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DRACULA A Mystery Story by Bram Stoker How these papers have been placed in sequence will be made manifest in the reading of them. All needless matters have been eliminated, so that a history almost at variance with the possibilities of latter-day belief may stand forth as sim
ple fact. There is throughout no statement of past things wherein memory may err, for all the records chosen are exactly contemporary, given from the standpoints and within the range of knowledge of those who made them. CHAPTER 1 Jonathan Harker's Journal (Kept in shorthan
d) 3 May. Bistritz.--Left Munich at 8:35 P.M., on 1st May, arriving at Vienna early next morning; should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the glimpse which I got of it from the train and the little I could walk through the streets.
and the little I could wak through the streets. I depth, took us among the tracing has described at 6:46, but train was an nour late. Bude-Pestin general place, from the glimpse which I got of it from the train and the little I could wak through the streets. I depth, took us among the traditions of Turkish rule. We left in pretty good time, and came after nightfall to Klausenburgh. Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel Royale. I had for dinner, or rather supper, a chicken done up some way with red pepper, which was very good but thirst y. (Mem. get recipe for Mina.) I asked the waiter, and he said it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it was a national dish, I should be able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. I found my smattering of German very useful here, indeed, I don't know how I should be able to get on without it. Having had some time at my disposal when in London, I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the books and maps in the library regarding Transylvania; it had struck me that some foreknowledge of the country could hardly fail to have some import ance in dealing with a nobleman of that country. I find that the district he named is in the extreme east of the country, just on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Bukovina, in the midst of the Carpathian mountains; one of the wildest and least known portions of the country as yet to compare with our own Ordanace Survey Maps; but I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, as a fairly well-known place.
convention it. It always also some times at my supposed within 1 croops, in the business of members are some as the standy and a states, me and a states, me and a state with a state of the standy and a standy and 
here were many nationalities in the crowd, so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. I must say they were not cheering to me, for amongst them were "Or dog"--Satan, "Pokol"--hell, "stregoica"--witch, "vrolok" and "vlkoslak"--both mean the same thing, one being Slovak and the other Servian for something that is either were "Or amongst them were "Or dog"--Satan, "Pokol"--hell, "stregoica"--witch, "vrolok" and "vlkoslak"--both mean the erewolf or vampire. (Mem., I must ask the Count about these super stitions.) When we started, the crowd round the inn door, which had by this time swelled to a cons
                                                                                                                                                                             a fellow passenger to tell me what they meant. He w
derable size, all made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me. With some difficulty, I got
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ould not ans wer at first, but on learning that I was English, he explained that it was a charm or guard a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           so kind-hearted, and so sorrowful, and so sympathetic that I could not but be
gainst the evil eye. This was not very pleasant for me, just starting for an unknown p
                                                                                                                                                                                   meet an unknown man. But everyone see
ouched. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had of the inn yard and it
                                                                                                                                                                                         sque figures, all crossing themse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 s, as they stood round the wide archway, with its background of rich folia
                                                                                                                                                                      ture
ge of oleander and orange trees in green tubs clustered in the centre of the yard. The
                                                                                                                                                                                              ur driver, whose wide linen
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      rawers covered the whole front of the boxseat,--"gotza" they call them
                                                                                                                                                                              n o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of
-cracked his big whip over his four small horses, which ran abreast, and we s
                                                                                                                                                                                                     off on our journey.
he scene as we drove along, although had I known the language, or rather to throw them off so easily. Before us lay a green sloping land full of f
                                                                                                                                                                                                      languages, whic
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             h my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              oods, with here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of tre
                                                                                                                                                                                                         orests and w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               e a bewildering mass of fruit blossom--apple, plum, pear, cherry.
ed with the fallen petals. In and out amongst these green hills of
es or with farmhouses, the blank gable end to the road. There was e
And as we drove by I could see the green grass under the trees s
 what they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, losing itself
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  t swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the straggli
ng ends of pine woods, which here and there ran down the hill
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   des like tongues of flame. The road was rugged, but still we se
emed to fly over it with a feverish haste. I could not understan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   d then what the haste meant, but the driver was evidently bent
on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I was told that thi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    s road is in summertime excellent, but that it had not yet been
put in order after the winter snows. In this respect it is differe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    nt from the general run of roads in the Carpathians, for it is a
n old tradition that they are not to be kept in too good order.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk sho
uld think that they were preparing to bring in foreign troops,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    and so hasten the war which was always really at loading poi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    hty slopes of forest up to the lofty steeps of the Carpathians
nt. Beyond the green swelling hills of the Mittel Land rose mig
hemselves. Right and left of us they towered, with the afterno
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    on sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the glorious
colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the sh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   adows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock m
ingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  crags, till these were themselves lost in the distance, where the
e snowy peaks rose grandly. Here and there seemed mighty rift
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 in the mountains, through which, as the sun began to sink, we
saw now and again the white gleam of falling water. One of my co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               panions touched my arm as we swept round the base of a hill an
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d opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a mountain, which se
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ed, as we wound on our serpentine way, to be right before us. "Loo
                                                                                                                                                                                                    em
   Isten szek!"--"God's seat!"--and he crossed himself reverently. A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           we wound on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower b
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ehind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. T
                                                                                                                                  his was emph
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       zed by the fac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            t that the snow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      y mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed
to glow out with a delicate cool pink. Here and th
                                                                                                                           d Cszeks and Slovaks
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       hat goitre was painfully prevalent. By the roadsid
                                                                              ere we passe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 n picturesque attire, b
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e were many crosses, and as we swept by, my c
                                                                                                                                                                                                    nd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        before a shrine, who did not even turn round as
                                                                               ompanions
                                                                                                                        all crossed themselves. Her
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e was a peasant man or wom
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             an kneeling
we approached, but seemed in the self-surrend
                                                                                                                   tion to have neither eyes nor ears f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           r wo rld. There were many things new to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        nstance, hay-ricks in the trees, and here and the
                                                                                 er of devo
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re very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their
                                                                                                               ems shining like silver through the delicat e green of the l
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        asants's cart--with its long, snakelike vertebra,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             nd again we passed a leiter-wagon--the or
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calculated to suit the inequalities of the road. O
                                                                                  n this we
                                                                                                             re sure to be seated quite a group of homecomin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       he Cszeks with their white, and the Slovaks with
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              their col
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        oured sheepskins, the latter carrying lance-fast
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ilig
                                                                                                                                  began to get very cold, and the growing tw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ht s eemed to merge into one dark mistiness the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the vall
ion their long staves, with axe at end. As the ev
                                                                                    ening fe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              om of th
eys which ran deep between the spurs of the hil
                                                                                                                                       e ascended through the Pass, the dark f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ood out here and there against the back
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        of late-lying snow. Sometimes, as the road was
                                                                                     ls, as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               round
cut through the pine woods that seemed in the
                                                                                                                                           ess to be closing down upon us, gr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             sses of greyness which here and th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         strewed the trees, produced a peculiarly weird a
                                                                                      darkr
                                                                                                                                                                                                      eat
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               e evening, when the falling sun es the hills were so steep
                                                                                                                                                grim fancies engendered earlie
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         rew into strange relief the ghost-like clouds whi
nd solemn effect, which carried on the thoughts
                                                                                        and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       , despite our driver's haste, the horses could on
ear of it. "No, no," he said. "You must not walk h
ch amongst the Carpathians seem to wind ceas
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                                                                                                                                                     sly through the valleys.
                                                                                                                                                                                                      om
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ly go slowly. I wished to get down and walk up t
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                                                                                                                                                           , as we do at hom
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ut t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        he driver would n
ere. The dogs are too fierce." And then he added
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       meant for grim pleasantry--for he looked round t
                                                                                                                                                                    ith wha
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 viden
o catch the approving smile of the rest--"And yo
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       h of such matters before you go to sleep." The o
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                                                                                                                                                                    may
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                    his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ps. When it grew dark there seemed to be some e
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xcitement amongst the passengers, and they kep
                                                                                                                                                                                                       eak
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        him, one after the other, as though urging him to
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                                                                                                                                                                                                       ith
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       long whip, and with wild cries of encouragement
urged them on to further exertions. Then through t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ness I could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead
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of us, as though there were a cleft in the hills. The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ement of the passengers grew greater. The crazy c
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oach rocked on its great leather springs, and swaye
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ke a boat tossed on a stormy sea. I had to hold on.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  g. Then the mountains seemed to come nearer to us
The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly al
                                                                                                                                                                                                       on
on each side and to frown down upon us. We were e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ring on the Borgo Pass. One by one several of the pa
                                                                                                                                                                                                       nte
ssengers offered me gifts, which they pressed upon m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               with an earnestness which would take no denial. Thes
e were certainly of an odd and varied kind, but each wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              en in simple good faith, with a kindly word, and a bless
ing, and that same strange mixture of fear-meaning mov
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ments which I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz--the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            , as we flew along, the driver leaned forward, and on eac
sign of the cross and the guard against the evil eye. Then
h side the passengers, craning over the edge of the coach
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          peered eagerly into the darkness. It was evident that som
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       hough I asked each passenger, no one would give me the sl
ething very exciting was either happening or expected, but t
ightest explanation. This state of excitement kept on for som
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      And at last we saw before us the Pass opening out on the e
astern side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      heavy, o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ppressive sense of thunder. It seemed as though the mountain
range had separated two atmospheres, and that now we had got
                                                                                                                                                                                                into the t hunderou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              s one. I was now myself looking out for the conveyance which w
as to take me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             rough the blackness, but all was dark. The only light was the flicke
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ses rose in a white cloud. We could see now the sandy road lying wh
ring rays of our own lamps, in which the steam from our hard-driven
ite before us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. The passengers
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       drew back with a sigh of gladness, which seemed to mock my own dis
appointment. I was already thinking what I had best do, when the drive
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      r, looking at his watch, said to the others something which I could har
dly hear, it was spoken so quietly and in so low a tone, I thought it was
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      An hour less than the time." Then turning to me, he spoke in German w
orse than my own. "There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      r all. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return tomorrow or the next
                                                                                                                                                             af
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             te
day, better the next day." Whilst he was speaking the horses began to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     gh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the driver had to hold them up.
Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a universal c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     sing of themselves, a caleche, with four horses, drove up behind us, ove
rtook us, and drew up beside the coach. I could see from the flash of ou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   mps as the rays fell on them, that the horses were coal-black and splend
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ace from us. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, whi
id animals. They were driven by a tall man, with a long brown beard and
                                                                                                                                                                                  great black hat, which seemed to hide his
                                                                                                                                                                ou are early tonight, my friend." The man stammered in reply, "T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    English Herr was in a hurry." To which the stranger replied, "That is wh
ch seemed red in the lamplight, as he turned to us. He said to the driver,
 I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive m
                                                                                                                                                                     my friend. I know too much, and my horses are swift." As
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   spoke he smiled, and the lamplight fell on a hard-looking mouth, with ve
ry red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. One of my companio
                                                                                                                                                                              whispe red to another the line from Burger's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Lenore". "Denn die Todten reiten Schnell." ("For the dead travel fast.") Th
                                                                                                                                                  ns
e strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with a gleamin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                enger turned his face away, at the same time putting out his two fingers ar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      g alac
d crossing himself. "Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver, and with e
                                                                                                                                                                              eedin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               y my bags were handed out and put in the caleche. Then I descended from
he side of the coach, as the caleche was close alongside, the driver helping
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               nd which caught my arm in a grip of steel. His strength must have been prod
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        th a
                                                                                                                                                                               e wi
igious. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             arkness of the pass. As I looked back I saw the steam from the horses of the
                                                                                                                                                                                o t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        he
coach by the light of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ions crossing themselves. Then the driver cracked his whip and called to his
                                                                                                                                                                                 m
horses, and off they swept on their way to Bukovina. As they sank into the dark
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           I felt a strange chill, and a lonely feeling come over me. But a cloak was throw
n over my shoulders, and a rug across my knees, and the driver said in excellen
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        erman--"The night is chill, mein Herr, and my master the Count bade me take all
care of you. There is a flask of slivovitz (the plum brandy of the country) undernea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        the seat, if you should require it." I did not take any, but it was a comfort to know
it was there all the same. I felt a little strangely, and not a little frightened. I think h
own night journey. The carriage went at a hard pace straight along, then we made a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      there been any alternative I should have taken it, instead of prosecuting that unkn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  complete turn and went along another straight road. It seemed to me that we were s
mply going over and over the same ground again, and so I took note of some salient p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                oint, and found that this was so. I would have liked to have asked the driver what this
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             uld have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. By-and-by, however
all meant, but I really feared to do so, for I thought that, placed as I was, any protest wo
, as I was curious to know how time was passing, I struck a match, and by its flame looke suppose the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d at my watch. It was within a few minutes of midnight. This gave me a sort of shock, for
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         waited with a sick feeling of suspense. Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhol
se far down the road, a long, agonized wailing, as if from fear. The sound was taken up by an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     her dod, and then another and another, till, borne on the wind which now sighed softly throu
                                                                                                                                                                                                             ot
gh the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to come from all over the country, as far as t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   imagination could grasp it through the gloom of the night. At the first howl the horses began
o strain and rear, but the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they quieted down, but shivered an
                                                                                                                                                                                                            d s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              weated as though after a runaway from sudden fright. Then, far off in the distance, from the mount
ains on each side of us began a louder and a sharper howling, that of wolves, which affected both th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           orses and myself in the same way. For I was minded to jump from the caleche and run, whilst they i
                                                                                                                                                                                                            e h
eared again and plunged madly, so that the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ng. In a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the sound, and the horses so far beca
                                                                                                                                                                                                            olti
me quiet that the driver was able to descend and to stand before them. He petted and soothed them, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               something in their ears, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with extraordinary effect, for
                                                                                                                                                                                                            whi
nder his caresses they became quite manageable again, though they still trembled. The driver again took his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         shaking his reins, started off at a great pace. This time, after going to the far side of the Pass, he sudd
                                                                                                                                                                                                            sea
enly turned down a nárrow roadway which ran sharply to the right. Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ces arched right over the roadway till we passed as through a tunnel. And again great frowning rocks guarded u
                                                                                                                                                                                                           n pla
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              rocks, and the branches of the trees crashed together as we swept along. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, p he howling of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we went on our way. The baying of the wolves sounded nearer and
s boldly on either side. Though we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it moaned and whistled throug
                                                                                                                                                                                                           h the
owdery snow began to fall, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a white blanket. The keen wind still car
                                                                                                                                                                                                           ried t
nearer, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear. The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      r, however, was not in the least disturbed. He kept turning his head to left and right, but I could not see anything through the
darkness. Suddenly, away on our left I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment. He at once checked th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            es, and, jumping to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, the less as the howling of the wolves grew
                                                                                                                                                                                                           e hors
closer. But while I wondered, the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat, and we resumed our journey. I think I must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the incident, for it seemed to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is like a sort of awfu
I nightmare. Once the flame appeared so near the road, that even in the darkness around us I could watch the driver's motions. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose, it must have been very faint, for it did not seem to illumine the place around it at all, and gathering a few sto
nes, formed them into some device. Once there appeared a strange optical effect. When he stood between me and the flame he did not obstruct it, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. This startled me, but as the effect was only momentary, I took it that my eyes deceived me e straining through the darkness. Then for a time there were no blue flames, and we sped onwards through they were following in a moving circle. At last there came a time when the driver went further afield than he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to snort and scream with fright. I could not see any cause for it, for the howling of the wolves had ceased altogether. But just then the moon, sailing through the black clouds, appeared behind the
jagged crest of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth and lolling red tongues, with long, sinewy limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrible in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled.
or myself, I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels himself face to face with such horrors that he can understand their true import. All at once the wolves began to how as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. The horses jumped about and
eared, and looked helplessly round with eyes that rolled in a way painful to see. But the living ring of terror encompassed them on every side, and they had perforce to remain within it. I called to the coachman to come, for it seemed to me that our only chance was to try to break ou
through the ring and to aid his approach, I shouted and beat the side of the caleche, hoping by the noise to scare the wolves from the side, so as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. How he came there, I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a tone of imperious command,
and looking towards the sound, saw him stand in the roadway. As he swept his long arms, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and back further still. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the moon, so that we were again in darknes s. When I could see again the driver was climbing into the caleche, and the wolves disappeared. This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I was a raid to speak or move. The time seemed interminable as we swept on our way, now in almost comple
te darkness, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the main always ascending. Suddenly, I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in the courtyard of a vast ruine do castle, from whose tall black windows came no ray of light, and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the sky. CHAPTER 2 Jonathan Harker's Journal Continued 5 May.--I must have been asleep, for certainly if I had been fully awake I must have noticed the appr
oach of such a remarkable place. In the gloom the courtyard looked of considerable size, and as several dark ways led from it under great round arches, it perhaps seemed bigger than it really is. I have not yet been able to see it by daylight. When the caleche stopped, the driver jumped down and held out his hand to assist me to alight. Again I could not but notice his prodigious strength. His hand actually seemed like a steel vice that could have crushed mine if he had chosen. Then he took my traps, and placed them on the ground beside me as I stood close
o a great door, old and studded with large iron nails, and set in a projecting doorway of massive stone. I could see even in the dim light that the carving had been much worn by time and weather. As I stood, the driver jumped again into his
eat and shook the reins. The horses started forward, and trap and all disappeared down one of the dark openings. I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Of bell or knocker there was no sign. Through these frowning walls and dark window openings it was not
kely that my voice could penetrate. The time I waited seemed endless, and I felt doubts and fears crowding upon me. What sort of place had I come to, and among what kind of people? What sort of grim adventure was it on which I had embarked? Was this a customary incident in the elife of a solicitor's clerk sent out to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner? Solicitor, for just before leaving London I got word that my examination was successful, and I am now a full-blown solicitor! I began to rub my eye and pinch myself to see if I were awake. It all seemed like a horrible nightmare to me, and I expected that I should suddenly awake, and find myself at home, with the dawn struggling in through the windows, as I had now and again felt in the morning after a day of overwork. But m
  flesh answered the pinching test, and my eyes were not to be deceived. I was indeed awake and among the Carpathians. All I could do now was to be patient, and to wait the coming of morning. Just as I had come to this conclusion I heard a heavy step approaching behind the gre
at door, and saw through the chinks the glean of a coming light. Then there was the sound of rattling drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating notice of long disses, and the great door swung back. Within, stood a tall old man, clean of a coming light. Then there was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking of massive bolts drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating notice of long disses, and the great door swung back. Within, stood a tall old man, clean of a coming light. Then there was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking of massive bolts drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating notice of long disses, and the great door swung back. Within, stood a tall old man, clean of massive bolts drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating notice of long disses, and the grating notice of l
ut stood like a statue, as though his gesture of welcome had tixed him into stone. The instant, nowever, that I had stepped over the threshold, he moved impulsively froward, and holding out it seemed cold as ice, more like the hand of a dead than a living man. Again he said, "Welcome to my house! Enter freely. Go safely, and leave something of the head not seen, that for a moment I doubted if it were not the same person to whom I was speaking. So to make sure, I said interrogatively, "Count Dracula?" He bowed in a courtly way as he replied, "I am Dracula, and I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker, to my house. Come in, the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest." As he was speaking, he put the lamp on a bracket on the wall, and stepping out, took my luggage. He had carried it in before I could forestall him. I protested, but he insisted. "Nay, sir, you are my guest. It is late, a nd my people are not available. Let me see to your comfort myself." He insisted on carrying my traps along the passage, and then up a great winding stair, and along another great passage, on whose stone floor our steps rang heavily. At the end of this he threw open a heavy door, and I rejoiced to see within a well-lit room in which a table was spread for supper, and on whose mighty hearth a great fire of logs, freshly replenished, flamed and flared. The Count halted, putting down my bags, closed the door, and crossing the room, opened another door, which I ed to but lately, for the top logs were fresh, which sent a hollow roar up the wide chimney. The Count himself left my luggage inside and withdrew, saying, before he closed the door. The light and warmed will find your supper prepared "The light and warmen and flare on the page inside and withdrew, saying the ready come into the other room, where you will find your supper prepared "The light and warmen and family the preached my normal state. I discovered that I was half family hearth and family the preached my normal state. I discovered that I was half family and the prepared
u wish. When you are ready, come into the other room, where you will find your supper prepared." The light and warmth and the Count's courteous welcome seemed to have dissipated all my doubts and fears. Having then reached my normal state, I discovered that I was half famish
ed with hunger. So making a hasty toilet, I went into the other room. I found supper already laid out. My host, who stood on one side of the great fireplace, leaning against the stonework, made a graceful wave of his hand to the table, and said, "I pray you, be seated and sup how you please. You will I trust, excuse me that I do not join you, but I have dined already, and I do not sup." I handed to him the sealed letter which Mr. Hawkins had entrusted to me. He opened it and read it gravely. Then, with a charming smile, he handed it to me to read. One passage of it,
at least, gave me a thrill of pleasure. "I must regret that an attack of gout, from which malady I am a constant sufferer, forbids absolutely any travelling on my part for some time to come. But I am happy to say I can send a sufficient substitute, one in whom I have every possible con fidence. He is a young man, full of energy and talent in his own way, and of a very faithful disposition. He is discreet and silent, and has grown into manhood in my service. He shall be ready to attend on you when you will during his stay, and shall take your instructions in all matter
s." The count himself came forward and took off the cover of a dish, and I fell to at once on an excellent roast chicken. This, with some cheese and a salad and a bottle of old tokay, of which I had two glasses, was my supper. During the time I was eating it the Count asked me many questions as to my journey, and I told him by degrees all I had experienced. By this time I had finished my supper, and by my host's desire had drawn up a chair by the fire and begun to smoke a cigar which he offered me, at the same time excusing himself that he did not smoke. I had
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