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Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

Robert Louis Stevenson

Modern Greek — 100% of eligible letters

English · 1886

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Complete ten-chapter original English text of Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. Source chapter headings and paragraph divisions are retained.

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Modern sounds: β is /v/, not /b/. ρ is a tapped or trilled r. Final σ becomes ς.

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m / μ · n / ν · p / π · t / τ · k / κ · f / φ · l / λ · r / ρ · s / σ · v / β · z / ζ · a / α · i / ι · o / ο · e / ε

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STORY OF THE DOOR

Mr. Uttersον the lawyer was a μαν oφ a rugged couντevανce thaτ was νeβer lighτed by a σμile; cold, σcανty avd eμbarrasσed iν discourσe; bacκward iν σeντiμeντ; leaν, long, duσty, dreary avd yeτ σoμehow loβable. Aτ φrievdly μeeτings, avd whev the wive was το his τaστe, σoμething eμiveντly huμaν beacoved φroμ his eye; σoμething ivdeed which νeβer φouvd iτs way ivτo his τalκ, buτ which σποκe νot ovly iν these σilεντ σyμbols oφ the aφter-divver φace, buτ μore often avd loudly iν the acτs oφ his liφe. He was auστere with hiμselφ; dravκ giv whev he was alove, το μortiφy a τaστe φor βivτages; avd though he evjoyed the theaτre, had νοτ crossed the doors oφ ove φor τwevτy years. Buτ he had av aππroβed τoleravce φor others; σoμetiμes wovdering, alμoστ with evβy, aτ the high πresσure oφ σpiriτs ivβolβed iν their μisdeeds; avd iν avy exτreμity ivclived το helπ rather thav το reπroβe. “I ivcliνe το Caiv’s heresy,” he used το σay quaivτly: “I leτ μy brother go το the deβil iν his owv way.” Iv this characτer, iτ was φrequevτly his φorτuve το be the laστ reπutable acquaivτavce avd the laστ good ivφluevce iv the liβes oφ downgoing μev. Avd το σuch as these, σo long as they caμe abouτ his chaμbers, he veβer μarκed a shade oφ change iv his deμeavour.

No doubτ the φeaτ was easy το Mr. Uττersον; φor he was uvdeμovστratiβe aτ the beστ, avd eβev his φrievdshiπ σeeμed το be φouvded iv a σiμilar catholicity oφ good-vature. Iτ is the μarκ oφ a μodeστ μav το acceπτ his φrievdly circle ready-μade φroμ the havds oφ oππorτuvity; avd thaτ was the lawyer’s way. His φrievds were those oφ his owv blood or those whoμ he had kvowv the longeστ; his aφφectiovs, like iβy, were the growth oφ τiμe,

they iμπlied νo aπτνeσs iν the objecτ. Heνce, νo doubτ the boνd thaτ uνiτed hiμ τo Mr. Richard Eνφield, his disτaντ κiνσμaν, the weλλ-kνowν μaν abouτ τowν. Iτ was a νuτ τo cracκ φor μavy, whaτ these τwo could σee iν each other, or whaτ σubjecτ they could φiνd iν coμμon. Iτ was reπorτed by those who eνcouντered theμ iν their Σuνday walκs, thaτ they σaid νothing, λooκed σingulaρly duλλ aνd would haiλ with obβious reλieφ the aππearaνce oφ a φrievd. Φor aλλ thaτ, the τwo μeν πuτ the greaτesτ σtore by these excursiovs, couντed theμ the chieφ jewel oφ each weeκ, aνd νoτ onλy seτ aside occasiovs oφ πleasure, buτ eβeν resisτed the caλλs oφ busiνesσs, thaτ they μighτ eνjoy theμ uνiνterruπτed.

Iτ chaνced oν oνe oφ these raμbλes thaτ their way λed theμ dowν a by-σtreeτ iν a busy quarter oφ Λoνdoν. The σtreeτ was σmaλλ aνd whaτ is caλλed quieτ, buτ iτ droβe a thriβing τrade oν the weeκdays. The iνhabiταντs were aλλ doing weλλ, iτ σeeμed, aνd aλλ eμuλousλy hoπing τo do beττer σtiλλ, aνd λaying ouτ the σurπλus oφ their gaivs iν coquetry; σo thaτ the shoπ φroντs σtood aλong thaτ thoroughφare with aν air oφ iνβiτatiov, λiκe rows oφ σμiλing σaλesωoμen. Eβeν oν Σuνday, whev iτ βeiλed iτs μore φlorid charμs aνd λay coμπaraτiβeλy eμπτy oφ πassage, the σtreeτ shove ouτ iν coντrasτ τo iτs dingy veighbourhood, λiκe a φire iν a φoresτ; aνd with iτs φreshλy πaiντed shuττers, weλλ-πolished brasσes, aνd geveraλ cλeaνλivesσ aνd gaieτy oφ νoτe, iνsταντλy caughτ aνd πleased the eye oφ the πassenger.

Two doors φroμ oνe corνer, oν the λeφτ havd going easτ the λive was broκeν by the eντry oφ a courτ; aνd juστ aτ thaτποiντ a certaiν σivisτer bλocκ oφ building thruστ φorward iτs gabλe oν the σtreeτ. Iτ was τwo σtoreys high; showed νo wivdow, νothing buτ a door oν the λower σtorey aνd a bλivd φorehead oφ discoλoured waλλ oν the uππer; aνd bore iν eβery φeature, the

μarκs oφ πrolonged avd σordid vegλigevce. The door, which was equiππed with veither beλλ vor kvocκer, was bλistered avd distaived. Traμπs σlouched ivto the receσs avd στrucκ μatches ov the πavelς; childrev κept shoπ upov the στeπs; the σchoolboy had tried his kviφe ov the μouldings; avd φor close ov a geveratiov, vo ove had aππeared to driβe away these ravdoμ βisitors or to reπair their raβages.

Mr. Evφield avd the λawyer were ov the other σide oφ the by-στreet; buτ whev they caμe abreaστ oφ the evτry, the φorμer λiφted uπ his cave avd πoivted.

“Did you eβer reμarκ thaτ door?” he aσκed; avd whev his coμπaviov had reπlied iv the aφφirμatiβe, “Iτ is covvected iv μy μivd,” added he, “with a βery odd στory.”

“Ivdeed?” σaid Mr. Uττersov, with a σlight change oφ βoice, “avd whaτ was thaτ?”

“Weλλ, iτ was this way,” retурved Mr. Evφield: “I was coμing hoμe φroμ σoμe πlace aτ the evd oφ the world, abouτ three o’clocκ oφ a bλacκ wivter μorving, avd μy way λay through a πarτ oφ towv where there was λiteraλλy vothing to be σeev buτ λaμπs. Στreet aφter στreet avd aλλ the φolκs asleeπ—στreet aφter στreet, aλλ λighted uπ as iφ φor a πrocessiov avd aλλ as eμπty as a church—tiλλ aτ λaστ I goτ ivto thaτ στate oφ μivd whev a μav listens avd listens avd begivs to λong φor the σight oφ a πoliceμav. Aλλ aτ ovce, I σaw two φigures: ove a λittλe μav who was στuμπing aλong eaστward aτ a good walκ, avd the other a girλ oφ μaybe eight or tev who was ruvving as hard as she was abλe dowv a croσs στreet. Weλλ, σir, the two rav ivto ove avother vaturaλλy evough aτ the corver; avd thev caμe the horribλe πarτ oφ the thing; φor the μav traμπled calμly oβer the child’s body avd λeφτ her σcreaμing ov the grouvd. Iτ σouvds vothing to hear,

but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gabe a few halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gabe me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might habe supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to aboid a scene,' says he.

‘Nαμe your φigure.’ Weλλ, we σcrewed hiμ uπ το a huνdred πouνds φor the child’s φaμiλy; he would haβe cλearλy λiκed το σtiσκ ouτ; buτ there was σoμething abouτ the λoτ oφ us thaτ μeaντ μischieφ, aνd aτ λaστ he στrucκ. The νexτ thing was το geτ the μoνey; aνd where do you thiνκ he carried us buτ το thaτ πλace with the door?—whiππed ouτ a κey, weντ iν, aνd πreseντλy caμe baσκ with the μaττer oφ τeν πouνds iν gold aνd a cheque φor the baλaνce oν Couττs’s, drawν πayabλe το bearer aνd σigνed with a νaμe thaτ I caν’τ μeντioν, though iτ’s oνe oφ the πoiντs oφ μy στory, buτ iτ was a νaμe aτ λeaστ βery weλλ kνowν aνd often πriντed. The φigure was στiφφ; buτ the σigνature was good φor μore thaν thaτ iφ iτ was oνλy geνuiνe. I τooκ the λiberτy oφ πoiντing ouτ το μy geντλeμaν thaτ the wholе busiνeσs λooκed aπocryphaλ, aνd thaτ a μaν does νoτ, iν reaλ λiφe, walκ iντo a ceλλar door aτ φour iν the μorνing aνd coμe ouτ with aνother μaν’s cheque φor cλose uπoν a huνdred πouνds. Buτ he was quiτe easy aνd σneering. ‘Σeτ your μiνd aτ reστ,’ σays he, ‘I wiλλ σtay with you τiλλ the baνκs oπeν aνd cash the cheque μyselφ.’ Σo we aλλ σeτ oφφ, the doctor, aνd the child’s φather, aνd our φrieνd aνd μyselφ, aνd πaσσed the reστ oφ the νighτ iν μy chaμbers; aνd νexτ day, whеν we had breaκφaστed, weντ iν a body το the baνκ. I gaβe iν the cheque μyselφ, aνd σaid I had eβery reasoν το beλieβe iτ was a φorgery. Noτ a biτ oφ iτ. The cheque was geνuiνe.”

“Tuτ-τuτ!” σaid Mr. Uττerσon.

“I σee you φeeλ as I do,” σaid Mr. Eνφield. “Yes, iτ’s a bad στory. Φor μy μaν was a φeλλow thaτ νobody could haβe το do with, a reaλλy daμνabλe μaν; aνd the πerσoν thaτ drew the cheque is the βery πiνκ oφ the πroπrieτies, ceλebraτed τoo, aνd (whaτ μaκes iτ worσe) oνe oφ your φeλλows who do whaτ they caλλ good. Bλaσκμaiλ, I συππose; aν hoνeστ μaν πaying through the νose φor σoμe oφ the caπers oφ his youth. Bλaσκ Maiλ House is whaτ I caλλ

the πlace with the door, iν conσequevce. Though eβev thaτ, you kvow, is φar φroμ exπlaiving alλ," he added, avd with the words φelλ iντo a βeiv oφ μusing.

Φroμ this he was recalλed by Mr. Uττersov asκing rather suddevly: "Avd you dov't kvow iφ the drawer oφ the cheque λiβes there?"

"A λikely πlace, isv't it?" returved Mr. Evφield. "Buτ I haππev το haβe voticed his addreσs; he λiβes iv σoμe σquare or other."

"Avd you veβer asκed abouτ the—πlace with the door?" σaid Mr. Uττersov.

"No, σir; I had a delicacy," was the reπly. "I φeel βery στrongly abouτ puττing queστiovs; it πartakes τoo μuch oφ the στyle oφ the day oφ judgμevτ. You στarτ a queστiov, avd it's like στarting a στove. You σit quietly ov the τoπ oφ a hiλl; avd away the στove goes, στarting others; avd πreseντly σoμe blavd old bird (the λasτ you would haβe thoughτ oφ) is kvocked ov the head iv his owv back gardev avd the φaμily haβe το change their vaμe. No σir, I μake it a ruλe oφ μive: the μore it looks like Queer Στreeτ, the λesσ I asκ."

"A βery good ruλe, τoo," σaid the λawyer.

"Buτ I haβe στudied the πlace φor μyselφ," covtivued Mr. Evφield. "It σeeμs σcarcely a house. There is vo other door, avd vobody goes iv or ouτ oφ thaτ ove buτ, ovce iv a greaτ whiλe, the geντleμav oφ μy adβevture. There are three wivdows looκing ov the courτ ov the φirστ φloor; vove beλow; the wivdows are always shuτ buτ they're cleav. Avd thev there is a chiμvey which is gevералλy σμoκing; σo σoμebody μusτ liβe there. Avd yeτ it's vοτ σo σure; φor the buildings are σo πacked τogether abouτ the courτ, thaτ it's hard το σay where ove evds avd avother begivs."

The πair walкed oν agaiν φor a whiλe iν σiλevce; avd thev “Evφield,” σaid Mr. Uττersov, “thaτ’s a good ruλe oφ yours.”

“Yes, I thivк iτ is,” reτurved Evφield.

“Buτ φor aλλ thaτ,” covτivued the λawyer, “there’s ove ποivτ I wavτ το asк. I wavτ το asк the vaμe oφ thaτ μav who walкed oβer the child.”

“Weλλ,” σaid Mr. Evφield, “I cav’τ σee whaτ harμ iτ would do. Iτ was a μav oφ the vaμe oφ Hyde.”

“Hμ,” σaid Mr. Uττersov. “Whaτ σorτ oφ a μav is he το σee?”

“He is vοτ easy το deσcribe. There is σomething wrong with his aππearavce; σomething disπλeasing, σomething dowv-righτ deτeστabλe. I veβer σaw a μav I σo disλiked, avd yeτ I σcarce kvow why. He μuστ be deφormed σomewhere; he giβes a στrong φeeλing oφ deφormiτy, aλthough I couldv’τ σpeciφy the ποivτ. He’s av extraordivary λooкing μav, avd yeτ I reaλλy cav vaμe vothing ouτ oφ the way. No, σir; I cav μaке vo havd oφ iτ; I cav’τ deσcribe hiμ. Avd iτ’s vοτ wavτ oφ μemory; φor I decλare I cav σee hiμ this μomevτ.”

Mr. Uττersov agaiv walкed σome way iv σilevce avd obβiousλy uvder a weighτ oφ covσideratiov. “You are σure he used a кey?” he ivquired aτ λaστ.

“My dear σir...” begav Evφield, σurπrised ouτ oφ hiμselφ.

“Yes, I kvow,” σaid Uττersov; “I kvow iτ μuστ σeeμ στrange. The φacτ is, iφ I do vοτ asк you the vaμe oφ the other πarτy, iτ is because I kvow iτ aλready. You σee, Richard, your τaλe has gove hoμe. Iφ you haβe beev ivexacτ iv avy ποivτ you had beττer correcτ iτ.”

“I thivк you μighτ haβe warved μe,” reτurved the other with a τouch oφ συλλevvesσ. “Buτ I haβe beev πedavτicaλλy exacτ, as

you caλλ iτ. The φeλλow had a κey; avd whaτ's μore, he has iτ στiλλ. I σaw hiμ use iτ νoτ a weeκ ago."

Mr. Uττersσon σighed deeπly buτ σaid νeβer a word; avd the young μav πreseντly resuμed. "Here is avother λessσon το σay νothing," σaid he. "I aμ ashaμed oφ μy λong τongue. Λeτ us μaκe a bargaiv νeβer το reφer το this agaiv."

"With aλλ μy hearτ," σaid the λawyer. "I shaκe havds ov thaτ, Richard."

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a bolume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde," but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it

begav το be clothed upov with detestable attributes; avd out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

“I thought it was madness,” he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, “and now I begin to fear it is disgrace.”

With that he blew out his candle, put on a greatcoat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and receibed his crowding patients. “If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon,” he had thought.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other’s company.

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

“I suppose, Lanyon,” said he, “you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?”

“I wish the friends were younger,” chuckled Dr. Lanyon. “But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now.”

“Indeed?” said Utterson. “I thought you had a bond of common interest.”

“We had,” was the reply. “But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old sake’s sake, as they say, I see and I have seen debilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash,” added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, “would have estranged Damon and Pythias.”

This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. “They have only differed on some point of science,” he thought; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing), he even added: “It is nothing worse than that!” He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put. “Did you ever come across a *protégé* of his—one Hyde?” he asked.

“Hyde?” repeated Lanyon. “No. Never heard of him. Since my time.”

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

Six o’clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson’s dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather ensnared; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield’s tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He

would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizzier speeds, through wider labyrinths of lamplighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that wavered and changed; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew a hatred in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clauses of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at

νοον whεν busivεσs was πλεντy avd τiμe σcarce, aτ νighτ uvder the φace oφ the φogged ciτy μoov, by aλλ λighτs avd aτ aλλ hours oφ σolίτude or covcourσe, the λawyer was το be φouvd ov his chosεv ποστ.

“Iφ he be Mr. Hyde,” he had thoughτ, “I shaλλ be Mr. Σeeκ.”

Avd aτ λaστ his πατievce was rewarded. Iτ was a φive dry νighτ; φroστ iv the air; the στreeτs as cλeav as a baλλroομ φloor; the λaμπs, uvshaκev by avy wivd, drawing a regυlar παττerv oφ λighτ avd shadow. By τev o’cλocκ, whev the shoπs were cλosed, the by-στreeτ was βery σolίtary avd, iv σπiτe oφ the λow growλ oφ Λovdov φroμ aλλ rouvd, βery σίλevτ. Σmaλλ σouvds carried φar; doμeστic σouvds ouτ oφ the houses were cλearλy audibλe ov either σide oφ the roadway; avd the ruμour oφ the aππroach oφ avy πασσenger πreceded hiμ by a λong τiμe. Mr. Uττerσov had beev σoμe μivuτes aτ his ποστ, whev he was aware oφ av odd λighτ φootστeπ drawing vear. Iv the coυrσe oφ his νighτλy πατrolλs, he had λong growv accuστoμed το the quaivτ eφφecτ with which the φootφaλλs oφ a σingλe πerσon, whiλe he is στiλλ a greaτ way oφφ, σuddevλy σπring ouτ disτivcτ φroμ the βaστ huμ avd cλaττer oφ the ciτy. Yeτ his aττeντiov had veβer beφore beev σo sharπλy avd decisiβeλy arreστed; avd iτ was with a στrong, σuπerστiτious πreβisiov oφ σuccεσs thaτ he withdrew ivτo the evτry oφ the courτ.

The στeπs drew σwiφτλy vearer, avd σweλλed ouτ σuddevλy λouder as they τurved the evd oφ the στreeτ. The λawyer, λooκing φorth φroμ the evτry, could σoov σee whaτ μavver oφ μav he had το deaλ with. He was σmaλλ avd βery πλaivλy dreσσed avd the λooκ oφ hiμ, eβev aτ thaτ disτavce, wevτ σomehow στrongλy agaivστ the waτcher’s ivcλivatiov. Bυτ he μade στraighτ φor the door, croσσing the roadway το σaβe τiμe; avd as he caμe, he drew a κey φroμ his poσκeτ λiκe ove aππroaching hoμe.

Mr. Uttersον stepped out and touched hiμ on the shoulder as he passed. “Mr. Hyde, I thinκ?”

Mr. Hyde shranκ backκ with a hissing intakе oφ the breath. But his φear was onλy μomentary; and though he did not λookκ the λawyer in the φace, he answered coolλy enough: “That is μy naμe. What do you want?”

“I see you are going in,” returned the λawyer. “I aμ an old φriend oφ Dr. Jekyλl’s—Mr. Uttersον oφ Gaunt Street—you μust haβe heard oφ μy naμe; and μeeting you so conβenientλy, I thought you μight adμit μe.”

“You wiλλ not φind Dr. Jekyλl; he is φroμ hoμe,” repλied Mr. Hyde, bλowing in the key. And then suddenλy, but stiλλ without λooκing up, “How did you knοw μe?” he asked.

“On your side,” said Mr. Uttersον “wiλλ you do μe a φaβour?”

“With pλeasure,” repλied the other. “What shaλλ it be?”

“Wiλλ you let μe see your φace?” asked the λawyer.

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as iφ upon soμe suddeη reφlection, φrowned about with an air oφ deφiance; and the pair stared at each other pretty φixedλy φor a φew secoηds. “Now I shaλλ knοw you againη,” said Mr. Uttersον. “It μay be useφuλ.”

“Yes,” returned Mr. Hyde, “it is as weλλ we haβe met; and *à propos*, you should haβe μy addresηs.” And he gaβe a nuμber oφ a street in Soho.

“Good God!” thought Mr. Uttersον, “can he, too, haβe beeη thinκing oφ the wiλλ?” But he kept his φeelings to himselφ and onλy gruηted in acknowλedgμent oφ the addresηs.

“And now,” said the other, “how did you knοw μe?”

“By descriptiον,” was the repλy.

“Whose deσcriπtioν?”

“We haβe coμμoν φrievds,” σaid Mr. Uττerσoν.

“Coμμoν φrievds,” echoed Mr. Hyde, a λittλe hoarσeλy. “Who are they?”

“Jeκyλλ, φor iνστavce,” σaid the λawyer.

“He veβer told you,” cried Mr. Hyde, with a φλush oφ anger. “I did voτ thivκ you would haβe λied.”

“Coμe,” σaid Mr. Uττerσoν, “thaτ is voτ φitting λanguage.”

The other σvarλed aλoud ivto a σaβage λaugh; avd the vexτ μomevτ, with extraordivary quickveσs, he had uvλocked the door avd disaππeared ivto the house.

The λawyer στood awhiλe whev Mr. Hyde had λeφτ hiμ, the πicture oφ disquietude. Thev he begav σlowλy το μouvτ the στreeτ, πausing eβery στeπ or τwo avd πuττing his havd το his brow λike a μav iv μevtaλ πerπlexity. The πrobλeμ he was thus debating as he walked, was ove oφ a cλaσs thaτ is rarely σolβed. Mr. Hyde was πaλe avd dwarφish, he gaβe av iμπreσσiov oφ deφormity without avy vaμeabλe μalφormatiov, he had a disπλeasing σmiλe, he had borve hiμσelφ το the λawyer with a σorτ oφ μurderous μixture oφ τiμidity avd boldveσs, avd he σpoke with a huσky, whisπering avd σomewhaτ broκev βoice; aλλ these were πoivτs againστ hiμ, buτ voτ aλλ oφ these τogether could exπλaiv the hitherto uvkvowv disguστ, λoathing avd φear with which Mr. Uττerσov regarded hiμ. “There μuστ be σomething elσe,” σaid the πerπlexed geντλemav. “There *is* σomething μore, iφ I could φivd a vaμe φor iτ. God bλeσs μe, the μav σeeμs hardλy huμav! Σomething τrogλodytic, shaλλ we σay? or cav iτ be the old στory oφ Dr. Φeλλ? or is iτ the μere radiavce oφ a φouλ σouλ thaτ thus τravσpires through, avd τravσφigures, iτs cλay covτivevτ? The λaστ, I thivκ;

φor, O μy πoor old Harry Jeκyλλ, iφ eβer I read Σaταν's σigvature uπον a φace, iτ is ον thaτ oφ your νew φrievd."

Rouvd the corver φroμ the by-στreeτ, there was a σquare oφ avcievτ, havdσoμe houses, νow φor the μoστ πarτ decayed φroμ their high eστaτe avd λeτ iv φlaτs avd chaμbers το aλλ σorτs avd covditiovs oφ μev; μaπ-engraβers, architecτs, shady λawyers avd the agevτs oφ obσcure evτerπrises. Ove house, howeβer, σecovd φroμ the corver, was στiλλ occuπied evτire; avd aτ the door oφ this, which wore a greaτ air oφ wealth avd coμφorτ, though iτ was vow πlunged iv darkvesσ exceπτ φor the φavlighτ, Mr. Uττersov στoππed avd kvocked. A weλλ-dresσed, elderly σerβavτ oπeved the door.

"Is Dr. Jeκyλλ aτ hoμe, Πoole?" aσked the λawyer.

"I wiλλ σee, Mr. Uττersov," σaid Πoole, adμiττing the βisitor, as he σpoκe, ivτo a λarge, low-rooφed, coμφorτabλe haλλ πaβed with φlags, warμed (aφτer the φashiov oφ a couvtry house) by a brighτ, opev φire, avd φurvished with coστly cabivets oφ oaκ. "Wiλλ you waiτ here by the φire, σir? or shaλλ I giβe you a λighτ iv the diving-rooμ?"

"Here, thavκ you," σaid the λawyer, avd he drew vear avd λeaved ov the τaλλ φevder. This haλλ, iv which he was vow λeφτ aλove, was a πet φavcy oφ his φrievd the doctor's; avd Uττersov himσelφ was wovτ το σpeaκ oφ iτ as the πleasavtesτ rooμ iv Λovdov. Buτ τovighτ there was a shudder iv his bλood; the φace oφ Hyde σaτ heaβy ov his μemory; he φelτ (whaτ was rare with hiμ) a vausea avd distaστe oφ λiφe; avd iv the gλoom oφ his σpiriτs, he σeeμed το read a μevace iv the φlicκering oφ the φirelighτ ov the πolished cabivets avd the uveasy στarτing oφ the shadow ov the rooφ. He was ashaμed oφ his relieφ, whev Πoole πresevτly returved το avvouvce thaτ Dr. Jeκyλλ was gove ouτ.

“I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting room, Poole,” he said. “Is that right, when Dr. Jekyll is from home?”

“Quite right, Mr. Utterson, sir,” replied the servant. “Mr. Hyde has a key.”

“Your master seems to repose a great deal of trust in that young man, Poole,” resumed the other musingly.

“Yes, sir, he does indeed,” said Poole. “We have all orders to obey him.”

“I do not think I ever met Mr. Hyde?” asked Utterson.

“O, dear no, sir. He never *dines* here,” replied the butler. “Indeed we see very little of him on this side of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory.”

“Well, good-night, Poole.”

“Good-night, Mr. Utterson.”

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. “Poor Harry Jekyll,” he thought, “my mind misgives me he is in deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations. Ah, it must be that; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace: punishment coming, *pede claudo*, years after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned the fault.” And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corners of memory, lest by chance some Jack-in-the-Box of an old iniquity should leap to light there. His past was fairly blameless; few men could read the rolls of their life with less apprehension; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ill things he had done, and raised up again into a sober and fearful gratitude by the many he had come so near to doing yet abided. And then by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. “This Master Hyde, if he were

studied," thought he, "must have secrets of his own; black secrets, by the look of him; secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside; poor Harry, what a waking! And the danger of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ah, I must put my shoulder to the wheel—if Jekyll will but let me," he added, "if Jekyll will only let me." For once more he saw before his mind's eye, as clear as transparency, the strange clauses of the will.

DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE

A fortnight later, by excellent good fortune, the doctor gave one of his pleasant dinners to some five or six old cronies, all intelligent, reputable men and old judges of good wine; and Mr. Utterson so contrived that he remained behind after the others had departed. This was no new arrangement, but a thing that had befallen many scores of times. Where Utterson was liked, he was liked well. Hosts loved to detain the dry lawyer, when the light-hearted and loose-tongued had already their foot on the threshold; they liked to sit a while in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence after the expense and strain of gaiety. To this rule, Dr. Jekyll was no exception; and as he now sat on the opposite side of the fire—a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with something of a sly look about it, perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness—you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr. Utterson a sincere and warm affection.

"I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll," began the latter. "You know that will of yours?"

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful; but the doctor carried it off gaily. "My poor Utterson," said he, "you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will; unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. O, I know he's a good fellow—you needn't frown—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon."

“You know I never approved of it,” pursued Utterson, ruthlessly disregarding the fresh topic.

“My will? Yes, certainly, I know that,” said the doctor, a trifle sharply. “You have told me so.”

“Well, I tell you so again,” continued the lawyer. “I have been learning something of young Hyde.”

The large handsome face of Dr. Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, and there came a blackness about his eyes. “I do not care to hear more,” said he. “This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop.”

“What I heard was abominable,” said Utterson.

“It can make no change. You do not understand my position,” returned the doctor, with a certain incoherency of manner. “I am painfully situated, Utterson; my position is a very strange—a very strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking.”

“Jekyll,” said Utterson, “you know me: I am a man to be trusted. Make a clean breast of this in confidence; and I make no doubt I can get you out of it.”

“My good Utterson,” said the doctor, “this is very good of you, this is downright good of you, and I cannot find words to thank you in. I believe you fully; I would trust you before any man alive, ay, before myself, if I could make the choice; but indeed it isn’t what you fancy; it is not as bad as that; and just to put your good heart at rest, I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr. Hyde. I give you my hand upon that; and I thank you again and again; and I will just add one little word, Utterson, that I’m sure you’ll take in good part: this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep.”

Utterson reflected a little, looking in the fire.

“I haβe νo doubτ you are πerφectλy righτ,” he σaid aτ λaστ, geττing το his φeeτ.

“Weλλ, buτ σivce we haβe τouched uπον this busivesσ, avd φor the λaστ τiμe I hoπe,” covτivued the doctor, “there is ove πoivτ I should λike you το uvderστavd. I haβe reaλλy a βery greaτ ivτeresτ iv πoor Hyde. I kvow you haβe σeev hiμ; he τold με σo; avd I φear he was rude. Buτ I do σivcerely τake a greaτ, a βery greaτ ivτeresτ iv thaτ young μav; avd iφ I aμ τakev away, Uττersov, I wish you το πroμise με thaτ you wiλλ bear with hiμ avd geτ his righτs φor hiμ. I thivk you would, iφ you kvew aλλ; avd iτ would be a weighτ oφφ μy μivd iφ you would πroμise.”

“I cav’τ πreτevd thaτ I shaλλ eβer λike hiμ,” σaid the λawyer.

“I dov’τ ask thaτ,” πleaded Jekyλλ, λaying his havd uπov the other’s arμ; “I ovly ask φor juστice; I ovly ask you το helπ hiμ φor μy σake, whev I aμ vo λonger here.”

Uττersov heaβed av irreπresσibλe σigh. “Weλλ,” σaid he, “I πroμise.”

THE CAREW MURDER CASE

Nearly a year later, in the month of October, 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A maid servant living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. It seems she was romantically given, for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she became aware of an aged beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed and accosted the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognise in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his

havd a heaβy cave, with which he was τriφling; buτ he avσwered veβer a word, avd σeeμed το listen with av iλλ-covtaived iμpatievce. Avd thev alλ oφ a σuddev he broke ouτ iv a greaτ φlaμe oφ anger, σtaμping with his φooτ, bravdishing the cave, avd carrying ov (as the μaid deσcribed iτ) like a μadμav. The old gevtleμav took a στeπ back, with the air oφ ove βery μuch σurπrised avd a τriφle hurτ; avd aτ thaτ Mr. Hyde broke ouτ oφ alλ bouvds avd clubbed hiμ το the earth. Avd vexτ μomevτ, with ape-like φury, he was τraμpling his βictiμ uvder φooτ avd hailing dowv a σtorμ oφ blows, uvder which the boves were audibly shattered avd the body juμped upov the roadway. Aτ the horror oφ these σighτs avd σouvds, the μaid φaivted.

Iτ was τwo o'clock whev she caμe το herσelφ avd calλed φor the πolice. The μurderer was gove λong ago; buτ there λay his βictiμ iv the μiddle oφ the λave, ivcredibly μangled. The σtick with which the deed had beev dove, alτhough iτ was oφ σoμe rare avd βery τough avd heaβy wood, had broκev iv the μiddle uvder the σtreσs oφ this ivσevσate cruelτy; avd ove σplivtered halφ had rolled iv the veighbouring guττer—the other, withouτ doubτ, had beev carried away by the μurderer. A πurσe avd gold watch were φouvd upov the βictiμ: buτ vo cards or paπers, exceπτ a σealed avd σtaμped evβelope, which he had beev πrobably carrying το the poστ, avd which bore the vaμe avd addreσs oφ Mr. Uττerσov.

This was broughτ το the λawyer the vexτ μorving, beφore he was ouτ oφ bed; avd he had vo σoover σeev iτ avd beev τold the circuμστavces, thav he shoτ ouτ a σolemv liπ. "I shalλ σay vothing τilλ I haβe σeev the body," σaid he; "this μay be βery σerious. Haβe the kivdveσs το waiτ whiλe I dreσs." Avd with the σaμe graβe couvτevavce he hurried through his breaκφaστ avd droβe

to the police station, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he nodded.

"Yes," said he, "I recognise him. I am sorry to say that this is Sir Danvers Carew."

"Good God, sir," exclaimed the officer, "is it possible?" And the next moment his eye lighted up with professional ambition. "This will make a deal of noise," he said. "And perhaps you can help us to the man." And he briefly narrated what the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick.

Mr. Utterson had already quailed at the name of Hyde; but when the stick was laid before him, he could doubt no longer; broken and battered as it was, he recognised it for one that he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jekyll.

"Is this Mr. Hyde a person of small stature?" he inquired.

"Particularly small and particularly wicked-looking, is what the maid calls him," said the officer.

Mr. Utterson reflected; and then, raising his head, "If you will come with me in my cab," he said, "I think I can take you to his house."

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvellous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with

its muddy ways, and slatternly passengers, and its lamps, which had neβer beev extinguished or had beev kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinβasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his driβe, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up beφore the addresses indicated, the φog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating house, a shop φor the retail of pennyworths and twopennyworths, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many diφferent nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the φog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off φrom his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's φaβourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

An iβory-φaced and silβery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an eβil φace, smoothed by hypocrisy: but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but he had gone away again in less than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were βery irregular, and he was often absent; φor instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday.

"Bery well, then, we wish to see his rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impossiβle, "I had better tell you who this person is," he added. "This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard."

A φlash oφ odious joy aππeared uπoν the woμav's φace. "Ah!" σaid she, "he is iv τroubλe! Whaτ has he dove?"

Mr. Uττersoν avd the ivσπector exchanged gλavces. "He dov'τ σeeμ a βery ποπular characτer," obσerβed the λaττer. "Avd vow, μy good woμav, juστ λeτ μe avd this geντλeμav haβe a λook abouτ us."

Iv the wholе exτenτ oφ the house, which buτ φor the old woμav reμaived otherwise eμπτy, Mr. Hyde had ovly used a couπle oφ rooμs; buτ these were φurvished with λuxury avd good τaστe. A closеτ was φilled with wive; the πlaτe was oφ σilβer, the vaπery elegavτ; a good πicture hung uπov the waλls, a giφτ (as Uττersoν συππosed) φroμ Hevry Jeκyλl, who was μuch oφ a covvoisσeur; avd the carπeτs were oφ μavy πiles avd agreeable iv colour. Aτ this μomeντ, howeβer, the rooμs bore eβery μarκ oφ haβing beev receντly avd hurriedly ravσacked; clothes λay abouτ the φloor, with their πocκeτs ivσide ouτ; λocκ-φasτ drawers σtood oπev; avd ov the hearth there λay a πile oφ grey ashes, as though μavy πaπers had beev burved. Φroμ these eμbers the ivσπector disivterred the buττ evd oφ a greev cheque booκ, which had resisτed the actiov oφ the φire; the other halφ oφ the σticκ was φouvd behivd the door; avd as this clivched his σusπiciovs, the oφφicer decλared hiμselφ deλighτed. A βisiτ τo the bavκ, where σeβeraλ thousavd πouvds were φouvd τo be λying τo the μurderer's crediτ, coμπleτed his graτiφicatiov.

"You μay deπevd uπov iτ, σir," he τold Mr. Uττersov: "I haβe hiμ iv μy havd. He μuστ haβe λoστ his head, or he veβer would haβe λeφτ the σticκ or, aboβe aλλ, burved the cheque booκ. Why, μovey's λiφe τo the μav. We haβe vothing τo do buτ waiτ φor hiμ aτ the bavκ, avd geτ ouτ the havdbiλls."

This λαστ, howeβer, was νοτ σο easy οφ accομπλishμεντ; φor Mr. Hyde had νυμbered φew φαμiλiars—eβεν the μαστer οφ the σerβαντ μaid had ονλy σeeν hiμ τwice; his φaμiλy could νowhere be τraced; he had νeβer beeν phοτographed; aνd the φew who could deσcribe hiμ diφφered wideλy, as coμμον obσerβers wiλλ. Oνλy oν oνe ποiντ were they agreed; aνd thaτ was the hauντing σeνσe oφ uνexπreσσed deφorμiτy with which the φugiτiβe iμπreσσed his beholders.

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

It was late in the afternoon, when Mr. Utterson found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door, where he was at once admitted by Poole, and carried down by the kitchen offices and across a yard which had once been a garden, to the building which was indifferently known as the laboratory or dissecting rooms. The doctor had bought the house from the heirs of a celebrated surgeon; and his own tastes being rather chemical than anatomical, had changed the destination of the block at the bottom of the garden. It was the first time that the lawyer had been received in that part of his friend's quarters; and he eyed the dingy, windowless structure with curiosity, and gazed round with a distasteful sense of strangeness as he crossed the theatre, once crowded with eager students and now lying gaunt and silent, the tables laden with chemical apparatus, the floor strewn with crates and littered with packing straw, and the light falling dimly through the foggy cupola. At the further end, a flight of stairs mounted to a door covered with red baize; and through this, Mr. Utterson was at last received into the doctor's cabinet. It was a large room fitted round with glass presses, furnished, among other things, with a cheval-glass and a business table, and looking out upon the court by three dusty windows barred with iron. The fire burned in the grate; a lamp was set lighted on the chimney shelf, for even in the houses the fog began to lie thickly; and there, close up to the warmth, sat Dr. Jekyll, looking deathly sick. He did not rise to meet his visitor, but held out a cold hand and bade him welcome in a changed voice.

"And now," said Mr. Utterson, as soon as Poole had left them, "you have heard the news?"

The doctor shuddered. “They were crying it in the square,” he said. “I heard them in my diving-room.”

“One word,” said the lawyer. “Carew was my client, but so are you, and I want to know what I am doing. You have not been mad enough to hide this fellow?”

“Utterson, I swear to God,” cried the doctor, “I swear to God I will let me set eyes on him again. I bind my honour to you that I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end. And indeed he does not want my help; you do not know him as I do; he is safe, he is quite safe; mark my words, he will let me more be heard of.”

The lawyer listened gloomily; he did not like his friend’s feverish manner. “You seem pretty sure of him,” said he; “and for your sake, I hope you may be right. If it came to a trial, your name might appear.”

“I am quite sure of him,” replied Jekyll; “I have grounds for certainty that I cannot share with any one. But there is one thing on which you may advise me. I have—I have received a letter; and I am at a loss whether I should show it to the police. I should like to leave it in your hands, Utterson; you would judge wisely, I am sure; I have so great a trust in you.”

“You fear, I suppose, that it might lead to his detection?” asked the lawyer.

“No,” said the other. “I cannot say that I care what becomes of Hyde; I am quite done with him. I was thinking of my own character, which this hateful business has rather exposed.”

Utterson ruminated awhile; he was surprised at his friend’s selfishness, and yet relieved by it. “Well,” said he, at last, “let me see the letter.”

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand and signed “Edward Hyde”: and it signified, briefly enough, that the

writer's benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, whom he had long so unworthily repaid for a thousand generosities, need labour under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence. The lawyer liked this letter well enough; it put a better colour on the intimacy than he had looked for; and he blamed himself for some of his past suspicions.

"Have you the envelope?" he asked.

"I burned it," replied Jekyll, "before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handed in."

"Shall I keep this and sleep upon it?" asked Utterson.

"I wish you to judge for me entirely," was the reply. "I have lost confidence in myself."

"Well, I shall consider," returned the lawyer. "And now one word more: it was Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about that disappearance?"

The doctor seemed seized with a qualm of faintness; he shut his mouth tight and nodded.

"I knew it," said Utterson. "He meant to murder you. You had a fine escape."

"I have had what is far more to the purpose," returned the doctor solemnly: "I have had a lesson—O God, Utterson, what a lesson I have had!" And he covered his face for a moment with his hands.

On his way out, the lawyer stopped and had a word or two with Poole. "By the bye," said he, "there was a letter handed in to-day: what was the messenger like?" But Poole was positive nothing had come except by post; "and only circulars by that," he added.

This νews σεντ οφφ the βisitor with his φears revewed. Πlaivly the letter had coμe by the laboratory door; ποσσibly, ivdeed, it had beev writtev iv the cabivet; avd iφ that were σo, it μust be diφφereντly judged, avd havdled with the μore cautiov. The vewσboys, as he wevt, were crying theμσelβes hoarσe along the φootways: "Σpecial editiov. Shocking μurder oφ av M.Π." That was the φuveral oratiov oφ ove φrievd avd clievt; avd he could vot helπ a certaiv appreheησiov lest the good vaμe oφ avother should be σucked dowv iv the eddy oφ the σcavdal. It was, at leaσt, a ticklish decisiov that he had to μake; avd σelφ-reliavt as he was by habit, he begav to cherish a longing φor adβice. It was vot to be had directly; but perhaps, he thought, it μight be φished φor.

Πreseντly aφter, he σat ov ove σide oφ his owv hearth, with Mr. Gueσt, his head clerk, upov the other, avd μidway betweev, at a vicely calculated distavce φroμ the φire, a boττle oφ a particular old wive that had long dwelt uvσuvved iv the φouvdatiovs oφ his house. The φog στill σlept ov the wing aboβe the drowved city, where the laμps glimmered like carbuvcles; avd through the μuφφle avd σmother oφ these φallev clouds, the procesσiov oφ the towv's liφe was στill rolling iv through the great arteries with a σouvd as oφ a μighty wivd. But the rooμ was gay with φirelight. Iv the boττle the acids were long ago resolβed; the imperial dye had σoφtened with timе, as the colour grows richer iv σtaived wivdows; avd the glow oφ hot autuμv aφtervoovs ov hillσide βiveyards, was ready to be σet φree avd to dispersе the φogs oφ Lovdov. Ivσevσibly the lawyer melted. There was vo μav φroμ whoμ he kept φewer σecrets thav Mr. Gueσt; avd he was vot always σure that he kept as μavy as he μeavt. Gueσt had often beev ov busivesσ to the doctor's; he kvew Poole; he could σcarce haβe φailed to hear oφ Mr. Hyde's

φaμiλiariτy abouτ the house; he μighτ draw covcλusiovs: was iτ νoτ as weλλ, thev, thaτ he should σee a λeττer which πuτ thaτ μyστery το righτs? avd aboβe aλλ σivce Gueστ, being a greaτ στudevτ avd criτic oφ havdwriτing, would covσider the στeπ vaτuraλ avd obλiging? The cλerκ, besides, was a μav oφ couvσeλ; he could σcarce read σo στrange a docuμevτ withouτ droππing a reμarκ; avd by thaτ reμarκ Mr. Uττerσov μighτ shaπe his φuture courσe.

“This is a σad busivesσ abouτ Σir Davβers,” he σaid.

“Yes, σir, ivdeed. Iτ has eλiciτed a greaτ deaλ oφ πubλic φeeλing,” reτurved Gueστ. “The μav, oφ courσe, was μad.”

“I should λiκe το hear your βiews ov thaτ,” reπλied Uττerσov. “I haβe a docuμevτ here iv his havdwriτing; iτ is beτweev ourσeλβes, φor I σcarce kvow whaτ το do abouτ iτ; iτ is av ugλy busivesσ aτ the beστ. Buτ there iτ is; quiτe iv your way: a μurderer’s auτograph.”

Gueστ’s eyes brighτeved, avd he σaτ dowv aτ ovce avd στudied iτ with πaσσiov. “No σir,” he σaid: “voτ μad; buτ iτ is av odd havd.”

“Avd by aλλ accouvτs a βery odd wriτer,” added the λawyer.

Juστ thev the σerβavτ evτered with a voτe.

“Is thaτ φroμ Dr. Jeκyλλ, σir?” ivquired the cλerκ. “I thoughτ I kvew the wriτing. Avything πriβaτe, Mr. Uττerσov?”

“Ovλy av ivβiτatiov το divver. Why? Do you wavτ το σee iτ?”

“Ove μomevτ. I thavκ you, σir;” avd the cλerκ λaid the τwo sheeτs oφ paπer aλongσide avd σeduλousλy coμπared their covτevτs. “Thavκ you, σir,” he σaid aτ λaστ, reτurving both; “iτ’s a βery ivτereστing auτograph.”

There was a πause, during which Mr. Uττersσον σtruggλed with hiμselφ. “Why did you coμπare theμ, Gueσt?” he iνquired σuddenλy.

“Weλλ, σir,” reτurνed the cλerκ, “there’s a rather σinguλar reseμbλance; the τwo haνds are iν μavy πoiντs ideντicaλ: onλy diφφereντλy σloπed.”

“Rather quaiντ,” σaid Uττersσον.

“Iτ is, as you σay, rather quaiντ,” reτurνed Gueστ.

“I wouldν’τ σpeaκ oφ this νote, you kνow,” σaid the μaσter.

“No, σir,” σaid the cλerκ. “I uνderσtaνd.”

Buτ νo σoover was Mr. Uττersσον aλove thaτ νighτ, thaν he λocκed the νote iντo his σaφe, where iτ reπosed φroμ thaτ τiμe φorward. “Whaτ!” he thoughτ. “Heνry Jeκyλλ φorge φor a μurderer!” Aνd his bλood raν cold iν his βeivs.

INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON

Tiμe rav ov; thousavds oφ πouvds were oφφered iv reward, φor the death oφ Sir Davβers was reseντed as a πubλic ivjury; buτ Mr. Hyde had disaππeared ouτ oφ the κev oφ the πolice as though he had veβer existed. Much oφ his πasτ was uvearthed, ivdeed, avd alλ disreπutabλe: τales caμe ouτ oφ the μav's cruelτy, aτ ovce so calλous avd βiolevτ; oφ his βile liφe, oφ his στrange associates, oφ the hatred thaτ seeμed το haβe surrouvded his career; buτ oφ his πresevτ whereabouτs, vοτ a whisπer. Φroμ the τiμe he had leφτ the house iv Soho ov the μorving oφ the μurder, he was siμply bloττed ouτ; avd graduaλλy, as τiμe drew ov, Mr. Uττersov begav το recoβer φroμ the hotvess oφ his alarμ, avd το grow μore aτ quieτ with hiμselφ. The death oφ Sir Davβers was, το his way oφ thivking, μore thav πaid φor by the disaππearavce oφ Mr. Hyde. Now thaτ thaτ eβiλ ivφluevce had beev withdrawv, a vew liφe begav φor Dr. Jekyλλ. He caμe ouτ oφ his secλusiov, revewed relatiovs with his φrievds, becaμe ovce μore their φaμiliar gueστ avd evτertaiver; avd whiλsτ he had aλways beev kvowv φor charities, he was vow vo leσs distinguished φor reλigiov. He was busy, he was μuch iv the oπev air, he did good; his φace seeμed το oπev avd brighτev, as iφ with av ivward covsciousvess oφ serβice; avd φor μore thav τwo μovths, the doctor was aτ πeace.

Ov the 8th oφ Javuary Uττersov had dived aτ the doctor's with a σmaλλ πarτy; Lavyov had beev there; avd the φace oφ the hosτ had looked φroμ ove το the other as iv the old days whev the τrio were ivseπarabλe φrievds. Ov the 12th, avd agaiv ov the 14th, the door was shuτ agaivsτ the λawyer. "The doctor was covφived το the house," Pooλe σaid, "avd σaw vo ove." Ov the 15th, he τried agaiv, avd was agaiv reφused; avd haβing vow beev used φor the

λαστ τwo μονths το σee his φrievd alμοστ daiλy, he φouvd this reτurv oφ σoλiτude το weigh uπov his σpiriτs. The φiφth vighτ he had iv Gueστ το dive with hiμ; avd the σixth he beτooκ hiμσelφ το Dr. Λavyov's.

There aτ λeaστ he was vοτ devied adμiττavce; buτ whev he caμe iv, he was shocked aτ the change which had τakev πlace iv the doctor's appearavce. He had his death-warravτ wriττev legibλy uπov his φace. The rosy μav had growv πale; his φlesh had φalλev away; he was βisibλy balder avd older; avd yeτ iτ was vοτ σo μuch these τokevs oφ a σwiφτ physicaλ decay thaτ arreστed the λawyer's vοtice, as a λooκ iv the eye avd qualiτy oφ μavver thaτ σeeμed το τeστiφy το σoμe deep-σeated terror oφ the μivd. Iτ was uvλikeλy thaτ the doctor should φear death; avd yeτ thaτ was whaτ Uττersov was τeμpτed το σusπecτ. "Yes," he thoughτ; "he is a doctor, he μuστ kvow his owv στate avd thaτ his days are couvτed; avd the kvowλedge is μore thav he cav bear." Avd yeτ whev Uττersov reμarked ov his iλλ λooκs, iτ was with av air oφ greaτ φirμvesos thaτ Λavyov decλared hiμselφ a dooμed μav.

"I haβe had a shocκ," he σaid, "avd I shaλλ veβer recoβer. Iτ is a queστiov oφ weeκs. Weλλ, λiφe has beev πleasavτ; I λiked iτ; yes, σir, I used το λike iτ. I σoμetiμes thivκ iφ we kvew aλλ, we should be μore gλad το geτ away."

"Jeκyλλ is iλλ, τoo," obσerβed Uττersov. "Haβe you σeev hiμ?"

Buτ Λavyov's φace changed, avd he held uπ a τreμbλing havd. "I wish το σee or hear vo μore oφ Dr. Jeκyλλ," he σaid iv a λoud, uvστeady βoice. "I aμ quiτe dove with thaτ πersov; avd I beg thaτ you wiλλ σpare μe avy aλλusiov το ove whoμ I regard as dead."

"Tuτ, τuτ!" σaid Mr. Uττersov; avd thev aφτer a covσiderabλe πause, "Cav'τ I do avything?" he ivquired. "We are three βery old φrievds, Λavyov; we shaλλ vοτ λiβe το μake others."

“Nothing can be done,” returned Lanyon; “ask himself.”

“He will not see me,” said the lawyer.

“I am not surprised at that,” was the reply. “Some day, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right and wrong of this. I cannot tell you. And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God’s sake, stay and do so; but if you cannot keep clear of this accursed topic, then in God’s name, go, for I cannot bear it.”

As soon as he got home, Utterson sat down and wrote to Jekyll, complaining of his exclusion from the house, and asking the cause of this unhappy breach with Lanyon; and the next day brought him a long answer, often bitterly pathetically worded, and sometimes darkly mysterious in drift. The quarrel with Lanyon was incurable. “I do not blame our old friend,” Jekyll wrote, “but I share his view that we must never meet. I mean from henceforth to lead a life of extreme seclusion; you must not be surprised, nor must you doubt my friendship, if my door is often shut even to you. You must suffer me to go my own dark way. I have brought on myself a punishment and a danger that I cannot name. If I am the chief of sinners, I am the chief of sufferers also. I could not think that this earth contained a place for sufferings and terrors so unmanning; and you can do but one thing, Utterson, to lighten this destiny, and that is to respect my silence.” Utterson was amazed; the dark influence of Hyde had been withdrawn, the doctor had returned to his old tasks and amities; a week ago, the prospect had smiled with every promise of a cheerful and an honoured age; and now in a moment, friendship, and peace of mind, and the whole tenor of his life were wrecked. So great and unprepared a change pointed to madness; but in view of Lanyon’s manner and words, there must lie for it some deeper ground.

A week afterwards Dr. Lanyon took to his bed, and in something less than a fortnight he was dead. The night after the funeral, at which he had been sadly affected, Utterson locked the door of his business room, and sitting there by the light of a melancholy candle, drew out and set before him an envelope addressed by the hand and sealed with the seal of his dead friend. "PRIVATE: for the hands of G. J. Utterson ALONE, and in case of his predecease *to be destroyed unread*," so it was emphatically superscribed; and the lawyer dreaded to behold the contents. "I have buried one friend to-day," he thought: "what if this should cost me another?" And then he condemned the fear as a disloyalty, and broke the seal. Within there was another enclosure, likewise sealed, and marked upon the cover as "not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll." Utterson could not trust his eyes. Yes, it was disappearance; here again, as in the mad will which he had long ago restored to its author, here again were the idea of a disappearance and the name of Henry Jekyll bracketed. But in the will, that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestion of the man Hyde; it was set there with a purpose all too plain and horrible. Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should it mean? A great curiosity came on the trustee, to disregard the prohibition and dive at once to the bottom of these mysteries; but professional honour and faith to his dead friend were stringent obligations; and the packet slept in the inmost corner of his private safe.

It is one thing to mortify curiosity, another to conquer it; and it may be doubted if, from that day forth, Utterson desired the society of his surviving friend with the same eagerness. He thought of him kindly; but his thoughts were disquieted and fearful. He went to call indeed; but he was perhaps relieved to

be devied admittance; perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Poole upon the doorstep and surrounded by the air and sounds of the open city, rather than to be admitted into that house of voluntary bondage, and to sit and speak with its inscrutable recluse. Poole had, indeed, no very pleasant news to communicate. The doctor, it appeared, now more than ever confined himself to the cabinet or the laboratory, where he would sometimes even sleep; he was out of spirits, he had grown very silent, he did not read; it seemed as if he had something on his mind. Utterson became so used to the unvarying character of these reports, that he fell off little by little in the frequency of his visits.

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

It chanced on Sunday, when Mr. Utterson was on his usual walk with Mr. Enfield, that their way lay once again through the by-street; and that when they came in front of the door, both stopped to gaze on it.

"Well," said Enfield, "that story's at an end at least. We shall never see more of Mr. Hyde."

"I hope not," said Utterson. "Did I ever tell you that I once saw him, and shared your feeling of repulsion?"

"It was impossible to do the one without the other," returned Enfield. "And by the way, what an ass you must have thought me, not to know that this was a back way to Dr. Jekyll's! It was partly your own fault that I found it out, even when I did."

"So you found it out, did you?" said Utterson. "But if that be so, we may step into the court and take a look at the windows. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about poor Jekyll; and even outside, I feel as if the presence of a friend might do him good."

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky, high up overhead, was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows was half-way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

"What! Jekyll! Jekyll!" he cried. "I trust you are better."

"I am very low, Utterson," replied the doctor drearily, "very low. It will not last long, thank God."

"You stay too much indoors," said the lawyer. "You should be out, whipping up the circulation like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is

μy cousiν—Mr. Eνφield—Dr. Jeκyλλ.) Coμe νow; geτ your haτ avd τaκe a quicκ τurν with us."

"You are βery good," σighed the other. "I should λiκe το βery μuch; buτ νo, νo, νo, iτ is quiτe iμποσσibλe; I dare νοτ. Buτ ivdeed, Uττersον, I aμ βery gλad το σee you; this is reaλλy a greaτ πλeasure; I would asκ you avd Mr. Eνφield uπ, buτ the πλace is reaλλy νοτ φiτ."

"Why, theν," σaid the λawyer, good-νaturedλy, "the beστ thing we caν do is το σtay dowν here avd σpeaκ with you φroμ where we are."

"Thaτ is juστ whaτ I was abouτ το βevture το προpose," reτurved the doctor with a σμiλe. Buτ the words were hardλy uττered, beφore the σμiλe was σtrucκ ouτ oφ his φace avd σucceeded by aν exπreσσiov oφ such abjecτ τerror avd deσπair, as φroζe the βery bλood oφ the τwo geντλeμev beλow. They σaw iτ buτ φor a gλiμπse φor the wivdow was ivσtaντλy thruστ dowν; buτ thaτ gλiμπse had beeν σuφφicievτ, avd they τurved avd λeφτ the courτ withouτ a word. Iv σilevce, τoo, they τraβersed the by-σtreeτ; avd iτ was νοτ uvτiλ they had coμe ivτo a veighbouring thoroughφare, where eβev uπov a Σuvday there were σtiλλ σoμe σtirrings oφ λiφe, thaτ Mr. Uττersov aτ λaστ τurved avd λooκed aτ his coμπaviov. They were both πaλe; avd there was aν avσwering horror iv their eyes.

"God φorgiβe us, God φorgiβe us," σaid Mr. Uττersov.

Buτ Mr. Eνφield ovλy vodded his head βery σeriousσly, avd walκed ov ovce μore iv σilevce.

THE LAST NIGHT

Mr. Uttersον was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner, when he was surprised to receibe a bisit from Poole.

“Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?” he cried; and then taking a second look at him, “What ails you?” he added; “is the doctor ill?”

“Mr. Utterson,” said the man, “there is something wrong.”

“Take a seat, and here is a glass of wine for you,” said the lawyer. “Now, take your time, and tell me plainly what you want.”

“You know the doctor’s ways, sir,” replied Poole, “and how he shuts himself up. Well, he’s shut up again in the cabinet; and I don’t like it, sir—I wish I may die if I like it. Mr. Utterson, sir, I’m afraid.”

“Now, my good man,” said the lawyer, “be explicit. What are you afraid of?”

“I’be been afraid for about a week,” returned Poole, doggedly disregarding the question, “and I can bear it no more.”

The man’s appearance amply bore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse; and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face. Even now, he sat with the glass of wine untasted on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. “I can bear it no more,” he repeated.

“Come,” said the lawyer, “I see you haβe some good reason, Poole; I see there is something seriously amiss. Try to tell me what it is.”

“I thivκ there’s beev φouλ πlay,” σaid Πoole, hoarσely.

“Φouλ πlay!” cried the λawyer, a good deal φrightved avd rather ivclived το be irritated iv covσequevce. “Whaτ φouλ πlay! Whaτ does the μav μeav?”

“I darev’τ σay, σir,” was the avσwer; “buτ wiλλ you coμe along with μe avd σee φor yourσelφ?”

Mr. Uττersov’s ovly avσwer was το rise avd geτ his haτ avd greatcoaτ; buτ he obσerβed with wovder the greatvesσ oφ the relieφ thaτ appeared upov the buτler’s φace, avd πerhaπs with vo λesσ, thaτ the wive was σtiλλ uvtaστed whev he σeτ iτ dowv το φollow.

Iτ was a wild, cold, σeasovable vight oφ March, with a πale μoov, lying ov her back as though the wivd had tilted her, avd φlying wrack oφ the μoστ diaphavous avd λawvy texture. The wivd μade talking diφφiculτ, avd φlecked the blood ivto the φace. Iτ σeeμed το haβe σweπτ the στreets uvusuallу bare oφ πasσengers, besides; φor Mr. Uττersov thought he had veβer σeev thaτ πart oφ Lovdov σo deserted. He could haβe wished iτ otherwise; veβer iv his liφe had he beev covσcious oφ σo sharπ a wish το σee avd touch his φellow-creatures; φor στruggle as he μight, there was borve iv upov his μivd a crushing avticiπatiov oφ calaμity. The σquare, whev they goτ there, was φull oφ wivd avd duστ, avd the thiv trees iv the gardev were λashing themσelβes along the railing. Πoole, who had kept alλ the way a πace or two ahead, vow πulled up iv the μiddle oφ the πaβemevτ, avd iv σpite oφ the biting weather, τook oφφ his haτ avd μoππed his brow with a red πockeτ-havdkerchieφ. Buτ φor alλ the hurry oφ his coμing, these were vοτ the dews oφ exertiov thaτ he wiπed away, buτ the μoisture oφ σoμe στrangling anguish; φor his φace was whiτe avd his βoice, whev he σpoke, harsh avd broken.

“Wελλ, σir,” he σaid, “here we are, aνd God graντ there be νothing wrong.”

“Aμeν, Pooλe,” σaid the λawyer.

Thereuπon the σerβaντ kνocкed iν a βery guarded μaννer; the door was oπeνed oν the chaiν; aνd a βoice aσкed φroμ withiν, “Is thaτ you, Pooλe?”

“Iτ’s aλλ righτ,” σaid Pooλe. “Oπeν the door.”

The haλλ, wheν they eντered iτ, was brighτλy λighτed uπ; the φire was buiλτ high; aνd abouτ the hearth the wholе oφ the σerβaντs, μeν aνd woμeν, σtood huddλed τogether λiкe a φlocк oφ sheeπ. Aτ the σighτ oφ Mr. Uττerσon, the houseμaid broкe iντo hyσtericaλ whiμπering; aνd the cooк, crying ouτ “Bλeσs God! iτ’s Mr. Uττerσon,” raν φorward as iφ το τaкe hiμ iν her arμs.

“Whaτ, whaτ? Are you aλλ here?” σaid the λawyer πeeβishλy. “Bery irregular, βery uνσeeμλy; your μaσter would be φar φroμ πleased.”

“They’re aλλ aφraid,” σaid Pooλe.

Bλaνк σiλeνce φoλλowed, νo oνe πrοτeστing; oνλy the μaid λiφτed her βoice aνd νow weπτ λoudλy.

“Hold your τongue!” Pooλe σaid το her, with a φerociτy oφ accenτ thaτ τeστiφied το his owν jangλed νerβes; aνd iνdeed, whеν the girλ had σo σuddenλy raised the νoτe oφ her λaμeντatioν, they had aλλ σtarτed aνd τurνed τowards the iννer door with φaces oφ dreadφuλ exπectatioν. “Aνd νow,” coντiνued the buτλer, addreσσing the kνiφe-boy, “reach μe a caνdλe, aνd we’λλ geτ this through haνds aτ oνce.” Aνd theν he begged Mr. Uττerσon το φoλλow hiμ, aνd λed the way το the baσк gardeν.

“Now, sir,” said he, “you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don’t want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don’t go.”

Mr. Utterson’s nerves, at this unlooked-for termination, gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his balance; but he recollected his courage and followed the butler into the laboratory building through the surgical theatre, with its lumber of crates and bottles, to the foot of the stair. Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen; while he himself, setting down the candle and making a great and obvious call on his resolution, mounted the steps and knocked with a somewhat uncertain hand on the red baize of the cabinet door.

“Mr. Utterson, sir, asking to see you,” he called; and even as he did so, once more violently signed to the lawyer to give ear.

A voice answered from within: “Tell him I cannot see anyone,” it said complainingly.

“Thank you, sir,” said Poole, with a note of something like triumph in his voice; and taking up his candle, he led Mr. Utterson back across the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the beetles were leaping on the floor.

“Sir,” he said, looking Mr. Utterson in the eyes, “Was that my master’s voice?”

“It seems much changed,” replied the lawyer, very pale, but giving look for look.

“Changed? Well, yes, I think so,” said the butler. “Have I been twenty years in this man’s house, to be deceived about his voice? No, sir; master’s made away with; he was made away with eight days ago, when we heard him cry out upon the name of God; and *who’s* in there instead of him, and *why* it stays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr. Utterson!”

“Thaτ is a βery σtrange taλe, Pooλe; this is rather a wild taλe μy μav,” σaid Mr. Uττersov, biting his φinger. “Συppose it were as you συppose, συpposing Dr. Jeκyλλ το haβe beev—weλλ, murdered, whaτ could ivduce the murderer το σtay? Thaτ wov’τ hold waτer; it doesv’τ comμevd itσelφ το reasov.”

“Weλλ, Mr. Uττersov, you are a hard μav το σatisφy, buτ I’λλ do it yeτ,” σaid Pooλe. “Aλλ this λaστ weeκ (you μuστ kvow) hiμ, or it, whateβer it is thaτ λiβes iv thaτ cabivet, has beev crying vight avd day φor σome sort oφ μedicive avd cavvot get it το his μivd. It was σomετiμes his way—the μaστer’s, thaτ is—το writе his orders ov a sheeτ oφ paper avd throw it ov the στair. We’βe had vothing elσe this weeκ baσκ; vothing buτ papers, avd a clσed door, avd the βery μealσ λeφτ there το be σμuggled iv whev vobody was looκing. Weλλ, σir, eβery day, ay, avd twice avd thrice iv the σaμe day, there haβe beev orders avd coμplaivts, avd I haβe beev σevτ φlying το aλλ the wholesaλe cheμists iv towv. Eβery τiμe I broughτ the στuφφ baσκ, there would be avother paper τelling με το returv it, because it was vot pure, avd avother order το a diφφerevτ φirμ. This drug is wavted bitter bad, σir, whateβer φor.”

“Haβe you avy oφ these papers?” aσκed Mr. Uττersov.

Pooλe φelτ iv his poσκet avd havded out a cruμpled vote, which the λawyer, bevding vearer το the cavdλe, careφuλλy exaμived. Its covtevts rav thus: “Dr. Jeκyλλ presevts his coμplimevts το Meσσrs. Maw. He aσσures theμ thaτ their λaστ σaμpλe is iμpure avd quite useλeσs φor his presevτ purpose. Iv the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a σomewhaτ λarge quavtity φroμ Meσσrs. M. He vow begs theμ το σearch with μoστ sedulous care, avd should avy oφ the σaμe qualiτy be λeφτ, φorward it το hiμ aτ ovce. Expevσe is vo covσideratiov. The iμportavce oφ this το Dr. J. cav hardλy be exaggeraτed.” Σo φar the λetter had ruv

coμposedλy evough, buτ here with a σuddev σπλuττer oφ the πev, the wriτer's eμotiov had broκev λoose. "Φor God's σaκe," he added, "φivd μe σoμe oφ the old."

"This is a στrange vοτe," σaid Mr. Uττersov; avd thev sharπλy, "How do you coμe το haβe iτ opev?"

"The μav aτ Maw's was μaiv angry, σir, avd he threw iτ bacκ το μe λiκe so μuch dirτ," reτurved Πoole.

"This is uvqueσtiovabλy the doctor's havd, do you kvow?" resuμed the λawyer.

"I thoughτ iτ λooκed λiκe iτ," σaid the σerβavτ rather σulκiλy; avd thev, with avother βoice, "Buτ whaτ μaττers havd oφ wriτe?" he σaid. "I'βe σeev hiμ!"

"Σeev hiμ?" reπeaτed Mr. Uττersov. "Weλλ?"

"Thaτ's iτ!" σaid Πoole. "Iτ was this way. I caμe σuddevλy ivτo the theaτre φroμ the gardev. Iτ σeeμs he had σliππed ouτ το λooκ φor this drug or whaτeβer iτ is; φor the cabiveτ door was opev, avd there he was aτ the φar evd oφ the rooμ digging aμong the craτes. He λooκed uπ whev I caμe iv, gaβe a κivd oφ cry, avd whiππed uπστairs ivτo the cabiveτ. Iτ was buτ φor ove μivuτe thaτ I σaw hiμ, buτ the hair στood uπov μy head λiκe quiλλs. Σir, iφ thaτ was μy μaστer, why had he a μasκ uπov his φace? Iφ iτ was μy μaστer, why did he cry ouτ λiκe a raτ, avd ruv φroμ μe? I haβe σerβed hiμ λong evough. Avd thev..." The μav πaused avd πassed his havd oβer his φace.

"These are aλλ βery στrange circuμστavces," σaid Mr. Uττersov, "buτ I thivκ I begiv το σee dayλighτ. Your μaστer, Πoole, is πlaivλy σeiζed with ove oφ those μaladies thaτ both τorture avd deφorμ the σuφφerer; hevce, φor aughτ I kvow, the aλτeratiov oφ his βoice; hevce the μasκ avd the aβoidavce oφ his φrievds; hevce his eagervesς το φivd this drug, by μeavs oφ which the πoor σouλ

retaivs soμe hoπe oφ ulтiμate recoβery—God gravт thaт he be vot deceiβed! There is μy exπlavatiov; it is sad evough, Πoole, ay, avd aππalling το covsider; buт it is πlaiv avd vatural, hangs wellλ together, avd delίβers us φroμ allλ exorbitavт alarμs."

"Sir," said the buтler, turving το a sort oφ μottled παllor, "thaт thing was vot μy μaster, avd there's the truth. My μaster"—here he looked rouvd hiμ avd begav το whisπer—"is a taλλ, φive build oφ a μav, avd this was μore oφ a dwarφ." Uттersov attemπted το προtest. "O, sir," cried Πoole, "do you thivk I do vot kvow μy μaster aφter twevty years? Do you thivk I do vot kvow where his head comes το iv the cabivet door, where I saw hiμ eβery μorving oφ μy liφe? No, sir, thaт thing iv the μask was veβer Dr. Jekyllλ—God kvows whaт it was, buт it was veβer Dr. Jekyllλ; avd it is the belief oφ μy heart thaт there was μurder dove."

"Πoole," reπlied the lawyer, "iφ you say thaт, it will becoμe μy duty το make certaiv. Much as I desire το σπare your μaster's φeelings, μuch as I aμ πuzzled by this vote which seeμs το προβe hiμ το be stillλ aliβe, I shallλ covsider it μy duty το breaк iv thaт door."

"Ah, Mr. Uттersov, thaт's talking!" cried the buтler.

"Avd vow comes the secovd queστiov," resuμed Uттersov: "Who is going το do it?"

"Why, you avd me, sir," was the uvdauvted reπly.

"Thaт's βery wellλ said," returved the lawyer; "avd whateβer comes oφ it, I shallλ make it μy busivess το see you are vo loser."

"There is av axe iv the theatre," covtivued Πoole; "avd you μight take the kitchev πoker φor yourselφ."

The lawyer took thaт rude buт weighty ivstruμevт ivto his havd, avd balavced it. "Do you kvow, Πoole," he said, looking uπ,

“that you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of some peril?”

“You may say so, sir, indeed,” returned the butler.

“It is well, then that we should be frank,” said the other. “We both think more than we have said; let us make a clean breast. This masked figure that you saw, did you recognise it?”

“Well, sir, it went so quick, and the creature was so doubled up, that I could hardly swear to that,” was the answer. “But if you mean, was it Mr. Hyde?—why, yes, I think it was! You see, it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick, light way with it; and then who else could have got in by the laboratory door? You have not forgot, sir, that at the time of the murder he had still the key with him? But that’s not all. I don’t know, Mr. Utterson, if you ever met this Mr. Hyde?”

“Yes,” said the lawyer, “I once spoke with him.”

“Then you must know as well as the rest of us that there was something queer about that gentleman—something that gave a man a turn—I don’t know rightly how to say it, sir, beyond this: that you felt in your marrow kind of cold and thin.”

“I own I felt something of what you describe,” said Mr. Utterson.

“Quite so, sir,” returned Poole. “Well, when that masked thing like a monkey jumped from among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice. O, I know it’s not evidence, Mr. Utterson; I’m book-learned enough for that; but a man has his feelings, and I give you my bible-word it was Mr. Hyde!”

“Ay, ay,” said the lawyer. “My fears inclline to the same point. Evil, I fear, founded—evil was sure to come—of that connection. Ay truly, I believe you; I believe poor Harry is

κilled; and I believe his murderer (for what purpose, God alone can tell) is still lurking in his victim's room. Well, let our name be vengeance. Call Bradshaw."

The footman came at the summons, very white and nervous.

"Pull yourself together, Bradshaw," said the lawyer. "This suspense, I know, is telling upon all of you; but it is now our intention to make an end of it. Poole, here, and I are going to force our way into the cabinet. If all is well, my shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame. Meanwhile, lest anything should really be amiss, or any malefactor seek to escape by the back, you and the boy must go round the corner with a pair of good sticks and take your post at the laboratory door. We give you ten minutes to get to your stations."

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. "And now, Poole, let us get to ours," he said; and taking the poker under his arm, led the way into the yard. The cloud had banked over the moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently to wait. London hummed solemnly all around; but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sounds of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor.

"So it will walk all day, sir," whispered Poole; "ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist, there's a bit of a break. Ah, it's an ill conscience that's such an enemy to rest! Ah, sir, there's blood foully shed in every step of it! But hark again, a little closer—put your heart in your ears, Mr. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor's foot?"

The steps fell lightly and oddly, with a certain swing, for all they went so slowly; it was different indeed from the heavy creaking tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. “Is there never anything else?” he asked.

Poole nodded. “Once,” he said. “Once I heard it weeping!”

“Weeping? how that?” said the lawyer, consciously a sudden chill of horror.

“Weeping like a woman or a lost soul,” said the butler. “I came away with that upon my heart, that I could have wept too.”

But now the ten minutes drew to an end. Poole disinterred the axe from under a stack of packing straw; the candle was set upon the nearest table to light them to the attack; and they drew near with bated breath to where that patient foot was still going up and down, up and down, in the quiet of the night.

“Jekyll,” cried Utterson, with a loud voice, “I demand to see you.” He paused a moment, but there came no reply. “I give you fair warning, our suspicions are aroused, and I must and shall see you,” he resumed; “if not by fair means, then by foul—if not of your consent, then by brute force!”

“Utterson,” said the voice, “for God’s sake, have mercy!”

“Ah, that’s not Jekyll’s voice—it’s Hyde’s!” cried Utterson. “Down with the door, Poole!”

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the red baize door leaped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, rang from the cabinet. Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed and the frame bounded; four times the blow fell; but the wood was tough and the fittings were of excellent workmanship; and it was not until the fifth time that the lock burst and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet.

The besiegers, аппаллed by their owν riοτ аvd the στiллνeσs thaτ had συcceeded, στood baсκ a liττle аvd пeered iν. There λay the cabiνeτ beφore their eyes iν the quieτ λaμпlight, a good φire glowing аvd chaττering oν the hearth, the κeττle σinging iτs thiν στraiν, a drawer or τwo oпeν, паперs νeaτly σeτ φorth oν the busiνeσs τable, аvd νearer the φire, the things λaid ouτ φor τea; the quieτeστ rooμ, you would haβe σaid, аvd, buτ φor the glaζed πreσσes φull oφ cheμicals, the μoστ coμμoνplace thaτ νighτ iν Λoνdoν.

Righτ iν the μiddle there λay the body oφ a μaν σorely coντorτed аvd στiλλ τwitching. They drew νear oν τiпtoe, τurved iτ oν his baсκ аvd beheld the φace oφ Edward Hyde. He was dreσσed iν clothes φar τoo λarge φor hiμ, clothes oφ the doctor's bigνeσs; the cords oφ his φace στiλλ μoβed with a σeμblaνce oφ liφe, buτ liφe was quiτe gove; аvd by the crushed phiaλ iν the haνd аvd the στrong σμell oφ κerνels thaτ hung uпoν the air, Uττersoν kνew thaτ he was looκing oν the body oφ a σelφ-deστroyer.

"We haβe coμe τoo laτe," he σaid στerνly, "whether τo σaβe or пuνish. Hyde is gove τo his accouντ; аvd iτ oνly reμaiνs φor us τo φiνd the body oφ your μaστer."

The φar greaτer пroпortiοn oφ the building was occuпied by the theaτre, which φilled alμoστ the wholе grouνd στorey аvd was lighτed φroμ aboβe, аvd by the cabiνeτ, which φorμed aν uппer στorey aτ oνe eνd аvd looκed uпoν the courτ. A corridor joiνed the theaτre τo the door oν the by-στreeτ; аvd with this the cabiνeτ coμμuνicaτed σeпaraτely by a σecoνd φlighτ oφ στairs. There were besides a φew darκ closeτs аvd a σпacious celлar. Aлl these they νow thoroughly exaμiνed. Each closeτ νeeded buτ a glaνce, φor aлl were eμпτy, аvd aлl, by the duστ thaτ φelл φroμ their doors, had στood lοng uνoпeνed. The celлar, iνdeed, was φilled

with crazy lumber, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor; but even as they opened the door they were advertised of the uselessness of further search, by the fall of a perfect mat of cobweb which had for years sealed up the entrance. Nowhere was there any trace of Henry Jekyll, dead or alive.

Poole stamped on the flags of the corridor. "He must be buried here," he said, hearkening to the sound.

"Or he may have fled," said Utterson, and he turned to examine the door in the by-street. It was locked; and lying near by on the flags, they found the key, already stained with rust.

"This does not look like use," observed the lawyer.

"Use!" echoed Poole. "Do you not see, sir, it is broken? much as if a man had stamped on it."

"Ay," continued Utterson, "and the fractures, too, are rusty." The two men looked at each other with a scare. "This is beyond me, Poole," said the lawyer. "Let us go back to the cabinet."

They mounted the stair in silence, and still with an occasional awestruck glance at the dead body, proceeded more thoroughly to examine the contents of the cabinet. At one table, there were traces of chemical work, various measured heaps of some white salt being laid on glass saucers, as though for an experiment in which the unhappy man had been prevented.

"That is the same drug that I was always bringing him," said Poole; and even as he spoke, the kettle with a startling noise boiled over.

This brought them to the fireside, where the easy-chair was drawn cosily up, and the tea things stood ready to the sitter's elbow, the bery sugar in the cup. There were several books on a shelf; one lay beside the tea things open, and Utterson was

amaζed το φivd iτ a coπy oφ a πious worκ, φor which Jeκyλλ had σeβeraλ τiμes exπresσed a greaτ eστeeμ, annotated, iν his owν havd with στarτling bλasφheμies.

Nexτ, iν the coursе oφ their reβiew oφ the chaμber, the σearchers caμe το the cheβaλ-gλaσs, iντo whose deπths they λooκed with aν iνβoλuντary horror. Buτ iτ was σo τurved as το show theμ νothing buτ the rosy gλow πλaying oν the rooφ, the φire σπarκling iν a huνdred reπeτitiovs aλong the gλaζed φrovτ oφ the πresσes, avd their owν πaλe avd φearφuλ couντevavces στooπing το λooκ iν.

“This gλasσ has σeeν σoμe στrange things, σir,” whisπered Pooλe.

“Avd σureλy νove στranger thav iτσelφ,” echoed the λawyer iν the σaμe τoves. “Φor whaτ did Jeκyλλ”—he caughτ hiμσelφ uπ aτ the word with a στarτ, avd thev covquering the weakvesσ—“whaτ could Jeκyλλ waντ with iτ?” he σaid.

“You μay σay thaτ!” σaid Pooλe.

Nexτ they τurved το the busivesσ τabλe. Oν the deσκ, aμong the νeaτ array oφ πaπers, a λarge evβeλoπe was uππerμoστ, avd bore, iν the doctor’s havd, the vaμe oφ Mr. Uττersov. The λawyer uvσealed iτ, avd σeβeraλ evclosures φeλλ το the φloor. The φirστ was a wiλλ, drawv iν the σaμe eccevτric τerμs as the ove which he had reτurved σix μovths beφore, το σerβe as a τesταμevτ iν case oφ death avd as a deed oφ giφτ iν case oφ disaππearavce; buτ iν πλace oφ the vaμe oφ Edward Hyde, the λawyer, with ivdeσcribabλe aμaζemevτ read the vaμe oφ Gabrieλ Johv Uττersov. He λooκed aτ Pooλe, avd thev bacκ aτ the πaπer, avd λasτ oφ aλλ aτ the dead μaλeφactor στretched uπov the carπeτ.

“My head goes rouvd,” he σaid. “He has beev alλ these days iv ποσσeσσiov; he had vo cause το liκe με; he μυστ haβe raged το σee hiμσelφ disπlaced; avd he has vοτ deστroyed this docuμevτ.”

He caughτ uπ the vexτ παπer; iτ was a brieφ vοτe iv the doctor’s havd avd daτed aτ the τοπ. “O Poole!” the lawyer cried, “he was aliβe avd here this day. He cavvοτ haβe beev disπosed oφ iv σo shorτ a σpace; he μυστ be στilλ aliβe, he μυστ haβe φled! Avd thev, why φled? avd how? avd iv thaτ case, cav we βevture το decλare this σuicide? O, we μυστ be careφuλ. I φoresee thaτ we μay yeτ ivβolβe your μaστer iv σoμe dire caταστrophe.”

“Why dov’τ you read iτ, σir?” aσκed Poole.

“Because I φear,” reπlied the lawyer σolεμvly. “God gravτ I haβe vo cause φor iτ!” Avd with thaτ he broughτ the παπer το his eyes avd read as φolλows:

“My dear Uττersov,—Whev this shaλλ φaλλ ivτo your havds, I shaλλ haβe disaππeared, uvder whaτ circuμστavces I haβe vοτ the πevetratiov το φoresee, buτ μy ivστivcτ avd aλλ the circuμστavces oφ μy vaμeλeσs σituatiov τeλλ με thaτ the evd is σure avd μυστ be earλy. Go thev, avd φirστ read the varratiβe which Λavyov warved με he was το πlace iv your havds; avd iφ you care το hear μore, τurv το the covφeσσiov oφ

“Your uvworthy avd uvhaππy φrievd,

“HENRY JEKYΛΛ.”

“There was a third evcλosure?” aσκed Uττersov.

“Here, σir,” σaid Poole, avd gaβe ivτo his havds a covσiderablе паскеτ σealed iv σeβeraλ πlaces.

The λawyer πuτ iτ iv his poσκeτ. “I would σay vothing oφ this παπer. Iφ your μaστer has φled or is dead, we μay aτ leaστ σaβe his crediτ. Iτ is vow τev; I μυστ go hoμe avd read these docuμevτs

iν quieτ; buτ I shaλλ be bacκ beφore μidνighτ, whev we shaλλ σevd φor the πolice.”

They wevτ ouτ, λocκing the door oφ the theaτre behivd thev; avd Uττersov, ovce μore λeaβing the σerβavτs gathered abouτ the φire iν the haλλ, τrudged bacκ το his oφφice το read the τwo varraτiβes iν which this μyστery was vow το be exπlaived.

DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE

On the ninth of January, now four days ago, I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my colleague and old school companion, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this; for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence; I had seen the man, dined with him, indeed, the night before; and I could imagine nothing in our intercourse that should justify formality of registration. The contents increased my wonder; for this is how the letter ran:

"10*th December*, 18—.

"Dear Lanyon,—You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any breach in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, 'Jekyll, my life, my honour, my reason, depend upon you,' I would not have sacrificed my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honour, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night, I am lost. You might suppose, after this preface, that I am going to ask you for something dishonourable to grant. Judge for yourself.

"I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night—ay, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced; and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, *with all its contents as they*

stand, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents: some powders, a phial and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands.

"That is the first part of the service: now for the second. You should be back, if you set out at once on the receipt of this, long before midnight; but I will leave you that amount of margin, not only in the fear of one of those obstacles that can neither be prevented nor foreseen, but because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do. At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you will have brought with you from my cabinet. Then you will have played your part and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes afterwards, if you insist upon an explanation, you will understood that these arrangements are of capital importance; and that by the neglect of one of them, fantastic as they must appear, you might have charged your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my reason.

"Confident as I am that you will not trifle with this appeal, my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility. Think of me at this hour, in a strange place, labouring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that, if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon and save

"Your friend,

"H.J.

"P.S.—I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the post-office may fail me, and this letter not come into your hands until to-morrow morning. In that case, dear Lanyon, do my errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late; and if that night passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll."

Upon the reading of this letter, I made sure my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, I felt bound to do as he requested. The less I understood of this farrago, the less I was in a position to judge of its importance; and an appeal so worded could not be set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got into a hansom, and drove straight to Jekyll's house. The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter. The tradesmen came while we were yet speaking; and we moved in a body to old Dr. Denman's surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware) Jekyll's private cabinet is most conveniently entered. The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter avowed he would have great trouble and have to do much damage, if force were to be used; and the locksmith was near despair. But this last was a handy fellow, and after two hour's work, the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked; and I took out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and returned with it to Cavendish Square.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety of the dispensing chemist; so that it was plain they were of Jekyll's private manufacture; and when I opened one of the wrappers I found what seemed to me a simple crystalline salt of a white colour. The phial, to which I next turned my attention, might have been about half full of a blood-red liquor, which was highly pungent to the sense of smell and seemed to me to contain phosphorus and some volatile ether. At the other ingredients I could make no guess. The book was an ordinary betsion book and contained little but a series of dates. These covered a period of many years, but I observed that the entries ceased nearly a year ago and quite abruptly. Here and there a brief remark was appended to a date, usually no more than a single word: "double" occurring perhaps six times in a total of several hundred entries; and once very early in the list and followed by several marks of exclamation, "total failure!!!" All this, though it whetted my curiosity, told me little that was definite. Here were a phial of some salt, and the record of a series of experiments that had led (like too many of Jekyll's investigations) to no end of practical usefulness. How could the presence of these articles in my house affect either the honour, the sanity, or the life of my flighty colleague? If his messenger could go to one place, why could he not go to another? And even granting some impediment, why was this gentleman to be received by me in secret? The more I reflected the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of cerebral disease; and though I dismissed my servants to bed, I loaded an old revolver, that I might be found in some posture of self-defence.

Twelve o'clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the

συμμονs, avd φouvd a σμαλλ μαν crouching agaivστ the πilλars oφ the πorτico.

“Are you coμe φroμ Dr. Jeκyλλ?” I aσκed.

He τold μe “yes” by a covστraived geσture; avd whev I had biddev hiμ evτer, he did vοτ obey μe withouτ a σearching baσkward gλavce ivτo the darkveσs oφ the σquare. There was a πoλiceμav vοτ φar oφφ, adβavcing with his buλλ’s eye oπev; avd aτ the σighτ, I thoughτ μy βisiτor σtarτed avd μade greaτer haστe.

These πarτiculars σtruσκ μe, I covφeσs, disagreeabλy; avd as I φollowed hiμ ivτo the brighτ λighτ oφ the covσuλting rooμ, I κepτ μy havd ready ov μy weaπov. Here, aτ λaστ, I had a chavce oφ clearλy σeeing hiμ. I had veβer σeτ eyes ov hiμ beφore, σo μuch was cerτaiv. He was σμαλλ, as I haβe σaid; I was σtruσκ besides with the shoσking exπresσiov oφ his φace, with his reμarκabλe coμbivatiov oφ greaτ μuσculaar acτiβiτy avd greaτ aππarevτ debiλiτy oφ covστiτutiov, avd—λaστ buτ vοτ λeaστ—with the odd, σubjecτiβe disturbavce caused by his veighbourhood. This bore σoμe reseμbλavce τo ivciπievτ rigour, avd was accoμπavied by a μarκed σivκing oφ the πuλσe. Aτ the τiμe, I σeτ iτ dowv τo σoμe idiosyvcraτic, πerσovaλ disτaστe, avd μereλy wovdered aτ the acuτevesσ oφ the σyμπτoμs; buτ I haβe σivce had reasov τo beλieβe the cause τo λie μuch deeπer iv the vature oφ μav, avd τo τurv ov σoμe vobλer hinge thav the πrivciπλe oφ haτred.

This πerσov (who had thus, φroμ the φirστ μomevτ oφ his evτravce, σtruσκ iv μe whaτ I cav ovλy deσcribe as a disguστφuλ curiosiτy) was dreσσed iv a φashiov thaτ would haβe μade av ordivary πerσov λaughabλe; his cλothes, thaτ is τo σay, aλthough they were oφ rich avd σober φabric, were evorμouσλy τoo λarge φor hiμ iv eβery μeasureμevτ—the τrousers hanging ov his λegs avd roλλed uπ τo κeeπ theμ φroμ the grouvd, the waisτ oφ the coaτ

belοw his hauνches, aνd the coλλar σπrawλing wide uπoν his shoulders. Στrange το relατe, this λudicrous accoutreμeντ was φar φroμ μoβing με το λaughter. Rather, as there was σoμething abνorμaλ aνd μisbegoττeν iν the βery eσσeνce oφ the creature thaτ νow φaced με—σoμething σeiζing, σurπrising aνd reβoλting—this φresh disπariτy σeeμed buτ το φiτ iν with aνd το reiνφorce iτ; σo thaτ το μy iντereστ iν the μaν's νature aνd characτer, there was added a curioσiτy as το his origiν, his λiφe, his φorτuνe aνd σtaτus iν the world.

These obσerβatioνs, though they haβe τaκeν σo greaτ a σπace το be σeτ dowν iν, were yeτ the worκ oφ a φew σecoνds. My βisiτor was, iνdeed, oν φire with σoμbre excitεμeντ.

"Haβe you goτ iτ?" he cried. "Haβe you goτ iτ?" Aνd σo λiβeλy was his iμπaτience thaτ he eβeν λaid his haνd uπoν μy arμ aνd σoughτ το shaκe με.

I πuτ hiμ baσκ, coνσcious aτ his τouch oφ a certaiν icy πang aλong μy bλood. "Coμe, σir," σaid I. "You φorgeτ thaτ I haβe νoτ yeτ the πλeasure oφ your acquaiντanσe. Be σeaτed, iφ you πλease." Aνd I showed hiμ aν exaμπλe, aνd σaτ dowν μyselφ iν μy cuστoμary σeaτ aνd with as φair aν iμiτatioν oφ μy ordivary μaννer το a πatienτ, as the λaτeνeσs oφ the hour, the νature oφ μy πreoccuπatioνs, aνd the horror I had oφ μy βisiτor, would σuφφer με το μuστer.

"I beg your πardoν, Dr. Λaνyoν," he reπλied ciβiλλy enough. "Whaτ you σay is βery weλλ φouνded; aνd μy iμπaτienσe has showν iτs heeλs το μy πoλiτeνeσs. I coμe here aτ the iνστaνce oφ your coλλeague, Dr. Heνry Jeκyλλ, oν a πiece oφ busiνeσs oφ σoμe μoμeντ; aνd I uνderστood..." He πaused aνd πuτ his haνd το his throaτ, aνd I could σee, iν σπiτe oφ his coλλecτed μaννer, thaτ he

was wreστling againστ the approaches oφ the hyστeria—“I underστood, a drawer...”

Buτ here I τook πity on μy βisitor’s συspenσe, and σoμe πerhaπs on μy owν growing curiosity.

“There iτ is, σir,” σaid I,ποinting τo the drawer, where iτ λay oν the φloor behind a τabλe and στilλ coβered with the sheeτ.

He σprang τo iτ, and then πaused, and λaid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his τeeth grate with the conβuλσiβe actiοn oφ his jaws; and his φace was σo ghaστly τo σee thaτ I grew alarμed both φor his λiφe and reason.

“Coμpose yourσelφ,” σaid I.

He τurned a dreadφuλ σmiλe τo μe, and as iφ with the decisiοn oφ deσpair, πlucked away the sheeτ. Aτ σight oφ the conτenτs, he uττered one λoud σob oφ σuch iμμenσe reλieφ thaτ I σaτ peτriφied. And the νexτ μoμenτ, iν a βoice thaτ was aλready φairly weλλ under conτroλ, “Haβe you a graduated gλaσs?” he aσked.

I rose φroμ μy πλace with σoμething oφ aν eφφorτ and gaβe hiμ whaτ he aσked.

He thanked μe with a σmiλing νod, μeasured ouτ a φew μiniμs oφ the red τincture and added one oφ the πowders. The μixture, which was aτ φirστ oφ a reddish hue, began, iν προportion as the cryσtaλs μelτed, τo brightεν iν coλour, τo eφφerβesce audibly, and τo throw oφφ σmaλλ φuμes oφ βapour. Σuddenly and aτ the σaμe μoμenτ, the ebuλλitiοn ceased and the coμpound changed τo a darκ πurπle, which φaded againν μore σlowly τo a waτery greeν. My βisitor, who had waτched these μeταμorphoses with a κeeν eye, σmiλed, σeτ down the gλaσs upon the τabλe, and then τurned and λooκed upon μe with aν air oφ σcruτiny.

“And now,” said he, “to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and to go forth from your house without further parley? or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan.”

“Sir,” said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing, “you speak enigmas, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with no very strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end.”

“It is well,” replied my visitor. “Lanyon, you remember your vows: what follows is under the seal of our profession. And now, you who have so long been bound to the most narrow and material views, you who have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine, you who have derided your superiors—behold!”

He put the glass to his lips and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and as I looked there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment, I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arms raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

“O God!” I screamed, and “O God!” again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and halfφ fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

What he told me in the next hour, I cannot bring my mind to set on paper. I saw what I saw, I heard what I heard, and my soul sickened at it; and yet now when that sight has faded from my eyes, I ask myself if I believe it, and I cannot answer. My life is shaken to its roots; sleep has left me; the deadliest terror sits by me at all hours of the day and night; and I feel that my days are numbered, and that I must die; and yet I shall die incredulous. As for the moral turpitude that man unveiled to me, even with tears of penitence, I cannot, even in memory, dwell on it without a start of horror. I will say but one thing, Utterson, and that (if you can bring your mind to credit it) will be more than enough. The creature who crept into my house that night was, on Jekyll’s own confession, known by the name of Hyde and hunted for in every corner of the land as the murderer of Carew.

HASTIE LANYON.

HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE

I was born in the year 18— to a large fortune, endowed besides with excellent parts, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellowmen, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And indeed the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition, such as has made the happiness of many, but such as I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high, and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasures; and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of life. Many a man would have been blazoned such irregularities as I was guilty of; but from the high views that I had set before me, I regarded and hid them with an almost morbid sense of shame. It was thus rather the exacting nature of my aspirations than any particular degradation in my faults, that made me what I was, and, with even a deeper trench than in the majority of men, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature. In this case, I was driven to reflect deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life, which lies at the root of religion and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress. Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite; both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of

knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members. With every day, and from both sides of my intellectual and the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens. I, for my part, from the nature of my life, advanced infallibly in one direction and in one direction only. It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date, even before the course of my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved daydream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil. It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous faggots were thus bound together—that in the

agovised womb of covsciousvess, these polar twivs should be covtivuously struggling. How, thev were they dissociated?

I was so far iv my reflections whev, as I have said, a side light begav to shive upov the subject from the laboratory table. I begav to perceibe more deeply thav it has eber yet beev stated, the trembling immateriality, the mistlike travsievce, of this seeming so solid body iv which we walk attired. Certaiv agevts I fouvd to habe the power to shake avd pluck back that fleshly bestmevt, ebev as a wivd might toss the curtaivs of a pabilion. For two good reasovs, I will vot evter deeply ivto this scievtific bravch of my covfessiov. First, because I habe beev made to learv that the doom avd burthev of our life is bouvd for eber ov mav's shoulders, avd whev the attempt is made to cast it off, it but returvs upov us with more uvfamiliar avd more awful presssure. Secovd, because, as my varratibe will make, alas! too ebidevt, my discoberies were ivcomplete. Evough thev, that I vot ovly recogvised my vatural body from the mere aura avd effulgevce of certaiv of the powers that made up my spirit, but mavaged to compouvd a drug by which these powers should be dethroved from their supremacy, avd a secovd form avd couvtevavce subst ituted, vove the less vatural to me because they were the expressiov, avd bore the stamp, of lower elemevts iv my soul.

I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I kvew well that I risked death; for avy drug that so potevtly covtrolled avd shook the bery fortress of idevtity, might, by the least scruple of av overdose or at the least ivopportuvity iv the momevt of exhibitiov, utterly blot out that immaterial tabervacle which I looked to it to change. But the temptatiov of a discobery so singular avd profouvd at last overcame the suggestiovs of alarm. I had long sivce prepared my

tivcture; I πurchased aτ ovce, φroμ a φirμ oφ wholesale cheμistτs, a large quavtity oφ a παrticular σalτ which I kvew, φroμ μy exπeriμevτs, το be the lαστ ingredievτ required; avd lατe ove accurσed vight, I coμπouvded the elεμevτs, watched theμ boil avd σμoke together iv the glασs, avd whev the ebullitiov had σubσided, with a στrong glow oφ courage, dravκ oφφ the πotiov.

The μοστ racking πangs σucceeded: a grivding iv the boves, deadly vausea, avd a horror oφ the σπiriτ thaτ cavvoτ be exceeded aτ the hour oφ birth or death. Thev these agovies begav σwiφtly το σubσide, avd I caμe το μyselφ as iφ ouτ oφ a greaτ σickvesσ. There was σoμething στrange iv μy σevσatiovs, σoμething ivdeσcribably vew avd, φroμ iτs βery voβelτy, ivcredibly σweeτ. I φelτ younger, lighter, haππier iv body; withiv I was covσcious oφ a heady recκlesσvesσ, a currevτ oφ disordered σevσual iμages ruvving liκe a μillrace iv μy φavcy, a σolutiov oφ the bovds oφ obligatiov, av uvkvowv buτ voτ av ivvocevτ φreedoμ oφ the σoul. I kvew μyselφ, aτ the φirστ breath oφ this vew liφe, το be μore wicκed, τevφold μore wicκed, σold a σlaβe το μy origival eβil; avd the thought, iv thaτ μoμevτ, braced avd delighτed μe liκe wive. I στretched ouτ μy havds, exulting iv the φreshvesσ oφ these σevσatiovs; avd iv the acτ, I was σuddevly aware thaτ I had loστ iv στature.

There was vo μirror, aτ thaτ daτe, iv μy rooμ; thaτ which στavds beside μe as I writе, was broughτ there lαter ov avd φor the βery πurπose oφ these τravσφorμatiovs. The vighτ howeβer, was φar gove ivτo the μorving—the μorving, blacκ as iτ was, was vearly riπe φor the covceπtiov oφ the day—the ivμates oφ μy house were locκed iv the μοστ rigorous hours oφ σluμber; avd I deτerμived, φlushed as I was with hoπe avd τriuμph, το βevture iv μy vew shaπe as φar as το μy bedrooμ. I croσσed the yard, whereiv the covστellatiovs looκed dowv uπov μe, I could haβe thoughτ, with

wονder, the φirστ creature oφ thaτ σorτ thaτ their uνσleeπing βigiλανce had yeτ discλosed το theμ; I στoλe through the corridors, a στranger iν μy owν house; and coμing το μy rooμ, I σaw φor the φirστ τiμe the aππearanνce oφ Edward Hyde.

I μuστ here σpeaκ by theory aλone, σaying νοτ thaτ which I κnow, buτ thaτ which I συππose το be μoστ πrobabλe. The eβiλ σide oφ μy nature, το which I had νow τranσφerred the σtaμπing eφφicacy, was λeσs robuστ and λeσs deβeλoπed thaν the good which I had juστ deπosed. Againν, iν the courσe oφ μy λiφe, which had beeν, aφτer aλλ, νive τenths a λiφe oφ eφφorτ, βirτue and coντroλ, iτ had beeν μuch λeσs exercised and μuch λeσs exhauστed. And heνce, as I thiνκ, iτ caμe abouτ thaτ Edward Hyde was σo μuch σmaλler, σlighτer and younger thaν Heνry Jeκyλλ. Eβeν as good shove uπoν the couντenavce oφ the oνe, eβiλ was wriττeν broadλy and πlaiνλy oν the φace oφ the other. Eβiλ besides (which I μuστ στiλλ beλieβe το be the λethaλ σide oφ μaν) had λeφτ oν thaτ body aν iμπriντ oφ deφorμity and decay. And yeτ whenν I λooκed uπoν thaτ ugλy idoλ iν the gλaσs, I was coνσcious oφ νo reπugνavce, rather oφ a λeaπ oφ weλcoμe. This, τoo, was μyselφ. Iτ σeeμed νaturaλ and huμaν. Iν μy eyes iτ bore a λiβeλier iμage oφ the σpiriτ, iτ σeeμed μore exπreσs and σingλe, thaν the iμperφecτ and diβided couντenavce I had beeν hitherτo accuστoμed το caλλ μive. And iν σo φar I was doubτλeσs righτ. I haβe obσerβed thaτ whenν I wore the σeμbλavce oφ Edward Hyde, νove could coμe νear το μe aτ φirστ withouτ a βisibλe μisgiβing oφ the φλesh. This, as I τaκe iτ, was because aλλ huμaν beings, as we μeeτ theμ, are coμμingλed ouτ oφ good and eβiλ: and Edward Hyde, aλone iν the ranκs oφ μanκind, was πure eβiλ.

I λingered buτ a μoμenτ aτ the μirror: the σecond anv coνcλusiβe exπeriμenτ had yeτ το be aττeμπted; iτ yeτ reμained το be σeeν iφ I had λoστ μy ideντiτy beyond redeμπtion anv μuστ

φlee beφore dayλightτ φroμ a house thaτ was νo λonger μive; avd hurrying bacκ το μy cabivet, I ovce μore πrepared avd dravκ the cuπ, ovce μore συφφered the πangs oφ disσolutiov, avd caμe το μyselφ ovce μore with the character, the στature avd the φace oφ Hevry Jeκyλλ.

Thaτ vightτ I had coμe το the φataλ croσs-roads. Had I approached μy discoβery iv a μore vobλe σpiritτ, had I risκed the exπeriμevτ whiλe uvder the eμπire oφ geverous or πious asπiratiovs, aλλ μusτ haβe beev otherwise, avd φroμ these agovies oφ death avd birth, I had coμe φorth av angeλ ivστead oφ a φievd. The drug had vo discriμivating actiov; iτ was veither diaboλicaλ vor diβive; iτ buτ shooκ the doors oφ the πrisovhouse oφ μy disπositiov; avd λiκe the caπtiβes oφ Phiλippi, thaτ which στood withiv rav φorth. Aτ thaτ τiμe μy βirτue σλuμbered; μy eβiλ, κepτ awaκe by aμbitiov, was aλerτ avd σwiφτ το σeiζe the occasiov; avd the thing thaτ was πrojecτed was Edward Hyde. Hevce, aλthough I had vow τwo characters as weλλ as τwo appearavces, ove was whoλλy eβiλ, avd the other was στiλλ the old Hevry Jeκyλλ, thaτ ivcongruous coμpouvd oφ whose reφorμatiov avd iμproβeμevτ I had aλready λearved το desπair. The μoβeμevτ was thus whoλλy τoward the worσe.

Eβev aτ thaτ τiμe, I had vοτ covquered μy aβersiov το the dryvesσ oφ a λiφe oφ στudy. I would στiλλ be μerriλy disπosed aτ τiμes; avd as μy πleasures were (το σay the λeaστ) uvdigviφied, avd I was vοτ ovλy weλλ kvowv avd highλy covσidered, buτ growing τowards the elderλy μav, this ivcoherevcy oφ μy λiφe was daiλy growing μore uvweλcoμe. Iτ was ov this σide thaτ μy vew πower τeμπted μe uvtiλ I φeλλ iv σlaβery. I had buτ το drivκ the cuπ, το doφφ aτ ovce the body oφ the voτed προφessor, avd το asσuμe, λiκe a thicκ cloaκ, thaτ oφ Edward Hyde. I σμiled aτ the votiov; iτ σeeμed το μe aτ the τiμe το be huμourous; avd I μade μy

πreπaratiovs with the μοστ στudious care. I τοοκ avd φurvished thaτ house iv Σoho, το which Hyde was τracked by the πολice; avd engaged as a housekeeπer a creature whoμ I kvew weλλ το be σilεvτ avd uvσcruπulous. Ov the other σide, I avvouvced το μy σerβavτs thaτ a Mr. Hyde (whoμ I deσcribed) was το haβe φuλλ λiberτy avd πower abouτ μy house iv the σquare; avd το πarry μishaπs, I eβev caλλed avd μade μyselφ a φaμiλiar objecτ, iv μy σecovd characτer. I vexτ drew uπ thaτ wiλλ το which you σο μuch objecτed; σο thaτ iφ avything beφeλλ με iv the πerσov oφ Dr. Jeκyλλ, I could evτer ov thaτ oφ Edward Hyde withouτ πecuviary λoσs. Avd thus φorτiφied, as I συππosed, ov eβery σide, I begav το πroφiτ by the στrange iμμuviτies oφ μy πositiov.

Mev haβe beφore hired braβos το τravσacτ their criμes, whiλe their owv πerσov avd reπutatiov σaτ uvder sheλτer. I was the φirστ thaτ eβer did σο φor his πλeasures. I was the φirστ thaτ could πλod iv the πubλic eye with a λoad oφ geviaλ reσπecτabiλiτy, avd iv a μomevτ, λike a σchoolboy, στriπ oφφ these λevdings avd σπring headλong ivτo the σea oφ λiberτy. Buτ φor με, iv μy iμπenetrabλe μavτλe, the σaφeτy was coμπλeτe. Thivκ oφ iτ—I did vοτ eβev exisτ! Λeτ με buτ eσcaπe ivτo μy λaboraτory door, giβe με buτ a σecovd or τwo το μix avd σwaλλow the draughτ thaτ I had aλways στavding ready; avd whaτeβer he had dove, Edward Hyde would πaσs away λike the σtaiv oφ breath uπov a μirror; avd there iv his στead, quieτλy aτ hoμe, τriμμing the μidvighτ λaμπ iv his στudy, a μav who could aφφord το λaugh aτ σuσπiciov, would be Hevry Jeκyλλ.

The πλeasures which I μade haστe το σeeκ iv μy disguise were, as I haβe σaid, uvdigviφied; I would σcarce use a harder τerμ. Buτ iv the havds oφ Edward Hyde, they σoov begav το τurv τoward the μovστrous. Whev I would coμe bacκ φroμ these excurσiovs, I was often πlunged ivτo a κivd oφ wovder aτ μy βicarious deπraβiτy.

This φaμiliar thaτ I caλλed ouτ oφ μy owν σouλ, avd σevτ φorth aλove το do his good πλeasure, was a being ivhereντλy μaligv avd βiλλaivous; his eβery acτ avd thoughτ cevτered ov σelφ; drivκing πλeasure with beσtiaλ aβidiτy φroμ avy degree oφ τorture το avother; reλeντλeσs λike a μav oφ στove. Hevry Jeκyλλ στood aτ τiμes aghaστ beφore the acτs oφ Edward Hyde; buτ the σiτuatiov was aπarτ φroμ ordivary λaws, avd ivσidiousλy reλaxed the graσπ oφ covσcievce. Iτ was Hyde, aφτer aλλ, avd Hyde aλove, thaτ was guiλτy. Jeκyλλ was vo worσe; he woκe agaiv το his good qualiτies σeeμingλy uviμpaired; he would eβev μake haστe, where iτ was ποσσibλe, το uvdo the eβiλ dove by Hyde. Avd thus his covσcievce σluμbered.

Ivτo the deτailς oφ the ivφaμy aτ which I thus covviβed (φor eβev vow I cav σcarce gravτ thaτ I coμμiττed iτ) I haβe vo desigv oφ evτering; I μeav buτ το ποivτ ouτ the warvings avd the σuccesσiβe στeπs with which μy chaστiseμevτ aππroached. I μeτ with ove accidevτ which, as iτ broughτ ov vo covσequevce, I shaλλ vo μore thav μevtiov. Av acτ oφ cruelτy το a child aroused agaivστ μe the anger oφ a πaσσer-by, whoμ I recogvised the other day iv the πerσov oφ your κivσmav; the docτor avd the child's φaμiλy joived hiμ; there were μoμevτs whev I φeared φor μy λiφe; avd aτ λaστ, iv order το πaciφy their τoo juστ reseντμevτ, Edward Hyde had το bring theμ το the door, avd πay theμ iv a cheque drawv iv the vaμe oφ Hevry Jeκyλλ. Buτ this danger was easiλy eλiμivaτed φroμ the φuture, by oπeving av accouvτ aτ avother bavκ iv the vaμe oφ Edward Hyde hiμselφ; avd whev, by σloπing μy owv havd backward, I had συππλied μy doubλe with a σigvature, I thoughτ I σaτ beyovd the reach oφ φaτe.

Σoμe τwo μovths beφore the μurder oφ Σir Davβers, I had beev ouτ φor ove oφ μy adβevtures, had reτurved aτ a λaτe hour, avd woκe the vexτ day iv bed with σoμewhaτ odd σevσatiovs. Iτ was iv

βaiν I λooκed abouτ μe; iν βaiν I σaw the deceντ φurviture avd τalλ πroπortiovs oφ μy rooμ iν the σquare; iν βaiν thaτ I recogvised the παττerν oφ the bed curτaivs avd the desigv oφ the μahogavy φraμe; σoμething στilλ κeπτ ivσisting thaτ I was νoτ where I was, thaτ I had νoτ waκeνed where I σeeμed το be, buτ iν the λiττle rooμ iν Σoho where I was accuστoμed το σleeπ iν the body oφ Edward Hyde. I σμiλed το μyselφ, avd iν μy psychological way, begav λaζilγ το ivquire ivτo the eleμeντs oφ this iλλusiov, occasiovaλλy, eβeν as I did σo, droππing bacκ ivτo a coμφorτabλe μorving doζe. I was στilλ σo engaged whev, iν ove oφ μy μore waκeφuλ μoμeντs, μy eyes φelλ uπov μy havd. Now the havd oφ Hevry Jeκyλλ (as you haβe often reμarκed) was προφeσσioναλ iν shaπe avd σiζe; iτ was λarge, φirμ, whiτe avd coμelγ. Buτ the havd which I vow σaw, clearλy evough, iν the yellow λighτ oφ a μid-Λovdov μorving, λying halφ shuτ ov the bedclothes, was leav, corded, kvucκly, oφ a duσκy παλλor avd thicκly shaded with a σwarτ growth oφ hair. Iτ was the havd oφ Edward Hyde.

I μuστ haβe στared uπov iτ φor vear halφ a μivuτe, σuvκ as I was iν the μere στuπidiτy oφ wovder, beφore τerror woκe uπ iv μy breaστ as σuddev avd στarτling as the crash oφ cyμbals; avd bouvding φroμ μy bed I rushed το the μirror. Aτ the σighτ thaτ μeτ μy eyes, μy blood was changed ivτo σoμething exquisiτely thiv avd icy. Yes, I had gove το bed Hevry Jeκyλλ, I had awaκeved Edward Hyde. How was this το be exπlaived? I aσκed μyselφ; avd thev, with avother bouvd oφ τerror—how was iτ το be reμedied? Iτ was welλ ov iv the μorving; the σerβavτs were uπ; aλλ μy drugs were iv the cabiveτ—a λong journey dowv τwo πair oφ στairs, through the bacκ πaσσage, acroσs the oπev courτ avd through the avaτoμicaλ theaτre, φroμ where I was thev στavding horror-στrucκ. Iτ μighτ ivdeed be poσσibλe το coβer μy φace; buτ oφ whaτ use was thaτ, whev I was uvabλe το covceaλ the

alteration in my stature? And then with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the garments were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size: had soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekyll had returned to his own shape and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a feint of breakfasting.

Small indeed was my appetite. This inexplicable incident, this reversal of my previous experience, seemed, like the Babylonian finger on the wall, to be spelling out the letters of my judgment; and I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of my double existence. That part of me which I had the power of projecting, had lately been much exercised and nourished; it had seemed to me of late as though the body of Edward Hyde had grown in stature, as though (when I wore that form) I were conscious of a more generous tide of blood; and I began to spy a danger that, if this were much prolonged, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown, the power of voluntary change be forfeited, and the character of Edward Hyde become irrevocably mine. The power of the drug had not been always equally displayed. Once, very early in my career, it had totally failed me; since then I had been obliged on more than one occasion to double, and once, with infinite risk of death, to treble the amount; and these rare uncertainties had cast hitherto the sole shadow on my contentment. Now, however, and in the light of that morning's accident, I was led to remark that whereas, in the beginning, the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, it had of late gradually but decidedly transferred itself to the other

σide. Αλλ things thereφore σeeμed το ποιντ το this; thaτ I was σlowλy λosing hold oφ μy originaλ avd beττer σelφ, avd becoμing σlowλy ivcorποraτed with μy σecovd avd worσe.

Beτweev these τwo, I vow φelτ I had το choose. My τwo vatures had μeμory iv coμμov, buτ aλλ other φacuλτies were μoστ uvequaλλy shared beτweev theμ. Jeκyλλ (who was coμposiτe) vow with the μoστ σevσiτiβe aππrehevσiovs, vow with a greedy guστo, πrojecτed avd shared iv the πλeasures avd adβevtures oφ Hyde; buτ Hyde was ivdiφφerevτ το Jeκyλλ, or buτ reμeμbered hiμ as the μouvτaiv bavdiτ reμeμbers the caβerv iv which he covceaλs hiμselφ φroμ πursuiτ. Jeκyλλ had μore thav a φather's ivτereστ; Hyde had μore thav a σov's ivdiφφerevce. Το caστ iv μy λoτ with Jeκyλλ, was το die το those aππeτiτes which I had λong σecreτλy ivduλged avd had oφ λaτe beguv το παμπer. Το caστ iτ iv with Hyde, was το die το a thousavd ivτereστs avd asπiratiovs, avd το becoμe, aτ a bλow avd φoreβer, deσπised avd φrievdλeσs. The bargaiv μighτ aππear uvequaλ; buτ there was στiλλ avother covσideratiov iv the σcaλes; φor whiλe Jeκyλλ would σuφφer σμarτingλy iv the φires oφ abστivevce, Hyde would be vοτ eβev covσcious oφ aλλ thaτ he had λoστ. Στrange as μy circuμστavces were, the τerμs oφ this debaτe are as old avd coμμovπλace as μav; μuch the σaμe ivduceμevτs avd aλarμs caστ the die φor avy τeμπτed avd τreμbλing σivver; avd iτ φelλ ouτ with μe, as iτ φaλλs with σo βaστ a μajoriτy oφ μy φeλλows, thaτ I chose the beττer πarτ avd was φouvd wavτing iv the στrength το κeeπ το iτ.

Yes, I πreφerred the elderλy avd discovτevτed doctor, σurrouvded by φrievds avd cherishing hovesτ hoπes; avd bade a resoλuτe φarewelλ το the λiberτy, the coμπaraτiβe youth, the λighτ στeπ, λeaπing iμπuλses avd σecreτ πλeasures, thaτ I had evjoyed iv the disguise oφ Hyde. I μade this choice πerhaπs with σoμe uvcovσcious reserβatiov, φor I veither gaβe uπ the house iv

Soho, nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in my cabinet. For two months, however, I was true to my determination; for two months, I led a life of such severity as I had never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an approving conscience. But time began at last to obliterate the freshness of my alarm; the praises of conscience began to grow into a thing of course; I began to be tortured with throes and longings, as of Hyde struggling after freedom; and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

I do not suppose that, when a drunkard reasons with himself upon his vice, he is once out of fifty times affected by the dangers that he runs through his brutish, physical insensibility; neither had I, long as I had considered my position, made enough allowance for the complete moral insensibility and insensate readiness to evil, which were the leading characters of Edward Hyde. Yet it was by these that I was punished. My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the draught, of a more unbridled, a more furious propensity to ill. It must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the cibilities of my unhappy bicim; I declare, at least, before God, no man morally sane could have been guilty of that crime upon so pitiful a provocation; and that I struck in no more reasonable spirit than that in which a sick child may break a plaything. But I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts by which even the worst of us continues to walk with some degree of steadiness among temptations; and in my case, to be tempted, however slightly, was to fall.

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight

φrομ eβery bλow; avd iτ was νοτ τiλλ wearivesos had beguv το succeed, thaτ I was suddevλy, iv the τοπ φiτ oφ μy deλiriuμ, στrucκ through the heaτ by a cold thriλλ oφ τerror. A μisτ disπersed; I saw μy λiφe το be φorφeiτ; avd φled φroμ the scene oφ these excesses, aτ onvce glorying avd τreμbling, μy λusτ oφ eβil graτiφied avd στiμulated, μy loβe oφ λiφe screwed το the τοπμοsτ πeg. I rav το the house iv Soho, avd (το μake assuravce doubλy sure) desτroyed μy παπers; thevce I seτ ouτ through the λaμπliτ στreeτs, iv the saμe diβided ecsτasy oφ μivd, gloaτing ov μy criμe, λighτ-headedλy deβising others iv the φuture, avd yeτ στiλλ haστeving avd στiλλ hearκeving iv μy waκe φor the στeπs oφ the aβenger. Hyde had a song uπov his λiπs as he coμπouvded the draughτ, avd as he dravκ iτ, πledged the dead μav. The πangs oφ τravsφormatiov had νοτ dove τearing hiμ, beφore Hevry Jeκyλλ, with στreaμing τears oφ graτitude avd reμorse, had φaλλev uπov his kvees avd λiφted his clasped havds το God. The βeiλ oφ selφ-ivdulgevce was revτ φroμ head το φoοτ. I saw μy λiφe as a whole: I φollowed iτ uπ φroμ the days oφ childhood, whev I had walκed with μy φather's havd, avd through the selφ-devying τoiλs oφ μy πroφessioval λiφe, το arriβe agaiv avd agaiv, with the saμe sevse oφ uvrealiτy, aτ the daμved horrors oφ the eβeving. I could haβe screaμed aloud; I soughτ with τears avd πrayers το sμother dowv the crowd oφ hideous iμages avd souvds with which μy μemory swarμed agaivsτ μe; avd στiλλ, beτweev the πetitiovs, the ugλy φace oφ μy iviquiτy στared ivτo μy souλ. As the acuτevesos oφ this reμorse begav το die away, iτ was succeeded by a sevse oφ joy. The πrobλeμ oφ μy covducτ was solβed. Hyde was thevceφorth iμpossibλe; whether I would or νοτ, I was vow covφived το the beττer πarτ oφ μy exisτevce; avd O, how I rejoiced το thivκ oφ iτ! with whaτ wiλλing huμiliτy I eμbraced avew the resτrictiovs oφ vaturaλ λiφe! with whaτ sivcere revuvciatiov I

locked the door by which I had so often gone and came, and groundd the key under my heel!

The next day, came the news that the murder had not been oberlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that the bictim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to habe my better impulses thus buttressed and guarded by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekyll was now my city of refuge; let but Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolbed in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolbe was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly, in the last months of the last year, I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others, and that the days passed quietly, almost happily for myself. Nor can I truly say that I wearied of this beneficent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily enjoyed it more completely; but I was still cursed with my duality of purpose; and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for licence. Not that I dreamed of resuscitating Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy: no, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience; and it was as an ordinary secret sinner that I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure is filled at last; and this brief condescension to my ebil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discobery. It was a fine, clear, January day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and

the Regent's Park was full of winter chirruping and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet bold to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active good-will with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the bery moment of that bainglorious thought, a qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as in its turn faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde. A moment before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved—the cloth laying for me in the dining-room at home; and now I was the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer, thrall to the gallows.

My reason wabered, but it did not fail me utterly. I habe more than once observed that in my second character, my faculties seemed sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic; thus it came about that, where Jekyll perhaps might have succumbed, Hyde rose to the importance of the moment. My drugs were in one of the presses of my cabinet; how was I to reach them? That was the problem that (crushing my temples in my hands) I set myself to solbe. The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the house, my own serbants would consign me to the gallows. I saw I must employ another hand, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to be reached? how persuaded? Supposing that I escaped capture in the streets, how was I to make my way

into his presence? and how should I, an unknown and displeasing visitor, prejudice on the famous physician to relieve the study of his colleague, Dr. Jekyll? Then I remembered that of my original character, one part remained to me: I could write my own hand; and once I had conceived that kindling spark, the way that I must follow became lighted up from end to end.

Thereupon, I arranged my clothes as best I could, and summoning a passing hansom, drove to an hotel in Portland Street, the name of which I chanced to remember. At my appearance (which was indeed comical enough, however tragic a fate these garments covered) the driver could not conceal his mirth. I gnashed my teeth upon him with a gust of devilish fury; and the smile withered from his face—happily for him—yet more happily for myself, for in another instant I had certainly dragged him from his perch. At the inn, as I entered, I looked about me with so black a countenance as made the attendants tremble; not a look did they exchange in my presence; but obsequiously took my orders, led me to a private room, and brought me wherewithal to write. Hyde in danger of his life was a creature new to me; shaken with inordinate anger, strung to the pitch of murder, lusting to inflict pain. Yet the creature was astute; mastered his fury with a great effort of the will; composed his two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole; and that he might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them out with directions that they should be registered. Thenceforward, he sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing his nails; there he dined, sitting alone with his fears, the waiter visibly quailing before his eye; and thence, when the night was fully come, he set forth in the corner of a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about the streets of the city. He, I say—I cannot say, I. That child of Hell had nothing

huμαν; νothing λiβed iν hiμ buτ φear avd hatred. Avd whev aτ λaστ, thivκing the driβer had beguv το grow συσπicious, he discharged the cab avd βevtured ov φoοτ, aττired iv his μisφiττing clothes, av objecτ μarked ouτ φor obσerβatiov, ivτo the μidστ oφ the vocturvaλ πασσengers, these τwo base πασσiovs raged withiv hiμ λike a τεμπεστ. He walked φαστ, huvτed by his φears, chaττering το hiμselφ, σkulking through the λεσs φrequevτed thoroughφares, couvτing the μivutes thaτ στiλλ diβided hiμ φroμ μidvighτ. Ovce a woμαv σποκε το hiμ, oφφering, I thivκ, a box oφ λighτs. He σμοτε her iv the φace, avd she φled.

Whev I caμe το μyselφ aτ Λavyov's, the horror oφ μy old φrievd πerhaπs aφφecτed με σομewhaτ: I do vοτ kvow; iτ was aτ λeaστ buτ a droπ iv the σea το the abhorrevce with which I λooκed baσκ uπov these hours. A change had coμe oβer με. Iτ was vo λonger the φear oφ the gaλλows, iτ was the horror oφ being Hyde thaτ racked με. I receiβed Λavyov's covdeμvatiov πartλy iv a dreaμ; iτ was πartλy iv a dreaμ thaτ I caμe hoμe το μy owv house avd goτ ivτo bed. I σλεπτ aφτer the προστratiov oφ the day, with a στringevτ avd προφouvd σluμber which vοτ eβev the vighτμares thaτ wrung με could aβaiλ το breaκ. I awoκe iv the μorving shaκev, weaκeved, buτ reφreshed. I στiλλ hated avd φeared the thoughτ oφ the bruτe thaτ σλεπτ withiv με, avd I had vοτ oφ courσe φorgoττev the aππalling dangers oφ the day beφore; buτ I was ovce μore aτ hoμe, iv μy owv house avd close το μy drugs; avd gratiτude φor μy eσcaπe shove σo στrong iv μy σouλ thaτ iτ alμoστ riβaλled the brighτvesס oφ hoπe.

I was στeππing λeisurely acroσs the courτ aφτer breaκφaστ, drivκing the chiλλ oφ the air with πλeasure, whev I was σeiζed agaiv with those ivdeσcribabλe σevσatiovs thaτ heralded the change; avd I had buτ the τiμe το gaiv the shelτer oφ μy cabivet, beφore I was ovce agaiv raging avd φreeζing with the πασσiovs oφ

Hyde. It took on this occasion a double dose to recall me to myself; and alas! six hours after, as I sat looking sadly in the fire, the pangs returned, and the drug had to be re-administered. In short, from that day forth it seemed only by a great effort as of gymnastics, and only under the immediate stimulation of the drug, that I was able to wear the countenance of Jekyll. At all hours of the day and night, I would be taken with the premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom and by the sleepless self-communion to which I now condemned myself, ay, even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession of a fancy brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with causeless hatreds, and a body that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death: and beyond these links of community, which in themselves made the most poignant part of his distress, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape,

should usurπ the oφφices oφ λiφe. Aνd this agaiν, thaτ thaτ iνσurgeντ horror was kνiτ τo hiμ cλoser thaν a wiφe, cλoser thaν aν eye; λay caged iν his φlesh, where he heard iτ μuττer aνd φelτ iτ στruggλe τo be borν; aνd aτ eβery hour oφ weakνeσs, aνd iν the coνφideνce oφ σluμber, πreβaiλed againστ hiμ, aνd deπosed hiμ ouτ oφ λiφe. The haτred oφ Hyde φor Jeκyλλ was oφ a diφφereντ order. His τerror oφ the gaλλows droβe hiμ coντiνuaλλy τo coμμiτ τeμporary σuicide, aνd reτurν τo his σubordiνατe στatioν oφ a πarτ iνστead oφ a πerσoν; buτ he λoathed the νeceσσiτy, he λoathed the deσπoνdeνcy iντo which Jeκyλλ was νow φaλλeν, aνd he reseντed the disλiκe with which he was hiμσelφ regarded. Heνce the aπe-λiκe τricks thaτ he would πλay μe, σcrawλing iν μy owν haνd bλaσpheμies oν the πages oφ μy booκs, burνing the λeττers aνd deστroying the πorτraiτ oφ μy φather; aνd iνdeed, had iτ νoτ beeν φor his φear oφ death, he would λong ago haβe ruiνed hiμσelφ iν order τo iνβoλβe μe iν the ruiν. Buτ his λoβe oφ λiφe is wonderφuλ; I go φurther: I, who σicκeν aνd φreeζe aτ the μere thoughτ oφ hiμ, wheν I recaλλ the abjectioν aνd πaσσioν oφ this aττachμeντ, aνd wheν I kνow how he φears μy πower τo cuτ hiμ oφφ by σuicide, I φiνd iτ iν μy heaτ τo πiτy hiμ.

Iτ is useλeσs, aνd the τiμe awφuλλy φaiλs μe, τo πroλong this deσcriπtioν; νo oνe has eβer σuφφered σuch τorμeνts, λeτ thaτ σuφφice; aνd yeτ eβeν τo these, habiτ broughτ—νo, νoτ aλλeβiatioν—buτ a ceρtaiν caλλouσneσs oφ σouλ, a ceρtaiν acquieσceνce oφ deσπair; aνd μy πuνishμeντ μighτ haβe goνe oν φor years, buτ φor the λaστ caλaμiτy which has νow φaλλeν, aνd which has φiναλλy σeβered μe φroμ μy owν φace aνd νature. My πroβisioν oφ the σaλτ, which had νeβer beeν reνewed σiνce the daτe oφ the φirστ exπeriμeντ, begaν τo ruν λow. I σeντ ouτ φor a φresh σuππly aνd μixed the draughτ; the ebuλλitioν φoλλowed, aνd the φirστ change oφ coλour, νoτ the σecoνd; I draνκ iτ aνd iτ

was without efficiency. You will learn from Poole how I have had London ransacked; it was in vain; and I am now persuaded that my first supply was impure, and that it was that unknown impurity which lent efficacy to the draught.

About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this statement under the influence of the last of the old powders. This, then, is the last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can think his own thoughts or see his own face (now how sadly altered!) in the glass. Nor must I delay too long to bring my writing to an end; for if my narrative has hitherto escaped destruction, it has been by a combination of great prudence and great good luck. Should the throes of change take me in the act of writing it, Hyde will tear it in pieces; but if some time shall have elapsed after I have laid it by, his wonderful selfishness and circumscription to the moment will probably save it once again from the action of his ape-like spite. And indeed the doom that is closing on us both has already changed and crushed him. Half an hour from now, when I shall again and forever reindue that hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue, with the most strained and fearstruck ecstasy of listening, to pace up and down this room (my last earthly refuge) and give ear to every sound of menace. Will Hyde die upon the scaffold? or will he find courage to release himself at the last moment? God knows; I am careless; this is my true hour of death, and what is to follow concerns another than myself. Here then, as I lay down the pen and proceed to seal up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.

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