Introduction to British Literature Supplements

By: Patrick McCann

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INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH LITERATURE

READING SUPPLEMENTS

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BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH LITERATURE

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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MR. UTTERSON the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove.

"I incline to, Cain's heresy," he used to say. "I let my brother go to the devil in his quaintly: "own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down-going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the
lawyer’s way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt, the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the week-days. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point, a certain sinister
block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two stories high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower story and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

"Did you ever remark that door?" he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, "It is connected in my mind," added he, "with a very odd story."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?"

"Well, it was this way," returned Mr. Enfield: "I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o' clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep -- street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church -- till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and
listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the, child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view-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 gave 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 have 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 avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door? -- whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out of it with another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the check myself, and said I had every
reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine."

"Tut-tut," said Mr. Utterson.

"I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Black-mail, I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Black-Mail House is what I call that place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all," he added, and with the words fell into a vein of musing.

From this he was recalled by Mr. Utterson asking rather suddenly:" And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?"

"A likely place, isn't it?" returned Mr. Enfield. "But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other."

"And you never asked about the -- place with the door?" said Mr. Utterson.

"No, sir: I had a delicacy," was the reply. "I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and
presently some bland old bird (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back-garden and the family have to change their name. No, sir, I make it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask."

"A very good rule, too," said the lawyer.

"But I have studied the place for myself," continued Mr. Enfield." It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut but they're clean. And then there is a chimney which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it's not so sure; for the buildings are so packed together about that court, that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins."

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then, "Enfield," said Mr. Utterson, "that's a good rule of yours."

"Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield. "But for all that," continued the lawyer, "there's one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child."

"Well," said Mr. Enfield, "I can't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde."

"H'm," said Mr. Utterson. "What sort of a man is he to see?"
"He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something downright detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn't specify the point. He's an extraordinary-looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can't describe him. And it's not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment."

Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration.

"You are sure he used a key?" he inquired at last.

"My dear sir..." began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

"Yes, I know," said Utterson; "I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point, you had better correct it."

"I think you might have warned me," returned the other, with a touch of sullenness. "But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what's more, he has it still. I saw him use it, not a week ago."
Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed. "Here is another lesson to say nothing," said he. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

**SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE**

THAT evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in somber 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 volume 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., LL.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 began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and 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 great-coat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. "If any one 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 pre-occupied 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 devilish 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 protege of his -- one Hyde?" he asked.


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 enslaved; 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 dizziness, 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 baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that
there sprang up and grew apace 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
clause 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 noon
when business was plenty, and time scarce, at night under the face of the
fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse,
the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

"If he be Mr. Hyde," he had thought, "I shall be Mr. Seek."

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the
air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken, by any
wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when
the shops were closed, the by-street was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd, light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what manner of man he had to deal with. He was small and very plainly dressed, and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's inclination. But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket like one approaching home.

Mr. Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed." Mr. Hyde, I think?"

Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: "That is my name. What do you want?"
"I see you are going in," returned the lawyer. "I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's -- Mr. Utterson of Gaunt Street -- you must have heard my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me."

"You will not find Dr. Jekyll; he is from home," replied Mr. Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, "How did you know me?" he asked.

"On your side," said Mr. Utterson, "will you do me a favour?"

"With pleasure," replied the other. "What shall it be?"

"Will you let me see your face?" asked the lawyer.

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as if upon some sudden reflection, fronted about with an air of defiance; and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds. "Now I shall know you again," said Mr. Utterson. "It may be useful."

"Yes," returned Mr. Hyde, "it is as well we have, met; and a propos, you should have my address." And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

"Good God!" thought Mr. Utterson, "can he, too, have been thinking of the will?" But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address.
"And now," said the other, "how did you know me?"

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

"We have common friends, said Mr. Utterson.

"Common friends?" echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely. "Who are they?"

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

"He never told you," cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger. "I did not think you would have lied."

"Come," said Mr. Utterson, "that is not fitting language."

The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood a while when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a
displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of
murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky,
whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against
him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown
disgust, loathing, and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There
must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is
something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man
seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? or can it be
the old story of Dr. Fell? or Is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus
transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think;
for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a
face, it Is on that of your new friend."

Round the corner from the by-street, there was a square of ancient,
handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate
and let in flats and chambers to all sorts and conditions of men: map-
engravers, architects, shady lawyers, and the agents of obscure
enterprises. One house, however, second from the corner, was still
occupied entire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth
and comfort, though it was now plunged in darkness except for the fan-
light, Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly servant
opened the door.

"Is Dr. Jekyll at home, Poole?" asked the lawyer.

"I will see, Mr. Utterson," said Poole, admitting the visitor, as he spoke,
into a large, low-roofed, comfortable hall, paved with flags, warmed (after
the fashion of a country house) by a bright, open fire, and furnished with costly cabinets of oak. "Will you wait here by the fire, sir? or shall I give you a light in the dining room?"

"Here, thank you," said the lawyer, and he drew near and leaned on the tall fender. This hall, in which he was now left alone, was a pet fancy of his friend the doctor's; and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. But to-night there was a shudder in his blood; the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory; he felt (what was rare with him) a nausea and distaste of life; and in the gloom of his spirits, he seemed to read a menace in the flickering of the firelight on the polished cabinets and the uneasy starting of the shadow on the roof. He was ashamed of his relief, when Poole presently returned to announce that Dr. Jekyll was gone out.

"I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting-room door, 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 do 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. Ay, it must be that; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed misgrace: punishment coming, PEDE CLAUDO, years after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned the fault." And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded a while 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 that he had come so near to doing, yet avoided. 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 wakening! And the danger of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ay, 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 a 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 all 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 the 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 slyish cast 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. Oh, 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 so 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 have no doubt you are perfectly right," he said at last, getting to his feet.

"Well, but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope," continued the doctor, "there is one point I should like you to understand. I have really a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude. But, I do sincerely take a great, a very great interest in that young man; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would, if you knew all; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise."
"I can't pretend that I shall ever like him," said the lawyer.

"I don't ask that," pleaded Jekyll, laying his hand upon the other's arm; "I only ask for justice; I only ask you to help him for my sake, when I am no longer here."

Utterson heaved an irrepressible sigh. "Well," said he, "I promise."

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 up-stairs 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 and 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 hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half had rolled in the neighbouring gutter -- the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer. A purse and a gold watch were found upon the victim: but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped
envelope, which he had been probably carrying to the post, and which bore the name and address of Mr. Utterson.

This was brought to the lawyer the next morning, before he was out of bed; and he had no sooner seen it, and been told the circumstances, than he shot out a solemn lip. "I shall say nothing till I have seen the body," said he; "this may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress." And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove 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 lit 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 never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful re-invasion 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 drive, 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 before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating-house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged
children huddled in the doorways, and many women of different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, 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 had gone away again in less than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday.

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

A flash of odious joy appeared upon the woman's face. "Ah!" said she, "he is in trouble! What has he done?

"Mr. Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. "He don't seem a very popular character," observed the latter. "And now, my good woman, just let me and this gentleman have a look about us."
In the whole extent of the house, which but for the old woman remained otherwise empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste. A closet was filled with wine; the plate was of silver, the napery elegant; a good picture hung upon the walls, a gift (as Utterson supposed) from Henry Jekyll, who was much of a connoisseur; and the carpets were of many plies and agreeable in colour. At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked; clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets inside out; lock-fast drawers stood open; and on the hearth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned. From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt-end of a green cheque-book, which had resisted the action of the fire; the other half of the stick was found behind the door. and as this clinched his suspicions, the officer declared himself delighted. A visit to the bank, where several thousand pounds were found to be lying to the murderer's credit, completed his gratification.

"You may depend upon it, sir," he told Mr. Utterson: "I have him in my hand. He must have lost his head, or he never would have left the stick or, above all, burned the cheque-book. Why, money's life to the man. We have nothing to do but wait for him at the bank, and get out the handbills."

This last, however, was not so easy of accomplishment; for Mr. Hyde had numbered few familiars -- even the master of the servant-maid had only seen him twice; his family could nowhere be traced; he had never been photographed; and the few who could describe him differed widely, as common observers will. Only on one point, were they agreed; and that
was the haunting sense of unexpressed deformity with which the fugitive impressed 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 the 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. A 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 deadly
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 dining-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 never 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 never 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 a while; 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 have 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 by," 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 news sent off the visitor with his fears renewed. Plainly the letter had come by the laboratory door; possibly, indeed, it had been written in the cabinet; and if that were so, it must be differently judged, and handled with the more caution. The newsboys, as he went, were crying themselves
hoarse along the footways: "Special edition. Shocking murder of an M. P."
That was the funeral oration of one friend and client; and he could not
help a certain apprehension lest the good name of another should be
sucked down in the eddy of the scandal. It was, at least, a ticklish decision
that he had to make; and self-reliant as he was by habit, he began to
cherish a longing for advice. It was not to be had directly; but perhaps, he
thought, it might be fished for.

Presently after, he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr. Guest, his
head clerk, upon the other, and midway between, at a nicely calculated
distance from the fire, a bottle of a particular old wine that had long dwelt
unsunned in the foundations of his house. The fog still slept on the wing
above the drowned city, where the lamps glimmered like carbuncles; and
through the muffle and smother of these fallen clouds, the procession of
the town's life was still rolling in through the great arteries with a sound
as of a mighty wind. But the room was gay with firelight. In the bottle the
acids were long ago resolved; the imperial dye had softened with time, As
the colour grows richer in stained windows; and the glow of hot autumn
afternoons on hillside vineyards was ready to be set free and to disperse
the fogs of London. Insensibly the lawyer melted. There was no man from
whom he kept fewer secrets than Mr. Guest; and he was not always sure
that he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to
the doctor's; he knew Poole; he could scarce have failed to hear of Mr.
Hyde's familiarity about the house; he might draw conclusions: was it not
as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that mystery to rights?
and above all since Guest, being a great student and critic of handwriting,
would consider the step natural and obliging? The clerk, besides, was a
man of counsel; he would scarce read so strange a document without
dropping a remark; and by that remark Mr. Utterson might shape his
future course.

"This is a sad business about Sir Danvers," he said.

"Yes, sir, indeed. It has elicited a great deal of public feeling," returned
Guest. "The man, of course, was mad."

"I should like to hear your views on that," replied Utterson. "I have a
document here in his handwriting; it is between ourselves, for I scarce
know what to do about it; it is an ugly business at the best. But there it is;
quite in your way a murderer's autograph."

Guest's eyes brightened, and he sat down at once and studied it with
passion. "No, sir," he said: "not mad; but it is an odd hand."

"And by all accounts a very odd writer," added the lawyer.

Just then the servant entered with a note.

"Is that from Dr. Jekyll, sir?" inquired the clerk. "I thought I knew the
writing. Anything private, Mr. Utterson?"

"Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see it?"
"One moment. I thank you, sir"; and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents. "Thank you, sir," he said at last, returning both; "it's a very interesting autograph."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Utterson struggled with himself. "Why did you compare them, Guest?" he inquired suddenly.

"Well, sir," returned the clerk, "there's a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical: only differently sloped."

"Rather quaint," said Utterson.

"It is, as you say, rather quaint," returned Guest.

"I wouldn't speak of this note, you know," said the master.

"No, sir," said the clerk. "I understand."

But no sooner was Mr. Utterson alone that night than he locked the note into his safe, where it reposed from that time forward. "What!" he thought. "Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!" And his blood ran cold in his veins.
TIME ran on; thousands of pounds were offered in reward, for the death of Sir Danvers was resented as a public injury; but Mr. Hyde had disappeared out of the ken of the police as though he had never existed. Much of his past was unearthed, indeed, and all disreputable: tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and violent; of his vile life, of his strange associates, of the hatred that seemed to have surrounded his career; but of his present whereabouts, not a whisper. From the time he had left the house in Soho on the morning of the murder, he was simply blotted out; and gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of his alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself. The death of Sir Danvers was, to his way of thinking, more than paid for by the disappearance of Mr. Hyde. Now that that evil influence had been withdrawn, a new life began for Dr. Jekyll. He came out of his seclusion, renewed relations with his friends, became once more their familiar guest and entertainer; and whilst he had always been, known for charities, he was now no less distinguished for religion. He was busy, he was much in the open air, he did good; his face seemed to open and brighten, as if with an inward consciousness of service; and for more than two months, the doctor was at peace.

On the 8th of January Utterson had dined at the doctor's with a small party; Lanyon had been there; and the face of the host had looked from one to the other as in the old days when the trio were inseparable friends. On the 12th, and again on the 14th, the door was shut against the lawyer. "The doctor was confined to the house," Poole said, "and saw no one." On
the 15th, he tried again, and was again refused; and having now been used for the last two months to see his friend almost daily, he found this return of solitude to weigh upon his spirits. The fifth night he had in Guest to dine with him; and the sixth he betook himself to Dr. Lanyon's.

There at least he was not denied admittance; but when he came in, he was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's appearance. He had his death-warrant written legibly upon his face. The rosy man had grown pale; his flesh had fallen away; he was visibly balder and older; and yet it was not so much, these tokens of a swift physical decay that arrested the lawyer's notice, as a look in the eye and quality of manner that seemed to testify to some deep-seated terror of the mind. It was unlikely that the doctor should fear death; and yet that was what Utterson was tempted to suspect. "Yes," he thought; "he is a doctor, he must know his own state and that his days are counted; and the knowledge is more than he can bear." And yet when Utterson remarked on his ill-looks, it was with an air of greatness that Lanyon declared himself a doomed man.

"I have had a shock," he said, "and I shall never recover. It is a question of weeks. Well, life has been pleasant; I liked it; yes, sir, I used to like it. I sometimes think if we knew all, we should be more glad to get away."

"Jekyll is ill, too," observed Utterson. "Have you seen him?"

But Lanyon's face changed, and he held up a trembling hand. "I wish to see or hear no more of Dr. Jekyll," he said in a loud, unsteady voice. "I am
quite done with that person; and I beg that you will spare me any allusion
to one whom I regard as dead."

"Tut-tut," said Mr. Utterson; and then after a considerable pause," Can't I
do anything?" he inquired. "We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we
shall not live to make 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 break with Lanyon; and the next day brought him a long answer,
often very 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 denied 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 over 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.
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!" 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 my cousin -- Mr. Enfield -- Dr. Jekyll.) Come, now; get your hat and take a quick turn with us."

"You are very good," sighed the other. "I should like to very much; but no, no, no, it is quite impossible; I dare not. But indeed, Utterson, I am very glad to see you; this is really a great pleasure; I would ask you and Mr. Enfield up, but the place is really not fit."

"Why then," said the lawyer, good-naturedly, "the best thing we can do is to stay down here and speak with you from where we are."

"That is just what I was about to venture to propose," returned the doctor with a smile. But the words were hardly uttered, before the smile was struck out of his face and succeeded by an expression of such abject terror and despair, as froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below. They saw it but for a glimpse, for the window was instantly thrust down; but that glimpse had been sufficient, and they turned and left the court without a word. In silence, too, they traversed the by-street; and it was not until they had come into a neighbouring thoroughfare, where even upon a
Sunday there were still some stirrings of life, that Mr. Utterson at last turned and looked at his companion. They were both pale; and there was an answering horror in their eyes.

"God forgive us, God forgive us," said Mr. Utterson. But Mr. Enfield only nodded his head very seriously and walked on once more in silence.

THE LAST NIGHT

MR. UTTERSON was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit 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've 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 have some good reason, Poole; I see there is something seriously amiss. Try to tell me what it is."

"I think there's been foul play," said Poole, hoarsely.

"Foul play!" cried the lawyer, a good deal frightened and rather inclined to be irritated in consequence. "What foul play? What does the man mean?"

"I daren't say, sir" was the answer; "but will you come along with me and see for yourself?"

Mr. Utterson's only answer was to rise and get his hat and great-coat; but he observed with wonder the greatness of the relief that appeared upon the butler's face, and perhaps with no less, that the wine was still untasted when he set it down to follow.
It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and a flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides; for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures; for struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was all full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his cowing, these were not the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish; for his face was white and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

"Well, sir," he said, "here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong."

"Amen, Poole," said the lawyer.

Thereupon the servant knocked in a very guarded manner; the door was opened on the chain; and a voice asked from within, "Is that you, Poole?"

"It's all right," said Poole. "Open the door." The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high; and about the hearth the
whole of the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr. Utterson, the housemaid broke into hysterical whimpering; and the cook, crying out, "Bless God! it's Mr. Utterson," ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

"What, what? Are you all here?" said the lawyer peevishly. "Very irregular, very unseemly; your master would be far from pleased."

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

Blank silence followed, no one protesting; only the maid lifted up her voice and now wept loudly.

"Hold your tongue!" Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed, when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all started and turned toward the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation. "And now," continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, "reach me a candle, and we'll get this through hands at once." And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back-garden.

"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 re-collected his courage and
followed the butler into the laboratory building and 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 any one," 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!"

"This is a very strange tale, Poole; this is rather a wild tale, my man," said Mr. Utterson, biting his finger. "Suppose it were as you suppose, supposing Dr. Jekyll to have been -- well, murdered, what could induce the murderer to stay? That won't hold water; it doesn't commend itself to reason."

"Well, Mr. Utterson, you are a hard man to satisfy, but I'll do it yet," said Poole. "All this last week (you must know) him, or it, or whatever it is that lives in that cabinet, has been crying night and day for some sort of medicine and cannot get it to his mind. It was sometimes his way -- the master's, that is – to write his orders on a sheet of paper and throw it on the stair. We've had nothing else this week back; nothing but papers, and a closed door, and the very meals left there to be smuggled in when nobody was looking. Well, sir, every day, ay, and twice and thrice in the same day, there have been orders and complaints, and I have been sent flying to all the wholesale chemists in town. Every time I brought the stuff back, there would be another paper telling me to return it, because it was not pure, and another order to a different firm. This drug is wanted bitter bad, sir, whatever for."

"Have you any of these papers?" asked Mr. Utterson.

Poole felt in his pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. Its contents ran thus:
"Dr. Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs. Maw. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for his present purpose. In the year 18---, Dr. J. purchased a somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. He now begs them to search with the most sedulous care, and should any of the same quality be left, to forward it to him at once. Expense is no consideration. The importance of this to Dr. J. can hardly be exaggerated." So far the letter had run composedly enough, but here with a sudden splutter of the pen, the writer's emotion had broken loose. "For God's sake," he had added, "find me some of the old."

"This is a strange note," said Mr. Utterson; and then sharply, "How do you come to have it open?"

"The man at Maw's was main angry, sir, and he threw it back to me like so much dirt," returned Poole.

"This is unquestionably the doctor's hand, do you know?" resumed the lawyer.

"I thought it looked like it," said the servant rather sulkily; and then, with another voice, "But what matters hand-of-write? " he said. "I've seen him!"

"Seen him?" repeated Mr. Utterson. "Well?"

"That's it!" said Poole. "It was this way. I came suddenly into the theatre from the
garden. It seems he had slipped out to look for this drug or whatever it is; for the cabinet door was open, and there he was at the far end of the room digging among the crates. He looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry, and whipped up-stairs into the cabinet. It was but for one minute that I saw him, but the hair stood upon my head like quills. Sir, if that was my master, why had he a mask upon his face? If it was my master, why did he cry out like a rat, and run from me? I have served him long enough. And then..." The man paused and passed his hand over his face.

"These are all very strange circumstances," said Mr. Utterson, "but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poole, is plainly seised with one of those maladies that both torture and deform the sufferer; hence, for aught I know, the alteration of his voice; hence the mask and the avoidance of his friends; hence his eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ultimate recovery -- God grant that he be not deceived! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to consider; but it is plain and natural, hangs well together, and delivers us from all exorbitant alarms."

"Sir," said the butler, turning to a sort of mottled pallor, "that thing was not my master, and there's the truth. My master" here he looked round him and began to whisper -- "is a tall, fine build of a man, and this was more of a dwarf." Utterson attempted to protest. "O, sir," cried Poole, "do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? Do you think I do not know where his head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw him every morning of my life? No, Sir, that thing in the mask was never Dr.
Jekyll -- God knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that there was murder done."

"Poole," replied the lawyer, "if you say that, it will become my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master's feelings, much as I am puzzled by this note which seems to prove him to be still alive, I shall consider it my duty to break in that door."

Ah Mr. Utterson, that's talking!" cried the butler.

"And now comes the second question," resumed Utterson: "Who is going to do it?"

"Why, you and me," was the undaunted reply.

"That's very well said," returned the lawyer; "and whatever comes of it, I shall make it my business to see you are no loser."

"There is an axe in the theatre, continued Poole; "and you might take the kitchen poker for yourself."

The lawyer took that rude but weighty instrument into his hand, and balanced it. "Do you know, Poole," he said, looking up, "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 ever you 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 it 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. Oh, 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 incline 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 killed; 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 scud 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, conscious of 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 baise 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, that the lock burst in sunder and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet.

The besiegers, appalled by their own riot and the stillness that had succeeded, stood back a little and peered in. There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire glowing and chattering on the hearth, the kettle singing its thin strain, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set forth on the business-table, and nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea: the quietest room, you would have said, and, but for the glased presses full of chemicals, the most commonplace that night in London.
Right in the midst there lay the body of a man sorely contorted and still twitching. They drew near on tiptoe, turned it on its back and beheld the face of Edward Hyde. He was dressed in clothes far too large for him, clothes of the doctor's bigness; the cords of his face still moved with a semblance of life, but life was quite gone; and by the crushed phial in the hand and the strong smell of kernels that hung upon the air, Utterson knew that he was looking on the body of a self-destroyer.

"We have come too late," he said sternly, "whether to save or punish. Hyde is gone to his account; and it only remains for us to find the body of your master."

The far greater proportion of the building was occupied by the theatre, which filled almost the whole ground story and was lighted from above, and by the cabinet, which formed an upper story at one end and looked upon the court. A corridor joined the theatre to the door on the by-street; and with this the cabinet communicated separately by a second flight of stairs. There were besides a few dark closets and a spacious cellar. All these they now thoroughly examined. Each closet needed but a glance, for all were empty, and all, by the dust that fell from their doors, had stood long unopened. The cellar, indeed, was filled 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 awe-struck 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 teathings stood ready to the sitter's elbow, the very sugar in the cup. There were several books on a shelf; one lay beside the tea-things open, and Utterson was amazed to find it a copy of a pious work, for which Jekyll had several times expressed a great esteem, annotated, in his own hand, with startling blasphemies.

Next, in the course of their review of the chamber, the searchers came to the cheval glass, into whose depths they looked with an involuntary horror. But it was so turned as to show them nothing but the rosy glow playing on the roof, the fire sparkling in a hundred repetitions along the glazed front of the presses, and their own pale and fearful countenances stooping to look in.

"This glass have seen some strange things, sir," whispered Poole.

"And surely none stranger than itself," echoed the lawyer in the same tones. "For what did Jekyll" -- he caught himself up at the word with a start, and then conquering the weakness -- "what could Jekyll want with it?" he said.

"You may say that!" said Poole. Next they turned to the business-table. On the desk among the neat array of papers, a large envelope was uppermost, and bore, in the doctor's hand, the name of Mr. Utterson. The lawyer unsealed it, and several enclosures fell to the floor. The first was a will, drawn in the same eccentric terms as the one which he had returned six months before, to serve as a testament in case of death and as a deed
of gift in case of disappearance; but, in place of the name of Edward Hyde, the lawyer, with indescribable amazement, read the name of Gabriel John Utterson. He looked at Poole, and then back at the paper, and last of all at the dead malefactor stretched upon the carpet.

"My head goes round," he said. "He has been all these days in possession; he had no cause to like me; he must have raged to see himself displaced; and he has not destroyed this document."

He caught up the next paper; it was a brief note in the doctor's hand and dated at the top.

"O Poole!" the lawyer cried, "he was alive and here this day. He cannot have been disposed of in so short a space, he must be still alive, he must have fled! And then, why fled? and how? And in that case, can we venture to declare this suicide? Oh, we must be careful. I foresee that we may yet involve your master in some dire catastrophe."

"Why don't you read it, sir?" asked Poole.

"Because I fear," replied the lawyer solemnly. "God grant I have no cause for it!" And with that he brought the paper to his eyes and read as follows:

"MY DEAR UTTERSON, -- When this shall fall into your hands, I shall have disappeared, under what circumstances I have not the penetration to foresee, but my instinct and all the circumstances of my nameless situation tell me that the end is sure and must be early."
Go then, and first read the narrative which Lanyon warned me he was to place in your hands; and if you care to hear more, turn to the confession of your unworthy and unhappy friend, HENRY JEKYLL."

"There was a third enclosure?" asked Utterson.

"Here, sir," said Poole, and gave into his hands a considerable packet sealed in several places.

The lawyer put it in his pocket. "I would say nothing of this paper. If your master has fled or is dead, we may at least save his credit. It is now ten; I must go home and read these documents in quiet; but I shall be back before midnight, when we shall send for the police."

They went out, locking the door of the theatre behind them; and Utterson, once more leaving the servants gathered about the fire in the hall, trudged back to his office to read the two narratives in which this mystery was now to be explained.

**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:

"10th 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 break 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
doors 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 wind, 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
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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 have 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 postoffice 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 hours' 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 version-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 tincture, a paper 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 summons, and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the portico.

"Are you come from Dr. Jekyll?" I asked.

He told me "yes" by a constrained gesture; and when I had bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's eye open; and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting-room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution, and -- last but not least -- with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his neighbourhood. This bore some resemblance to incipient rigour, and was accompanied by a marked sinking of the pulse. At the time, I set it down to some idiosyncratic, personal distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms; but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of man, and to turn on some nobler hinge than the principle of hatred.
This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement -- the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter.

Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me -- something seizing, surprising, and revolting -- this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?" And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. "Come, sir," said I. "You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of
your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please." And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my pre-occupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood..." He paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria -- "I understood, a drawer..."

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart: I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

"Compose yourself," said I.
He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, "Have you a graduated glass?" he asked.

I rose from my place with something of an effort and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

"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 arm 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 half-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; 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 fellow-men, 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 even 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 toward 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 intelligence, 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 day-dream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could but be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust delivered from the aspirations might go his way, 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 fagots were thus bound together that in the agonized womb of consciousness, these polar twins should be continuously struggling. How, then, were they dissociated?

I was so far in my reflections when, as I have said, a side-light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table. I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated, the trembling immateriality, the mist-like transience of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired. Certain agents I found to have the power to shake and to pluck back that fleshly vestment, even as a wind might toss the curtains of a pavilion. For two good reasons, I will not enter deeply into this scientific branch of my confession. First, because I have been made to learn that the doom and burthen of our life is bound for ever on man's shoulders, and when the attempt is made to cast it off, it but returns upon us with
more unfamiliar and more awful pressure. Second, because, as my narrative will make, alas! too evident, my discoveries were incomplete. Enough, then, that I not only recognised my natural body for the mere aura and effulgence of certain of the powers that made up my spirit, but managed to compound a drug by which these powers should be dethroned from their supremacy, and a second form and countenance substituted, none the less natural to me because they were the expression, and bore the stamp, of lower elements in my soul.

I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I knew well that I risked death; for any drug that so potently controlled and shook the very fortress of identity, might by the least scruple of an overdose or at the least inopportunity in the moment of exhibition, utterly blot out that immaterial tabernacle which I looked to it to change. But the temptation of a discovery so singular and profound, at last overcame the suggestions of alarm. I had long since prepared my tincture; I purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required; and late one accursed night, I compounded the elements, watched them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the ebullition had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.

The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and, from its very novelty,
incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a mill-race in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced and delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me as I write, was brought there later on and for the very purpose of these transformations. The night, however, was far gone into the morning -- the morning, black as it was, was nearly ripe for the conception of the day -- the inmates of my house were locked in the most rigorous hours of slumber; and I determined, flushed as I was with hope and triumph, to venture in my new shape as far as to my bedroom. I crossed the yard, wherein the constellations looked down upon me, I could have thought, with wonder, the first creature of that sort that their unsleeping vigilance had yet disclosed to them; I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of
my life, which had been, after all, nine-tenths a life of effort, virtue, and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter, and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine; and hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature, and the face of Henry Jekyll.
That night I had come to the fatal cross-roads. Had I approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while under the empire of generous or pious aspirations, all must have been otherwise, and from these agonies of death and birth, I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend. The drug had no discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of the prison-house of my disposition; and like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth. At that time my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition, was alert and swift to seize the occasion; and the thing that was projected was Edward Hyde.

Hence, although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old Henry Jekyll, that incongruous compound of whose reformation and improvement I had already learned to despair. The movement was thus wholly toward the worse.

Even at that time, I had not yet conquered my aversion to the dryness of a life of study. I would still be merrily disposed at times; and as my pleasures were (to say the least) undignified, and I was not only well known and highly considered, but growing toward the elderly man, this incoherency of my life was daily growing more unwelcome. It was on this side that my new power tempted me until I fell in slavery. I had but to drink the cup, to doff at once the body of the noted professor, and to assume, like a thick cloak, that of Edward Hyde. I smiled at the notion; it seemed to me at the time to be humorous; and I made my preparations with the most studious care. I took and furnished that house in Soho, to which Hyde was
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tracked by the police; and engaged as housekeeper a creature whom I well knew to be silent and unscrupulous. On the other side, I announced to my servants that a Mr. Hyde (whom I described) was to have full liberty and power about my house in the square; and to parry mishaps, I even called and made myself a familiar object, in my second character. I next drew up that will to which you so much objected; so that if anything befell me in the person of Dr. Jekyll, I could enter on that of Edward Hyde without pecuniary loss. And thus fortified, as I supposed, on every side, I began to profit by the strange immunities of my position.

Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes, while their own person and reputation sat under shelter. I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could thus plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these lendings and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. But for me, in my impenetrable mantle, the safety was complete. Think of it -- I did not even exist! Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his stead, quietly at home, trimming the midnight lamp in his study, a man who could afford to laugh at suspicion, would be Henry Jekyll.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; I would scarce use a harder term. But in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn toward the monstrous. When I would come back from these excursions, I was often plunged into a kind
of wonder at my vicarious depravity. This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centred on self; drinking pleasure with bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like a man of stone. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities seemingly unimpaired; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

Into the details of the infamy at which I thus connived (for even now I can scarce grant that I committed it) I have no design of entering; I mean but to point out the warnings and the successive steps with which my chastisement approached. I met with one accident which, as it brought on no consequence, I shall no more than mention. An act of cruelty to a child aroused against me the anger of a passer-by, whom I recognised the other day in the person of your kinsman; the doctor and the child's family joined him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in order to pacify their too just resentment, Edward Hyde had to bring them to the door, and pay them in a cheque drawn in the name of Henry Jekyll. But this danger was easily eliminated from the future, by opening an account at another bank in the name of Edward Hyde himself; and when, by sloping my own hand backward, I had supplied my double with a signature, I thought I sat beyond the reach of fate.
Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and woke the next day in bed with somewhat odd sensations. It was in vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognized the pattern of the bed-curtains and the design of the mahogany frame; something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde. I smiled to myself, and, in my psychological way began lazily to inquire into the elements of this illusion, occasionally, even as I did so, dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eyes fell upon my hand. Now the hand of Henry Jekyll (as you have often remarked) was professional in shape and size: it was large, firm, white, and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough, in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying half shut on the bed-clothes, was lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals; and bounding from my bed, I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy. Yes, I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll, I had awakened Edward Hyde. How was this to be explained? I asked myself, and then, with another bound of terror -- how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my
drugs were in the cabinet -- a long journey down two pairs of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck. It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature?

And then with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants 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 side. All things therefore seemed to point to this: that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

Between these two, I now felt I had to choose. My two natures had memory in common, but all other faculties were most unequally shared between them. Jekyll (who was composite) now with the most sensitive apprehensions, now with a greedy gusto, projected and shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde; but Hyde was indifferent to Jekyll, or but remembered him as the mountain bandit remembers the cavern in which he conceals himself from pursuit. Jekyll had more than a father's interest; Hyde had more than a son's indifference. To cast in my lot with Jekyll, was to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and had of late begun to pamper. To cast it in with Hyde, was to die to a thousand interests and aspirations, and to become, at a blow and for ever, despised and friendless. The bargain might appear unequal; but there was still another consideration in the scales; for while Jekyll would suffer smartingly in the fires of abstinence, Hyde would be not even conscious of all that he had lost. Strange as my circumstances were, the terms of this debate are as old and commonplace as man; much the same inducements and alarms cast the die for any tempted and trembling
sinner; and it fell out with me, as it falls with so vast a majority of my fellows, that I chose the better part and was found wanting in the strength to keep to it.

Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends and cherishing honest hopes; and bade a resolute farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step, leaping impulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde. I made this choice perhaps with some unconscious reservation, for I neither gave up the house in 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 praise 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 five hundred 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 civilities of my unhappy victim; 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 from every blow; and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed, that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and stimulated, my love of life screwed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Soho, and (to make assurance doubly sure) destroyed my papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God.
The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot, I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul. As the acuteness of this remorse began to die away, it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. Hyde was thenceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and oh, how I rejoiced to think it! with what willing humility, I embraced anew the restrictions of natural life! with what sincere renunciation, I locked the door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

The next day, came the news that the murder had been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a rime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to have 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 resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself
how earnestly in the last months of 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 evil 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 discovery. 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 chirrupings 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 moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active goodwill with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vain-glorious 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 the 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 wavered, but it did not fail me utterly. I have 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 solve. The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the house, my own servants 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, prevail on the famous physician to rifle 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 human; nothing lived in him but fear and hatred.

And when at last, thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, he discharged the cab and ventured on foot, attired in his misfitting clothes,
an object marked out for observation, into the midst of the nocturnal passengers, these two base passions raged within him like a tempest. He walked fast, hunted by his fears, chattering to himself, skulking through the less-frequented thoroughfares, counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight. Once a woman spoke to him, offering, I think, a box of lights. He smote her in the face, and she fled.

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected me somewhat: I do not know; it was at least but a drop in the sea to the abhorrence with which I looked back upon these hours. A change had come over me. It was no longer the fear of the gallows, it was the horror of being Hyde that racked me. I received Lanyon's condemnation partly in a dream; it was partly in a dream that I came home to my own house and got into bed. I slept after the prostration of the day, with a stringent and profound slumber which not even the nightmares that wrung me could avail to break. I awoke in the morning shaken, weakened, but refreshed. I still hated and feared the thought of the brute that slept within me, and I had not of course forgotten the appalling dangers of the day before; but I was once more at home, in my own house and close to my drugs; and gratitude for my escape shone so strong in my soul that it almost rivalled the brightness of hope.

I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that heralded the change; and I had but the time to gain the shelter of my cabinet, before I was once again raging and freezing with the passions of 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 sleeplessness 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 usurp the offices of life. And this
again, that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him and deposed him out of life. The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll, was of a different order. His tenor of the gallows drove him continually to commit temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station of a part instead of a person; but he loathed the necessity, he loathed the despondency into which Jekyll was now fallen, and he resented the dislike with which he was himself regarded. Hence the ape-like tricks that he would play me, scrawling in my own hand blasphemies on the pages of my books, burning the letters and destroying the portrait of my father; and indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to involve me in the ruin. But his love of life is wonderful; I go further: I, who sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, when I recall the abjection and passion of this attachment, and when I know how he fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

It is useless, and the time awfully fails me, to prolong this description; no one has ever suffered such torments, let that suffice; and yet even to these, habit brought -- no, not alleviation -- but a certain callousness of soul, a certain acquiescence of despair; and my punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen, and which has finally severed me from my own face and nature. My provision of the salt, which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment, began to run low. I sent out for a fresh supply, and mixed the draught; the ebullition followed, and the first change of colour, not the
second; I drank it and it 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 for ever re-induce that hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue, with the most strained and fear-struck 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.
MACBETH

by William Shakespeare

* Picture on front cover from host webpage
http://www.cinema.ucla.edu/festival/FP09/98fest2.html
image in its original context.
INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH LITERATURE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

DUNCAN, King of Scotland
MALCOLM and DONALBAIN, Duncan’s sons
MACBETH, General in the King's Army
LADY MACBETH
BANQUO, General in the King's Army
FLEANCE, Banquo's son
HECATE (goddess of the underworld and protector of witches)
3 WITCHES
MACDUFF, Nobleman of Scotland
LADY MACDUFF and son
LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, Noblemen of Scotland
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces
YOUNG SIWARD
SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and
Messengers
The Ghost of Banquo and several other Apparitions

SCENE: Chiefly at Macbeth's castles (Inverness, then Dunsinane) in
Scotland. End of Act IV is in England.
ACT I

SCENE I. An open Place. Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH When the hurlyburly's done, when the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH Where the place?

SECOND WITCH Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.

FIRST WITCH I come, Graymalkin!

ALL Paddock calls: anon: Fair is foul, and foul is fair: Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish]

SCENE II A Camp near Forres. Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.
DUNCAN  What bloody man is that? He can report, as seemeth by his plight, of the revolt the newest state.

MALCOLM   This is the sergeant who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought 'gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil as thou didst leave it.

SOLDIER  Doubtful it stood; As two spent swimmers that do cling together and choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald, worthy to be a rebel,--for to that the multiplying villainies of nature do swarm upon him, from the Western isles of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied; And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak; For brave Macbeth, well he deserves that name, disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel, which smok'd with bloody execution, like valor's minion, carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave; and ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, aill he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps, and fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUNCAN   O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

SOLDIER  As whence the sun 'gins his reflection shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break; so from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark: no sooner justice had, with valor arm'd, compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, but the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage, with furbish'd arms and new supplies of men, began a fresh assault.
INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH LITERATURE

DUNCAN  Dismay'd not this Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SOLDIER  Yes; As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. If I say sooth, I
must report they were as cannons overcharg'd with double cracks; so
they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe: Except they meant to bathe
in reeking wounds, or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell: But I am
faint; my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN  So well thy words become thee as thy wounds; they smack of
honor both.--Go, get him surgeons. (Exit Soldier, attended)  Who comes
here?

MALCOLM  The worthy Thane of Ross.

LENNOX  What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look that
seems to speak things strange.

[Enter Ross.]  ROSS.  God save the King!

DUNCAN.  Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

ROSS.  From Fife, great king; where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
and fan our people cold. Norway himself, with terrible numbers, assisted
by that most disloyal traitor the Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof, confronted him with self-
comparisons, point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm, curbing his
lavish spirit: and, to conclude, the victory fell on us.
DUNCAN   Great happiness!

ROSS   That now Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition; nor
would we deign him burial of his men till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's-
inch, ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUNCAN   No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive our bosom
interest:--go pronounce his present death, and with his former title greet
Macbeth.

ROSS   I'll see it done.

DUNCAN   What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III   A heath  [Thunder. Enter the three Witches.]

FIRST WITCH   Where hast thou been, sister?

SECOND WITCH   Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH   Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH   A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, and mounch'd, and
mounch'd, and mounch'd:--"Give me," quoth I: "Aroint thee, witch!" the
rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger: but in a sieve I'll thither sail, and, like a rat without a tail, I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH Thou art kind.

THIRD WITCH And I another.

FIRST WITCH I myself have all the other: and the very ports they blow, all the quarters that they know I' the shipman's card. I will drain him dry as hay: Sleep shall neither night nor day hang upon his pent-house lid; he shall live a man forbid: weary seven-nights nine times nine shall he dwindle, peak, and pine: though his bark cannot be lost, yet it shall be tempest-tost. Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH Here I have a pilot's thumb, wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.] THIRD WITCH A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.

ALL The weird sisters, hand in hand, posters of the sea and land, Thus do go about, about: Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, and thrice again, to make up nine: Peace! the charm's wound up.
[Enter Macbeth and Banquo.] MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO How far is't call'd to Forres?--What are these so wither'd, and so wild in their attire, that look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, and yet are on't?--Live you? or are you aught that man may question? You seem to understand me, by each at once her chappy finger laying upon her skinny lips:--you should be women, and yet your beards forbid me to interpret that you are so.

MACBETH Speak, if you can;--what are you?

FIRST WITCH All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear things that do sound so fair?-- I' the name of truth, are ye fantastical, or that indeed which outwardly ye show? My noble partner you greet with present grace and great prediction of noble having and of royal hope, that he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow, and which will not, speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear your favors nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH Hail!
SECOND WITCH   Hail!

THIRD WITCH   Hail!

FIRST WITCH   Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH   Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH   Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

FIRST WITCH   Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH   Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's death I know I am Thane of Glamis; but how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman; and to be king stands not within the prospect of belief, no more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence? or why upon this blasted heath you stop our way with such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you. [Witches vanish.]

BANQUO   The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, and these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH   Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!
BANQUO   Were such things here as we do speak about? Or have we eaten on the insane root that takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH   Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO   You shall be king.

MACBETH   And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

BANQUO   To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

[Enter Ross and Angus.] ROSS.   The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, the news of thy success: and when he reads thy personal venture in the rebels' fight, his wonders and his praises do contend which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that, in viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day, he finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, strange images of death. As thick as hail came post with post; and every one did bear thy praises in his kingdom's great defense, and pour'd them down before him.

ANGUS   We are sent to give thee, from our royal master, thanks; only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

ROSS   And, for an earnset of a greater honor, he bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor: In which addition, hail, most worthy thane, for it is thine.
INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH LITERATURE

BANQUO   What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH   The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me in borrow'd robes?

ANGUS   Who was the Thane lives yet; But under heavy judgement bears that life which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway, or did line the rebel with hidden help and vantage, or that with both he labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not; but treasons capital, confess'd and proved, have overthrown him.

MACBETH.   [Aside.] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor: The greatest is behind.--Thanks for your pains. Do you not hope your children shall be kings, when those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me promis'd no less to them?

BANQUO   That, trusted home, might yet enkindle you unto the crown, besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange: and oftentimes to win us to our harm, the instruments of darkness tell us truths; win us with honest trifles, to betray's in deepest consequence. Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACBETH   [Aside.] Two truths are told, as happy prologues to the swelling act of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen. [Aside.] This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill; cannot be good:--if ill, why hath it given me earnest of success, commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor: If good, why do I yield to that suggestion whose horrid image doth unfix my hair, and make my seated heart knock at my ribs, against
the use of nature? Present fears are less than horrible imaginings: My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, shakes so my single state of man, that function is smother’d in surmise; and nothing is but what is not.

BANQUO    Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACBETH    [Aside] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me without my stir.

BANQUO    New honors come upon him, like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould but with the aid of use.

MACBETH    [Aside] Come what come may, time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BANQUO    Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACBETH    Give me your favor:--my dull brain was wrought with things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd where every day I turn the leaf to read them.--Let us toward the king. Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time, the interim having weigh'd it, let us speak our free hearts each to other.

BANQUO    Very gladly.

MACBETH    Till then, enough.--Come, friends.  [Exeunt.]
SCENE IV. Forres. A Room in the Palace. [Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.]

DUNCAN Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not those in commission yet return'd?

MALCOLM My liege, they are not yet come back. But I have spoke with one that saw him die: who did report, that very frankly he confess'd his treasons; implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth a deep repentance: nothing in his life became him like the leaving it; he died as one that had been studied in his death, to throw away the dearest thing he ow'das 'twere a careless trifle.

DUNCAN There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face: He was a gentleman on whom I built an absolute trust. [Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.] O worthiest cousin! The sin of my ingratitude even now was heavy on me: thou art so far before, that swiftest wing of recompense is slow to overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd; That the proportion both of thanks and payment might have been mine! only I have left to say, more is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACBETH The service and the loyalty I owe, in doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part is to receive our duties: and our duties are to your throne and state, children and servants; which do but what they should, by doing everything safe toward your love and honor.
DUNCAN Welcome hither: I have begun to plant thee, and will labor to make thee full of growing.--Noble Banquo, that hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known no less to have done so, let me infold thee and hold thee to my heart.

BANQUO There if I grow, the harvest is your own.

DUNCAN My plenteous joys, wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves in drops of sorrow.--Sons, kinsmen, thanes, and you whose places are the nearest, know, we will establish our estate upon our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter the Prince of Cumberland: which honor must not unaccompanied invest him only, but signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine on all deservers. From hence to Inverness, and bind us further to you.

MACBETH The rest is labor, which is not us'd for you: I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful the hearing of my wife with your approach; so, humbly take my leave.

DUNCAN My worthy Cawdor!

MACBETH [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland!--That is a step, on which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, for in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires! Let not light see my black and deep desires: The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be, which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit]
DUNCAN True, worthy Banquo!—he is full so valiant; and in his commendations I am fed, It is a banquet to me. Let us after him, whose care is gone before to bid us welcome: It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt]

SCENE V Inverness. A Room in Macbeth’s Castle

[Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.] LADY MACBETH "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be what thou art promis’d; yet do I fear thy nature; it is too full o’ the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great; art not without ambition; but without the illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, and yet wouldst wrongly win: thou’dst have, great Glamis, that which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it: and that which rather thou dost fear to do than wishest should be undone."
Hie thee hither, that I may pour my spirits in thine ear; and chastise with the valor of my tongue all that impedes thee from the golden round, which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem to have thee crown'd withal. [Enter an Attendant.] What is your tidings?

ATTENDANT   The king comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH   Thou'rt mad to say it: Is not thy master with him? who, were't so, Would have inform'd for preparation.

ATTENDANT   So please you, it is true: our thane is coming: One of my fellows had the speed of him; who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more than would make up his message.

LADY MACBETH   Give him tending; He brings great news. [Exit Attendant] The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. Come, you spirits, that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here; and fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty! make thick my blood, stop up the access and passage to remorse, that no compunctious visitings of nature shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between the effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts, and take my milk for gall, your murdering ministers, wherever in your sightless substances you wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell that my keen knife see not the wound it makes nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark to cry, "Hold, hold!" [Enter Macbeth] Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor! Greater
than both, by the all-hail hereafter! Thy letters have transported me beyond this ignorant present, and I feel now the future in the instant.

MACBETH My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

MACBETH To-morrow,--as he purposes.

LADY MACBETH O, never shall sun that morrow see! Your face, my thane, is as a book where men may read strange matters:--to beguile the time, look like the time; bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under't. He that's coming must be provided for: and you shall put this night's great business into my despatch; which shall to all our nights and days to come give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACBETH We will speak further.

LADY MACBETH Only look up clear; To alter favor ever is to fear: Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt]

SCENE VI. The same. Before the Castle. [Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.]

[Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, Attendants.]
DUNCAN This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses.

BANQUO This guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet, does approve by his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle: Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd the air is delicate. [Enter Lady Macbeth.]

DUNCAN See, see, our honour'd hostess! The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you how you shall bid God ild us for your pains, and thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH All our service in every point twice done, and then done double, were poor and single business to contend against those honours deep and broad wherewith your majesty loads our house: for those of old, and the late dignities heap'd up to them, we rest your hermits.

DUNCAN Where's the Thane of Cawdor? We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose to be his purveyor: but he rides well; and his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him to his home before us. Fair and noble hostess, we are your guest tonight.

LADY MACBETH Your servants ever have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt, to make their audit at your highness' pleasure, still to return your own.
INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH LITERATURE

DUNCAN Give me your hand; Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly, and shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. The same. A Lobby in the Castle. [Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service.

Enter Macbeth. MACBETH If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly. If the assassination could trammel up the consequence, and catch, with his surcease, success; that but this blow might be the be-all and the end-all--here, but here, upon this bank and shoal of time, we'd jump the life to come. But in these cases we still have judgement here; that we but teach bloody instructions, which being taught, return to plague the inventor: this even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice to our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, strong both against the deed: then, as his host, who should against his murderer shut the door, not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been so clear in his great office, that his virtues will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking-off: and pity, like a naked new-born babe, striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd upon the sightless couriers of the air, shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, that tears shall drown the wind.--I have no spur
to prick the sides of my intent, but only vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other. [Enter Lady Macbeth.] How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

MACBETH Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH Know you not he has?

MACBETH We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people, which would be worn now in their newest gloss, not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH Was the hope drunk wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale at what it did so freely? From this time such I account thy love. Art thou afeard to be the same in thine own act and valor as thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, and live a coward in thine own esteem; letting 'dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat i' the adage?

MACBETH Pr'ythee, peace! I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH. What beast was't, then, that made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man; and, to be more than what you were, you would be so much more the man. Nor time nor place did then adhere, and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and that their fitness now does unmake you. I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums and dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you have done to this.

MACBETH  If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH  We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep, whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey soundly invite him, his two chamberlains will I with wine and wassail so convince that memory, the warder of the brain, shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason a limbec only: when in swinish sleep their drenched natures lie as in a death, what cannot you and I perform upon the unguarded Duncan? What not put upon his spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt of our great quell?

MACBETH  Bring forth men-children only; for thy undaunted mettle should compose nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd, when we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers, that they have don't?

LADY MACBETH  Who dares receive it other, as we shall make our griefs and clamor roar upon his death?
MACBETH I am settled, and bend up each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Away, and mock the time with fairest show: False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [Exeunt]

ACT II, SCENE I Inverness. Court within the Castle.

Enter Banquo, preceded by Fleance with torch. BANQUO How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO Hold, take my sword.--There's husbandry in heaven; Their candles are all out:--take thee that too. A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, and yet I would not sleep: merciful powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature gives way to in repose! Give me my sword. Who's there? [Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.]

MACBETH A friend.

BANQUO What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed: He hath been in unusual pleasure and sent forth great largess to your officers: This
diamond he greets your wife withal, by the name of most kind hostess; and shut up in measureless content.

MACBETH Being unprepar'd, our will became the servant to defect; which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO All's well. I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: To you they have show'd some truth.

MACBETH I think not of them: Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, we would spend it in some words upon that business, if you would grant the time.

BANQUO At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis, it shall make honor for you.

BANQUO So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still keep my bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear, I shall be counsell'd.

MACBETH Good repose the while!

BANQUO Thanks, sir: the like to you! [Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.]

MACBETH Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, she strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Servant.] Is this a dagger which I see
before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: I have theeh not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight? or art thou but a dagger of the mind, a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable as this which now I draw. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; and such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; and on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood, Which was not so before. There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder, alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, with Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth, hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear thy very stones prate of my whereabout, and take the present horror from the time, which now suits with it.--Whiles I threat, he lives; words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [A bell rings.] I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell that summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit]

[Enter Lady Macbeth] LADY MACBETH  That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold: What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.--Hark!--Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman, which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it: the doors are open; and the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets that death and nature do contend about them, whether they live or die.
MACBETH  [Within.] Who's there?--what, ho!

LADY MACBETH  Alack! I am afraid they have awak’d, and 'tis not done: the attempt, and not the deed, confounds us.--Hark!--I laid their daggers ready; he could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't. My husband! (Re-enter Macbeth)

MACBETH  I have done the deed.--Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH  I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?

MACBETH  When?

LADY MACBETH  Now.

MACBETH  As I descended?

LADY MACBETH  Ay.

MACBETH  Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH  Donalbain.

MACBETH  This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands]
LADY MACBETH   A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH   There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them: But they did say
their prayers, and address'd them again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH   There are two lodg'd together.

MACBETH   One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other; as they
had seen me with these hangman's hands. Listening their fear, I could not
say "Amen," when they did say, "God bless us."

LADY MACBETH   Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH   But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"? I had most
need of blessing, and "Amen" stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH   These deeds must not be thought after these ways; so,
it will make us mad.

MACBETH   I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder
sleep,"--the innocent sleep; sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
the death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, balm of hurt minds, great
nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.

LADY MACBETH   What do you mean?
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MACBETH Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house: "Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

LADY MACBETH Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane, You do unbend your noble strength to think so brainsickly of things.--Go get some water, and wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: go carry them; and smear the sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, for it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within]

MACBETH Whence is that knocking? How is't with me, when every noise appals me? What hands are here? Ha, they pluck out mine eyes! Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red.

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth]

LADY MACBETH My hands are of your color, but I shame to wear a heart so white. [Knocking within] I hear knocking at the south entry: retire we
to our chamber. A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it then! Your constancy hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.] Hark, more knocking: Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us and show us to be watchers:--be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [Knocking within] Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [Exeunt]

(Enter a Porter. Knocking within) PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [Knocking] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins now about you; here you'll sweat for't.--[Knocking] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. (Knocking) Knock, knock: never at quiet! What are you?--But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate]

[Enter Macduff and Lennox] MACDUFF Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?
PORTER   Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF   What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORTER   Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACDUFF   Is thy master stirring? Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

[Enter Macbeth.]

LENNOX   Good morrow, noble sir!

MACBETH   Good morrow, both!
MACDUFF Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH Not yet.

MACDUFF He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACBETH I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH The labour we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call. For 'tis my limited service. [Exit Macduff]

LENNOX Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH He does: he did appoint so.

LENNOX The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death; And prophesying, with accents terrible, Of dire combustion and confus'd events, New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night; some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

MACBETH  'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX  My young remembrance cannot parallel a fellow to it.
[Re-enter Macduff]

MACDUFF.  O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart cannot conceive
nor name thee!

MACBETH, LENNOX  What's the matter?

MACDUFF  Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

MACBETH  What is't you say? the life?

LENNOX  Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF  Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight with a new
Gorgon: do not bid me speak; see, and then speak yourselves. [Exeunt
Macbeth and Lennox] Awake, awake! Ring the alarum bell: murder and
treason! Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, and look on death itself! up, up, and see. The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites to countenance this horror! [Alarum-bell rings]

[Re-enter Lady Macbeth]

LADY MACBETH What's the business, that such a hideous trumpet calls to parley the sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF O gentle lady, 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak: The repetition, in a woman's ear, would murder as it fell. [Re-enter Banquo] O Banquo, Banquo! Our royal master's murder'd!

LADY MACBETH Woe, alas! What, in our house?

BANQUO Too cruel any where. Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself, And say it is not so. [Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross]

MACBETH Had I but died an hour before this chance, i had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant there's nothing serious in mortality: all is but toys: renown and grace is dead; the wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees is left this vault to brag of.

[Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.] DONALBAIN What is amiss?
MACBETH   You are, and do not know't: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

MACDUFF   Your royal father's murder'd.

MALCOLM   O, by whom?

LENNOX   Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't: Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood; so were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found upon their pillows: They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH   O, yet I do repent me of my fury, that I did kill them.

MACDUFF   Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH   Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious, loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: The expedition of my violent love outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan, his silver skin lac'd with his golden blood; and his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature for ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain, that had a heart to love, and in that heart courage to make's love known?

LADY MACBETH   Help me hence, ho!

MACDUFF   Look to the lady.
MALCOLM Why do we hold our tongues, that most may claim this argument for ours?

DONALBAIN What should be spoken here, where our fate, hid in an auger hole, may rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears are not yet brew'd.

MALCOLM Nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion.

BANQUO Look to the lady: [Lady Macbeth is carried out] And when we have our naked frailties hid, that suffer in exposure, let us meet, and question this most bloody piece of work to know it further. Fears and scruples shake us: In the great hand of God I stand; and thence, against the undivulg'd pretense I fight of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF And so do I.

ALL So all.

MACBETH Let's briefly put on manly readiness, and meet i' the hall together.

ALL Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain] MALCOLM. What will you do? Let's not consort with them: To show an unfelt sorrow is an office which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
DONALBAIN To Ireland, I; our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer: where we are, there's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood, the nearer bloody.

MALCOLM This murderous shaft that's shot hath not yet lighted; and our safest way Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse; and let us not be dainty of leave-taking, but shift away: there's warrant in that theft which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. The same. Without the Castle. [Enter Ross and an old Man.]

OLD MAN Threescore and ten I can remember well: Within that volume of time I have seen hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS Ah, good father, thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act, threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day, and yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp; Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame, that darkness does the face of earth entomb, when living light should kiss it?

OLD MAN 'Tis unnatural, even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last, a falcon, towering in her pride of place, was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
ROSS And Duncan's horses,--a thing most strange and certain, beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make war with mankind.

OLD MAN 'Tis said they eat each other.

ROSS They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes, that look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff. [Enter Macduff] How goes the world, sir, now?

MACDUFF Why, see you not?

ROSS Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACDUFF Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSS Alas, the day! What good could they pretend?

MACDUFF They were suborn'd: Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons, are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them suspicion of the deed.

ROSS 'Gainst nature still: Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like, the sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACDUFF He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone to be invested.
ROSS Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF Carried to Colme-kill, the sacred storehouse of his predecessors, and guardian of their bones.

ROSS Will you to Scone?

MACDUFF No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSS Well, I will thither.

MACDUFF Well, may you see things well done there, adieu! Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ROSS Farewell, father.

OLD MAN God's benison go with you; and with those that would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I Forres. A Room in the Palace [Enter Banquo]

BANQUO Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all, as the weird women promis'd; and, I fear, thou play'dst most fouly for't; yet it was said
it should not stand in thy posterity; but that myself should be the root and father of many kings. If there come truth from them, as upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine, why, by the verities on thee made good, may they not be my oracles as well, and set me up in hope? But hush; no more.

[Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth as Queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants]

MACBETH Here's our chief guest.

LADY MACBETH If he had been forgotten, it had been as a gap in our great feast, and all-thing unbecoming.

MACBETH To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir, and I'll request your presence.

BANQUO Let your highness command upon me; to the which my duties are with a most indissoluble tie for ever knit.

MACBETH Ride you this afternoon?

BANQUO Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH We should have else desir'd your good advice, Which still hath been both grave and prosperous, in this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow. Is't far you ride?
BANQUO   As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 'twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better, I must become a borrower of the night, for a dark hour or twain.

MACBETH   Fail not our feast.

BANQUO   My lord, I will not.

MACBETH   We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd in England and in Ireland; not confessing their cruel parricide, filling their hearers with strange invention: but of that to-morrow; when therewithal we shall have cause of state craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu, till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO   Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

MACBETH   I wish your horses swift and sure of foot; and so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell. [Exit Banquo] Let every man be master of his time till seven at night; to make society the sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself till supper time alone: while then, God be with you! [Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.] Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men our pleasure?

ATTENDANT   They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACBETH   Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant] To be thus is nothing; but to be safely thus:--our fears in Banquo. Stick deep; and in his royalty
of nature reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares; and, to that dauntless temper of his mind, he hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour to act in safety. There is none but he whose being I do fear: and under him, my genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters when first they put the name of king upon me, and bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like, they hail'd him father to a line of kings: Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown, and put a barren sceptre in my gripe, thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand, no son of mine succeeding. If't be so, for Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind; for them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd; put rancours in the vessel of my peace only for them; and mine eternal jewel given to the common enemy of man, to make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! Rather than so, come, fate, into the list, and champion me to the utterance! Who's there? [Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers] Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. [Exit Attendant] Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH Well then, now have you consider'd of my speeches? Know that it was he, in the times past, which held you so under fortune; which you thought had been our innocent self: this I made good to you in our last conference, pass'd in probation with you how you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments, who wrought with them, and all things else that might to half a soul and to a notion craz'd say, "Thus did Banquo."

FIRST MURDERER You made it known to us.
MACBETH I did so; and went further, which is now our point of second meeting. Do you find your patience so predominant in your nature, that you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd, to pray for this good man and for his issue, whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave, and beggar'd yours forever?

FIRST MURDERER We are men, my liege.

MACBETH Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; as hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept all by the name of dogs: the valu'd file distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, the house-keeper, the hunter, every one according to the gift which bounteous nature hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive particular addition, from the bill that writes them all alike: and so of men. Now, if you have a station in the file, not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it; and I will put that business in your bosoms, whose execution takes your enemy off; grapples you to the heart and love of us, who wear our health but sickly in his life, which in his death were perfect.

SECOND MURDERER I am one, my liege, whom the vile blows andbuffets of the world have so incens'd that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER And I another, so weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune, that I would set my life on any chance, to mend it or be rid on't.

MACBETH Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.
BOTH MURDERERS  True, my lord.

MACBETH  So is he mine; and in such bloody distance, that every minute of his being thrusts against my near'st of life; and though I could with barefac'd power sweep him from my sight, and bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, for certain friends that are both his and mine, whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall who I myself struck down: and thence it is that I to your assistance do make love; masking the business from the common eye for sundry weighty reasons.

SECOND MURDERER  We shall, my lord, perform what you command us.

FIRST MURDERER  Though our lives

MACBETH  Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most, I will advise you where to plant yourselves; acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, the moment on't; for't must be done to-night and something from the palace; always thought that I require a clearness; and with him, to leave no rubs nor botches in the work, Fleance his son, that keeps him company, whose absence is no less material to me than is his father's, must embrace the fate of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart: I'll come to you anon.

BOTH MURDERERS  We are resolv'd, my lord.
MACBETH I'll call upon you straight: abide within. [Exeunt Murderers.] It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, if it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit]

SCENE II. The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant. LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court?

SERVANT Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

LADY MACBETH Say to the king, I would attend his leisure for a few words.

SERVANT Madam, I will. [Exit]

LADY MACBETH. Naught's had, all's spent, where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy, Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy. [Enter Macbeth] How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, of sorriest fancies your companions making; using those thoughts which should indeed have died with them they think on? Things without all remedy should be without regard: what's done is done.

MACBETH. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it; she'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice remains in danger of her former tooth. But
let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer, ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep in the affliction of these terrible dreams that shake us nightly: better be with the dead, whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, than on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well; treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, can touch him further.

LADY MACBETH    Come on; gently my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

MACBETH    So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you: Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both with eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honors in these flattering streams; And make our faces vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH    You must leave this.

MACBETH    O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

LADY MACBETH    But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

MACBETH    There's comfort yet; they are assailable; Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons, The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums, Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done A deed of dreadful note.
LADY MACBETH   What's to be done?

MACBETH   Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night, Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day; And with thy bloody and invisible hand cancel and tear to pieces that great bond which keeps me pale!--Light thickens; and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood: Good things of day begin to droop and drowse; whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse. Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still; things bad begun make strong themselves by ill: So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt]

SCENE III. The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.
[Enter three Murderers]

FIRST MURDERER   But who did bid thee join with us?

THIRD MURDERER   Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER   He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers our offices and what we have to do to the direction just.

FIRST MURDERER   Then stand with us. The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day: Now spurs the lated traveller apace, to gain the timely inn; and near approaches the subject of our watch.
THIRD MURDERER   Hark! I hear horses.

BANQUO   [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

SECOND MURDERER   Then 'tis he; the rest that are within the note of expectation already are i’ the court.

FIRST MURDERER   His horses go about.

THIRD MURDERER   Almost a mile; but he does usually, so all men do, from hence to the palace gate make it their walk.

SECOND MURDERER   A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER   'Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER   Stand to’t.

[Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch]  BANQUO   It will be rain to-night.

FIRST MURDERER   Let it come down.  [Assaults Banquo]

BANQUO   O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly! Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes]
THIRD MURDERER   Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER   Was't not the way?

THIRD MURDERER   There's but one down: the son is fled.

SECOND MURDERER   We have lost best half of our affair.

FIRST MURDERER   Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV. The same. A Room of state in the Palace. A banquet prepared.

[Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants]

MACBETH You know your own degrees: sit down. At first and last the hearty welcome.

LORDS   Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH   Ourself will mingle with society and play the humble host. Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time, we will require her welcome.

LADY MACBETH   Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends; for my heart speaks they are welcome.

MACBETH   See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:  [Enter first Murderer to the door]  Be
large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure the table round. There's blood upon thy face.

MURDERER   'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH   'Tis better thee without than he within. Is he despatch'd?

MURDERER   My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

MACBETH   Thou art the best o' the cut-throats; yet he's good that did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

MURDERER   Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

MACBETH   Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect; whole as the marble, founded as the rock; as broad and general as the casing air: but now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in to saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

MURDERER   Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides, with twenty trenched gashes on his head; the least a death to nature.

MACBETH   Thanks for that: There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled hath nature that in time will venom breed, no teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-morrow we'll hear, ourselves, again. [Exit Murderer]
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LADY MACBETH My royal lord, you do not give the cheer: the feast is sold that is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making, 'tis given with welcome; to feed were best at home; from thence the sauce to meat is ceremony; meeting were bare without it.

MACBETH Sweet remembrancer! Now, good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!

LENNOX May't please your highness sit.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]

MACBETH Here had we now our country's honor roof'd, were the grac'd person of our Banquo present; Who may I rather challenge for unkindness than pity for mischance!

ROSS His absence, sir, Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness to grace us with your royal company?

MACBETH The table's full.

LENNOX Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

MACBETH Where?

LENNOX Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
MACBETH Which of you have done this?

LORDS What, my good lord?

MACBETH Thou canst not say I did it: never shake thy gory locks at me.

ROSS Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

LADY MACBETH Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus, and hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat; the fit is momentary; upon a thought he will again be well: if much you note him, you shall offend him, and extend his passion: feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

MACBETH Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that which might appal the devil.

LADY MACBETH O proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear: This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said, led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts, Impostors to true fear, would well become a woman's story at a winter's fire, authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done, you look but on a stool.

MACBETH Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. If charnel houses and our graves must send those that we bury back, our monuments shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost disappears]
LADY MACBETH   What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACBETH   If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY MACBETH   Fie, for shame!

MACBETH   Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time, ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd eoo terrible for the ear: the time has been, that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end; but now they rise again, with twenty mortal murders on their crowns, and push us from our stools: this is more strange than such a murder is.

LADY MACBETH   My worthy lord, your noble friends do lack you.
MACBETH   I do forget: Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing to those that know me. Come, love and health to all; then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full. I drink to the general joy o' the whole table, and to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss: Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst, and all to all.

LORDS   Our duties, and the pledge.

[Ghost rises again.] MACBETH   Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with!
LADY MACBETH: Think of this, good peers, but as a thing of custom: 'tis no other, only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACBETH: What man dare, I dare: Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, the arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; take any shape but that, and my firm nerves ahall never tremble: or be alive again, and dare me to the desert with thy sword; if trembling I inhabit then, protest me the baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost disappears] Why, so;--being gone, I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

LADY MACBETH: You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

MACBETH: Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder? You make me strange even to the disposition that I owe, when now I think you can behold such sights, aAnd keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, when mine are blanch'd with fear.

ROSS: What sights, my lord?

LADY MACBETH: I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse; Question enrages him: at once, good-night: Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

LENNOX: Good-night; and better health attend his majesty!
LADY MACBETH  A kind good-night to all! [Exeunt all Lords and Atendants]

MACBETH  It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood: Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak; augurs, and understood relations, have by magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth the secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

LADY MACBETH Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person at our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH   Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH  I hear it by the way; but I will send: There's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow, (and betimes I will) to the weird sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know, by the worst means, the worst. For mine own good, all causes shall give way: I am in blood step't in so far that, should I wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o'er: strange things I have in head, that will to hand; Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

LADY MACBETH  You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH  Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse is the initiate fear that wants hard use: We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.]
SCENE V. The heath. [Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.]

FIRST WITCH  Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

HECATE  Have I not reason, beldams as you are, saucy and overbold? How did you dare to trade and traffic with Macbeth in riddles and affairs of death; and I, the mistress of your charms, the close contriver of all harms, was never call'd to bear my part, or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done hath been but for a wayward son, spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do, loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: get you gone, and at the pit of Acheron meet me i' the morning: thither he will come to know his destiny. Your vessels and your spells provide, your charms, and everything beside. I am for the air; this night I'll spend unto a dismal and a fatal end. Great business must be wrought ere noon: Upon the corner of the moon there hangs a vaporous drop profound; I'll catch it ere it come to ground: And that, distill'd by magic sleights, shall raise such artificial sprites, as, by the strength of their illusion, shall draw him on to his confusion: He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear his hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear: And you all know, security is mortals' chieftest enemy. [Music and song within, "Come away, come away" &c.] Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see, sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me. [Exit]

FIRST WITCH  Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

[Exeunt]
SCENE VI. Forres. A Room in the Palace

[Enter Lennox and another Lord.] LENNOX My former speeches have but hit your thoughts, which can interpret further: only, I say, thing's have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead: And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late; whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd, for Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous it was for Malcolm and for Donalbain to kill their gracious father? damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight, in pious rage, the two delinquents tear that were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep? Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too; For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive, to hear the men deny't. So that, I say, he has borne all things well: and I do think, that had he Duncan's sons under his key, as, an't please heaven, he shall not, they should find what 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace!--for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd his presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell where he bestows himself?

LORD The son of Duncan, from whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, lives in the English court and is receiv'd of the most pious Edward with such grace that the malevolence of fortune nothing takes from his high respect: thither Macduff is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid to wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward: That, by the help of these,--with Him above to ratify the work,--we may again give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights; free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives; do faithful homage, and receive free honours, all which we pine for now: and
this report hath so exasperate the king that he prepares for some attempt of war.

LENNOX   Sent he to Macduff?

LORD   He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I," The cloudy messenger turns me his back, and hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time that clogs me with this answer."

LENNOX   And that well might advise him to a caution, to hold what distance his wisdom can provide. Some holy angel fly to the court of England, and unfold his message ere he come; that a swift blessing may soon return to this our suffering country under a hand accurs'd!

LORD.   I'll send my prayers with him. [Exeunt.]
ACT IV, SCENE I. A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron Boiling. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches FIRST WITCH Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

THIRD WITCH Harpier cries:--"tis time, 'tis time.

FIRST WITCH Round about the caldron go; in the poison'd entrails throw. Toad, that under cold stone, days and nights has thirty-one swelter'd venom sleeping got, boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

ALL Double, double, toil and trouble; fire, burn; and caldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH Fillet of a fenny snake, in the caldron boil and bake; eye of newt, and toe of frog, wool of bat, and tongue of dog, adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg, and howlet's wing, for a charm of powerful trouble, like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL Double, double, toil and trouble; fire, burn; and caldron, bubble.

THIRD WITCH Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, witch's mummy, maw and gulf of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark, liver of blaspheming Jew, gall of goat, and slips of yew sliver'd in the moon's eclipse, nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips, finger of birth-strangl'd babe ditch-
deliver'd by a drab, make the gruel thick and slab: add thereto a tiger's chaudron, for the ingredients of our caldron.

ALL   Double, double, toil and trouble; fire, burn; and caldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH   Cool it with a baboon's blood, then the charm is firm and good.  [Enter Hecate]

HECATE   O, well done! I commend your pains; and everyone shall share i' the gains. And now about the caldron sing, like elves and fairies in a ring, enchanting all that you put in.

(Song)   Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray; mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.  [Exit Hecate]

SECOND WITCH   By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes:  Open, locks, whoever knocks!

[Enter Macbeth]
MACBETH   How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!  What is't you do?

ALL   A deed without a name.

MACBETH   I conjure you, by that which you profess, howe'er you come to know it, answer me: Though you untie the winds, and let them fight against the churches; though the yesty waves confound and swallow
navigation up; though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down; though castles topple on their warders' heads; though palaces and pyramids do slope their heads to their foundations; though the treasure of nature's germins tumble all together, even till destruction sicken,—answer me to what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH   Speak.

SECOND WITCH   Demand.

THIRD WITCH   We'll answer.

FIRST WITCH   Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths, or from our masters?

MACBETH   Call 'em, let me see 'em.

FIRST WITCH   Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten her nine farrow; grease that's sweated from the murderer's gibbet throw into the flame.

ALL   Come, high or low; thyself and office deftly show! [Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.]

MACBETH   Tell me, thou unknown power,

FIRST WITCH   He knows thy thought: Hear his speech, but say thou naught.
INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH LITERATURE

APPARITION  Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Macduff; Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough. [Descends]

MACBETH  Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks; Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:--but one word more,--

FIRST WITCH  He will not be commanded: here's another, more potent than the first.


MACBETH  Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

APPARITION  Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm Macbeth. [Descends]

MACBETH  Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee? But yet I'll make assurance double sure, and take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live; that I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder. What is this, [Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.] That rises like the issue of a king, and wears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty?

ALL  Listen, but speak not to't.
APPARITION Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are: Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill shall come against him. [Descends]

MACBETH. That will never be: Who can impress the forest; bid the tree unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements, good! Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath to time and mortal custom. Yet my heart throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever reign in this kingdom?

ALL Seek to know no more.

MACBETH I will be satisfied: deny me this, and an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know: Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [Hautboys.]

FIRST WITCH Show!

SECOND WITCH Show!

THIRD WITCH Show!

ALL Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; come like shadows, so depart! [Eight kings appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following.]
MACBETH   Thou are too like the spirit of Banquo; down! Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:--and thy hair, thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first; a third is like the former.--Filthy hags! Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes! What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more: And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass which shows me many more; and some I see that twofold balls and treble sceptres carry: Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true; for the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me, and points at them for his. What! is this so?

FIRST WITCH   Ay, sir, all this is so: but why stands Macbeth thus amazedly? Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites, and show the best of our delights; I'll charm the air to give a sound, while you perform your antic round; that this great king may kindly say, our duties did his welcome pay. [Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.]

MACBETH   Where are they? Gone?--Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar! Come in, without there!

[Enter Lennox] LENNOX   What's your grace's will?

MACBETH   Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX   No, my lord.

MACBETH   Came they not by you?
LENNOX No indeed, my lord.

MACBETH Infected be the air whereon they ride; and damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear the galloping of horse: who was't came by?

LENNOX 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH Fled to England!

LENNOX Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits: The flighty purpose never is o'ertook unless the deed go with it: from this moment the very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand. And even now, to crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done: The castle of Macduff I will surprise; Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword his wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls that trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool; this deed I'll do before this purpose cool: But no more sights!--Where are these gentlemen? Come, bring me where they are.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle

[Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross]

LADY MACDUFF What had he done, to make him fly the land?
ROSS   You must have patience, madam.

LADY MACDUFF   He had none: His flight was madness: when our actions do not, our fears do make us traitors.

ROSS   You know not whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

LADY MACDUFF   Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes, his mansion, and his titles, in a place from whence himself does fly? He loves us not: He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren, the most diminutive of birds, will fight, her young ones in her nest, against the owl. All is the fear, and nothing is the love; as little is the wisdom, where the flight so runs against all reason.

ROSS   My dearest coz, I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband, he is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows the fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further: But cruel are the times, when we are traitors, and do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour from what we fear, yet know not what we fear, but float upon a wild and violent sea each way and move. I take my leave of you: Shall not be long but I'll be here again: Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward to what they were before.--My pretty cousin, blessing upon you!

LADY MACDUFF   Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

ROSS   I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, it would be my disgrace and your discomfort: I take my leave at once.  [Exit]
LADY MACDUFF   Sirrah, your father's dead; and what will you do now?  
How will you live?

SON   As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF   What, with worms and flies?

SON   With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF   Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime, the pit-
fall nor the gin.

SON   Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for. My father is  
not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF   Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for father?

SON   Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF   Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON   Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF   Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith, with wit
enough for thee.
SON   Was my father a traitor, mother?

LADY MACDUFF   Ay, that he was.

SON   What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF   Why, one that swears and lies.

SON   And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF   Everyone that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

SON   And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF   Every one.

SON   Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF   Why, the honest men.

SON   Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers now to beat the honest men and hang up them.

LADY MACDUFF   Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
SON    If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a
good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

LADY MACDUFF    Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

[Enter a Messenger] MESSENGER    Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known, though in your state of honor I am perfect. I doubt some danger
does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, be not
found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am
too savage; to do worse to you were fell cruelty, which is too nigh your
person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer. [Exit]

LADY MACDUFF    Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I
remember now I am in this earthly world; where to do harm is often
laudable; to do good sometime accounted dangerous folly: Why then,
alas, do I put up that womanly defence, to say I have done no harm? What
are these faces?

[Enter Murderers.]  FIRST MURDERER    Where is your husband?

LADY MACDUFF    I hope, in no place so unsanctified where such as thou
mayst find him.

FIRST MURDERER    He's a traitor.

SON    Thou liest, thou shag-haar'd villain!
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FIRST MURDERER   What, you egg!  [Stabbing him.]  Young fry of treachery!

SON   He has kill'd me, mother: Run away, I pray you! (Dies. Exit Lady Macduff, crying Murder, and pursued by the Murderers.)

SCENE III. England. Before the King's Palace.

[Enter Malcolm and Macduff.]
MALCOLM   Let us seek out some desolate shade and there weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACDUFF   Let us rather hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men, bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn new widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows strike heaven on the face, that it resounds as if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out like syllable of dolour.

MALCOLM   What I believe, I'll wail; What know, believe; and what I can redress, as I shall find the time to friend, I will. What you have spoke, it may be so perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, was once thought honest: you have loved him well; he hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something you may deserve of him through me; and wisdom to offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb to appease an angry god.
MACDUFF I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM But Macbeth is. A good and virtuous nature may recoil in an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; that which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose; Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, yet grace must still look so.

MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.

MALCOLM Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. Why in that rawness left you wife and child, those precious motives, those strong knots of love, without leave-taking? I pray you, let not my jealousies be your dishonors, but mine own safeties: you may be rightly just, whatever I shall think.

MACDUFF Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, for goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs, The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord: I would not be the villain that thou think'st For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp and the rich East to boot.

MALCOLM Be not offended: I speak not as in absolute fear of you. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; it weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash is added to her wounds. I think, withal, there would be hands uplifted in my right; and here, from gracious England, have I offer of goodly thousands: but, for all this, when I shall tread upon the tyrant's
head, or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country shall have more vices than it had before; more suffer, and more sundry ways than ever, by him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF What should he be?

MALCOLM It is myself I mean: in whom I know all the particulars of vice so grafted that, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd with my confineless harms.

MACDUFF Not in the legions of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd in evils to top Macbeth.

MALCOLM I grant him bloody, luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin that has a name: but there's no bottom, none, in my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters, your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up the cistern of my lust; and my desire all continent impediments would o'erbear, that did oppose my will: better Macbeth than such an one to reign.

MACDUFF Boundless intemperance in nature is a tyranny; it hath been the untimely emptying of the happy throne, and fall of many kings. But fear not yet to take upon you what is yours: you may convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, and yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink. We have willing dames enough; there cannot be that vulture in
you, to devour so many as will to greatness dedicate themselves, finding it so inclin'd.

MALCOLM With this there grows, in my most ill-compos'd affection, such a stanchless avarice, that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands; Desire his jewels, and this other's house: And my more-having would be as a sauce to make me hunger more; that I should forge quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF This avarice sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been the sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear; Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will, of your mere own: all these are portable, with other graces weigh'd.

MALCOLM But I have none: the king-becoming graces, as justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, I have no relish of them; but abound in the division of each several crime, acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, uproar the universal peace, confound all unity on earth.

MACDUFF O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM If such a one be fit to govern, speak: I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF Fit to govern! No, not to live!--O nation miserable, with an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd, when shalt thou see thy wholesome days
again, since that the truest issue of thy throne by his own interdiction stands accurs'd and does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee, oftener upon her knees than on her feet, died every day she lived. Fare-thee-well! These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself have banish'd me from Scotland.--O my breast, thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM  Macduff, this noble passion, child of integrity, hath from my soul wiped the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts to thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth by many of these trains hath sought to win me into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me from over-credulous haste: but God above deal between thee and me! for even now I put myself to thy direction, and unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure the taints and blames I laid upon myself, for strangers to my nature. I am yet unknown to woman; never was forsworn; scarcely have coveted what was mine own; at no time broke my faith; would not betray the devil to his fellow; and delight no less in truth than life: my first false speaking was this upon myself:--what I am truly, is thine and my poor country's to command: Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach, Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men already at a point, was setting forth: Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

MACDUFF  Such welcome and unwelcome things at once 'tis hard to reconcile.

[Enter a Doctor.]
INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH LITERATURE

MALCOLM Well; more anon.--Comes the king forth, I pray you?

DOCTOR Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls that stay his cure: their malady convinces the great assay of art; but, at his touch, such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, they presently amend.

MALCOLM I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor]

MACDUFF What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM 'Tis call'd the evil: A most miraculous work in this good king; which often, since my here-remain in England, I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven, himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, all swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, the mere despair of surgery, he cures; hanging a golden stamp about their necks, put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken, to the succeeding royalty he leaves the healing benediction. With this strange virtue, he hath a heavenly gift of prophecy; and sundry blessings hang about his throne, that speak him full of grace.

MACDUFF See, who comes here?

MALCOLM My countryman; but yet I know him not. [Enter Ross.]

MACDUFF My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MALCOLM I know him now. Good God, betimes remove the means that makes us strangers!
ROSS   Sir, amen.

MACDUFF   Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSS   Alas, poor country, almost afraid to know itself! It cannot be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing, but who knows nothing, is once seen to smile; where sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air, are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems a modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives expire before the flowers in their caps, dying or ere they sicken.

MACDUFF   O, relation too nice, and yet too true!

MALCOLM   What's the newest grief?

ROSS   That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker; each minute teems a new one.

MACDUFF   How does my wife?

ROSS   Why, well.

MACDUFF   And all my children?
ROSS   Well too.

MACDUFF   The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
ROSS    No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

MACDUFF    Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?

ROSS    When I came hither to transport the tidings, which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour of many worthy fellows that were out; which was to my belief witness'd the rather, for that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot: now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland would create soldiers, make our women fight, to doff their dire distresses.

MALCOLM    Be't their comfort we are coming thither: gracious England hath lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; an older and a better soldier none that Christendom gives out.

ROSS    Would I could answer this comfort with the like! But I have words that would be howl'd out in the desert air, where hearing should not latch them.

MACDUFF    What concern they? The general cause? or is it a fee-grief due to some single breast?

ROSS    No mind that's honest but in it shares some woe; though the main part pertains to you alone.

MACDUFF    If it be mine, keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
ROSS  Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, which shall possess them with the heaviest sound that ever yet they heard.

MACDUFF  Humh! I guess at it.

ROSS  Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer, to add the death of you.

MALCOLM  Merciful heaven! What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows; Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

MACDUFF  My children too?

ROSS  Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

MACDUFF  And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too?

ROSS  I have said.

MALCOLM  Be comforted: Let's make us medicines of our great revenge, to cure this deadly grief.

MACDUFF  He has no children.--All my pretty ones? Did you say all?--O hell-kite!--All? What, all my pretty chickens and their dam at one fell swoop?
MALCOLM  Dispute it like a man.

MACDUFF  I shall do so; but I must also feel it as a man: I cannot but remember such things were, that were most precious to me.--Did heaven look on, and would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, they were all struck for thee! naught that I am, not for their own demerits, but for mine, fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

MALCOLM  Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACDUFF  O, I could play the woman with mine eye, and braggart with my tongue!--But, gentle heavens, cut short all intermission; front to front bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!

MALCOLM  This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth is ripe for shaking, and the powers above put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may; the night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE I  Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

[Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.] DOCTOR  I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?
GENTLEWOMAN Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching—In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENTLEWOMAN That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCTOR You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

GENTLEWOMAN Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes! [Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.] This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCTOR You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense is shut.
DOCTOR What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot! out, I say!-- One; two; why, then 'tis time to do't ;--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?--What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCTOR Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.
LADY MACBETH  Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

DOCTOR  What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENTLEWOMAN  I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCTOR  Well, well, well,--

GENTLEWOMAN  Pray God it be, sir.

DOCTOR  This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH  Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

DOCTOR  Even so?

LADY MACBETH  To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit]

DOCTOR  Will she go now to bed?
GENTLEWOMAN   Directly.

DOCTOR   Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine than the physician. God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; remove from her the means of all annoyance, and still keep eyes upon her: so, good-night: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN   Good-night, good doctor. [Exeunt]

SCENE II   The Country near Dunsinane.

[Enter. with drum and colours, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.]

MENTEITH   The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, his uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes would to the bleeding and the grim alarm excite the mortified man.

ANGUS Near Birnam wood shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CAITHNESS   Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
LENNOX  For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file of all the gentry: there is Siward's son and many unrough youths, that even now protest their first of manhood.

MENTEITH  What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS  Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, he cannot buckle his distemper'd cause within the belt of rule.

ANGUS  Now does he feel his secret murders sticking on his hands; now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breacht; those he commands move only in command, nothing in love: now does he feel his title hang loose about him, like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief.

MENTEITH  Who, then, shall blame his pester'd senses to recoil and start, when all that is within him does condemn itself for being there?

CAITHNESS  Well, march we on, to give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd: Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal; and with him pour we, in our country's purge, aach drop of us.

LENNOX  Or so much as it needs, to dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching]

SCENE III  Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle
[Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.]

MACBETH. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know all mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus, "Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes, and mingle with the English epicures: the mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. [Enter a Servant] The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon! Where gott'st thou that goose look?

SERVANT There is ten thousand--

MACBETH Geese, villain?

SERVANT Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear, thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERVANT The English force, so please you.

MACBETH Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.] Seyton!--I am sick at heart, when I behold--Seyton, I say!- This push will chair me ever or
disseat me now. I have liv'd long enough: my way of life is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf; and that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath, which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton! [Enter Seyton.]

SEYTON What's your gracious pleasure?

MACBETH What news more?

SEYTON All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACBETH I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd. Give me my armour.

SEYTON 'Tis not needed yet.

MACBETH I'll put it on. Send out more horses, skirr the country round; hang those that talk of fear.--Give me mine armour. How does your patient, doctor?

DOCTOR Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, that keep her from her rest.

MACBETH Cure her of that: Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd; Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow; raze out the written troubles of
the brain; and with some sweet oblivious antidote cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR Therein the patient must minister to himself.

MACBETH Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it. Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff: Seyton, send out. Doctor, the Thanes fly from me. Come, sir, despatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast the water of my land, find her disease, and purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee to the very echo, that should applaud again. Pull't off, I say. What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

DOCTOR Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation makes us hear something.

MACBETH Bring it after me. I will not be afraid of death and bane, Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exeunt all except Doctor.]

DOCTOR Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.]

SCENE IV Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.

[Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.]

MALCOLM Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand that chambers will be safe.
MENTEITH We doubt it nothing.

SIWARD What wood is this before us?

MENTEITH The wood of Birnam.

MALCOLM Let every soldier hew him down a bough, and bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow the numbers of our host, and make discovery err in report of us.

SOLDIERS It shall be done.

SIWARD We learn no other but the confident tyrant keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure our setting down before't.

MALCOLM 'Tis his main hope: For where there is advantage to be given, both more and less have given him the revolt; and none serve with him but constrained things, whose hearts are absent too.

MACDUFF Let our just censures attend the true event, and put we on industrious soldiership.

SIWARD The time approaches, that will with due decision make us know what we shall say we have, and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate; but certain issue strokes must arbitrate: towards which advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.]
SCENE V  Dunsinane. Within the castle

[Enter with drum and colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.]

MACBETH  Hang out our banners on the outward walls; the cry is still, "They come:" our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie till famine and the ague eat them up: were they not forc'd with those that should be ours, we might have met them dareful, beard to beard, and beat them backward home. [A cry of women within.] What is that noise?

SEYTON  It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit]

MACBETH  I have almost forgot the taste of fears: The time has been, my senses would have cool'd to hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir as life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors; direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts, cannot once start me. [Re-enter Seyton.] Wherefore was that cry?

SEYTON  The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH  She should have died hereafter; there would have been a time for such a word. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time; and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, nd then is heard no more: it is a tale old by an
idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.  [Enter a Messenger]
Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

MESSENGER  Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw, but know not how to do it.

MACBETH  Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER  As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look’d toward Birnam, and anon, methought, the wood began to move.

MACBETH  Liar, and slave! [Striking him.]

MESSENGER  Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so. Within this three mile may you see it coming; I say, a moving grove.

MACBETH  If thou speak’st false, upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, I care not if thou dost for me as much. I pull in resolution; and begin to doubt the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth. "Fear not, till Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out! If this which he avouches does appear, there is nor flying hence nor tarrying here. I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, and wish the estate o' the world were now undone. Ring the alarum bell!--Blow, wind! come, wrack! At least we'll die with harness on our back.  [Exeunt]
SCENE VI The same. A Plain before the Castle.

[Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, &co., and their Army, with boughs] MALCOLM Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down, and show like those you are. You, worthy uncle, shall with my cousin, your right-noble son, lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we shall take upon's what else remains to do, according to our order.

SIWARD Fare you well. Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night, let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath, those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt]

SCENE VII The same. Another part of the Plain.

(Alarums. Enter Macbeth.)

MACBETH They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly, but, bear-like I must fight the course.--What's he that was not born of woman? Such a one am I to fear, or none.

[Enter young Siward] YOUNG SIWARD What is thy name?
MACBETH Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name than any is in hell.
MACBETH    My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD    The devil himself could not pronounce a title more hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH    No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD    Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [They fight, and young Seward is slain.]

MACBETH    Thou wast born of woman. But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit]
[Alarums. Enter Macduff.]

MACDUFF    That way the noise is.--Tyrant, show thy face! If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, my wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still. I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms aAre hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge, I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; by this great clatter, one of greatest note seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! And more I beg not.

[Exit. Alarums.] [Enter Malcolm and old Siward.]
SIWARD   This way, my lord;--the castle's gently render'd: the tyrant's people on both sides do fight; the noble thanes do bravely in the war; the day almost itself professes yours, and little is to do.

MALCOLM   We have met with foes that strike beside us.

SIWARD   Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarums.]

SCENE VIII   The same. Another part of the field.

[Enter Macbeth]  MACBETH   Why should I play the Roman fool, and die on mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes do better upon them.

[Enter Macduff]  MACDUFF   Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH   Of all men else I have avoided thee: but get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd with blood of thine already.

MACDUFF   I have no words, my voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

MACBETH   Thou losest labour: as easy mayst thou the intrenchant air with thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed: let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born.
MACDUFF  Despair thy charm; and let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH  Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, for it hath cow'd my better part of man! And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd, that palter with us in a double sense; that keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope!--I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF  Then yield thee, coward, and live to be the show and gaze o' the time: We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, painted upon a pole, and underwrit, "Here may you see the tyrant."

MACBETH  I will not yield, to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and to be baited with the rabble's curse. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, and thou oppos'd, being of no woman born, yet I will try the last. Before my body I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff; and damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"


MALCOLM  I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

SIWARD  Some must go off; and yet, by these I see, so great a day as this is cheaply bought.
MALCOLM  Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSS  Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt: He only liv'd but till he was a man; The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd in the unshrinking station where he fought, but like a man he died.

SIWARD  Then he is dead?

FLEANACE  Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow must not be measur'd by his worth, for then it hath no end.

SIWARD  Had he his hurts before?

ROSS  Ay, on the front.

SIWARD  Why then, God's soldier be he! Had I as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish them to a fairer death: and, so his knell is knoll'd.

MALCOLM  He's worth more sorrow, and that I'll spend for him.

SIWARD  He's worth no more: They say he parted well, and paid his score: and so, God be with him!--Here comes newer comfort.

[Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.]
MACDUFF  Hail, king, for so thou art: behold, where stands the usurper's cursed head: the time is free: I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's
pearl that speak my salutation in their minds; whose voices I desire aloud with mine, Hail, King of Scotland!

ALL Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.]

MALCOLM We shall not spend a large expense of time before we reckon with your several loves, and make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland in such an honour nam'd. What's more to do, which would be planted newly with the time, as calling home our exil'd friends abroad, that fled the snares of watchful tyranny; producing forth the cruel ministers of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen, who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands took off her life;--this, and what needful else that calls upon us, by the grace of Grace, we will perform in measure, time, and place: So, thanks to all at once, and to each one, whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

THE END