

A large, ornate, cream-colored decorative frame with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, surrounding the title and author information.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

by
CHARLES DICKENS

simplified by
A. JOHNSON and G. C. THORNLEY

Longman



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LONGMAN

LONGMAN GROUP LIMITED
Longman House,
Burnt Mill, Harlow, Essex, UK.

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First published in this series 1947

*Second impression (reset) *1960*

*New impressions *1961 (twice): *1962: 1963:*

**1964: *1965: *1966: *1968 (twice): *1969:*

**1970 (thrice): *1971: *1972: *1973*

*Reprinted with revisions 1976: *1977: *1979: *1980*

**1981*

ISBN 0 582 52821 6

*Printed in Hong Kong by
Sheek Wah Tong Printing Press Ltd*

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Longman Simplified English Series

This book has been specially prepared to make enjoyable reading for people to whom English is a second or a foreign language. An English writer never thinks of avoiding unusual words, so that the learner, trying to read the book in its original form, has to turn frequently to the dictionary and so loses much of the pleasure that the book ought to give.

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*The 2,000 root words of the *General Service List of English Words* of the *Interim Report on Vocabulary Selection*, and words formed from them, together with about 150 words whose frequency seems to have increased since that list was made.

Introduction

CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest of English novelists, was born of poor parents in 1812. He was at first a newspaper reporter, but became famous in 1836-37 when his first two books were published. After that he wrote many novels. He died in 1870.

Dickens was a man of cities and loved the streets of London more than anything else. He was a great humorist and a great observer of persons and places. He is at his best in drawing character, especially lower-middle-class character, and he could describe men of imperfect education with wonderful force. Many of his novels also drew attention to the unsatisfactory social conditions of his time and in a few cases helped to improve them.

A Tale of Two Cities is one of his two attempts at a historical novel. It was first published in 1859; it is a story of the French Revolution (1789). The scene is laid in the two cities of London and Paris and the time of the action is from 1775 to 1793.

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Characters

SYDNEY CARTON, a London lawyer, an able but idle man, and assistant of Mr. Stryver.

ROGER CLY, a secret informer.

JERRY CRUNCHER, a messenger at Tellson's Bank.

MONSIEUR ERNEST DEFARGE, keeper of a wine-shop in St. Antoine, and leader of the Revolutionists there.

MONSIEUR GABELLE, agent to the Marquis St. Evrémonde.

GASPARD, a poor citizen of Paris.

JACQUES ONE

JACQUES TWO

JACQUES THREE

} Revolutionists, and friends of Defarge.

JACQUES FOUR, a name adopted by Defarge.

JACQUES FIVE, a friend of Defarge, a mender of roads and afterwards a wood-cutter.

MR. JARVIS LORRY, a clerk at Tellson's Bank, and a friend of the Manettes.

DR. MANETTE, a doctor of Paris, imprisoned for many years in the Bastille.

SOLOMON PROSS, *alias* **JOHN BARSAD**, a spy and secret informer, brother of Miss Pross.

MARQUIS ST. EVRÉMONDE, a proud nobleman and uncle of Charles St. Evrémonde.

CHARLES ST. EVRÉMONDE, a French noble, called **CHARLES DARNAY** when he was in England.

MR. STRYVER, a London lawyer.

MADAME DEFARGE, wife of Monsieur Defarge and leader of the women Revolutionists of St. Antoine.

LUCIE MANETTE, daughter of Dr. Manette.

MISS PROSS, maid to Lucie Manette.

LUCIE ST. EVRÉMONDE, daughter of Charles St. Evrémonde.

THE REVENGE, a leading Revolutionist among the women of St. Antoine.

The Shop of Monsieur Defarge

ST. ANTOINE was one of the poorest parts of Paris. There, the children had the faces and sad voices of old men. Hunger seemed to be written on the faces of every man and woman. The shops contained only the worst bits of meat and only the coarsest loaves. There was nothing bright in the street except the shops that sold tools or weapons. Those contained the sharpest of bright knives and the most murderous of guns. These bright weapons seemed to be waiting for the time when they would be brought out to do terrible work.

A large barrel of wine had been dropped and broken in the street of St. Antoine. Red wine began to run over the rough stones. Little pools of it formed in the hollows and cracks among the stones.

Immediately, all the people near by left whatever they were doing, and ran to the spot to get some of the wine before it should disappear into the ground. Some knelt down and tried to gather it in their hands, but most of it ran through their fingers. Some brought cups and tried to fill them; others dipped cloths in the wine and then put them in their mouths. For a time, in that street of poverty and misery, there was a joyful sound of laughter. But soon all the wine was gone; the laughter died down and the miserable people returned to what they had been doing before.

A tall man dipped his finger in some mud made red with the wine and wrote on the wall five big letters, BLOOD. The time would come when blood would flow in the streets of St. Antoine and would stain its stones red.

The barrel of wine had been on its way to the wine-shop

at the corner. Outside stood the owner of the wine-shop, Monsieur Defarge. He was a strongly-built man of about thirty, bare-headed with a face that was good-natured on the whole, but that showed signs of strong determination and a complete absence of any kind of weakness. Such a man as would be an enemy to be feared.

Monsieur Defarge stood looking at the struggle for the wine for some time. "It isn't my affair," he said to himself. "As that barrel is broken, they must bring me another." Then his eye caught sight of the man who had written the terrible word on the wall. He called to him: "Say, Gaspard, are you mad? Why do you write in the public street? Are there no better places to write such words in?"

Madame Defarge was sitting in the shop when her husband re-entered. She was a woman of about his own age, with a very observant eye, a strong face and a great calmness of manner. As her husband came in, she gave a little cough and looked in a certain direction as if to call his attention to some people who had just come into the shop.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly looked around until his eye rested on an oldish gentleman and a young woman who were seated in a corner. There were other people in the shop, but only these two were strangers. As he passed he noticed that the old man attracted the attention of his young companion as if to say, "This is our man."

"What on earth are those two doing there?" said Defarge to himself. "I don't know them."

He pretended not to notice the two strangers, and fell into a conversation with three men who were drinking at the bar.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of them to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the wine drunk from the broken barrel?"

"Every drop of it, Jacques," replied Defarge.

"It isn't often," said the second man, "that these miserable

beasts know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death. Is not that so, Jacques?"

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

The third man put down his glass.

"Ah! Such poor cattle always have a bitter taste in their mouths; they lead a hard life. Am I right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques," replied Monsieur Defarge.

A movement from Madame Defarge attracted his attention. "Gentlemen," he said, "the room that you wish to see is at the top of the stairs. Go into the courtyard. One of you has been there before and will show you the way."

They paid for their wine and left. The elderly gentleman advanced towards Monsieur Defarge and asked permission to speak to him. Their conversation was short. Almost at the first word Monsieur Defarge's face showed deep attention. After a minute Defarge nodded and went out. The gentleman then signalled to the young lady, and they, too, went out.

Madame went on with her knitting* and took no notice.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry (the oldish gentleman) and Miss Lucie Manette joined Defarge in the courtyard to which he had recently directed the three men. In the courtyard Defarge did a surprising thing. He went down on one knee and put his lips to the young lady's hand.

Defarge had been at one time servant of Dr. Manette, father of Lucie Manette. Lucie's mother died, and her father, the doctor, disappeared: no one knew what had happened to him. His money was in Tellson's Bank—an English Bank. The baby Lucie was brought to England, and Mr. Jarvis Lorry, an official of Tellson's Bank and an old friend of her father's, was put in charge of her money and watched over her education.

Mr. Lorry asked an Englishwoman, Miss Pross, to bring up the child. Miss Pross became like a mother to Lucie Manette, and would willingly have given her life for the child.

Lucie was now a young woman, and strange news had

brought her with Mr. Lorry to Paris—news that Dr. Manette (whom all had thought to be dead) was alive. He had been a prisoner in the Bastille—the great prison of Paris. Now he had been set free, and was in the care of his old servant, Defarge.

Defarge rose to his feet. A remarkable change had come over his face. There was no good nature left. In its place was a look of anger and hatred—hatred for those who had committed a dreadful wrong against someone he loved.

"The stairs are high," said Defarge. "Let us go up slowly."

"Is Dr. Manette alone?" whispered Mr. Lorry.

"Of course. He has been accustomed to being alone for so long that now he cannot bear the presence of another."

"Is he greatly changed?"

"Changed! You will not recognize him."

As they neared the top of the stairs, Defarge took a key out of his pocket.

"Do you keep his door locked?"

"I think it safer to do so."

"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.

"It is possible," replied Defarge bitterly. "In this beautiful world such things are possible, and not only possible, they are actually done every day. Such is the state of France."

This conversation had been held in so low a whisper that none of it reached the young lady's ears, but as they neared the top of the stairs she trembled. Her face showed such deep anxiety, such terror, that Mr. Lorry spoke to her to encourage her.

"Courage, my dear! Courage! The worst will be over in a minute. Think only of the happiness you will bring him."

At last they were near the top. Suddenly, at a turn in the stairs, they came upon three men who were looking into a room through the cracks in a door. Hearing footsteps they

turned and rose: they were the three men who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"Leave us, good boys. We have business here," said Defarge. The three went quietly down.

Mr. Lorry was angry. He whispered to Defarge, "Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him to a few, to those to whom the sight is likely to do good. They are all men of my own name, Jacques. You are English and do not understand. Stay here a minute, please."

Defarge made a noise on the door with his key as if to give a warning to the person inside. Then he put it in the lock and turned it slowly. The door opened; he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered. He looked back and signed to them to enter. Mr. Lorry put his arm round the daughter's waist and held her. "Come in," he said. "Come in."

"I am afraid," she answered, trembling.

"Afraid of what?"

"I am afraid of him, my father."

He drew over his neck her trembling arm, lifted her a little and hurried into the room.

Work was going on in the room. With his back towards the door and his face towards the window, a white-haired man sat on a long bench*, bent forward. He was very busy, making shoes.

2

The Shoemaker

"GOOD DAY," said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head bent over the work.

The white head was raised for a moment. Then a faint voice replied, "Good day."

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

After a long silence the head was lifted again for a moment, and the weak voice replied, "Yes—I am still working."

The faintness of the voice was very pitiable. It seemed to be the result not only of bodily weakness but also of lack of practice. The old man was poorly dressed. He had a white beard, a hollow face and extremely bright eyes that appeared to be unnaturally large. He took no notice of his visitors; he seemed hardly to know that they were there. His mind had obviously been affected by his long imprisonment.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving Lucie by the door.

"Come," said Defarge, "you have a visitor. Show him the shoe that you are making. Tell him what kind of a shoe it is."

The weak voice replied, "It is a lady's shoe, a young lady's shoe. It is in the present fashion. But I have never seen such a shoe. I have only seen a pattern." He looked at the shoe with a little pride, pride in his own handiwork.

"And what is your name?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"My name? One hundred and Five, North Tower."

"What? Is that all?"

"One hundred and Five, North Tower."

"But you are not a shoemaker by trade, are you?" asked Mr. Lorry.

The old man paused for a while. "No," he said, "I am not a shoemaker by trade. I learned it in prison. They gave me permission to learn."

Mr. Lorry looked steadily in his face.

"Dr. Manette, don't you remember me?"

The shoe dropped to the ground. He looked wonderingly at his questioner.

"Dr. Manette, don't you remember Monsieur Defarge here? Don't you remember Jarvis Lorry, the old banker?"

The prisoner of many years looked from one to the other. A look of intelligence seemed to come over his face. Then it

disappeared again. Darkness came down on his mind. He picked up the shoe and continued his work.

Slowly, very slowly, Lucie drew near the bench of the shoemaker. She stood beside him as he bent over his work.

He dropped his knife, bent down to pick it up, and caught sight of her dress. He stared at her with a frightened look and breathed heavily. The two men were afraid; he had the knife in his hand and she was very near. But she showed no sign of fear.

"Who are you? Are you the prison warder's daughter?"

"No," she sighed.

"Who are you?"

She could not speak, but she sat down beside him on the bench. He drew away from her, but she laid her hand on his arm. He dropped his knife and sat looking at her.

Her golden hair lay in curls on her shoulders. Nervously he put out his hand to touch it. Then he gave a deep sigh and went on with his shoemaking.

Again the old man stopped; he touched Lucie's hair again and looked closely at it.

"It is the same," he said. "But how can it be?"

He put his hand to his neck and took off a blackened string that had a folded bit of cloth at the end of it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee. It contained a small quantity of hair—just a few long golden hairs which he had long, long ago wound upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again and looked carefully at it.

"It is the same. But how can it be? She laid her head upon my shoulder that night when I was called out. And when I was brought to the North Tower I found these hairs upon my coat."

He turned on her with terrifying suddenness. But she sat perfectly still and, when Defarge and Mr. Lorry would have