A Tale of Two Cities: Part 23

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

BOOK THE THIRD.
THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IV. CALM IN STORM.

Doctor Manette did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. So much of what had happened in that dreadful time as could be kept from the knowledge of Lucie was so well concealed from her, that not until long afterwards, when France and she were far apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenseless prisoners of both sexes and all ages had been killed by the populace; that four days and nights had been darkened by this deed of horror; and that the air around her had been tainted by the stench. She only knew that there had been an attack upon the prisons, that all political prisoners had been in danger, and that some had been dragged out by the crowd and murdered.

To Mr. Lorry, the Doctor communicated under an injunction of secrecy on which he had no need to dwell, that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That, in this prison he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly ordered to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. That, presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and an unaccused prisoner in the Bastile; that, one of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him, and that this man was Defarge.

That, hereupon he had ascertained, through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners and had pleaded hard to the Tribunal—of whom some members were asleep and some awake, some dirty with murder and some clean, some sober and some not—for his life and liberty.

That, in the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a notable sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been accorded to him to have Charles Darnay brought before the lawless Court, and examined. That, he secured on the point of being at once released, when the tide in his favour met with some unexplained check (not intelligible to the Doctor), which led to a few words of secret conference. That, the man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but that, for his sake, he would intimate in safe custody. That, immediately, on a signal, the prisoner was removed to the interior of the prison again; but, that he, the Doctor, had then so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son-in-law, though through no malice or mischance, delivered to the course whose murderous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings, that he had obtained the permission, and had remained in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over.

The sights he had seen there, with brief snatches of food and sleep by intervals, shall remain untold. The mud joy over the prisoners who were saved, had astonished him scarcely less than the mad ferocity against those who were cut to pieces. One prisoner there was, he said, who had been discharged into the street free, but at whom a mistaken savage had thrust a pike as he passed out. Being besought to go to him and dress the wound, the Doctor had passed out at the same gate, and had found him in the arms of a company of Samurians, who were seated on the bodies of their victims.

With an inconsistency as monstrous as anything in this awe-struck nightmare, they had helped the healer, and tended the wounded man with the greatest solicitude—had made a litter for him and escorted him carefully from the spot; had then caught up their weapons and plunged anew into a butchery so dreadful, that the Doctor had covered his eyes with his hands, and swooned away in the midst of it.

As Mr. Lorry received these confidences, and as he watched the face of his friend now sixty-two years of age, a misgiving arose within him that such dread experiences would revive the old danger. But, he had never seen his friend in his present aspect; he had never at all known him in his present character. For the first time the Doctor felt, now, that his suffering was strength and power. For the first time, he felt that in that sharp fire, he had slowly forged the iron which could break the prison doors of his daughter's husband, and deliver him. "It all tended to a good end, my friend; it was not mere waste and ruin. As my beloved child was helpful in restoring me to myself, I will be helpful now in restoring the dearest part..."
of herself to her; by the aid of Heaven I will do it!" Thus, Doctor Manette. And when Jarvis Lorry saw the kindled eyes, the calm strong look and bearing of the man whose life always seemed to him to have been stopped, like a clock, for so many years, and then set going again with an energy which had lain dormant during the cessation of its usefulness, he believed.

Greater things than the Doctor had at that time to contend with, would have yielded before his persevering purpose. While he kept himself in his place, as a physician whose business was with all degrees of mankind, bond and free, rich and poor, bad and good, he used his personal influence so wisely, that he was soon the inspecting physician of three prisons, and among them of La Force. He could now assure Lucie that her husband was no longer confined alone, but was mixed with the general body of prisoners; he saw her husband weekly, and brought sweet messages to her, straight from his lips; sometimes her husband himself sent a letter to her (though never by the Doctor's hand), but she was not permitted to write to him; for, among the many wild suspicions of plots in the prisons, the wildest of all pointed at emigrants who were known to have made friends or permanent connections abroad.

This new life of the Doctor's was an anxious life, no doubt; still, the sagacious Mr. Lorry saw that there was a new sustaining pride in it. Nothing unbecoming tinged the pride; it was a natural and worthy one; but, he observed it as a curiosity. That there was a newsustaining pride in it. Nothing but in rendering some service to her who could reverse them, for he could have had no affection, deprivation, and weakness. Now that this was changed, and he knew himself to be invested through that old trial with forces to which they both looked for Charles's ultimate safety and deliverance, he became so far exalted by the change, that he took the lead and directed attention, and required them as the weak, to trust to him as the strong. The preceding relative positions of himself and Lucie were reversed, for he could have had no pride but in rendering some service to her who had rendered so much to him. "All curious to see," thought Mr. Lorry, in his amiably shrewd way, "but all natural and right; so, take the lead, my dear friend, and keep it; it couldn't be in better hands."

But, though the Doctor tried hard, and never ceased trying, to get Charles Darnay set at liberty, or at least to get him brought to trial, the public current of the time set too strong and fast for him. The new Era began; the king was tried, doomed, and beheaded; the Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, declared for victory or death against the world in arms; the black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Notre-Dame; three hundred thousand men, summoned to rise against the tyrants of the earth, rose from all the varying soils of France, as if the dragon's teeth had been sown broadcast, and had yielded fruit equally on hill and plain, on rock in gravel and aerial mad. Under the bright flags of freedom the waves of the clouds of the North, in fall and frozen, in the vineyards and the olive-grounds and among the cropped grass and the stable of the cow, along the fruitful banks of the broad river, and in the sand of the sea-shore. What private solicitude could rear itself against the deluge of the Year One of Liberty—the deluge rising like a wheel, not falling from above, and with the windows of Heaven shut, not opened!

There was no pause, no pity, no peace, as interval of relenting rest, no measurement of time. Though days and nights circled as regularly as when time was young, and the evening and the morrow were the first day, other count of time there was none. Hold of it was lost in the raging fever of a nation, as it is in the fever of one patient. Now, breaking the unnatural silence of a whole city, the executioner showed the people the head of the king—and now, it seemed almost in the same breath, the head of a woman who had had eight weary months of a prisoned widowhood and misery, to turn a grey.

And yet, observing the strange law of an translation which obtains in all such cases, in time was long, while it flamed by so fast. A revolutionary tribunal in the capital, and forty or fifty thousand revolutionary committees all over the land; a law of the Suspected, which struck away all security for liberty or life of delivered over any good and innocent person in any bad and guilty one; prisons gorged with people who had committed no offence, and could obtain no hearing; these things became the established order and nature of appointed things, and seemed to be ancient usage before they were many weeks old. Above all, our hideous figure grew as familiar as it had been before the general gaze from the foundation of the world—the figure of the sharp-figured called La Guillotine.

It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented hair from turning grey, it imparted a general delicacy to the complexion. It was the object of the popular enmity, which shaved close; who kissed La Guillotine, looked through the little windows and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It separated from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied.

It sheared off heads so many, that it and the ground it most polluted, were a rotten red. It was taken to pieces, like a toy-puzzle for a young Devil, and was put together again when the occasion wanted it. It flushed the eloquent, struck down the powerful, abolished the beautiful and good. Twenty-two friends of high public mark, twenty-one thousand one dead, and it had lopped the heads off, in one morning, in many minutes. The name of the strong man of Old Scripture had descended to the chief fac-
tionary who worked it; but, so armed, he was stronger than his namesake, and blinder, and tore away the gates of God's own Temple every day.

Among these terrors, and the brood belonging to them, the Doctor walked with a steady head: confident in his power, cautiously persistent in his end, never doubting that he would save Lucie's husband at last. Yet the current of the time swept by so strong and deep, and carried the time away so freely, that Charles had him in prison one year and three months when the Doctor was thus steady and confident. So much more wicked and distracted had the Revolution grown in that December month, that the rivers of the South were encumbered with the bodies of the violently-drowned by night, and prisoners were shot in lines and squares under the southern wintry sun. Still, the Doctor walked among the terrors with a steady head. No man better known than he, in Paris at that day; no man in a stranger situation. Silent, humane, indispensable in hospital and prison, using his art equally among assassins and victims, he was a man apart. In the exercise of his skill, the appearance and the story of the Bastille Captive removed him from all other men. He was not suspected or brought in question, any more than if he had indeed been recalled to life some eighteen years before, or were a Spirit moving among mortals.

CHAPTER V. THE WOOD-SAWYER.

One year and three months. During all that time Lucie was never sure, from hour to hour, but that the Guillotine would strike off her husband's head next day. Every day, through the stony streets, the tumults now jolted heavily, filled with Condemned. Lovely girls; bright women, brown-haired, black-haired, and grey; youths; stalwart men and old; gentle born and peasant born; all red wine for La Guillotine, all daily brought into light from the dark cellars of the loathsome prisons, and carried to her through the streets to slake her devouring thirst. Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death;—the last, much the easiest to bestow, 0 Guillotine!

If the suddenness of her calamity, and the whirling wheels of the time, had stunned the Doctor's daughter into the show of a belief that they would soon be reunited—the little preparations for his speedy return, the setting aside of his chair and his books—these, and the solemn prayer at night for one dear prisoner especially, among the many unhappy souls in prison and the shadow of death—were almost the only outspoken reliefs of her heavy mind. She did not greatly alter in appearance. The plain dark dresses, akin to mourning dresses, which she and her child wore, were as neat and as well attended to as the brighter clothes of happy days. She lost her colour, and the old intent expression was a constant, not an occasional, thing; otherwise, she remained very pretty and comely. Sometimes, at night on kissing her father, she would burst into the grief she had repressed all day, and would say that her sole reliance, under Heaven, was on him. He always resolutely answered: "Nothing can happen to him without my knowledge, and I know that I can save him, Lucie." They had not made the round of their changed life, many weeks, when her father said to her, on coming home one evening:

"My dear, there is an upper window in the prison, to which Charles can sometimes gain access—at three in the afternoon. When he can get to it—which depends on many uncer-tainties and incidents—he might see you in the street, he thinks, if you stood in a certain place that I can show you. But you will not be able to see him, my poor child, and even if you could, it would be unsafe for you to make a sign of recognition."

"O show me the place, my father, and I will go there every day."

From that time, in all weathers, she waited there two hours. As the clock struck two, she was there, and at four she turned resignedly away. When it was not too wet or inclement for her child to be with her, they went together; at other times she was alone; but, she never missed a single day.

It was the dark and dirty corner of a small winding street. The hovel of a cutter of wood into lengths for burning, the house at that end; all else was wall. On the third day of her being there, he noticed her: "Good day, citizeness." "Good day, citizen." This mode of address was now prescribed by decree. It had been established voluntarily some time ago, among the more thorough patriots; but, was now law for everybody.

"Walking here again, citizeness?"

"You see me, citizen!"

The wood-sawyer, who was a little man with a redundancy of gesture (he had once been a mender of roads), cast a glance at the prison, and pointed at the prison, and putting his ten fingers before his face to represent bars; peeped through them jocosely.

"But it's not my business," said he. And went on sawing his wood.

Next day, he was looking out for her, and accosted her the moment she appeared.
"What! Walking here again, citizeness?"

"Yes, citizen.

"Ah! A child too! Your mother, is it not, my little citizeness?"

"Do I say yes, mamma?" whispered little Lucie, drawing close to her.

"Yes, dearest.

"Yes, citizen.

"Ah! But it's not my business. My work is my business. See my saw! I call it my Little Guillotine. La, la, la; La, la, la! And off his head comes!"

The billet fell as he spoke, and he threw it into a basket.

"I call myself the Samson of the firewood guillotine. See here again! Loo, loo, loo; Loo, loo, loo! And off her head comes! Now, a child. Tickle, tickle; Pickle, pickle! And off its head comes. All the family!"

Lucie shuddered as he threw two more billets into his basket, but it was impossible to be there while the wood-sawyer was at work, and not be in his sight. Thenceforth, to secure his good will, she always spoke to him first, and received.

When she had quite forgotten him in gazing at herself to find him looking at her, with his knee on his bench and his saw stopped in its work. She would generally say at those times, and would briskly fall to his sawing again.

In all weathers, in the snow and frost of winter, in the bitter winds of spring, in the hot sunshine of summer, in the rains of autumn, and again in the snow and frost of winter, Lucie passed two hours of every day at this place; and every day, on leaving it, she kissed the prison wall. Her husband saw her (so she learned from her father) it might be once in five or six times it might be twice or thrice running: it might be, not for a week or a fortnight to-times it might be for a month. She saw her when the chances served, and on that possibility she would have waited out the day.

These occupations brought her round to the December month, wherein her father walked among the terrors with a steady head. It was a day of some wild rejoicing, and a festival. She had seen the houses, as she came along, decorated with little pikes, and with little red caps stuck upon them; also, with tricolored ribbons; also, with the standard inscription (tricolored letters were the favourite), Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!

The miserable shop of the wood-sawyer was so small, that its whole surface furnished very indifferent space for this legend. He had got somebody to scrawl it up for him, however, who had squeezed Death in with most inappropriate difficulty. On his house-top, he displayed pike and cap, as a good citizen must, and in a window he had stationed his saw, inscribed as his "Little Sainte Guillotine"—for the great sharp female was by that time popularly co-nominated. His shop was shut and he was not there, which was a relief to Lucie and left her quite alone.

But, he was not far off, for presently she heard a troubled movement and a shouting coming along, which filled her with fear. A moment afterwards, and a throng of people came pouring round the corner by the prison wall, in the midst of whom was the wood-sawyer hand in hand with The Vengeance. There could not be fewer than five hundred people, and they were dancing like five thousand demons. There was no other music than their own singing. They danced to the popular Revolution song, keeping a ferocious time that was like a gr syntax teeth in unison. Men and women danced together, women danced together, men danced together, as huzard had brought them together. At first, they were a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woollen rags; but, as they filled the place, and stopped to dance about Lucie, some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone red and mad arose among them. They advanced, retreated, struck at one another's heads, clutched at one another's heads, spun round alone, caught one another and spun round in pairs, until many of them dropped. While those were down, the rest linked hand in hand, and all spun round together; then the ring broke, and in separate rings of two and four they turned and turned, until they all stopped at once, began again, struck, clutched, and tore, and then reversed the spin, and all spun round another way. Suddenly they stopped again, paused, struck out the time afresh, formed into lines the width of the public way, and, with their heads low down and their hands high up, swooped screaming of.

No sight could have been half so terrible as this dance. It was so emphatically a fall of nature to be thus distracted, the delicate foot mincing in this slough of blood and dirt, were types of the disjointed time.

This was the Carnagehode. As it passed, leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the doorway of the wood-sawyer's house, the feather eyes fell as quietly and lay as white and soft, as if it had never been.

"O my father!" for he stood before her when she lifted up the eyes she had momentarily darkened with her hand; "such a cruel bad sight.

"I know, my dear, I know. I have seen it many times. Don't be frightened! Not one of them would harm you."

"I am not frightened for myself, my father.
But when I think of my husband, and the mercies of these people—"

"We will set him above their mercies, very soon. I left him climbing to the window and came to tell you. There is no one here to see. You may kiss your hands towards the door of the room from which he had issued; he said: "Removed to the Conciergerie, and summoned for to-morrow?"

A WEEK WITH WODDERSPOON.

How Wodderspoon—with whom I have never exchanged a word, in my life, or his—came to bear me company for a week, and to lay me under obligation, shall be presently made manifest.

An exceedingly witless story is told of the witty Earl of Rochester. His Majesty King Charles the Second, being desirous of paying a visit to the ancient town of Ipswich, sent the facetious nobleman to ascertain what sort of a place it was, and Rochester, on his return, reported that it was the most extraordinary spot he had ever beheld, inasmuch as the town itself was without inhabitants, while the river on which it was situated was without water, and the donkeys wore boots. The first fact comprised in this statement was trivial in the extreme, and would have applied to every town in the world under similar circumstances, for it simply meant that Rochester had entered Ipswich early in the morning, before any one was up, and that he had inferred non-existence from invisibility. The third fact is now matter of history. In old times, it is said (goodness knows with what truth) that the worthy burgesses of Ipswich used to furnish their donkeys with leggings, in order to protect them from the mud, and these leggings were by Rochester termed boots. But the second fact, that Ipswich stands on a river without water is as valid, so far as it goes, in the nineteenth century as in the seventeenth.

The river, or rather the branch of the sea called the Orwell, which to the London traveller by boat commences at Harwich and terminates at Ipswich, is of considerable breadth, and is bounded on each side by a fine wooded country, which for richness of verdure and for picturesque undulations of surface, is not to be surpassed by any locality in England. The soil is in the hands of a few proprietors, who, whatever they have done with the rest of their estates, have converted all that lies towards the river into a series of parks, so that one gorgeous combination of trees follows without interruption upon another during a journey of twelve miles. At high water the scenery is indescribably beautiful; at low water it is less beautiful, but far more curious. Then, the river which has bathed the extremities of these fine parks dwindles into a narrow stream, which has the appearance of being little more than a ditch, flowing as it does through two vast plains of verdant mud. It must not be imagined that there is anything repulsive in the surface now offered to the view, for it looks like a broad, irregular field, partly overflowed with water, which plays among the irregularities in countless streams, and falls in miniature cascades. As for the stream itself, it is so shallow, that the running aground of a boat is anticipated without alarm, as an event of very