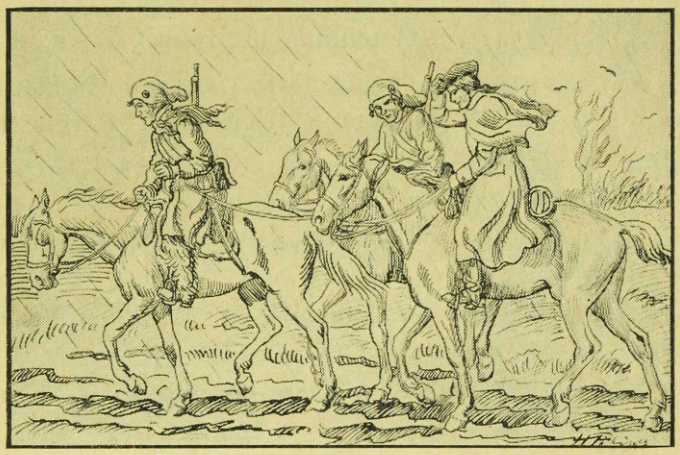
"Emigrant," said one of them, "I am going to send you on to Paris, under an escort. You are an aristocrat, and must have an escort — and must pay for it. Rise and dress yourself, emigrant."

Darnay obeyed, and was taken back to the guard-house, where other patriots in rough red caps were smoking, drinking, and sleeping, by a watch-fire. Here he paid a heavy price for his escort, and started with it on the wet, wet roads at three o'clock in the morning.

The escort were two mounted patriots in red caps, armed with muskets and sabres, who rode one on

either side of him. They set forth with the sharp rain driving in their faces.

They travelled in the night, halting an hour or two after daybreak, and lying by until the twilight fell. The escort were so wretchedly clothed, that they twisted straw round their bare legs, and thatched their ragged shoulders to keep the wet off.



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

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

One of the patriots had them in his cap, and produced them.

The man in authority directed the guard to open the barrier. Then he requested Darnay to dis-

mount. He did so, and the two patriots, leading his tired horse, turned and rode away without entering the city.

He accompanied his conductor into a guard-room, smelling of common wine and tobacco, where several soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, were standing and lying about. Some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse, dark appearance, was looking at these.

"Citizen Defarge," said he to Darnay's conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on. "Is this the emigrant Evrémonde?"

"This is the man."

"You will be sent, Evrémonde, to the prison of La Force."

„Just Heaven!" exclaimed Darnay. "Under what law, and for what offence?"

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

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

"I entreat you to observe that I have come here voluntarily, in answer to that written appeal of a fellow-countryman which lies before you. Is not that my right?"

"Emigrants have no rights, Evrémonde," was the reply. The officer wrote until he had finished, read over to himself what he had written, sanded it, and handed it to Defarge.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Prison.

Defarge beckoned with the paper to the prisoner that he must accompany him. The prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two patriots attended them.

As they went down the guard-house steps, Defarge said with sudden impatience: "In the name of that sharp female newly-born, and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

"Indeed I am lost here. All here is so changed, so sudden and unfair, that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?"

"None." Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him. "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. As they walked on in silence, he could not but see how used the people were to the sight of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children scarcely noticed him. 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 know to Charles Darnay that the king was in prison, and that the foreign ambassadors had one and all left Paris.

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

Through the gloomy prison twilight, the gaoler accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors 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 and sewing; the men were for the most part standing behind their chairs, or walking up and down the room.

They rose to receive him, with every refinement of manner known to the time, and with all the gantle graces and courtesies of life.

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 on him eyes that were changed by the death they had died in coming there.

"In the name of my companions in misfortune," said a gentleman of courtly appearance and address, coming forward, "I have the honour of giving you welcome to La Force, and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you among us. May it soon end happily!"

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 — gave him good wishes and encouragement.

The grated door opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When they had ascended forty steps 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.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Grindstone.

Tellson's Bank, established in the Saint Germain Quarter of Paris, was in a large house, approached by a court-yard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry sat by a newly-lighted wood fire, when his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father!

"What is this?" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What has happened?"

She panted out in his arms, imploringly, "O my dear friend! My husband!"

"Your husband, Lucie?"

"Has been here some days — three or four — I don't know how many — he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison."

Almost at the same moment, the bell of the great gate rang, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the court-yard.

"What is that noise?" said the Doctor, turning towards the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out! Manette, for your life, don't touch the blind!"

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile:

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris who would touch me. My old pain has given me a power that has brought us through the barrier, and gained us news of Charles there, and brought us here. I knew it would be so; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger; I told Lucie so. — What is that noise?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. "No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!" He got his arm around her, and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. For Charles's sake you must leave your father and me alone for two minutes."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key; then, came hurrying back to the Doctor, and opened the window and partly opened the blind, and put his hand upon the Doctor's arm, and looked out with him into the court-yard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women. The people in possession of the house had let them

in at the gate, and they had rushed into work at a grindstone.

The grindstone had a double handle, and, turning at it madly were two men, whose faces were more horrible and cruel than the faces of the wildest savages, all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. Hatches, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with blood.

They drew back from the window, and the Doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face.

"They are," Mr. Lorry whispered, "murdering the prisoners. If you really have the power you think you have — as I believe you have — make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It may be too late, I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the court-yard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried him in an instant to the heart of the crowd at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, with cries of — "Live the Bastille prisoner! Save the prisoner Evrémonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Killing the Prisoners.

Doctor Manette did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. Eleven hundred defenceless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace.

The Doctor had been taken through a scene of butchery to the prison of La Force. In the prison he had found a Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be butchered, or to be released, or to be sent back to their cells. He had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and unaccused prisoner in the Bastille. One of the body sitting in judgement had risen and identified him. This man had been Defarge.

Hereupon he had ascertained, through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners, and had pleaded hard to the tribunal — of whom some members were asleep and some awake, some dirty and some clean, some sober and some not — for his life and liberty. Charles Darnay had been brought before the lawless Court and examined. He had seemed on the point of being at once released, when there had been an unexplained check. The man sitting as President had informed Dr. Manette that the prisoner must remain in prison, but should, for his sake, be held safe. The prisoner had immediately been removed to the interior of the

prison again; but he, the Doctor, had obtained permission to remain in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over.

The mad joy over the prisoners who were saved, had amazed him scarcely less than the mad ferocity against those who were cut to pieces. One prisoner had been released into the street free, but a mistaken savage had thrust a pike at him as he passed out. Being asked to go to him and dress the wound, the Doctor had found him in the arms of a company of Samaritans, who were seated on the bodies of their victims. They had helped the Doctor, and tended the wounded man with the gentlest care — had made a litter for him and escorted him carefully from the spot — had then caught up their weapons and plunged anew into a butchery so dreadful, that the Doctor had covered his eyes with his hands, and fainted away in the midst of it.

CHAPTER XXX.

Doctor Manette.

The Doctor, whose business, as a physician, was with all degrees of mankind, bond and free, rich and poor, bad and good, 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 imprisoned 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.

But, though the Doctor tried hard, and never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him. The new era began; the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, declared; the black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Notre Dame [1]); three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the different parts of France.

There was no pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of rest, no measurement of time.

A revolutionary tribunal in the capital, and forty or fifty thousand revolutianary committees all over the land; a law of the Suspected, which struck away all security for liberty or life, and delivered over any good and innocent person to any bad and guilty one; prisons filled with people who had committed no offence, and could obtain no hearing; these things became the established order of things.

Among these terrors, the Doctor walked with a steady head: confident in his power, cautiously pursuing his end, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last.

During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the Guillotine would strike

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1) A great Paris church.

off her husband's head next day. Every day, through the stony streets, the tumbrils now rolled heavily, filled with Condemned. Lovely girls; bright women, brown-haired, black-haired, and grey; youths; strong men and old; gentle born and peasant born; all red wine for La Guillotine.

One year and three months had gone by when her father said to her, on coming home one evening:

"My dear, Charles is summoned for to-morrow."

"For to-morrow!"

"There is no time to lose. I am well prepared, but there are precautions to be taken, that could not be taken until he was actually summoned before the Tribunal. You are not afraid?"

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

"Do so implicitly. He shall be restored to you within a few hours. I must see Lorry."

A dull red and yellow sky, and a rising mist from the Seine, marked the approach of darkness. It was almost dark when they arrived at the Bank.

Who could that be with Mr. Lorry—the owner of the riding-coat upon the chair—who must not be seen? To whom did he repeat her words, when, raising his voice and turning his head towards the door of the room from which he had come, he said: "Summoned for to-morrow?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Triumph.

Fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned to death.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of Death.

"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?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the President desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country long ago to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses; Théophile Gabelle, and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England? the President reminded him.

True, but not an English woman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

"Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there."

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the well-known good physician rent the hall.

The President asked, why had he returned to France?

He replied, he had returned 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 that citizen's life. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic?

The populace cried enthusiastically, "No!" and the President rang his bell to quiet them.

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.

It was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye until three days ago; when he had been set at liberty on the Jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered by the surrender of the citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers,

made a great impression: he showed that the accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment; that, so far from being in favour with the Aristocrat government in England, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the enemy of England and friend of the United States. The Jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes.

All the voices were in the prisoner's favour, and the President declared him free.

No sooner was the acquittal pronounced, than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time.

They put him into a great chair and he was carried to his home on men's shoulders, with a confused sea of red caps heaving about him.

Her father had gone on before to prepare her. He was happy and proud. "Charles is safe," he said, "I have saved him."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Knock at the Door.

The shadows of the wintry afternoon were beginning to fall. Lucie and her husband, her father and the child were sitting by a bright fire. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather with her hand clasped through his arm, and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper, began to tell her a story of a great and powerful Fairy who had opened a prison-wall and let out a prisoner who had once done the Fairy a

service. All was peaceful and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been all day.

"What is that?" she cried all at once.

"My dear!" said her father, stopping in his story.

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself, with a pale face and in a trembling voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as Death."

As he said the word, a blow was struck upon the door.

"Oh father, father. What can this be! Hide Charles. Save him!"

"My child," said the Doctor, rising, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "I *have* saved him. Let me go to the door."

A rude clattering of feet over the floor, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

"The Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay," said the first.

"Who seeks him?" answered Darnay.

"I seek him. 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 prison, and will know to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow."

Dr. Manette, confronting the speaker, and taking him, not ungently, by the loose front of his red woollen shirt, said:

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you, Citizen Doctor."

"Will you answer his question to me then? How does this happen?"

"Citizen Doctor," said the man, "he is accused by Saint Antoine."

"Of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Citizen Doctor, ask no more. If the Republic demands sacrifices from you, without doubt you as a good patriot will be happy to make them. Evrémonde, we are pressed."

"One word," the Doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"He is denounced — and gravely — by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other."

"What other?"

"Do *you* ask, Citizen Doctor?"

"Yes."

"You will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Suspected and Denounced.

The court was all astir and a-buzz, when Sydney Carton squeezed himself into an obscure corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

Every eye was turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Re-accused and retaken yesterday. Suspected and denounced enemy of the Republic, Aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants," said the Public Prosecutor.

The President asked, was the Accused openly denounced or secretly?

"Openly, President."

"By whom?"

"Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-seller of St. Antoine."

"Good."

"Thérèse Defarge, his wife."

"Good."

"Alexandre Manette, physician."

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it, Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

"President, I protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life."

"Citizen Manette, be quiet. Nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic."

Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell, and Defarge was produced.

"You did good service at the taking of the Bastille, citizen?"

"I believe so."

"Inform the Tribunal of what you found that day within the Bastille, citizen."

"In a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower, in a hole in the chimney where a stone had been worked out and replaced, I found a written paper. This is that paper. It is in the writing of Doctor Manette."

"Let it be read."

In a dead stillness and silence the paper was read as follows.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Two Patients.

"I, Alexandre Manette, physician, write this paper in my cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year, 1767.

"One night, in the third week of December in the year 1757, I was walking on the quay by the Seine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. The carriage stopped, and two gentlemen got out. I observed that they were greatly alike.

'You are Doctor Manette?' said one.

'I am.'

'Doctor Manette, will you please to enter the carriage.'

"They were both armed. I was not. I could do nothing but obey. They both entered after me. The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and came into a country road. It presently

stopped at a solitary house. We all three got out, and walked to the door of the house. I heard cries from an upper chamber. I was taken to that chamber, and found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty and young; not much past twenty. Her hair was torn, and her arms were bound to her sides with towels and handkerchiefs. On one of them I saw the armorial bearings of a Noble, and the letter E. Her eyes were wide open and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing screams, and repeated the words, "My husband, my father, and my brother!" and then counted up to twelve, and said, "Hush!" For an instant she would pause to listen, and then piercing screams would begin again.

"To distinguish the two gentlemen, I will call them the elder and the younger brother. The elder brother brought a case of medicines from a cupboard and I made the patient swallow some narcotic. I then sat down by the side of the bed. The house was damp and ill-kept. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deaden the sound of the screams. I had sat thus for half an hour, when the elder brother said:

'There is another patient.'

"In a back room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable, on some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy — a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, his

right hand clenched on his breast, and his eyes looking straight upward. I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

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

'I do not want it examined,' he answered; 'let it be.'

"It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. The wound was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Peasant Boy's Story.

'How has this been done, monsieur?' said I.

'A mad young dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword — like a gentleman.'

"There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity, in this answer.

"The boy's eyes slowly moved to me.

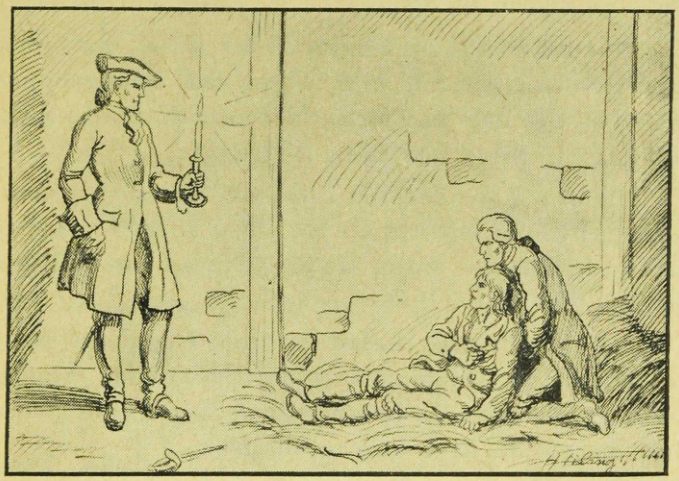
'Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles. They plunder us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She — have you seen her, Doctor?'

"I said, 'I have seen her.'

'She is my sister, Doctor. She had not been married many weeks, when that man's brother saw

her and admired her, but my sister was good and virtuous. What did the two then do to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her willing?'

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



'You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of harness one day at noon, to feed — if he could find food — he sobbed twelve times, and died on her bosom.'

"Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong.

'Then, with that man's permission and even with his aid, his brother took her away. When I took the tidings home, our father's heart burst. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man. Then, I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in — a common dog, but sword in hand.'

"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 drew to defend himself — thrust at me with all his skill for his life.'

"My glance had fallen 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. Turn my face to him.'

"I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee.

'Marquis,' said the boy, turned to him his eyes opened wide, and his right hand raised, 'in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you and yours, to the last of your bad race, to answer for them.'

"As his hand dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead....

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"I denounce them to Heaven and to Earth."

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity.

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

"She lingered for a week. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head dropped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

"The brothers were waiting in a room downstairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, striking their boots with their riding-whips, und walking 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 offered me money, but I had resolved to accept nothing.

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

"From the first, I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to

which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone.

"The letter was lying before me just completed, when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me....

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story. 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.

"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.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. 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. 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 give to this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

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

"I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate and demanded to see me.

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

"When I was clear of the house, a black wrapper was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were tied. 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, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave.

"And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Unanimously voted.

A terrible roar arose when the reading of this document was done.

At every juryman's vote, there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar.

Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an Aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious

oppressor of the People. 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 hit.

Then, coming out of the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton took her up. His arm trembled as it raised her, and supported her head.

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, he lifted her again, and carried her up the staircase to their rooms. There, he laid her down on a sofa, where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"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!"

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, 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."

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

"If I go to Mr. Lorry's at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from our friend or from yourself?"

"Yes."

"May you prosper!"

Mr. Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door, and, touching him on the shoulder as he was going away, caused him to turn.

"I have no hope," said Mr. Lorry, in a low and sorrowful whisper.

"Nor have I. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day comfort 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 steady step, down-stairs.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Extermination.

Sydney Carton paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. "It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here; it is a sound precaution, and may be a necessary preparation. But care, care, care!" he thought.

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. Carton dined at a place of refreshment and fell sound asleep after dinner.

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 changed 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, whom he had seen upon the Jury. He stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man and wife.

Carton walked in, took his seat and asked for a small measure of wine.

Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and then another, and another, and said: "I swear to you, like Evrémonde."

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him Good Evening.

"Good evening, citizen," said Carton, filling his glass. "Ah, and good wine. I drink to the Republic."

Defarge went back to the counter, and said: "Certainly a little like." Madame sternly replied: "I tell you a good deal like."

After a silence of a few moments, during which they all looked towards him, they continued their conversation.

"It is true what madame says," observed Jacques Three. "Why stop? There is great force in that. Why stop?"

"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere. After all, the question is still where?"

"At extermination," said madame.

"Magnificent!" croaked Jacques Three.

"Extermination is good doctrine, my wife," said Defarge, rather troubled; "in general, I say nothing against it. But this Doctor has suffered much; you have seen him to-day; you have observed his face when the paper was read."

"I have observed his face!" repeated madame, contemptuously and angrily. "Yes. I have observed his face to be not the face of a true friend of the Republic. As to thee," pursued madame, addressing her husband, "if it depended on thee, thou wouldst rescue this man even now."

"No!" protested Defarge. "No if to lift this glass would do it! But I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there."

"Listen," said Madame Defarge, "I have now a secret to communicate. That peasant family so injured by the two Evrémonde brothers, as that Bastille paper describes, is my family: my sister, my father, and my brother. And that summons to answer for those things descends to me! Ask my husband if that is so."

"It is so," said Defarge, unasked.

"Then tell wind and fire where to stop," returned madame; "but don't tell me."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Darkness.

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. Carton paid for what he had had, and went.

At the appointed hour he presented himself in Mr. Lorry's room, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. The Doctor had not been seen since four o'clock. Where could he be?

The clock struck twelve, when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room, it was plain that all was lost.

"I cannot find it," he said, "and I must have it. Where is it?"

His head and throat were bare, and, as he spoke with a helpless look straying all around, he took his coat off, and let it drop on the floor.

"Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere for my bench, and I can't find it. Time presses: I must finish those shoes."

They looked at one another, and their hearts died within them.

It was so clearly beyond hope to reason with him, or try to restore him, — that they soothed him to sit down before the fire, with a promise that he should have his work presently. He sank into the chair, and bent over the embers, and shed tears. Carton was the first to speak:

"The last chance is gone: it was not much. Yes; he had better be taken to her. But, before you go, will you, for a moment, steadily attend to me?"

"Say on."

Carton stooped to pick up the coat, which lay almost at his feet. As he did so, a small case fell lightly on the floor. Carton took it up, and there was a folded paper in it. He opened it, and exclaimed, "Thank God!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lorry, eagerly.

"A moment! First," he put his hand in his coat, and took another paper from it, "that is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see — Sydney Carton, an Englishman?"

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing at it.

"Keep it for me until to-morrow. Now, take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him.

It is a similar certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child, at any time, to pass the barrier and the frontier. You see?"

"Yes!"

"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. Don't look so horrified. You will save them all."

"Heaven grant I may, Carton! But how?"

"I am going to tell you how. You have money, and can buy the means of travelling to the sea-coast as quickly as the journey can be made. 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!"

"Tell her, to-night, what you know of the danger to 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. The moment I come to you, take me in, and drive away. Promise me solemnly that nothing will influence you to change 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, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed."

"I will remember them. I hope to do my part faithfully."

"And I hope to do mine. Now, good-bye!"

CHAPTER XL.

"A Life you love..."

In the dark and gloomy prison the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, was walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, when he heard footsteps in the stone passage outside the door.

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, face to face, quiet, with a smile on his features, and a cautioning finger on his lips, Sydney Carton.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here. I come from her — your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"You have no time to ask me what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must simply obey —

take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him, barefoot.

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

The prisoner looked up.

" 'If you remember,' " said Carton, dictating, " 'the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily understand this when you see it.' "

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again. " 'I am thankful that the time has come, when I can prove them.' " As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnays's fingers on the table, and he looked about him blankly.

"What vapour is that?" he asked.

"I am conscious of nothing. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper, once more.

Carton looked at the pen and saw it was dropping from the writer's hand.

The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but, within a minute or so, he was streched insensible on the ground.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Are you dying for him?"

Quickly Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair,

and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then, he softly called, "Enter there! Come in!" and the turnkey presented himself.

"You see, Mr. Barsad?" said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast; "is your risk very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the Spy answered, with a snap of his fingers, "my risk is not *that*, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death. Now, get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the Spy nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling Spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the court-yard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember

my words of last night, and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

Barsad withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the Spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. He listened for any sound of discovery or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised, or hurry made that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clock struck Two.

Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A gaoler, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed him into a large dark room, at a distance. He could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare

face in which there was no trace of colour, and large widely opened patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand. "I am a poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer: "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it, so touched him, that tears started from his eyes.

"I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true?"

"It was. But, I was again taken and condemned."

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"O you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

CHAPTER XLII.

Two Journeys.

The same shadows that are falling on the prison, are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the Barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes here? Whom have we within? Papers!"

The papers are handed out, and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?"

This is he; this helpless, murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.

"Apparently the Citizen-Doctor is not in his right mind? The Revolution-fever will have been too much for him?"

Greatly too much for him.

"Hah! Many suffer with it. Lucie. His daughter. French. Which is she?"

This is she.

"Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evrémonde; is it not?"

It is.

"Hah! Lucie, her child. English. This is she?"

She and no other.

"Kiss me, child of Evrémonde. Now, thou hast kissed a good Republican; remember it! Sydney Carton. Advocate. English. Which is he?"

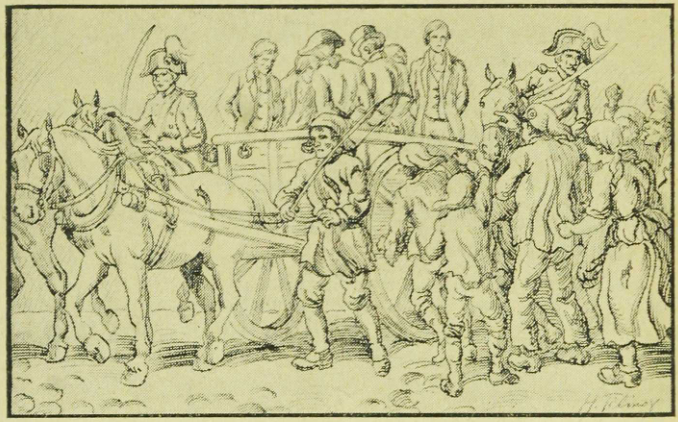
He lies here, in this corner of the carriage. He, too, is pointed out.

"Apparently the English advocate is unconscious?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresher air. It is represented that he is not in strong health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the Republic.

"Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

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



It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the questions.

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. A good journey!"

There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveller.

"Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?" asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

"It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much; it would rouse suspicion."

"Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued!"

"The road is clear, my dearest. So far, we are not pursued."

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

The clocks are on the stroke of three. In front of the Guillotine, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public amusement, are a number of women, busily knitting. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash! — a head is held up, and the knitting-women count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash! — And the knitting-women count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone.

"You comfort me so much! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. She goes next before him — is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!"

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

If he had given any utterance to his thoughts, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in the England which I shall see no more.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

VOCABULARY.

Charles Dickens.

P. 5.

social [ˈsouʃ(ə)l] sotsiaalne,
grievance [ˈgriːv(ə)ns] pahe, nurisemise põhjus
society [səˈsaiəti] seltskond; ühiskond
miserable [ˈmiz(ə)r(ə)bl] vilets, õnnetu
preach [priːtʃ] jutlustama, kuulutama
gospel [ˈgɔsp(ə)l] evangeelium
liberty [ˈlibəti] vabadus
Chatham [ˈtʃætəm]
prosperity [prɔsˈperiti] jõukus, edukus

P. 6.

comic [ˈkɔmik] koomiline
encourage [inˈkʌridʒ] julgustama
delicate [ˈdelikit] õrn
garret [ˈgærit] katusekamber
ambitious [æmˈbiʃəs] auahne
overtake [ouvəˈteik] tabama
paste [peist] kleepima
blacking must saapalakk
rag(ged) [ˈræg(id)] räbal-(dunud)
gloomy [ˈgluːmi] sünge
factory [ˈfæktəri] tehas
portrait [ˈpɔːtrit] portree
Micawber [miˈkɔːbə]
despair [disˈpɛə] meeleheide
hell põrgu
reveal [riˈviːl] avaldama, ilmutama
release [riˈliːs] vabastama
reporter [riˈpɔːtə] reporter

P. 7.

shorthand kiirkiri, stenograafia
rapid [ˈræpid] kiire
the House of Commons alamkoda (inglise parlamendis)
chaise [ʃeiz] tõld; **~-and-four** neljahobusega tõld
publish [ˈpʌbliʃ] avaldama
Boz [bɔz]
posthumous [ˈpɔstjuməs] pärast autori surma avaldatud

career [kə'riə] karjäär
character ['kæriktə] iseloom; tegelane
ridiculous [ri'dikjuləs] naeruväärne
pave [peiv] sillutama

P. 8.

popularity [pɔpju'læriti] populaarsus, üldarmastatavus
joyous ['dʒɔiəs] rõõmus
democracy [di'mɔkrəsi] demokraatia
sacred ['seikrid] püha
refresh [ri'freʃ] värskendama, meelt lahutama
forlorn [fə'lɔ:n] hüljatud
elbow ['elbou] küünarnukk
Oliver ['ɔlivə]
paddle-wheel veeratas
disappointed [disə'pɔintid] pettunud
disgust [dis'gʌst] jälestama
slavery ['sleivəri] orjus

P. 9.

Italy ['itəli] Itaalia
coach [koutʃ] tõld
hail [heil] rahe
carol ['kærəl] laul
miser ['maizə] ihnuskoi
Scrooge [skru:dʒ]
realistic [riə'listik] realistlik
construct [kən'strʌkt] (üles) ehitama
imitate ['imiteit] jäljendama
Thomas Carlyle ['tɔməs kɑ:'lail]
literature ['lit(ə)ritʃə] kirjandus

P. 10.

lecture ['lektʃə] ette kandma, lugema
tour [tuə] tuur, retk
mourn [mɔ:n] leinama
clean-cut ['kli:nkʌt] puhtajooneline
expressive [iks'presiv] ilmekas
critic ['kritik] arvustaja
blade [bleid] tera
create [kri'eit] looma

P. 11.

Chapter I

Jarvis ['dʒɑ:vis]
mail [meil] post
Dover ['douvə]
course [kɔ:s] jooks
waiter ['waitə] kelner
royal ['rɔial] kuninglik
George [dʒɔ:dʒ]
custom ['kʌstəm] komme
mildew ['mildju:] hallitus; ~y hallitanud
obscurity [əbs'kjuəriti] pimedus
kennel ['kenl] koerakuut
tangle ['tæŋgl] sasi
shaggy ['ʃægi] karvane

wrap [ræp] mähkima; ~**per** sall
flap lehvima
packet(-boat) postiaurik
Calais ['kælis]
tolerable ['tɔlərəbl] talutav; keskmine
barber ['bɑ:bə] habemeajaja
suit [sju:t] ülikond
flax(en) ['flæks(n)] lina(ne), lina(st)
wig parukas
silk siid

P. 12.

occupant ['ɔkjupənt] (toa) elanik
rouse [rauz] äratama, üles ajama
entertain [entə'tein] ulualust andma
Paris ['pæris] Pariis
stroll [stroul] jalutuskäik; jalutama
crooked ['krukid] kõver
marine [mə'ri:n] mere-
ostrich ['ɔstritʃ] jaanalind
destruction [dis'trʌkʃ(ə)n] hävitus

P. 13.

decline [di'klain] vajuma, kalduma
interval ['intəvl] vaheaeg
charge [tʃɑ:dʒ] laadima
vapour ['veipə] aur
rattle kolisema, kolistama; kolin
rumble ['rʌmbl] kolisema, mürisema; kolin, mürin
mam'selle = **mademoiselle** [mæ(də)m'zel] preili (prants. keel)
announce [ə'nauns] teatama

Chapter II

apartment [ə'pɑ:tmənt] tuba
furnish ['fə:niʃ] sisustama; varustama
funeral ['fju:nərəl] matus
Turkey ['tə:ki] Türgi, türgi
carpet ['kɑ:pit] vaip
cloak [klouk] mantel
ribbon ['ribn] pael
slight [slait] sale
accent ['æksənt] aktsent, hääldamine

P. 14.

render ['rendə] tegema, andma
communicate [kə'mju:nikeit] ühendusse astuma; teatama
orphan ['ɔ:fn] orb, vaeslaps
esteem [is'ti:m] hindama
protect [prə'tekt] kaitsma; ~**ion** kaitse
entrust [in'trʌst] (kätte) usaldama
charge [tʃɑ:dʒ] hool; hoolealune
settle korrastama

crisp karge, krõbe, kähar
indecision [indi'siʒ(ə)n] otsustamatus
survive [sə'vaiv] kauemini elama kui . . .

P. 15.

hesitate ['heziteit] kõhklema
confide [kən'faid] usaldama
advance [əd'vaːns] edenema, edasi nihkuma; edendama, edasi nihutama
ceremony ['seriməni] tseremoonia, pidulikkus; pidulik kombetalitus
conduct [kən'dʌkt] juhtima
ward [wɔːd] hoolealune
monsieur [mə'sjəː] härra (prants. keel)
exercise *v.* kasutama, rakendama; *n.* rakendus
privilege ['privilidʒ] eesõigus(tama)
form formular
implore [im'plɔː] paluma
court [kɔːt] õu(kond)
clergy ['klɔːdʒi] vaimulik seisus
tidings ['taidiŋz] sõnum
entreat [in'triːt] paluma
identify [ai'dentifai] isikut kindlaks tegema
restore [ris'tɔː] taastama
utterly täiesti
insensible [in'sensibl] meelemärkuseta
agitation [ædʒi'teiʃ(ə)n] ärevus

P. 16.

tend põetama
precious ['preʃəs] kallis

Chapter III

cask [kɑːsk] vaat
accident ['æksidənt] äpardus, (õnnetu) juhus
hoop [huːp] vits
shatter purustama
suspend [səs'pend] katkestama, edasi lükkama
dam tamm(iga eraldama)
pool [puːl] loik, lomp
jostle ['dʒɔsl] tõuklema, rüselema
scoop [skuːp] kulp, kühvel
sip rüüpama
dip kastma
mug kruus(i)

P. 17.

squeeze [skwiːz] pigistama
infant ['infənt] väikelaps
shrill kriiskav
stain laik; värvima
suburb ['sʌbəːb] eeslinn
Saint Antoine [s(ei)nt-ən'twɑːn]
naked ['neikid] alasti, paljas
breeches ['britʃiz] põlvpüksid

martial ['mɑːʃəl] sõjakas
sling, slung, slung viskama
curl [kəːl] kähar(duma)
breadth [bredθ] laius
evident(ly) ['evidənt(li)] nähtav(asti)
resolution [rezə'luːʃ(ə)n] otsustus(võime)
set kindel

P. 18.

madame ['mædəm] proua (prants. keel)
Defarge [də'fɑːʒ]
counter ['kauntə] lett
stout [staut] tüse
steady ['stedi] kindel; kindlaks tegema
feature ['fiːtʃə] (näo)joon
composure [kəm'pouʒə] enesevalitsus, külmaverelisus
knit [nit] (varrastega) kuduma
cough [kɔːf] köhima
customer kaubatarvitaja, külaline
elderly vanaldane

Chapter IV

favour ['feivə] soosing, lahkus
conference nõupidamine, koosolek
beckon viipama
pile [pail] hunnik, kogu
inhabit [in'hæbit] rahvastama
gloom süngus; ~**y** sünge
tile [tail] telliskivi
transformation muundus

P. 19.

stern [stəːn] karm
ascend [ə'send] tõusma
necessity [ni'sesiti] vajadus, tarvidus
peril surmaoht
mutter pomisema
tremendous [tri'mendəs] kohutav, hiigel
curse [kəːs] needma, needus; sajatama, sajatus
forcible ['fɔːsibl] jõuline, sundiv, veenev

P. 20.

grim vihane
devil ['devl] kurat
secure [si'kjuə] kindel
waist keskkeha
stoop kummarduma

P. 21.

Chapter V

faint nõrk(ema)
salutation [sælju'teiʃ(ə)n] tervitus
haggard ['hægəd] väsinud, kurnatud
pitiable ['pitiəbl] hale
physical ['fizikl] füüsiline

solitude ['sɔlitju:d] üksildus
disuse [dis'ju:s] kasustamatus
echo ['ekou] kaja
lap rüpp
tool tööriist
scrap lipakas
rag kalts
wither ['wiðə] närtsima, koltuma

P. 22.

remove [ri'mu:v] kõrvaldama

P. 23.

weary ['wiəri] väsinud
groan [groun] oigama; oie
steadfast ['stedfəst] kindel
quarter ['kwɔ:tə] suund; linnaosa
banker pankur

P. 24.

hush [h(ʌ)ʃ] tasa!

Chapter VI

skirt [skə:t] äär, palistus
proceed [prə'si:d] edenema; väljuma; (tegema) asuma
fold [fould] kokku keerama
attach [ə'tætʃ] kinnitama

P. 25.

summon kutsuma
utter väljendama, kuuldavale tooma
coherent [kou'hiərənt] seoses olev
appeal [ə'pi:l] palve(ga pöörduma)
breast [brest] rind
mingle segunema
resemblance [ri'zembləns] sarnasus

P. 26.

recall [ri'kɔ:l] tagasi kutsuma, meenutama
desolate ['desəlit] mahajäetud
rock *v.* kiigutama, kiikuma
agony ['ægəni] (hinge)piin
France [frɑ:ns] Prantsusmaa
wicked ['wikid] õel, kuri
sacred ['seikrid] püha
sob nuuks(uma)
touching ['tʌtʃiŋ] liigutav

Chapter VII

departure [di'pɑ:tʃə] lahkumine, ärasõit
disturb [dis'tə:b] segama

P. 27.

submissive [səb'misiv] alandlik
accustomed [ə'kʌstəmd] harjunud
descend [di'send] laskuma
fortress ['fɔ:tris] kindlus
clasp [klɑ:sp] haarama

desert [di'zə:t] maha jätma, hülgama; **~ion** mahajäetus, üksildus, tühjus

P. 28.

arrest [ə'rest] peatama
miserable ['mizərəbl] õnnetu, vilets
box pukk
barrier ['bæriə] tõke, tollivärav, linnavärav
crack praksu(ta)ma
whip piits(utama)
clatter kolisema, kolistama
guard [gɑ:d] valvur, vaht, (ihu)kaitse; valvama, kaitsma
adieu [ə'dju:] jumalaga

Chapter VIII

limit ['limit] piir
City Corporation [kɔ:pə'reiʃ(ə)n] linnanõukogu
jurisdiction [dʒuəris'dikʃ(ə)n] õigusehooldamine, kohtualluvus

P. 29.

cramp kangestuma
dim tuhm, pime
cupboard ['kʌbəd] kapp
grave tõsine
Bailey ['beili]
criminal ['krimin(ə)l] kriminaal-; roimar(lik)
court kohtukoda
spiky ['spaiki] naela- või okkataoline
dogged ['dɔgid] jonnakas, kangekaelne
witness ['witnis] tunnistaja
trap luuk; lõks
delay [di'lei] viivitus; viivitama
hinge [hin(d)ʒ] (ukse)hing

P. 30.

treason ['tri:zn] reetmine, äraandmine
counsel ['kaunsl] nõu(andja); advokaat
concentrate ['kɔnsentreit] keskendama, keskenduma
ceiling ['si:liŋ] lagi
dock süüpink
gaoler ['dʒeilə] vangivaht
bar [bɑ:] kohtukoja-võre (mis eraldab kohtuliikmeile määratud ruumi muust saalist)
self-possessed [pə'zest] ennastvalitsev, külmavereline
bow [bau] kummarduma; kummardus
level ['levl] tase; *on a ~* ühel tasemel
absolute ['æbsəlu:t] täielik
prime [praim] **(of life)** parimad eluaastad

P. 31.

scene [si:n] pilt, vaade
Attorney [ə'tə:ni] **General** peaprokurör

Chapter IX

patriot [ˈpætriət, ˈpeit-] isamaalane
jury [ˈdʒuəri] vannutatud meeste kogu
account [əˈkaunt] aruanne; *give* ~ aru andma
Providence [ˈprɔvidəns] kaitselmus, Jumal
reproach [riˈproutʃ] etteheide; ette heitma
scheme [skiːm] salanõu, salasepitsus, kuri nõu
disclose [disˈklouz] paljastama, avastama
his Majesty [ˈmædʒisti] = **the King**
Secretary of State minister
induce [inˈdjuːs] sundima, meelitama
secrete [siˈkriːt] salaja kõrvale toimetama
document [ˈdɔkjumənt] kiritõend
produce [prəˈdjuːs] esile tooma
disposition [dispəˈziʃ(ə)n] paigutus

P. 32.

habitual(ly) [həˈbitjuəl(i)] harilik(ult)
hostile [ˈhɔstail] vaenulik
proof tõendus
engaged [inˈgeidʒd] ametis
destructive [disˈtrʌktiv] hävitav
mission [ˈmiʃ(ə)n] misjon, ülesanne
troops sõjavägi
buzz [bʌz] sumisema, sumin
blue-fly lihakärbes
swarm [swɔːm] parv(ena lendama)
tone [toun] toon; ~**down** vaigistama
witness-box tunnistajapult (inglise kohtus)
Barsad [ˈbaːsəd]
release [riˈliːs] vabastama; vabastus
noble [ˈnoubl] õilis; suurest soost, aadlimees
bosom [ˈbuzəm] põu; rind
burden koorem
withdraw [wiðˈdrɔː, wiə-] tagasi tõmbama, t. tõmbuma
spy [spai] salakuulaja
property varandus
precise [priˈsais] täpne
debtor [ˈdetə] võlgnik
occasion [əˈkeiʒ(ə)n] juhus, juht
cheat [tʃiːt] petma

P. 33.

liar [ˈlaiə] valetaja
commit [kəˈmit] toime panema
assault [əˈsɔːlt] kallaletung
procure [prəˈkjuə] hankima

government [ˈgʌvənmənt] valitsus
employ [imˈplɔi] ametisse panema; **~ment** amet, teenistus

Chapter X

traitor [ˈtreitə] reetur, äraandja

P. 34.

confront [kənˈfrʌnt] vastamisi asetama või asuma
accuse [əˈkjuːz] süüdistama; **the ~ed** kaebealune
refer [riˈfəː] **(to)** vihjama, mainima
passage [ˈpæsidʒ] (üle)sõit
the (English) Channel Inglise kaanal
profound [prəˈfaund] sügav
knit one's brows [brauz] kulme kortsutama
fatigue [fəˈtiːg] väsimus, pingutus; **~d** väsinud
shelter varjama

P. 35.

similar [ˈsimilə] sarnane
lodgings [ˈlɔdʒiŋz] korter
particular [pəˈtikjulə] eriline
undergo läbi elama
trial [ˈtraiəl] kohus, kohtuuurimine
accusation [ækjuˈzeiʃ(ə)n] süüdistus

P. 36.

employ oneself tegelema

Chapter XI

acquit [əˈkwit] õigeks mõistma
singular omapärane, ainulaadne
circumstance [ˈsəːkəmstəns] asjaolu
garrison [ˈgærisn] garnison
dockyard laevatehas
cross-examine ristküsitlema
screw [skruː] keerama
toss viskama; visklema

P. 37.

allow (for) ... ... arvesse võtma
slovenly [ˈslʌvnli] lohakas
sufficient [səˈfiʃənt] küllaldane
Stryver [ˈstraivə]
try üle kuulama
Carton [ˈkaːtn]
hire [ˈhaiə] palkama
affair [əˈfɛə] asi
extraction [iksˈtrækʃ(ə)n] päritolu
sum up kokku võtma
gown [gaun] (advokaadi) pikk mantel, talaar

P. 38.

take in = **notice**
audible [ˈɔːdibl] kuuldav

commiseration [kəmizə-ˈreiʃ(ə)n] kaastunde avaldus
sympathy [ˈsimpəθi] kaastunne
distress [disˈtres] kurvastus, häda; kurvastama
foreman esimees
retire [riˈtaiə] tagasi tõmbuma
spectator [spekˈteitə] pealtvaataja
refresh keha kinnitama; karastama; ~**ment** kehakinnitus, karastus
verdict [ˈvəːdikt] kohtuotsus

P. 39.

Darnay [ˈdaːni]
insolent [ˈinsələnt] jõhker
cordial [ˈkɔːdiəl] südamlik
limp lonkama
rascal [ˈraːskəl] kelm
passage koridor
pie [pai] pirukas
ale [eil] õlu
doze [douz] uinak
murmur [ˈməːmə] kõmin
rapid [ˈræpid] kiire
throng [θrɔŋ] tunglev rahvahulk; tunglema

P. 40.

Chapter XII

solicitor [səˈlisitə] alamat liiki advokaat, kes kohtuasja kliendilt võtab ja kõrgemale advokaadile (barrister'ile) kohtus esinemiseks ette valmistab
defence [diˈfens] kaitse
congratulate [kənˈgrætjuleit] õnnitlema
intellectual [intiˈlektjuəl] mõtlemisvõimeline
upright [ˈʌprait] sirge
bearing [ˈbɛəriŋ] kehahoid
reference [ˈref(ə)rəns] vihje, mainimine
intent [inˈtent] kiindunud
frown [fraun] kulme kortsutama; kulmukortsutus
dislike [disˈlaik] vastumeelsus; mitte sallima
distrust [disˈtrʌst] umbusaldus; kahtlustama

P. 41.

extinguish [iksˈtiŋgwiʃ] kustutama
jar [dʒaː] krigisema; krigin
hackney-coach kahehobuseline kuueistmeline üüritõld
depart [diˈpaːt] lahkuma
pavement [ˈpeivmənt] sillutis; kõnnitee
tavern [ˈtævən] kõrts
port [pɔːt] portvein
call a health terviseks jooma

P. 42.

toast [toust] tervisejoomine
shiver ['ʃivə] (kildudeks) purunema
compassion [kəm'pæʃ(ə)n] kaastunne
strait kimbatus
merit ['merit] pälvima; teene
threat [θret] ähvardus
defiance [di'faiəns] väljakutse
drudge tööloom

P. 43.

regret [ri'gret] kahetsema

Chapter XIII

jackal ['dʒækɔ:l] šaakal
drawback ['drɔ:bæk] nõrkus, puudus
delicacy ['delikəsi] peenetundelisus
unscrupulous [ʌn'skrupjuləs] südametunnistusetu
faculty ['fækəlti] võime
extract [iks'trækt] välja tõmbama
essence ['esns] tuum, olemus, peaolu
state [steit] nentima, nimetama, ütlema, väitma; **~ment** nentimine, ütelus, väide
striking silmapaistev
advocate ['ædvəkit] advokaat
accomplish [ə'kɔmpliʃ] sooritama; **~ment** = **faculty**
improve [im'pru:v] paranema, parandama; **~ment** paranemine
Sydney ['sidni]
ally ['ælai] liitlane
get about avalikuks saama
amaze [ə'meiz] hämmastama
humble alandlik
chamber ['tʃeimbə] tuba
slippers tuhvlid

P. 44.

line [lain] v. vooderdama, ääristama
litter korratu hunnik, sasi; sasina katma
blaze [bleiz] leegitsema
kettle katel
rum rumm (jook)
lemon ['lemən] sidrun
sullen tusane
jug kruus, kann
towel ['tauəl] käterätik
partial ['pa:ʃ(ə)l] osaline
hideous ['hidiəs] inetu, kole
set kogu (kokkukuuluvaid asju)
fire away! lase käia!
compose [kəm'pouz] seadma
grope [group] kobama

P. 45.

caution [ˈkɔːʃ(ə)n] ettevaatus(ele manitsema)
selection [siˈlekʃ(ə)n] valik
discuss [disˈkʌs] läbi arutama, vaidlema
yawn [jɔːn] haigutama
shiver [ˈʃivə] judisema
sound [saund] tubli, tark
crown valitsus, kroonu
tell märki tabama
Shrewsbury [ˈʃruːzbəri]
lame [leim] lombakas
energy [ˈenədʒi] energia
botheration! [bɔðəˈreiʃ(ə)n] pagana pihta!
moral [ˈmɔrəl] moraalne
rank rida
fault [fɔːlt] süü

P. 46.

well kaev
neglect [niˈglekt] hooletus(se jätma)
pillow padi

Chapter XIV

monseigneur [mɔːnsenˈjəː] kõrge prantsuse aadlimehe kõnetustiitel
marquis [ˈmɑːkwis] markii
Evrémonde [evre(i)ˈmɔːnd]
haughty [ˈhɔːti] upsakas
mask [mɑːsk] näokate
transparent [træns'pɛərənt] läbipaistev
define [diˈfain] määratlema
lack puudus
consideration [kənsidəˈreiʃ(ə)n] teistest hoolimine; **lack of ~** hoolimatus
dash sähvama, kihutama
scream [skriːm] karjuma, karjatus
clutch (küüntega) haarama
fountain [ˈfauntin] (pursk-) kaev
sicken südant pööritama panema
jerk nõks(atama)
rear (tagumistele jalgadele) tõusma
plunge kargama

P. 47.

abominable [əˈbɔminəbl] ilge
clap (kämblaga) lööma
hilt käepide
desperation [despəˈreiʃ(ə)n] meeleheide

P. 48.

mere [miə] ei midagi muud kui; **~ rats** paljad rotid
extraordinary [ikstrɔːdnri] erakordne, võõrastav
valet [ˈvælit] teener, toapoiss
motion [ˈmouʃ(ə)n] liigutus, liikuvus; **~less** liikumatu

Gaspard [gæs'pɑ:]
philosopher [fi'lɔsəfə] filosoof

P. 49.

air ilme
afford [ə'fɔ:d] endale lubama
wretched ['retʃid] vilets, õnnetu

Chapter XV

toil rühkima
steep järsk
chase [tʃeis] jaht(i pidama)
brewery ['bru:əri] õllevabrik
tannery nahavabrik
stable ['steibl] hobusetall; ~**-yard** postijaam
relay [ri:'lei] vahetus

P. 50.

onion ['ʌnjən] sibul
peasant ['pez(ə)nt] talupoeg
droop norutama
mend parandama; ~**er** parandaja
tatter(ed) räbal(danud)
ghost [goust] vaim, kummitis

P. 51.

Gabelle [gə'bel]
lodge [lɔdʒ] peatuma, ööbima
diminish [di'miniʃ] vähendama, vähenema
league [li:g] = **3 miles**
château ['ʃætou] loss (prants. keel)

Chapter XVI

terrace ['teris] terrass
torch tõrvik
vault(ed) võlv(itud)
luxury ['lʌkʃəri] luksus, toredus
befit sobima
state seisus
luxurious [lʌg'zjuəriəs, -'ʒuə-] luksuslik, tore
blind [blaind] aknaeesriie, rullkardin

P. 52.

courtly ['kɔ:tli] viisakas

P. 53.

Chapter XVII

pursue [pə'sju:] taga ajama
diplomacy [di'plouməsi] diplomaatia, eesmärkide taotlemise viis
scruple ['skru:pl] sisetunde kõhklus
disgrace [dis'greis] häbi(stama); *be in* ~ põlu all olema
cachet ['kæʃei] **lettre de** ~ „pitserkiri"

extent [iks'tent] ulatus, määr
ancestor ['ænsistə] esivanem
vulgar ['vʌlgə] labane; lihtrahvas

P. 54.

philosophy [fi'lɔsəfi] filosoofia, maailmavaade
mode [moud] mood
pinch näpistama; näputäis
snuff nuusktubakas
detest [di'test] vihkama
detestation [detes'teiʃ(ə)n] vihkamine; viha
involuntary [in'vɔlənt(ə)ri] tahtmatu
homage ['hɔmidʒ] austusavaldus
reap [ri:p] lõikama
injure ['indʒə] vigastama, haiget tegema
equal ['i:kwəl] võrdne; ~**ly** samuti
twin-brother kaksikvend
successor [sək'sesə] järeltulija; pärija
system ['sistəm] süsteem; (riigi)kord
responsible [ris'pɔnsibl] vastutav
execute ['eksikju:t] (surmaotsust) täide viima
request [ri'kwest] paluma, palve
mercy ['mə:si] halastus
redress [ri'dres] heaks tegema

P. 55.

forefinger nimetissõrm
assure [ə'ʃuə] kinnitama
compress [kəm'pres] kokku suruma
renounce [ri'nauns] loobuma
attractive [ə'træktiv] veetlev
refuge ['refju:dʒ] pelgupaik

P. 56.

curve [kə:v] kõverduma
sarcasm ['sɑ:kæzm] kibe pilge
diabolic [daiə'bɔlik] kuratlik

Chapter XVIII

tyrant ['taiərənt] hirmuvalitseja
robe [roub] rüü; rõivastuma, rõivastama
hearth [hɑ:θ] kamin
curtain ['kə:tn] eesriie
rack sõim (e)
landscape ['lændskeip] maastik
yoke [jouk] ike(stama)
sill aknalaud

P. 57.

bar riiv(istama); **un**~ riivist lahti päästma

sparkle sätendama
rustle ['rʌsl] sahisema, kohisema
saddle ['sædl] sadul(dama)
startle ehmatama
petrify ['petrifai] kivistama, kivistuma
tomb [tu:m] haud
Jacques [ʒɑ:k]
nickname pilkenimi

P. 58.

Chapter XIX

establish [is'tæbliʃ] asutama, korraldama, sisse seadma
compassionate [kəm'pæʃ(ə)nit] kaastundlik
tender õrn
Soho [so'hou] Londoni linnaosa
square [skwɛə] nelinurk(ne); plats
Oxford ['ɔksfəd]
vanish ['væniʃ] kaduma
reputation [repju'teiʃ(ə)n] kuulsus
scientific [saiən'tifik] teaduslik
support [sə'pɔ:t] toetama, ülal hoidma; toetus, tugi

P. 59.

rejoice [ri'dʒɔis] rõõmutsema
household majapidamine
opportunity [ɔpə'tju:niti] (hea) juhus
constraint [kən'streint] sund
disinterested ennastsalgav
devoted [di'voutid] andunud
urge [ə:dʒ] maksma panema
influence ['influəns] mõju(stama)
essential [i'senʃ(ə)l] oluline
responsibility vastutus
fade [feid] kahvatuma, pleekima

P. 60.

confidence ['kɔnfidəns] usaldus, julgus
tray kandmik

Chapter XX

moody tujukas

P. 61.

embarrassment [im'bærəsmənt] täbarus, piinlik olukord, piinlikkus
conducive [kən'dju:siv] juhtiv, viiv

P. 62.

remorse [ri'mɔ:s] kahetsus
inspire [in'spaiə] sisendama
consolation [kɔnsə'leiʃ(ə)n] lohutus

mournful ['mɔ:nf(u)l] kurb
supplication [sʌpli'keiʃ(ə)n] palve

P. 63.

Chapter XXI

execution [eksi'kju:ʃ(ə)n] (surmaotsuse) täideviimine
noontide ['nu:ntaid] lõunaaeg
doff = **take off**
blouse [blauz] pluus
coarse [kɔ:s] jäme
munch närima
draught [dra:ft] sõõm, tõmme

P. 64.

wipe [waip] pühkima

P. 65.

tight [tait] kõva(sti); kitsas
clumsy kohmakas
condemn [kən'dem] hukka mõistma
petition [pi'tiʃ(ə)n] palve(kiri)
present [pri'zent] esitama

P. 66.

gallows võllas

P. 67.

blade tera
poison ['pɔizn] mürk; mürgitama
perspiration [pə:spi'reiʃ(ə)n] higi
gossip juttu ajama

Chapter XXII

doom (hukatusele) määrama
escort [is'kɔ:t] saatma; ['eskɔ:t] saade; saatjaskond
extermination [ekstə:mi'neiʃ(ə)n] väljajuurimine, hävitamine

P. 68.

register ['redʒistə] registreerima; nimistu
decipher [di'saifə] dešifreerima
undertake enese peale võtma
stitch piste, silm
symbol ['simbl] sümbol, märk, täht
approval [ə'pru:vl] heakskiit
rustic ['rʌstik] talupoeg, külaelanik
royalty ['rɔiəlti] kuninglikkus; kuninga perekond
nobility [no(u)'biliti] suursugusus, õilsus; aadel
prey [prei] saak
pallet ['pælit] õlekott
accompany [ə'kʌmpəni] kaastama
Versailles [vɛə'sai]

P. 69.

attend [ə'tend] saatma
glitter kiirgama
multitude ['mʌltitju:d] hulk
powder ['paudə] puuder
splendour ['splendə] hiilgus
contempt põlgus; ~**uous** põlglik
sex sugu
temporary ['tempərəri] ajutine
intoxication [intɔksi'keiʃ(ə)n] joovastus

P. 70.

Chapter XXIII

trace [treis] jälg
threshold ['θreʃould] lävi
in due course aja kätte jõudes
trip ekskursioon, (väike) reis
Wales [weilz]
dreary ['driəri] rõõmutu
detain [di'tein] kinni pidama; viivitama

P. 71.

occupation [ɔkju'peiʃ(ə)n] tegevus(ala)

P. 72.

suspense [səs'pens] kahevahelolek
slumber uinak, uni
perceive [pə'si:v] märkama
discoloured [dis'kʌləd] inetuvärviline
respect [ris'pekt] suhe

P. 73.

Chapter XXIV

congratulation [kəngrætju'leiʃ(ə)n] õnnitlus
rugged ['rʌgid] kare
fidelity [fi'deliti] truudus
tolerate ['tɔləreit] sallima, kannatama
generous ['dʒenərəs] helde, suuremeelne
lenient ['li:niənt] salliv
capable ['keipəbl] võimeline
magnanimous [məg'nænimәs] õilis
prattle lobisema; lobin
claim nõudeõigus; õigusega nõudma, kasustama

P. 74.

chubby lapselikult paks ja pehme
tyranny ['tirəni] hirmuvalitsus
oppress [ə'pres] rõhuma; ~**or** rõhuja
rage [reidʒ] möll(ama)
the Bastille [bæs'ti:l]
pressing kiire, tungiv
heretofore ['hiətu'fɔ:] endine

Messrs. [ˈmesəz] härrad (eriti firmade aadressil)
urgent [ˈəːdʒənt] tungiv

P. 75.

admit [ədˈmit] lubama, möönma
disorganized [disˈɔːgənaizd] korralage
suspect [səsˈpekt] kahtlustama

Chapter XXV

abbaye [ˈæbei] klooster (prants. keel)
violence [ˈvaiələns] vägivald

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crime [kraim] roim
tribunal [tr(a)iˈbjuːn(ə)l] tribunaal, kohus
emigrant [ˈemigrənt] emigrant, maapagulane
represent [reprіˈzent] esindama; esile tooma
sequestration [siːkwesˈtreiʃ(ə)n] sekvestreerimine, arestitud varade riiklik hoolekanne
rent rent
justice [ˈdʒʌstis] õig(l)us
generosity [dʒenəˈrɔsiti] heldus
relinquish [riˈliŋkwiʃ] loovutama
revolution [revəˈluːʃ(ə)n] revolutsioon
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intention [inˈtenʃ(ə)n] kavatsus

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equip [iˈkwip] varustama
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Chapter XXVI

declare [diˈklɛə] kuulutama; väitma
citizen [ˈsitizn] kodanik
universal [juniˈvəːs(ə)l] üldine
aristocrat [ˈæristəkræt] aadlimees
mount [ˈmaunt] üles seadma; (hobuse selga) tõusma; ~**ed** [ˈmauntid] ratsa-
musket [ˈmʌskit] (vana-aegne) püss
sabre [ˈseibə] mõõk

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halt [hɔːlt] peatuma
daybreak [ˈdeibreik] päevatõus
lie by ära ootama; puhkama
twilight [ˈtwailait] videvik

twist väänama, keerama
thatch [θætʃ] õlgkatus; õlega katma
resolute ['rezəlu:t] kindlameelne
authority [ɔ:'θɔriti] võim
direct *v.* juhtima, käskima; suunama
dismount [dis'maunt] hobuse seljast maha tulema

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conductor [kən'dʌktə] juht
sober ['soubə] kaine
slip leht, sedel
La Force [la:'fɔ:s]
offence [ə'fens] kuritegu
voluntary ['vɔləntəri] vabatahtlik

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Chapter XXVII

female ['fi:meil] emane (olevus)
Guillotine [gilə'ti:n] giljotiin, tapamasin
orator ['ɔrətə] kõnemees
stool [stu:l] järi
audience ['ɔ:diəns] kuulajaskond
ambassador [æm'bæsədə] saadik

P. 82.

filthy ['filθi] ropp
horrible ['hɔribl] kole
foul [faul] ropp
refinement [ri'fainmənt] peenus
grace [greis] graatsia, armsus, meeldivus
courtesy ['kə:tsi] viisakus
stateliness ['steitlinis] väärikus
frivolity [fri'vɔliti] kergemeelsus
wit vaimukus
condole [kən'doul] **(with)** kaastunnet avaldama
calamity [kə'læmiti] häda, õnnetus
grate võrestik(uga varustama)
encourage [in'kʌridʒ] julgustama; **~ment** julgustus

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solitary ['sɔlitəri] üksik
cell [sel] kong

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grindstone ['graindstoun] käi
Saint Germain ['sænʒə:'mæn]
amazement [ə'meizmənt] hämmastus
confuse [kən'fju:z] segama
pant [pænt] hingeldama

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desperate ['despərit] meeleheitlik

possession [pə'zeʃ(ə)n] omandus; **be in ~** = **possess** omama

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sweat(y) ['swet(i)] higi(ne)
awry [ə'rai] viltu
glare [glɛə] lõõmama; jõllitama
beast(ly) ['bi:st(li)] loom(alik)
hatch kirves
bayonet ['bei(ə)nit] tääk
ashy tuhakarva
murder ['mə:də] mõrv(ama)
weapon ['wepn] relv

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Chapter XXIX

populace ['pɔpjulis] rahvas
butcher ['butʃə] lihunik; tapma; **~y** tapmine
profession [prə'feʃ(ə)n] kutse, amet
judgement ['dʒʌdʒmənt] kohus; **sit in ~** kohut mõistma
ascertain [æsə'tein] kindlaks tegema
plead [pli:d] paluma; kohtu ees kaitsma
check takistus
interior [in'tiəriə] sisemus

P. 87.

obtain [əb'tein] saama
ferocity [fi'rɔsiti] metsikus
pike [paik] piik, oda
Samaritan [sə'mæritən] samariitlane
victim ['viktim] ohver
litter kanderaam

Chapter XXX

physician [fi'ziʃ(ə)n] arst
bond = **not free**

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current ['kʌrənt] vool
era ['iərə] ajastu
behead [bi'hed] pead maha raiuma
equality [i:'kwɔliti] võrdsus, üheõiguslikkus
fraternity [frə'tə:niti] vendlus
Notre Dame ['nɔ:tə'dɑ:m]
measurement ['meʒəmənt] mõõt(mine)
committee [kə'miti] komitee
security [si'kjuəriti] kindlus(tus), julgeolek
innocent ['inəsnt] süütu
confident ['kɔnfidənt] julge
cautious ['kɔ:ʃəs] ettevaatlik

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tumbril ['tʌmbril] (kahe rattaga) käru (eriti sõnniku veoks)
youth [ju:θ] noormees
gentle born kõrgest soost

precaution [pri'kɔ:ʃ(ə)n] ettevaatusabinõu
actual(ly) tegelik(ult)
implicitly [im'plisitli] kõhklematult
Seine [sein]

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Chapter XXXI

triumph ['traiəmf] võit, võidurõõm
public prosecutor ['pʌblik 'prɔsikju:tə] peaprokurör
forfeit ['fɔ:fit] pandiks langenud
decree [di'kri:] määrus
banish ['bæniʃ] maalt välja saatma
distasteful [dis'teistf(u)l] vastik
station seisus
industry ['indəstri] usinus
overladen [ouvə'leidn] ülekoormatud
Theophile ['teiofi:l]
Alexandre [ælig'za:ndə]

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citizeness naiskodanik
effect [i'fekt] mõju(stama)
exalt [ig'zɔ:lt] ülistama; **~ation** ülistamine, ülistus
rend, rent, rent rebima, lõhestama
entreaty [in'tri:ti] palve
endanger [in'deindʒə] ohustama
enthusiastic [enəju:zi'æstik] vaimustatud
confirm [kən'fə:m] kinnitama
slightly = **a little**
surrender [sə'rendə] alla-andmine

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impression [im'preʃ(ə)n] mulje
vote [vout] hääl (hääletamisel)
acquittal [ə'kwitəl] õigeksmõistmine
heave voogama

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Chapter XXXII

rude [ru:d] jäme, hoolimatu, ebaviisakas

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sacrifice ['sækrifais] ohver(dama)
denounce [di'nauns] denuntseerima, peale kaebama

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astir [ə'stə:] liikvel
a-buzz sumisemas
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Thèrése [te'reiz]
uproar ['ʌprɔ:] kisa
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hail tervitama
rebuke [ri'bju:k] noomitus; noomima

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Chapter XXXIV

brain peaaju
armorial [a:'mɔ:riəl] **bearings** vapp
constant(ly) püsiv(alt)
pierce [piəs] läbi pistma, läbistama
distinguish [dis'tiŋgwiʃ] vahet tegema, eraldama
narcotic [na:'kɔtik] uimastav rohi
species ['spi:ʃ(i)i:z] liik
loft [lɔft] lakk, laepealne
cushion ['kuʃ(ə)n] padi

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clench (rusikasse) suruma
soothe [su:ð] vaigistama, meelitama

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serf [sə:f] teoori
kindred ['kindrid] sugulane
humanity humaansus; inimlikkus
plunder rüüstama

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harness ['ha:nis] rakendama; rakendus

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determination [ditə:mi-'neiʃ(ə)n] meelekindlus
aid = **help**
track jälitama, jälile jõudma
trample tallama
defend [di'fend] kaitsma
fragment ['frægmənt] tükk

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rave [reiv] märatsema
continuity [kɔnti'njuiti] jätkuvus
lethargy ['leəədʒi] varjusurm
linger viibima, püsima
forlorn [fə'lɔ:n] hüljatud
exchange [iks'tʃeindʒ] vahetama
complete [kəm'pli:t] lõpetama, viimistlema

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main pea(mine)
amends [ə'mendz] parandus
caress [kə'res] kallistama; kallistus

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Rue St. Honoré ['ru:sintɔno'rei]
gesture ['dʒestʃə] liigutus
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unanimously [ju:'nænіməsli] ühel häälel
roar [rɔ:] möirgama; möire
notorious [nə'tɔ:riəs] (kuri)kuulus

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mortal ['mɔ:t(ə)l] surelik; surmav
passion(ate) ['pæʃ(ə)n(it)] kirg(lik)
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wanton ['wɔntən] kergemeelne, pealiskaudne
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mirror ['mirə] peegel
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croak [krouk] kraaksuma, krooksuma
doctrine ['dɔktrin] õpetus
depend [di'pend] **(on)** olenema
rescue ['reskju:] päästma; päästmine

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anxiety [æŋg'zaiiti] rahutus, murelikkus

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gaze [geiz] üksisilmi vaatama, põrnitsema

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trim kord(a seadma)
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pledge [pledʒ] pant(ima); tõotama; tõotus
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be possessed (of) = **possess**

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Käesolev raamat on HM poolt koolidele tarvitamiseks lubatud.

HIND KR. 1.—