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 simple fact. There is enough out of 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 shorthand) 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. I feared to go very far from the station, as we had arrived late and would start again so early; came back and had dinner or rather supper, for it consisted of different kinds of meat, all strongly spiced. I think that wine must be cheap there, for the whole dinner, with wine, cost only twenty florins, which came to a little over a pound. I had to pay extra for my seat in the restaurant, as I had arrived late and the place was supposed to be reserved. I am writing this in the train. I am full of anticipation. How strange it seems to be going into Transylvania; I have been reading all I could about it, and I don't suppose that there is any part of Europe about which so little is known. The impression I have is that we are leaving the West and entering the East; the most western of splendid bridges over the Danube, which is here of noble width and depth, took us among the traditions of Turkish rule. We left in pretty good time, and came after night-fall 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 thirsty. (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 I was 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 knowledge of the country might be useful to me 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 Europe. I was not able to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the Castle Dracula, as there is no map of this country as yet to compare with the Ordnance Survey Maps; but I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. I shall enter here some of my notes, as they may refresh my memory when I talk over my travels with Mina. In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the Dacians; Magyars in the West, and Szekelys in the East and North. I am going among the latter, who claim to be descended from Attila and the Huns. This may be so, for when the Magyars conquered the country in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. I read that every known superstition in the world is gathered into the horseshoe of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of some sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. (Mem., I must ask the Count all about them.) I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had all sorts of queer dreams. There was a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had something to do with it; or it may have been the paprika, for I had to drink up all the water in my carafe, and was still thirsty. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the continuous knocking at my door, so I guess I must have been sleeping soundly then. I had for breakfast more paprika, and a sort of porridge of maize flour which they said was "mamaliga", and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very excellent dish, which they call "impletata". (Mem., get recipe for this also.) I had to hurry breakfast, for the train started a little before eight, or rather it ought to have done so, for after rushing to the station at 7:30 I had to sit in the carriage for more than an hour before we began to move. It seems to me that the further east you go the more unpunctual are the trains. What ought they to be in China? All day long we seemed to dawdle through a country which was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed from the wide stony margin on each side of them to be subject to great floods. It takes a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of a river clear. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in all sorts of attire. Some of them were just like the peasants at home or those I saw coming through France and Germany, with short jacketed from them like dresses in a ballet, but of course there were petticoats under them. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who were more barbarian than the rest, with their big cow-boy hats, great baggy dirty-white trousers, white linen shirts, and enormous heavy leather belts, nearly a foot wide, all studded over with brass nails. They wore high boots, with their trousers tucked into them, and had long black hair down their backs, and wide trousers which covered the whole of the calf and were gathered into the boot, so that at a distance one seemed to see nothing but the big white folds. However, I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural self-assertion. It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a very interesting old place. Being practically on the frontier--for the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina--it has had a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. Fifty years ago a series of great fires took place, which made terrible havoc on five separate occasions. At the very beginning of the seventeenth century it underwent a siege of three weeks and lost 13,000 people, the casualties of war proper being assisted by famine and disease. Count Dracula had directed me to go to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I found, to my great delight, to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I could of the ways of the country. I was evidently expected, for when I drove up the door was opened wide, and an elderly woman in the usual peasant dress--white undergarment with a long double apron, front, and back, of coloured stuff fitting almost to the neck--came out and welcomed me with many demonstrations of welcome. When I got my luggage in she closed the door, with many remarks in German and some other language which I did not understand, not even when I recognized amongst the words my own name pronounced now and then in a questioning manner. I stood looking out at the courtyard and the general appearance of the place, which was packed with wagons and carts, and presented all the picturesque confusion which a busy centre always shows, till my attention was drawn off by the sudden opening of a great door on the other side of the yard. Through it I saw a courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black windows came no ray of lig
ht, 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 awake I must have noticed the approach of such a remarkable place. I am in the gloom of the courtyard, which looks as though it might have been the scene of many strange events in the old days when robber nobles held sway in the country. I am evidently in the servants' quarters, which lie, from what I can see, in the portion of the castle which is inhabited, for there are many lights twinkling in the windows. I have been dozing since I finished writing last night, for I feel drowsy and warm. I suppose I must have been overtired. I am not impressed favourably with my host, but he has been exceedingly kind and attentive. I am certainly in the midst of his belongings, for no sooner had I finished my supper than he proceeded to unpack my portmanteau and arrange my things in the wardrobe and drawers. I remonstrated with him, but he said that I was tired and hungry and must attend to my comfort before anything else. He is certainly a most thoughtful host, for he took off my boots and brought me hot water to wash, and then got my supper ready. While I ate it he sat opposite to me and chatted away pleasantly while I made a hearty meal. When I had finished he said: "My friend, welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well tonight. At three tomorrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it is kept for you. At the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land." I found that my landlord had got a letter from the Count, directing him to secure the best place on the coach for me; but on making inquiries as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he could not understand my German. This could not be true, because in the had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if he did. He and his wife, the old lady who had received me, looked at each other in a frightened sort of way. He mumbled out that the money had been sent all right, and that was all he knew. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, and could tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. I saw that it was useless to ask anything more, for it was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting. Just before I was leaving, the old lady came up to my room and said in a hysterical way: "Must you go? Oh! Young Herr, must you go?" She was in such an excited state that she seemed to have lost her grip of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with some other language which I did not know at all. I was just able to follow her by asking many questions. When I told her that I must go at once, and that I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know what day it is?" I answered that it was the fourth of May. She shook her head as she said again: "Oh, yes! I know that, but do you know what day it is?" On my saying that I did not understand, she went on: "It is the eve of St. George's Day. Do you not know that tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world have full sway? Do you know where you are going to?" She was in such evident distress that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. Finally, she went down on her knees and implored me not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. I was all very ridiculous but I did not feel comfortable. However, there was business to be done, and I could allow nothing to interfere with it. I tried to raise her up, and said, as gravely as I could, that I thanked her, but my duty was imperative, and that I must go. She then rose and dried her eyes, and taking a crucifix from her neck offered it to me. I did not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been taught to regard such things as in some measure idolatrous, and yet it seemed so ungracious to refuse to her in such a state of mind. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck and said, "For your mother's sake," and went out of the room. I am writing up this part of the diary whilst I am waiting for the coach, which is, of course, late; and the crucifix is still round my neck. Whether it is the old lady's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I am not feeling nearly so easy in my mind as usual. If this book should ever reach Mina before I do, let it bring my goodbye. Here comes the coach! 5 May. The Castle.--The gray of the morning has passed, and the sun is high over the distant horizon, which seems jagged, whether with hills or castles I am not sure as yet. Last night, when the coach came along, there was much excitement, for it was known that I was the guest of the Count. People were continually coming to the inn and asking the coachman questions, and crossing themselves when he answered. I could see from the window, which they pointed out to me, that they were telling each other various things about me, for they kept looking at me and moving their fingers in the direction of the castle. I did not understand what they said, because they spoke in their patois, and I could only pick out a word here and there from scraps of sentences that reached me. I fancied that the coachman was asked questions as to his fare, and that he answered that he had orders from the Count. Finally, when we started, and I saw the people crossing themselves, and making some sign or charm against the evil eye. This was set very pleasant on my journey, I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scenes as we drove along, and found myself looking at all sorts of things in a sleepy way. Before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses. Right and left of us they towered, with the afternoon sun falling full up them and bringing out all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags, till these were themselves lost in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Here and there seemed mighty rifts 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 companions touched my arm as we swept round the base of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a mountain, which seemed, as we wound on our serpentine way, to be right before us. "Look! Isten szek!"--"God's seat!"--he crossed himself reverently. As we wound on our endless way, and the sun sank lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasized by the fact that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. Here and there we passed Czekes and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. Here and there we passed a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not even turn round as we approached, but seemed in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for aught around. Save for these crosses, the inhabitants of the very beautiful country through which we passed seemed very prosperous, and full of life and cheerfulness. On either side of the road, sometimes close to us, sometimes miles away, were the very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the delicate green of the leaves. Now and again we passed a leiter-wagon--the ordinary peasants's cart--with its
load of branchwood. When I came in the cleared the books and papers from the table, and with him I went into plans and deeds and figures of all sorts. He was interested in everything, and asked me a myriad questions about the place and its surroundings. He clearly had studied deforehand all he could get on the subject of the neighbourhood, for he evidently knew much more than I did. When I remarked this, he answered, "Well, but, my friend, is it not needful that I should? When I am going to have as guest one whom I esteem, and who is going to stay with me for months, it is but proper that I should know something of him and his belongings, that I may the better understand how to treat him and his friends. Also, my friend Harker Jonathan, nay, pardon me, I call into my country's habit of putting your patronymic first, my friend Jonathan Harker will be by way now I am to be with him for months, it is but right that we should be friends. And friends should have confidence, one in the other. You tell me your secrets, and I will tell you mine. Then we shall know each the other." Then I said that he might command me, and that anything that I knew he might ask freely. I said, though, that my desire to learn was great, and that I was sure that he would understand my curiosity. He replied that he would tell me all he knew himself, for I should be able to understand better when I had seen for myself. Meanwhile he would ask me questions, and I might answer them as I chose. I began with the matter which was of personal interest to me--my journey here. I told him of the strange incidents connected with it, and he explained many things that had puzzled me. I suppose that I fell asleep, for I remember nothing distinctly until I found myself lying half dressed on the bed in the morning. I must have overslept myself, for the sun was high in the heavens when I looked at my watch. I missed the Count at breakfast, and lunch was prepared for me--a cold lunch--which was set out in the dining-room. I lunched alone, and had afterwards a cup of coffee, which was served to me by a tall, handsome old woman, but who, unlike the rest of the household, who are Slovaks, seems to be a Szekely. I shall have much to learn here, I am certain, before I understand even imperfectly the life and customs of this singular people. After lunch I spent some time in writing up my diary, and the Count, coming in, invited me to accompany him in a drive this afternoon. He apologized for not being with me at lunch, on the ground that he never lunched. He said that it was a whim of his own, but that he would be present at dinner. He then asked me about my coming here, and I told him how I had been recommended to him by Mr. Hawkins, and how I had come across the name of Count Dracula in connection with some London property transactions. He asked me if I knew the exact position of the property, and I told him that it was situated in the south side of the city, near Purfleet. When I told him the facts and got his signature to the necessary papers, and he promised to post them to Mr. Hawkins, he began to ask me how I had come across so suitable a place. I read to him the notes which I had made at the time, and which I inscribe here. "At Purfleet, on a by-road, I came across a fine old house, apparently empty. It is surrounded by a high wall, of ancient structure, built of heavy stones, and has not been repaired for a large number of years. The closed gates are of heavy old oak and iron, all eate