ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森

Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

JEKYLL HYDE

化身博士

杰基尔博士与海德先生奇案

英汉双语对照本

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〔英〕罗伯特·路易斯·史蒂文森　著

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第 一 章

那扇门的故事

Story of the Door

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

律师厄特森先生面容粗犷，从不曾被一丝笑意照亮；言谈冷淡、寡少而拘谨；感情迟钝，不轻易流露；身形瘦长，灰扑扑的，沉闷乏味，却又不知怎的惹人喜爱。在朋友聚会上，倘若酒合他的口味，他眼中便会闪现出一种极富人情味的光芒；这东西诚然从未见于他的言谈，却不仅借着晚餐后那张面孔上无声的神色流露出来，更常常、更响亮地体现在他平生的作为里。他对自己十分严苛：独处时只喝金酒，以克制对佳酿的嗜好；他虽喜欢看戏，却已有二十年不曾踏进戏院的门。然而他待人宽厚，这是人所公认的；有时他会惊叹——几乎带着几分羡慕——别人作恶时竟有那般高涨的兴致；遇到人身处绝境，他总是宁愿伸手相助，而不愿出言责备。"我倾向于该隐的异端，"他常常古怪地说，"我由着我的兄弟照他自己的法子下地狱去。"因了这样的性情，他常常有缘成为那些沉沦之人生命中最后一个体面的相识、最后一份良善的影响。对这样的人，只要他们还肯上他的事务所来，他的态度便从无半分改变。[1]

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those

whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

对厄特森先生来说，做到这一点无疑并不难；因为他即便在最好的时候也不动声色，就连他的友谊，似乎也建立在一种同样不分亲疏的善意之上。接受机缘现成送到手中的朋友圈子，是谦逊之人的标志；这位律师便是如此。他的朋友，要么是自家的亲眷，要么是相识最久的旧人；他的情谊如同常春藤，是岁月滋长而成的，并不意味着对方有何相宜之处。他与远亲理查德·恩菲尔德先生——那位城中有名的交际人物——之间的纽带，无疑也是由此而来。这两人究竟在对方身上看中了什么，又能找到什么共同的话题，许多人都百思不解。据那些在星期日散步时遇见过他们的人说，两人一言不发，神情格外沉闷，一旦有熟人出现，便显然如释重负地上前招呼。尽管如此，两人却极看重这样的出游，把它视为每周最珍贵的宝石，不仅推掉种种消遣的机会，甚至不理会事务的召唤，只为能不受打扰地享受这份闲情。

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

有一回散步时，他们碰巧走进了伦敦一个繁华地段的一条小街。那条街不宽，算得上所谓的僻静，平日里生意却十分兴隆。街上的居民似乎个

个日子过得不错，又都争先恐后地盼着更上一层楼，把赚来的余钱花在妆点门面上；于是那条街两旁的店面都带着一副招徕的神气，宛如一排排含笑的女店员。即便在星期日，它收起了较为浓艳的风姿，行人也相对稀少，这条街与周遭灰暗的街坊相比，依旧熠熠生辉，宛如林中的一团火；那新漆的百叶窗、擦得锃亮的铜件，以及处处透出的整洁与欢快的气息，立刻便能抓住过路人的目光，叫人赏心悦目。

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

从一个街角数过去第二户，在往东去的左手边，一排房屋被一个天井的入口截断；恰在那里，有一幢阴森的楼房把山墙突兀地伸到街面上。楼高两层，不见一扇窗户，底层只有一扇门，上层是一片褪了色的墙面，像一块没有眼睛的额头；它的每一处都带着长年累月、肮脏不堪的荒弃痕迹。那扇门既无门铃，也无门环，漆面起泡，污迹斑斑。流浪汉懒洋洋地蜷进门洞，在门板上划火柴；孩子们在台阶上摆摊扮开店；小学生拿小刀在门框的线脚上试过锋；近乎一代人的光景里，从没有人出来驱赶这些不速之客，或修补他们留下的破损。

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

恩菲尔德先生和律师走在小街的另一侧；然而走到那入口对面时，前者举起手杖指了指。

“Did you ever remark that door?” he asked; and when his companion had replied in the

affirmative, “It is connected in my mind,” added he, “with a very odd story.”

“你可曾留意过那扇门？”他问；同伴答说留意过，他便接着道：“在我心里，它跟一桩非常古怪的事连在一起。”

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

“是吗？”厄特森先生的声音微微变了，“什么事？”

“Well, it was this way,” returned Mr. Enfield: “I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o’clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child’s body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn’t like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a few halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl’s own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child’s family, which was only natural. But the doctor’s case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really

like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out with another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine."

"嗯，事情是这样的，"恩菲尔德先生答道，"那是一个漆黑的冬夜，凌晨三点光景，我从天涯海角似的什么地方回家，路上要穿过城里一片地方，那里真真是除了路灯什么也看不见。一条街接着一条街，人人都睡熟了——一条街接着一条街，灯火通明，仿佛要迎什么游行队伍，却又空荡得像座教堂——到后来，我的心境变得就像一个人那样，侧耳听了又听，开始巴望能看见个警察。忽然之间，我看见了两个人影：一个是矮小的男人，正迈着沉重的步子快步朝东走；另一个是个八九岁或十来岁的小姑娘，正顺着一条横街拼命奔跑。好了，先生，两人在街角撞到了一起，这本也是自然而然的事；可接下来便是骇人的一幕了：那男人若无其事地从孩子身上踩了过去，丢下她躺在地上尖叫。这事听起来不算什么，可亲眼看见，简直像地狱里的情形。那不像是人，倒像是什么该死的札格纳特神车。我吆喝了几声，拔腿追上去，揪住了这位先生的衣领，把他押回原处，那尖叫的孩子身边已经围了一小群人。他十分镇定，毫不反抗，只是瞪了我一眼，那眼神丑恶得叫我像跑了一阵似的直冒汗。出来的那些人都

是小姑娘的家里人；没过多久，派人去请的医生也到了。嗯，照那锯骨匠的说法，孩子伤得并不重，主要是受了惊吓；你大概会以为事情到此就该了结了。可是有一桩怪事。我第一眼看见这位先生，便对他起了憎恶。孩子的家人也一样，那也是理所当然。可叫我吃惊的是那位医生。他是个寻常刻板的药剂师，看不出年纪，也说不上有什么特色，一口浓重的爱丁堡腔，动情的程度大约跟一支风笛差不多。好了，先生，他跟我们其余人一个样；每回他看我那俘虏一眼，我都看见那锯骨匠想杀人想得脸色发白、直犯恶心。我知道他心里想什么，正如他知道我心里想什么；杀人既然办不到，我们便退而求其次。我们告诉那人，我们能够、也一定会把这事闹成一桩丑闻，叫他的名字从伦敦这头臭到那头。他若有什么朋友、什么信誉，我们担保叫他统统丢光。我们一面劈头盖脸地数落他，一面还得尽力把那些女人挡开，因为她们一个个凶得像鹰身女妖。我从没见过一圈脸竟能这般充满仇恨；而那人就站在当中，带着一种阴沉而讥诮的冷静——他也害怕，这我看得出来——却硬撑着，先生，真像撒旦一般。‘你们要是存心拿这桩意外做文章，’他说，‘我自然无可奈何。是个绅士都不愿当众出丑，’他说，‘开个价吧。’好了，我们把价钱逼到一百镑，给孩子家里；他显然很想赖着不认，可我们这伙人的模样分明不好惹，他终于松了口。接下来就是拿钱了；你猜他把我们领到哪儿去了？就是那个有门的地方！——他掏出一把钥匙，进了门，不一会儿就回来了，拿着大约十镑金币，余下的数目开了一张顾资银行的支票，凭票即付，上面签的名字我不能说，虽然那正是我这故事的要点之一，但至少是一个大名鼎鼎、常常见诸报端的名字。数目不小；可那签名只要是真的，比这数目还要值钱。我冒昧地向这位先生指出，这整件事看起来实在可疑，在现实生活里，一个人可不会凌晨四点钻进一扇地窖门，出来时手里就拿着另一个人签的近一百镑的支票。可他却十分从容，满脸讥笑。‘放心吧，’他说，‘我陪着你们，等银行开门，亲自去兑这张支票。’于是我们一行人——医生、孩子的父亲、我们这位朋友，还有我——便动身去了我的寓所，在那里熬过了后半

夜；第二天吃过早饭，大家一同去了银行。我亲自递上支票，说我有充分理由相信这是伪造的。根本不是。那张支票是真的。”

“Tut-tut!” said Mr. Utterson.

“啧啧！”厄特森先生说。

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

“看来你跟我想的一样，”恩菲尔德先生说，“是啊，这事不妙。因为我遇上的那家伙是个谁都不愿沾边的人，真正可恶透顶；而开支票的那位却是体面的典范，又有名望，而且（更糟的是）还是你们那类做所谓善事的人。我猜是讹诈吧；一个正派人为年轻时的什么荒唐事付出高昂的代价。因此，我就把那个有门的地方叫作讹诈屋。不过，你知道，即便这样，也远远解释不了全部，”他补充道，说罢便陷入了沉思。

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

厄特森先生忽然问了一句，把他从沉思中唤了回来：“那你不知道开支票的人是不是就住在那里？”

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

“那地方像吗？”恩菲尔德先生答道，“不过我碰巧留意过他的住址；他住在某个广场上。”

“And you never asked about the—place with the door?” said Mr. Utterson.

“那你从没打听过那个——有门的地方？”厄特森先生说。

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

"没有，先生；我有所顾忌，"对方答道，"我对盘问人这件事看得很重；那太有末日审判的味道了。你提出一个问题，就像推动一块石头。你安安静静地坐在山顶上，那石头却滚了下去，又带动了别的石头；不一会儿，某个温和的老家伙（你最想不到的那一个）就在自家后花园里被砸破了脑袋，一家人不得不改名换姓。不，先生，我给自己立了个规矩：越是像怪事街的事，我越少打听。"

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

"这规矩也确实很好。"律师说。

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

"不过我自己倒是琢磨过那地方，"恩菲尔德先生接着说，"那几乎不像一座住宅。没有别的门，那扇门也没人进出，只有我那桩奇遇里的那位先生，隔很久才出入一回。二楼有三扇窗朝着天井；底层一扇也没有；窗户总是关着，却很干净。还有一根烟囱，通常冒着烟；所以准是有人住在里面。不过这也说不准；因为天井四周的房屋挤得太紧，很难说清哪一幢到哪里为止，另一幢又从哪里开始。"

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then "Enfield," said Mr. Utterson,

“that’s a good rule of yours.”

两人又默默走了一阵；随后厄特森先生开口道：“恩菲尔德，你那条规矩很好。”

“Yes, I think it is,” returned Enfield.

“是啊，我也这么想。”恩菲尔德答道。

“But for all that,” continued the lawyer, “there’s one point I want to ask. I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child.”

“不过尽管如此，”律师接着说，“有一点我还是想问问。我想问问那个从孩子身上踩过去的人叫什么名字。”

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

“嗯，”恩菲尔德先生说，“我看说出来也没什么害处。那人名叫海德。”

“Hm,” said Mr. Utterson. “What sort of a man is he to see?”

“唔，”厄特森先生说，“他看上去是个什么样的人？”

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

“他可不好形容。他的外貌有些不对劲；有些叫人不快的地方，简直是彻头彻尾地可憎。我从没见过一个人让我这样厌恶，可我又说不出为什么。他身上准有什么地方是畸形的；他给人一种强烈的畸形之感，虽然我指不出究竟是哪一处。他的模样非同寻常，可我又实在说不出有什么出格的地方。不，先生，我没办法；我形容不出他来。这倒不是记性不好；因为我敢说，此刻他就活生生地在我眼前。”

Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration. “You are sure he used a key?” he inquired at last.

厄特森先生又默默走了一段路，显然心事重重。“你确定他用的是钥匙？”他终于问道。

“My dear sir...” began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

“我亲爱的先生……”恩菲尔德一时愕然，脱口说道。

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

“是，我知道，”厄特森说，“我知道这一定显得很奇怪。实情是，我之所以不问你另一方的名字，是因为我已经知道了。你瞧，理查德，你的故事正说中了要害。你若有哪一处说得不确切，最好改正过来。”

“I think you might have warned me,” returned the other with a touch of sullenness. “But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what’s more, he has it still. I saw him use it not a week ago.”

“我想你本该先提醒我一声，”对方答道，语气里带着几分不快，“不过，用你的话说，我一直确切得近乎迂腐。那家伙有钥匙；还不止如此，他现在还有。不到一个星期前，我还看见他用过。”

Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed. “Here is another lesson to say nothing,” said he. “I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again.”

厄特森先生深深叹了口气，却一言不发；不一会儿，那年轻人又开口了。“这又是一个教训，叫人什么都别说，”他说，“我真为自己的长舌感到羞愧。咱们约定，从此再也不提这件事吧。”

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

“我全心赞成，”律师说，“我们握手为定，理查德。”

译注

[1] 典出《创世记》：该隐杀弟后答上帝“我岂是看守我兄弟的吗？”此处自嘲为不管他人闲事。

第 二 章

寻访海德先生

Search for Mr. Hyde

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

那天晚上，厄特森先生心情沉郁地回到他那单身汉的寓所，坐下来吃晚饭，却食不知味。他向来有个习惯：每逢星期日，晚餐过后，便紧挨着炉火坐下，读书台上摆一卷枯燥的神学著作，直到邻近教堂的钟敲响十二点，才肃然而心怀感恩地上床就寝。然而这天晚上，桌布刚一撤去，他便举起一支蜡烛，走进了他办公的房间。他在那里打开保险柜，从最隐秘的一格里取出一份文件，信封上注着"杰基尔医生遗嘱"字样，然后眉头紧锁地坐下来，研读其中的内容。这份遗嘱是亲笔所立，因为厄特森先生虽然在遗嘱立好之后接手保管，当初订立时却拒绝给予一丝一毫的协助。遗嘱中不但规定，倘若医学博士、民法博士、法学博士、皇家学会会员等等亨利·杰基尔身故，其全部财产应转归其"朋友兼恩人爱德华·海德"之手；而且规定，倘若杰基尔医生"失踪或无故离开超过三个日历月之久"，上述

爱德华·海德应即刻取代上述亨利·杰基尔的位置，不得延宕，除向医生府上的仆役支付几笔小额款项之外，不承担任何重负或义务。这份文件早已是律师的眼中钉。它既冒犯了身为律师的他，也冒犯了他这个热爱生活中理智、合乎常规一面的人——在他看来，异想天开便是有失体统。在此之前，令他愤慨倍增的，是他对海德先生一无所知；如今情势陡转，令他愤慨的反倒是他所知道的了。当这名字还只是一个名字、他无从进一步打听时，事情已经够糟了；等到它开始披上种种可憎的特征，就更糟了；那长久以来令他看不透的、飘忽不定而虚无缥缈的迷雾之中，蓦然跃出了一个魔鬼清晰而确凿的形象。

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

"我原以为这是发疯，"他一面把那份惹人嫌恶的文件放回保险柜，一面说，"现在我开始担心，这是丑闻。"

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

说罢，他吹灭蜡烛，披上大衣，朝卡文迪什广场的方向走去。那里是医学重镇，他的朋友、大名鼎鼎的兰扬医生就住在那里，在家中接待络绎不绝的病人。"要是有谁知道，那一定是兰扬。"他早就这样想过。

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough re-

specters of themselves and of each other, and what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

那位神情庄重的管家认得他，向他表示欢迎；他没有经受任何耽搁，便从门口被径直引进了餐厅，兰扬医生正独自对着葡萄酒坐在那里。这是一位热情爽朗、身体健壮、衣着讲究、面色红润的绅士，一头浓密的头发过早地白了，举止豪放而果断。一看见厄特森先生，他便从椅子上一跃而起，伸出双手欢迎他。这份亲热，照此人一贯的作风，看上去未免有几分做戏；然而却是出于真情。因为这两人是老朋友，中学和大学都是同窗，彼此都十分自重，也十分敬重对方；而且——这一点未必总是随之而来——两人都打心底里喜欢彼此作伴。

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

闲聊了一阵之后，律师把话题引到那件令他心头不快、念念不忘的事情上。

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

"兰扬，"他说，"我想，你我两个该是亨利·杰基尔最老的朋友了吧？"

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

"但愿这两位朋友年轻些才好，"兰扬医生咯咯笑道，"不过我想是的。那又怎么样呢？我如今很少见他了。"

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

"是吗？"厄特森说，"我原以为你们俩志趣相投呢。"

"We had," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake, as they say, I see and I have seen devilish

little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash," added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, "would have estranged Damon and Pythias."

"过去是，"对方答道，"可是十多年前，亨利·杰基尔就变得太过异想天开，我实在消受不了。他开始走上邪路，心思出了毛病；当然，俗话说念在旧情，我依然关心着他，可是这些年来，我见他的次数少得见鬼。那种不科学的胡言乱语，"医生突然涨得满脸紫红，又补了一句，"就算是达蒙与皮西厄斯，也要被弄得反目成仇。"

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

这一点小小的火气，倒让厄特森先生松了口气。"他们不过是在某个科学问题上意见不合罢了。"他想。他本人对科学毫无热情（产权转让之事除外），所以甚至还加了一句："不过如此而已！"他让朋友缓了几秒钟，恢复平静，这才提出他此行要问的问题。"你可曾碰到过一个受他提携的人——一个叫海德的？"他问道。

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

"海德？"兰扬重复道，"没有。从没听说过这个人。是我那时以后的事了。"

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

律师带回家的，就只有这么一点消息。他躺在那张宽大、幽暗的床上辗转反侧，直到凌晨那几个小小的钟点一点点熬成了大钟点。这一夜，他那苦苦思索的头脑不得安宁，在一片漆黑中劳碌，被种种疑问团团围困。

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

离厄特森先生住处近得恰到好处的那座教堂敲响了六点钟，他还在苦苦琢磨这个问题。此前，这件事只触动了他理智的一面；如今，连他的想象也卷了进来，或者不如说，被它奴役了。他躺在黑沉沉的夜里、拉着帘子的房间中翻来覆去，恩菲尔德先生讲的故事便像一卷灯光映照的画轴，在他脑海中一幅幅掠过。他会看见夜色中城市里那一大片灯火；接着是一个疾步行走的男人的身影；接着是一个从医生家里跑出来的孩子；然后两者相遇，那个人形的札格纳特神车将孩子踩倒在地，对她的尖叫置若罔闻，扬长而去。要不然，他就会看见一座富丽宅邸中的一个房间，他的朋友躺在里面熟睡，做着梦，对着梦境微笑；随后那房间的门被打开，床帐

被一把扯开，睡梦中的人被唤醒，看哪！床边站着一个身影，有权柄赐给了它，即便在那死寂的时辰，他也必须起身听其差遣。这两种情景中的身影整夜纠缠着律师；即便他偶尔打个盹，也只是看见它更加鬼祟地滑过一座座沉睡的房屋，或者在灯火通明的城市中更广阔的迷宫里穿行，越走越快，快得令人眩晕，在每个街角都踩倒一个孩子，任她在身后尖叫。而这个身影始终没有一张可供辨认的脸；即便在梦里，它也没有脸，或者只有一张令他看不清、在他眼前融化消散的脸。于是，律师心中便生出了一股异乎寻常地强烈、几乎是过分的好奇心，并且迅速滋长：他要亲眼看一看真正的海德先生的面貌。他想，只要能见上他一面，这团谜雾或许就会变淡，甚至完全散去——神秘的事物一经仔细审视，往往便是如此。他也许能看出他的朋友何以有这种古怪的偏爱，或者说受这种古怪的束缚（随你怎么称呼都行），甚至看出遗嘱里那些骇人条款的缘由。至少，那会是一张值得一看的脸：一个毫无恻隐之心的人的脸；一张只消露一露面，便能在不易动情的恩菲尔德心中激起经久不散的憎恨的脸。

From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

从那以后，厄特森先生便开始在商铺小街上的那扇门附近徘徊。早晨上班之前，中午事务繁忙、时间紧迫之际，夜里城中月亮蒙着雾气之时，无论何种光线下，无论人迹寥落还是熙来攘往，总能在他选定的岗位上找到这位律师。

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

"他既然是'藏'先生，"他心想，"那我就做'寻'先生。"[2]

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the by-street was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small

sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

他的耐心终于有了回报。那是个晴朗干燥的夜晚，空气中带着霜意；街道干净得像舞厅的地板；街灯不为一丝风所摇动，投下规整的光影图案。到了十点，店铺都已打烊，小街上十分冷清，尽管四面八方传来伦敦低沉的轰鸣，这里却极其寂静。细微的声响也能传得很远；路两旁屋子里的家常声音清晰可闻；任何行人走近，脚步声老早便先他而至。厄特森先生在岗位上守了几分钟，忽然察觉到一阵古怪而轻快的脚步声越来越近。他夜夜巡守，早已习惯了那种奇特的效果：一个人的脚步声，在他离得还很远的时候，就会忽然从城市巨大的嗡嗡声和嘈杂声中清晰地跳出来。然而他的注意力从未像这次这样被如此敏锐、如此断然地攫住；他怀着一种强烈的、近乎迷信的预感，觉得这回准能成功，便退进了天井的入口。

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

脚步声迅速逼近，在拐过街角时陡然响亮起来。律师从入口处向外张望，很快便看清了自己要对付的是怎样一个人。那人身材矮小，衣着十分朴素，即便隔着那么远，他的模样也莫名地引起这位守候者强烈的反感。但他径直朝那扇门走去，为了省时间横穿过马路；一边走，一边从口袋里掏出一把钥匙，就像一个快到家的人。

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

厄特森先生走上前去，在他经过时碰了碰他的肩膀。“我想，是海德先生吧？”

Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: “That is my name. What do you want?”

海德先生往后一缩，嘶的一声倒吸了一口气。但他的惊恐只是一刹那；虽然他并不正眼看律师，回答时却相当镇定：“我就叫这个名字。你想干什么？”

“I see you are going in,” returned the lawyer. “I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll’s—Mr. Utterson of Gaunt Street—you must have heard of my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me.”

“我看你是要进去，”律师答道，“我是杰基尔医生的老朋友——冈特街的厄特森先生——你一定听说过我的名字；既然这么巧碰上了你，我想你也许可以让我进去。”

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

“你见不着杰基尔医生，他不在家。”海德先生一边说，一边往钥匙里吹气。接着，他忽然问道，却仍不抬头：“你怎么认得我？”

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

“那么你这边，”厄特森先生说，“肯不肯帮我一个忙？”

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

“乐意效劳，”对方答道，“什么忙？”

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

“能让我看看你的脸吗？”律师问。

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

海德先生似乎犹豫了一下，随即仿佛突然转了个念头，带着一副挑衅的神气转过身来正对着他；两人目不转睛地对视了好几秒钟。"这下我再见到你就认得出了，"厄特森先生说，"这也许用得着。"

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

"是啊，"海德先生答道，"咱们见上一面也好；à propos（顺便说一句），你该知道我的住址。"说着，他报了苏豪区一条街的门牌号码。

"Good God!" thought Mr. Utterson, "can he, too, have been thinking of the will?" But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address.

"天哪！"厄特森先生心想，"难道他也一直在惦记那份遗嘱？"但他没有流露自己的感受，只是嘟哝了一声，表示记下了地址。

"And now," said the other, "how did you know me?"

"那么现在，"对方说，"你是怎么认得我的？"

"By description," was the reply.

"凭别人的描述。"对方答道。

"Whose description?"

"谁描述的？"

"We have common friends," said Mr. Utterson.

"我们有共同的朋友。"厄特森先生说。

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

"共同的朋友，"海德先生有点嘶哑地重复道，"都是谁？"

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

"比如说，杰基尔。"律师说。

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

"他从没跟你说过！"海德先生勃然变色，嚷道，"我没想到你会撒谎。"

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

"得了，"厄特森先生说，"这话可不大得体。"

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

对方狰狞地咆哮出一声狂笑；转眼之间，他便以异乎寻常的速度打开门锁，消失在屋里。

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

海德先生走后，律师在原地站了一会儿，一副忐忑不安的模样。然后他慢慢地沿街往上走，每走一两步便停一停，用手按着额头，像一个心中困惑的人。他边走边思量的这个问题，属于那种很少能解开的一类。海德

先生面色苍白，身材矮小，给人一种畸形的印象，却又说不出哪里长得不对；他笑起来令人不快；他对待律师的态度，是怯懦与放肆的一种杀气腾腾的混合；他说话的声音沙哑、低细，还有几分断断续续——这些都是他的不是之处，但即便全加在一起，也解释不了厄特森先生看他时所生出的那种前所未有的厌恶、憎恨和恐惧。“一定还有别的什么，”这位困惑的绅士说，“确实还有更多的东西，只要我能给它找个名字。上帝保佑，那家伙简直不像人！有点像穴居野人，可以这么说吗？还是那个费尔博士的老故事？抑或只是一个污秽灵魂的光芒，就这样透过盛装它的泥土躯壳散发出来，把那躯壳也变了模样？我想是最后这一种；因为，哦，我可怜的老哈里·杰基尔，倘若我曾在哪张脸上读到过撒旦的签名，那就是你这位新朋友的脸了。”[3]

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

从小街拐过街角，有一片广场，四周是古老而漂亮的房子，如今大多已从昔日的显赫中衰落，分租成公寓和套间，租给形形色色、各种身份的人：地图雕版师、建筑师、不三不四的律师，以及来路不明的营生的代理人。然而，离街角第二座的那幢房子，仍由一户人家整座居住；这幢房子的大门透着一派富足安逸的气象，只是此刻除了门上的扇形气窗，全都沉在黑暗之中。厄特森先生在门前停下，敲了敲门。一位衣着体面、上了年纪的仆人开了门。

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

“普尔，杰基尔医生在家吗？”律师问。

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

"我去看看，厄特森先生。"普尔说着，把客人让进一间宽敞、低矮而舒适的门厅。门厅铺着石板，像乡间宅第那样，生着一炉明亮的敞口炉火取暖，陈设着名贵的橡木橱。"您在这儿烤着火等一会儿好吗，先生？还是我给您到餐厅点上灯？"

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

"就在这儿吧，谢谢。"律师说着，走近炉边，靠在高高的炉栏上。这间门厅——此刻只留下他一个人——是他那位医生朋友的心爱之物；厄特森自己也常说，这是全伦敦最宜人的房间。可是今晚，他血液里一阵阵发颤；海德那张脸沉沉地压在他的记忆里；他感到（这在他是少有的）一种对人生的恶心与厌倦；在他阴郁的心境里，擦得锃亮的橡木橱上闪烁的火光，屋顶上不安地跳动的影子，似乎都透着某种威胁。不一会儿，普尔回来通报说杰基尔医生出门了，他竟如释重负，并为此感到羞愧。

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

"普尔，我看见海德先生从旧解剖房那扇门进去了，"他说，"杰基尔医生不在家，这样合适吗？"

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

"不碍事的，厄特森先生，"仆人答道，"海德先生有钥匙。"

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

"你家主人似乎很信任那个年轻人啊，普尔。"对方若有所思地接着说。

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

"是啊，先生，可不是嘛，"普尔说，"我们都奉了命，要听他的吩咐。"

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

"我好像从没见过海德先生吧？"厄特森问。

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

"哦，哪儿的话，先生，没见过。他从不在这儿吃饭，"管家答道，"说真的，我们在宅子这一头很少见到他；他多半是从实验楼那边进进出出。"

"Well, good-night, Poole."

"好了，晚安，普尔。"

"Good-night, Mr. Utterson."

"晚安，厄特森先生。"

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

come so near to doing yet avoided. And then by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. “This Master Hyde, if he were studied,” thought he, “must have secrets of his own; black secrets, by the look of him; secrets compared to which poor Jekyll’s worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry’s bedside; poor Harry, what a wakening! And the danger of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ah, I must put my shoulder to the wheel—if Jekyll will but let me,” he added, “if Jekyll will only let me.” For once more he saw before his mind’s eye, as clear as transparency, the strange clauses of the will.

律师怀着十分沉重的心情踏上了回家的路。“可怜的哈里·杰基尔，”他想，“我心里直犯嘀咕，他是陷进深水里了！他年轻时放荡过；当然，那是很久以前的事了；可是在上帝的律法里，并没有什么追诉时效。唉，一定是这么回事：某桩旧罪的鬼魂，某件隐秘丑事的毒瘤；惩罚 pede claudo（跛足而来），在记忆早已忘却、自爱早已宽恕了那过错多年之后，终于来了。”律师被这个念头吓坏了，便对着自己的过去沉思了一会儿，在记忆的每个角落里摸索，生怕万一有什么陈年罪孽像玩偶匣里的小丑一样蹦到光天化日之下。他的过去可以说相当清白；很少有人能像他这样，翻阅自己一生的履历时心里如此坦然；然而，想到自己做过的许多坏事，他便谦卑得俯伏于尘土；想到许多险些做了却终于避开的坏事，又生出一种庄重而惶恐的感恩之心，重新挺起身来。随后，他又回到先前的话题上，心中萌生了一线希望。“海德这小子，要是有人细细研究一番，”他想，“一定有他自己的秘密；看他那副模样，准是些见不得人的秘密；比起那些秘密，可怜的杰基尔最糟糕的秘密也会像阳光一样明亮。事情不能再这样下去了。一想到这个家伙像贼一样溜到哈里床边，我就浑身发冷；可怜的哈里，那会是怎样的惊醒！而且这多危险哪；要是这个海德疑心有那份遗嘱存在，他也许会急不可耐地要继承。唉，我得出把力了——只要杰基尔肯让我插手，”他又说，“只要杰基尔肯让我插手。”因为他心里又一次浮现出遗嘱中那些古怪的条款，清清楚楚，如同一张透光的幻灯画片。

译注

[2] 原文Hyde与hide（躲藏）同音，Seek意为“寻找”，二者合起来正是“捉迷藏”（hide-and-seek）。

[3] 典出英国童谣：“我不喜欢你，费尔博士，原因我也说不出。”喻说不出缘由的厌恶。

第 三 章

杰基尔医生泰然自若

Dr. Jekyll Was Quite at Ease

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

两个星期后，真是天赐良机，医生举办了一次他那种令人愉快的晚宴，请了五六位老友，个个都是聪明体面的人，也都是品鉴好酒的行家；厄特森先生想方设法，等其他人散去后自己留了下来。这并不是什么新安排，而是已经发生过几十上百次的事。凡是喜欢厄特森的人，都喜欢得很。当那些心情轻快、口无遮拦的客人已经一只脚跨出门槛时，主人们总爱留住这位不苟言笑的律师；他们喜欢在他不惹眼的陪伴下坐上一会儿，为独处预作练习，在欢闹一番、耗神费力之后，借这人丰厚的沉默让头脑清醒下来。杰基尔医生也不例外；此刻他坐在炉火的另一边——一个五十岁的人，高大魁梧，体格匀称，面容光洁，或许带着几分狡黠的神气，但处处显出才干与善意——从他的神色可以看出，他对厄特森先生怀着真挚而热烈的情谊。

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

"杰基尔，我一直想跟你谈谈，"后者开口道，"你那份遗嘱，你还记得吧？"

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful; but the doctor carried it off gaily. "My poor Utterson," said he, "you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will; unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. O, I know he's a good fellow—

you needn't frown—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon."

细心的观察者也许会看出这个话题令人不快；可医生却轻松愉快地应付了过去。"我可怜的厄特森，"他说，"摊上我这样的委托人，算你倒霉。我从没见过谁像你那样为我的遗嘱苦恼——除非是那个死脑筋的书呆子兰扬，为了他所谓我的科学异端而苦恼。哦，我知道他是个好人——你用不着皱眉——一个顶好的人，我也一直打算多去看看他；可尽管如此，他还是个死脑筋的书呆子；一个无知又爱嚷嚷的书呆子。我对谁都没有像对兰扬那样失望过。"

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

"你知道我从来就不赞成这份遗嘱。"厄特森毫不留情地撇开那个新话题，接着说。

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

"我的遗嘱？是的，当然，我知道，"医生说，语气有点尖锐，"你跟我说过了。"

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

"那好，我再跟你说一遍，"律师继续说，"我打听到了一些关于海德那小伙子的事。"

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

杰基尔医生那张宽大英俊的脸一下子白到了嘴唇，眼圈周围泛起一片乌黑。"我不想再听了，"他说，"我还以为这件事咱们已经说好不再提

了。”

“What I heard was abominable,” said Utterson.

“我听到的事情可恶极了。”厄特森说。

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

“那改变不了什么。你不了解我的处境，”医生答道，神态有些语无伦次，“我的处境很痛苦，厄特森；我的处境非常奇怪——非常奇怪。这种事是靠嘴说解决不了的。”

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

“杰基尔，”厄特森说，“你了解我：我是个靠得住的人。私下里把这件事原原本本跟我说了吧；我毫不怀疑能帮你脱身。”

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

“我的好厄特森，”医生说，“你真是太好了，实实在在太好了，我都找不出话来谢你。我完全相信你；要是能选，我信你胜过信世上任何活人，是啊，胜过信我自己；可这事真不是你想的那样；没有那么糟；为了让你那颗好心放下，我告诉你一件事：只要我愿意，随时都能摆脱海德先生。我可以跟你握手为誓；我一再地谢谢你；我只再补充一句，厄特森，我相信你不会见怪：这是件私事，求你就让它这么沉睡下去吧。”

Utterson reflected a little, looking in the fire.

厄特森望着炉火，沉思了片刻。

"I have no doubt you are perfectly right," he said at last, getting to his feet.

"我相信你说得完全对。"他终于说道，站起身来。

"Well, but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope," continued the doctor, "there is one point I should like you to understand. I have really a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude. But I do sincerely take a great, a very great interest in that young man; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would, if you knew all; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise."

"好吧，不过既然我们谈到了这件事，而且我希望这是最后一次，"医生接着说，"有一点我希望你能明白。我真的非常关心可怜的海德。我知道你见过他；他告诉我了；恐怕他对你很无礼。可我真心实意地关心，非常非常关心那个年轻人；厄特森，要是我离开了人世，我希望你答应我，容忍他，替他争取他应得的权利。我想，要是你知道了一切，你会这样做的；只要你肯答应，我心里就卸下了一副重担。"

"I can't pretend that I shall ever like him," said the lawyer.

"我没法假装说我会喜欢他。"律师说。

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

"我不要求这个，"杰基尔恳求道，把手按在对方的胳膊上，"我只求公正；我只求你在我不在人世的时候，看在我的分上帮帮他。"

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

厄特森禁不住长叹一声。"好吧，"他说，"我答应。"

第 四 章

卡鲁血案

The Carew Murder Case

Nearly a year later, in the month of October, 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A maid servant living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. It seems she was romantically given, for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she became aware of an aged beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed and accosted the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognise in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

将近一年之后，18—年十月，伦敦被一桩凶残异常的罪案所震惊；受害者地位显赫，更使此案格外引人瞩目。案情细节寥寥，却骇人听闻。离河不远的一所宅子里住着一个女仆，独自一人，那晚约莫十一点钟上楼就寝。后半夜虽有大雾滚滚漫过全城，前半夜却万里无云，女仆窗下的那条小巷被一轮满月照得通明。看来她是个好遐想的人，因为她在紧挨窗下的箱子上坐了下来，出神地陷入了梦一般的沉思。她后来讲起这段经历，总是泪流满面地说，她从来——从来没有像那时那样与世人心平气和，对这世界

怀着那样的善意。正这样坐着，她发觉一位满头白发、相貌俊雅的老绅士沿着小巷走来；另有一位身材十分矮小的先生迎面而去，起初她并没怎么留意此人。两人走到彼此能够交谈的地方（恰好就在女仆眼皮底下），年长的那位鞠了一躬，以一种十分优雅的礼貌向对方搭话。他所说的似乎并非什么要紧事；的确，从他指指点点的样子看，有时仿佛只是在问路；可他说话时，月光正照在他脸上，姑娘看着心里欢喜，那张脸仿佛流露出一种天真而古风犹存的仁厚性情，却又带着几分高贵，像是出于一种有根有据的自足。过了一会儿，她的目光移到另一个人身上，吃惊地认出他就是某位海德先生——此人曾来拜访过她的主人，她对他一向颇为厌恶。他手里拿着一根沉重的手杖，正漫不经心地摆弄着；他一言不发，听对方说话时似乎强压着满腔的不耐烦。接着，他突然勃然大怒，怒火冲天，跺着脚，挥舞着手杖，（照女仆的说法）像个疯子似的闹将起来。老绅士退后一步，神情十分惊愕，又略带委屈；海德先生见状，便再也不受任何约束，一杖将他打倒在地。紧接着，他像猿猴般狂暴，把受害者踩在脚下，手杖如冰雹般狂落而下，只听得骨头碎裂之声清晰可闻，那躯体在路面上一下下弹起。目睹耳闻这番惨状，女仆吓得昏了过去。

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

她醒转过来时已是两点钟，随即叫来了警察。凶手早已逃之夭夭；受害者却躺在小巷当中，血肉模糊，惨不忍睹。行凶所用的那根手杖，虽是某种珍稀、极其坚韧沉重的木料制成，却在这番丧心病狂的暴行之下从中折断；裂开的半截滚进了近旁的阴沟——另外半截无疑已被凶手带走了。受害者身上找到一只钱袋和一块金表，却没有名片或文件，只有一个封好

口、贴了邮票的信封，大概是他正要拿去投寄的，上面写着厄特森先生的姓名和住址。

This was brought to the lawyer the next morning, before he was out of bed; and he had no sooner seen it and been told the circumstances, than he shot out a solemn lip. “I shall say nothing till I have seen the body,” said he; “this may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress.” And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove to the police station, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he nodded.

第二天一早，律师还没起床，这封信就送到了他手上；他一看到信，又听人讲了案情，便神色凝重地抿紧了嘴唇。“在见到尸体之前，我什么也不能说，”他道，“这件事可能非常严重。请稍候，容我穿好衣服。”他依旧板着那副严峻的面孔，匆匆用过早餐，便乘车赶往停放尸体的警察局。一走进那间小屋，他便点了点头。

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

“是的，”他说，“我认得他。很遗憾，这是丹弗斯·卡鲁爵士。”

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

“天哪，先生，”那位警官叫道，“这怎么可能？”紧接着，他眼中燃起了职业上的雄心。“这案子可要轰动一时了，”他说，“兴许您能帮我们找到那个人。”于是他把女仆所见扼要讲了一遍，又拿出那截断杖给律师看。

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

厄特森先生一听到海德这个名字，心里就已经发怵了；等到手杖摆在面前，他再也无法怀疑：虽然已经折断，又磨损得不成样子，他还是认出这正是许多年前他亲手送给亨利·杰基尔的那一根。

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

"这位海德先生是不是身材矮小？"他问。

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

"照那女仆的说法，他个子格外矮小，模样格外凶恶。"警官说。

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

厄特森先生沉思片刻，然后抬起头来，说道："您若肯坐我的马车同去，我想我可以带您到他家。"

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvelous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its muddy ways, and slatternly passengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest.

这时已是上午九点光景，正逢这一季的头一场大雾。一大片巧克力色的帷幕低低压在天际，可风不断冲击着这些严阵以待的雾气，将它们击溃驱散；于是马车从一条街缓缓爬到另一条街，厄特森先生便看见了浓淡深浅、色调纷繁得令人惊叹的种种昏光：这里黑沉沉的，如同傍晚将尽；那里却泛着一片浓重而阴森的褐红光芒，宛如某场奇异大火的火光；又有某处，雾气霎时间被冲散，一道惨淡的日光从翻卷的雾团间斜射进来。在这变幻不定的光影中望去，苏豪区这片阴沉的街区——泥泞的道路、邋遢的

行人、那些从未熄灭或为了抵御这场黑暗卷土重来而重新点起的路灯——在律师眼里，就像噩梦中某座城市的一隅。况且，他心中的念头也都染着最阴郁的色调；当他瞥一眼同车的伙伴时，便觉出了几分对法律和执法者的畏惧——这种畏惧，有时连最正直的人也难免会被袭上心头。

As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

马车在指定的地址前停下时，雾稍稍散开，让他看到一条肮脏的街道、一家金酒馆、一间低档的法国小饭馆、一家零售便士小说和两便士一份沙拉的铺子，许多衣衫褴褛的孩子蜷缩在门洞里，许多不同国籍的女人手里拿着钥匙走出门去，要喝上一杯早酒；转眼间，雾又沉沉压下，褐如赭土，把他和周遭这片下流去处隔断开来。这里便是亨利·杰基尔的宠儿的家——一个将要继承二十五万英镑家产的人的家。

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

开门的是个面如象牙、满头银发的老妇人。她长着一张邪恶的脸，经伪善磨得光滑平和，举止却十分得体。是的，她说，这里是海德先生的住处，可他不在家；他昨夜很晚才回来，但不到一个钟头就又出去了；这也没什么稀奇，他起居向来没有定规，常常不在；比方说，在昨天以前，她已经有将近两个月没见到他了。

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

"This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard."

"好吧，那么我们想看看他的房间。"律师说；那女人刚要声称这绝无可能，他又补了一句："我最好告诉你这位是谁。这位是苏格兰场的纽科门督察。"

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

女人脸上闪过一丝可憎的喜色。"啊！"她说，"他惹上麻烦了！他干了什么？"

Mr. Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. "He don't seem a very popular character," observed the latter. "And now, my good woman, just let me and this gentleman have a look about us."

厄特森先生和督察交换了一下眼色。"看样子他人缘可不怎么样，"督察说道，"好啦，我的好大娘，就让我和这位先生四处瞧瞧吧。"

In the whole extent of the house, which but for the old woman remained otherwise empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste. A closet was filled with wine; the plate was of silver, the napery elegant; a good picture hung upon the walls, a gift (as Utterson supposed) from Henry Jekyll, who was much of a connoisseur; and the carpets were of many piles and agreeable in colour. At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked; clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets inside out; lock-fast drawers stood open; and on the hearth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned. From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt end of a green cheque book, which had resisted the action of the fire; the other half of the stick was found behind the door; and as this clinched his suspicions, the officer declared himself delighted. A visit to the bank, where several thousand pounds were found to be lying to the murderer's credit, completed his gratification.

整幢宅子除了这老妇人之外空无一人，海德先生只用了其中两个房间；不过这两间屋子陈设得既奢华又雅致。一个壁橱里装满了酒；餐具是银的，桌布餐巾都很考究；墙上挂着一幅好画，（厄特森猜想）是亨利·杰基尔送的，他是个颇有眼光的鉴赏家；地毯绒毛厚实，颜色悦目。然而

此刻，两个房间处处显出不久前被人匆匆翻检过的痕迹：衣服扔了一地，口袋都翻了出来；上了锁的抽屉全都敞开着；壁炉里有一堆灰烬，仿佛烧过许多文件。督察从余烬中扒出了一本绿色支票簿的存根，它没被火烧尽；另外半截手杖在门后找到了；这一来坐实了他的怀疑，警官宣称自己十分满意。再到银行一查，发现凶手名下存着好几千镑，他便更是心满意足了。

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

"您尽管放心，先生，"他对厄特森先生说，"他已经攥在我手心里了。他准是慌了神，不然绝不会把手杖留下，更不会把支票簿烧掉。哎呀，钱就是这人的命根子。咱们什么也不用干，只要在银行守着他，再把通缉告示贴出去就行。"

This last, however, was not so easy of accomplishment; for Mr. Hyde had numbered few familiars—even the master of the servant maid had only seen him twice; his family could nowhere be traced; he had never been photographed; and the few who could describe him differed widely, as common observers will. Only on one point were they agreed; and that was the haunting sense of unexpressed deformity with which the fugitive impressed his beholders.

然而后面这件事却并不那么容易办到；因为海德先生几乎没有什么熟人——就连那女仆的主人也只见过他两回；他的家人无处可寻；他从没拍过照片；能描述他相貌的寥寥几个人，说法又大相径庭，寻常的旁观者往往如此。只有一点他们是一致的：这个逃犯给见过他的人留下了一种挥之不去的感觉，觉得他身上有某种说不出来的畸形。

第 五 章

信中蹊跷

Incident of the Letter

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

厄特森先生来到杰基尔医生门前时，已是午后很晚了。普尔当即让他进门，领着他穿过厨房杂务间，再穿过一片当年曾是花园的院子，来到那幢被随口称作实验楼或解剖房的建筑。医生是从一位著名外科医生的继承人手里买下这所宅子的；由于他本人的兴趣偏重化学而非解剖，便改变了花园尽头那幢楼的用途。律师在朋友的宅邸里被请到这一处来，还是头一回；他好奇地打量着这座昏暗无窗的建筑，穿过解剖讲堂时，又带着一种令人不快的陌生感环顾四周。这讲堂当年挤满了求知若渴的学生，如今却空旷寂静，桌上堆满了化学器具，地上散放着木箱，扔满了包装用的稻草，光线从雾气蒙蒙的穹顶幽幽透下。讲堂的另一头，一段楼梯通向一扇蒙着红呢的门；厄特森先生穿过这扇门，终于被迎进了医生的书房。这是一间宽敞的屋子，四周立着一排玻璃药柜，屋里除了别的家具，还有一面穿衣镜和一张办公桌，三扇装着铁栅的积尘窗户朝着天井。炉栅里生着火；壁炉架上点着一盏灯，因为就连屋子里也开始积起浓雾；杰基尔医生

就坐在那里，紧挨着炉火取暖，看上去病得要死。他没有起身迎接来客，只伸出一只冰冷的手，用一种变了调的嗓音表示欢迎。

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

"那么，"普尔一离开，厄特森先生便说，"你已经听到消息了吧？"

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

医生打了个寒战。"广场上有人在叫卖号外，"他说，"我在餐厅里听见了。"

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

"只说一句，"律师道，"卡鲁是我的委托人，可你也是，我想弄清楚自己在做什么。你总不至于疯到把这家伙藏起来了吧？"

"Utterson, I swear to God," cried the doctor, "I swear to God I will never set eyes on him again. I bind my honour to you that I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end. And indeed he does not want my help; you do not know him as I do; he is safe, he is quite safe; mark my words, he will never more be heard of."

"厄特森，我对上帝发誓，"医生叫道，"我对上帝发誓，我再也不会见他了。我以我的名誉向你担保，我在这世上跟他一刀两断了。一切都结束了。况且他也的确不需要我帮忙；你不像我这样了解他；他很安全，十分安全；记住我的话，从此再也不会有人听到他的消息了。"

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

律师听着，心情沉郁；他不喜欢朋友这副狂热的样子。"你对他似乎很有把握，"他说，"为你着想，我希望你说得对。要是真到了审判那一步，你的名字说不定会被牵扯出来。"

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

"我对他非常有把握，"杰基尔答道，"我有确凿的根据，只是不能告诉任何人。不过有一件事，你倒可以给我出出主意。我——我收到了一封信；我拿不准该不该把它交给警方。我想把它交给你，厄特森；我相信你会明智地判断；我是那样信任你。"

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

"我想，你是怕这封信会让人查到他的下落吧？"律师问。

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

"不，"对方说，"海德会落得什么下场，我可以说并不在乎；我跟他已经彻底了断了。我考虑的是我自己的名声，这件可恨的事已经让它暴露得够多了。"

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

厄特森沉吟了一会儿；朋友的自私让他吃惊，却又让他松了口气。"好吧，"他终于说，"让我看看那封信。"

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand and signed "Edward Hyde": and it signified, briefly enough, that the writer's benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, whom he had long so unworthily repaid for a thousand generosities, need labour under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence. The lawyer liked this letter well enough; it put a better colour on the intimacy than he had looked for; and he blamed himself for some of his past suspicions.

信是用一种古怪的、直立的字体写的，署名"爱德华·海德"；信中寥寥数语，大意是说：写信人的恩人杰基尔医生曾千百次慷慨相待，他却一

直报答得如此不堪；如今恩人大可不必为他的安危担忧，因为他已有万无一失的脱身之计。律师读了这封信，觉得颇为满意；它使两人的交情显得比他料想的要体面些；他不禁为自己过去的一些猜疑而自责。

“Have you the envelope?” he asked.

“信封还在吗？”他问。

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

“我烧了，”杰基尔答道，“还没想清楚自己在做什么就烧了。不过上面没有邮戳。信是派人送来的。”

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

“我先把它带回去，好好考虑一夜，可以吗？”厄特森问。

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

“我希望完全由你替我拿主意，”对方答道，“我已经对自己失去了信心。”

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

“好，我会考虑的，”律师回答，“现在再问一句：你遗嘱里关于失踪的那些条款，是海德口授的吧？”

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

医生似乎一阵眩晕，几乎昏厥；他紧紧闭着嘴，点了点头。

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

“我就知道，”厄特森说，“他存心要谋害你。你算是侥幸逃过了一劫。”

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

"我得到的远比这更要紧，"医生郑重地答道，"我得到了一个教训——啊，上帝啊，厄特森，这是个多么惨痛的教训！"说着他用双手捂住了脸，好一会儿没有放下。

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

出门的时候，律师停下脚步，和普尔说了一两句话。"顺便问一句，"他说，"今天有人送来一封信，送信的人是什么模样？"可普尔一口咬定，除了邮差送来的，什么也没收到；"而且邮差送来的也只有些广告传单。"他补充道。

This news sent off the visitor with his fears renewed. Plainly the letter had come by the laboratory door; possibly, indeed, it had been written in the cabinet; and if that were so, it must be differently judged, and handled with the more caution. The newsboys, as he went, were crying themselves hoarse along the footways: "Special edition. Shocking murder of an M.P." That was the funeral oration of one friend and client; and he could not help a certain apprehension lest the good name of another should be sucked down in the eddy of the scandal. It was, at least, a ticklish decision that he had to make; and self-reliant as he was by habit, he began to cherish a longing for advice. It was not to be had directly; but perhaps, he thought, it might be fished for.

这个消息使来客带着重新燃起的忧惧离去。显然，那封信是从实验楼的门送进来的；甚至，说不定就是在书房里写的；倘若果真如此，那就得另作判断，处置起来也须格外谨慎。他一路走去，报童们沿着人行道声嘶力竭地叫卖："号外！国会议员惨遭谋杀！"这便是一位朋友兼委托人的悼词了；他不由得担心，另一位的清誉也会被卷进这场丑闻的漩涡里去。至少，他必须做出的决定颇为棘手；他平日虽惯于自作主张，此刻却也开始渴望有人指点。这样的指点不能直接求取；不过，他想，或许可以设法套出来。

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

过了不久，他已坐在自家壁炉的一侧，首席书记员格斯特先生坐在另一侧；两人中间，离炉火恰到好处的地方，放着一瓶珍藏的陈酒，它在这所宅子的地窖里不见天日，已经存放了许久。浓雾依旧盘踞在这座淹没的城市上空，路灯在雾中闪烁，宛如一颗颗红宝石；透过这些坠落的云团的重重包裹与窒闷，城市生活的行列依然沿着几条大动脉滚滚而来，声如狂风。可屋里却被炉火映得一片欢快。瓶中的酸涩早已化尽；那帝王般的紫红色随着岁月而柔和下来，就像彩绘玻璃窗的颜色日久愈显醇厚；山坡葡萄园里炎热秋日午后的光辉，正待释放出来，驱散伦敦的迷雾。不知不觉间，律师的心肠软化了。他对谁都不像对格斯特先生那样少有隐瞒；而且，他也并不总是有把握自己守住了原本想守的那么多秘密。格斯特常因公事去医生家；他认识普尔；海德先生在那宅子里进出自如，他几乎不可能毫无耳闻；他或许会由此得出某些结论：那么，让他看看这封足以澄清那桩疑团的信，岂不是正好？况且格斯特对笔迹素有研究，是个鉴定字迹的行家，他会觉得这一举动顺理成章，是对他的抬举。再说，这位书记员

又是个善于出主意的人；读到这样一份古怪的文件，他几乎不可能不发表一句议论；而凭着这句议论，厄特森先生便可决定今后如何行事。

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

"丹弗斯爵士的事真叫人难过。"他说。

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

"是啊，先生，的确如此。这件事激起了公众极大的义愤，"格斯特答道，"那人当然是个疯子。"

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

"我倒想听听你对此的看法，"厄特森回答，"我这里有一份他亲笔写的东西；这事只限你我二人知道，因为我简直不知道该怎么处置它；说得好听些，这也是件丑事。不过东西就在这儿，正合你的本行：一个杀人犯的手迹。"

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

格斯特眼睛一亮，立刻坐下来，全神贯注地研究起来。"不，先生，"他说，"不是疯子；不过这笔迹倒很古怪。"

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

"而且照大家的说法，写字的人也十分古怪。"律师补充道。

Just then the servant entered with a note.

就在这时，仆人拿着一张便笺走了进来。

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

“这是杰基尔医生写来的吗，先生？”书记员问道，“我看这字迹像是认得。是私事吗，厄特森先生？”

“Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see it?”

“不过是一张晚餐的请柬。怎么了？你想看看吗？”

“One moment. I thank you, sir;” and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents. “Thank you, sir,” he said at last, returning both; “it’s a very interesting autograph.”

“看一下就好。谢谢您，先生。”书记员把两张纸并排放好，仔仔细细地比对起内容来。“谢谢您，先生，”他终于说道，把两张纸都递了回去，“这份手迹非常有意思。”

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

一阵沉默，厄特森先生在心里挣扎着。“格斯特，你为什么要把它们比对一下？”他突然问道。

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

“这个嘛，先生，”书记员答道，“两者相像得颇为奇特；这两种笔迹在许多地方一模一样，只是倾斜的方向不同。”

“Rather quaint,” said Utterson.

“倒是有些蹊跷。”厄特森说。

“It is, as you say, rather quaint,” returned Guest.

“正如您说的，是有些蹊跷。”格斯特答道。

“I wouldn’t speak of this note, you know,” said the master.

“这张便笺的事，你知道，最好别对人提起。”主人说。

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

"是，先生，"书记员说，"我明白。"

But no sooner was Mr. Utterson alone that night, than he locked the note into his safe, where it reposed from that time forward. "What!" he thought. "Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!" And his blood ran cold in his veins.

可是那天夜里，厄特森先生刚一独处，便把那张便笺锁进了保险柜，从此它就一直躺在那里。"什么！"他心想，"亨利·杰基尔竟替一个杀人犯伪造信件！"他只觉得血管里的血都凉透了。

第六章

兰扬医生的变故

Incident of Dr. Lanyon

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

时光流逝。悬赏高达数千镑，因为丹弗斯爵士之死被视为危害公众的大案，激起了众怒；然而海德先生已从警方的视野中消失，仿佛世上从未有过此人。诚然，他的许多往事都被挖了出来，件件都不光彩：人们传说此人如何残忍，既冷酷无情，又暴戾凶狠；说他生活如何卑污，交往的人如何古怪，他一生行迹所至，似乎总伴着人们的憎恨；然而关于他眼下的去向，却连一丝风声也没有。自凶案那天早晨离开苏豪区的住处以后，他就像被一笔抹去了一般。随着时日推移，厄特森先生渐渐从那阵焦灼的惊惶中平复过来，心境也日益安宁。依他看来，海德先生就此消失，足以抵偿丹弗斯爵士之死而有余。如今那股邪恶的影响既已消除，杰基尔医生便开始了新的生活。他不再离群索居，与朋友们重修旧好，又成了他们家中的熟客，也重新做起东道；他向来以乐善好施闻名，如今又以虔敬宗教而同样受人称道。他忙忙碌碌，常在户外走动，多行善事；他的面容似乎舒展开来，焕发出光彩，仿佛内心自觉正在为人效力；一连两个多月，医生都过得平平安安。

On the 8th of January Utterson had dined at the doctor's with a small party; Lanyon had been there; and the face of the host had looked from one to the other as in the old days

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

一月八日，厄特森在医生家参加了一场小型晚宴；兰扬也在座；主人的目光在两人之间流转，一如往日三人形影不离之时。到了十二日，后来又在十四日，律师两次登门，都吃了闭门羹。"医生闭门不出，"普尔说，"谁也不见。"十五日他又去了一趟，仍被拒之门外；过去两个月来，他几乎天天都能见到这位朋友，如今重又落得形单影只，心头便沉甸甸的。第五天晚上，他请格斯特来家中用餐；第六天晚上，他便去了兰扬医生家。

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

在那里，他至少没有被拒之门外；可一进门，他就被医生容貌上的变化吓了一跳。死亡的判决书清清楚楚地写在他的脸上。这个原本面色红润的人变得苍白了；身上的肉都消瘦下去；头发明显稀疏了，人也明显老了；然而，引起律师注意的，倒不完全是这些身体迅速衰败的迹象，而是他眼中的神色和举止间的某种意味，似乎表明他心灵深处藏着某种根深蒂固的恐惧。医生不大可能惧怕死亡；可厄特森却忍不住往这上面猜想。"是啊，"他想，"他是医生，必定清楚自己的病情，知道自己来日无多；这份清楚叫他难以承受。"然而当厄特森说起他气色不佳时，兰扬却神态十分坚定地宣称，自己是个注定要死的人。

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

"我受了一次打击，"他说，"再也好不了了。不过是几个星期的事。唉，人生一向是愉快的；我喜欢它；是啊，先生，我从前是喜欢它的。我有时想，倘若我们知道了一切，就会更乐意离开这个世界了。"

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

"杰基尔也病了，"厄特森说，"你见过他吗？"

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

兰扬的脸色却变了，他举起一只颤抖的手。"杰基尔医生的事，我再也不想看见，也不想听到，"他嗓门很大，声音却在发颤，"我跟那个人已经彻底了断了；请你千万别再向我提起此人，我只当他已经死了。"

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Utterson; and then after a considerable pause, "Can't I do anything?" he inquired. "We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we shall not live to make others."

"啧，啧！"厄特森先生说；隔了好一会儿，他才问道："我就不能做点什么吗？兰扬，我们三个是多年的老朋友了；这辈子不会再交到这样的朋友了。"

"Nothing can be done," returned Lanyon; "ask himself."

"什么也做不了，"兰扬答道，"你去问他本人吧。"

"He will not see me," said the lawyer.

"他不肯见我。"律师说。

"I am not surprised at that," was the reply. "Some day, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right and wrong of this. I cannot tell you. And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God's sake, stay and do so;

but if you cannot keep clear of this accursed topic, then in God's name, go, for I cannot bear it."

"这我并不意外，"对方答道，"厄特森，等我死后，总有一天，你或许会弄明白其中的是非曲直。我不能告诉你。在此之前，你若能坐下来同我谈些别的事，看在上帝的份上，就留下来谈吧；可你若是绕不开这个该死的话题，那么以上帝的名义，请你走吧，因为我受不了。"

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

厄特森一回到家，就坐下来给杰基尔写信，抱怨自己被拒之门外，又问他何以同兰扬闹到这般不幸的决裂；第二天，他收到一封长长的回信，措辞往往十分凄切，字里行间有时又透着幽暗难解的意味。与兰扬的嫌隙已无可弥合。"我不怪我们的老朋友，"杰基尔写道，"但我同他一样认为，我们此生再也不能相见。从今以后，我打算过一种极端隐居的生活；倘若我的门常常连你也不肯开，你不要惊讶，也不要怀疑我的友情。你得容我走我自己那条黑暗的路。我给自己招来了一种说不出口的惩罚和危险。如果说我是罪人中的罪魁，那我也是受苦人中受苦最深的。我从未想到，这世上竟有如此叫人丧尽胆气的痛苦与恐惧；厄特森，要减轻我这份命运，

你只能做一件事，那就是尊重我的沉默。”厄特森大为惊愕：海德那股阴暗的影响已经消除，医生已重拾旧日的事业与友谊；一个星期之前，前景还一片光明，处处预示着一个愉快而受人尊敬的晚年；而如今，转眼之间，友谊、心境的安宁，以及他整个生活的格调，全都毁了。如此巨大而又毫无征兆的变化，看来只能归于疯狂；可是想到兰扬的神情和话语，其中必定另有更深的缘由。

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

一个星期后，兰扬医生卧床不起，不到两个星期便去世了。厄特森在葬礼上悲恸不已；葬礼过后的那天夜里，他锁上事务室的门，就着一支凄凉的蜡烛坐下，取出一个信封摆在面前，信封上是亡友的亲笔，封口盖着亡友的印章。“**私人信件**：仅交G. J. 厄特森**本人**亲启，倘其先我而亡，须原封销毁，不得拆阅。”信封上郑重其事地这样写着；律师不敢去看里面的内容。“今天我已经埋葬了一位朋友，”他想，“万一这封信再让我失去一位呢？”随即他又责备自己，认为这份恐惧是对亡友的不忠，于是拆开了封印。里面另有一封，同样封着口，封皮上写着：“须待亨利 · 杰

基尔医生死亡或失踪后方可拆阅。”厄特森简直不敢相信自己的眼睛。不错，正是“失踪”二字；在这里，又一次——就像在他早已交还立嘱人的那份荒唐遗嘱里一样——在这里，“失踪”这个念头又和亨利·杰基尔的名字连在了一起。然而在遗嘱里，这个念头源于海德那家伙阴险的授意；放在那里的用意再明白不过，也再可怕不过。如今出自兰扬之手，这又意味着什么呢？这位受托人心中涌起强烈的好奇，很想不顾禁令，立刻把这些谜团探个水落石出；然而职业的操守和对亡友的信义，是不容违背的严格义务；于是这包信件便在他私人保险柜的最深处沉睡下来。

It is one thing to mortify curiosity, another to conquer it; and it may be doubted if, from that day forth, Utterson desired the society of his surviving friend with the same eagerness. He thought of him kindly; but his thoughts were disquieted and fearful. He went to call indeed; but he was perhaps relieved to be denied admittance; perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Poole upon the doorstep and surrounded by the air and sounds of the open city, rather than to be admitted into that house of voluntary bondage, and to sit and speak with its inscrutable recluse. Poole had, indeed, no very pleasant news to communicate. The doctor, it appeared, now more than ever confined himself to the cabinet over the laboratory, where he would sometimes even sleep; he was out of spirits, he had grown very silent, he did not read; it seemed as if he had something on his mind. Utterson became so used to the unvarying character of these reports, that he fell off little by little in the frequency of his visits.

压抑好奇是一回事，战胜好奇又是另一回事；从那天起，厄特森是否还像从前那样热切地盼望与他这位在世的朋友往来，就很难说了。他念及他时依然怀着善意，但心中却不安而又畏惧。他确实也去登门拜访；可是被拒之门外，他或许反倒松了口气；或许在他心底，宁愿站在门阶上同普尔说几句话，四周是开阔城市的空气与声响，也不愿被请进那座自甘囚禁的宅子，同那个高深莫测的隐士对坐交谈。其实，普尔也没有什么好消息可说。看来，医生如今比以往更深地把自己关在实验楼楼上的书房里，有时甚至就在那里过夜；他精神萎靡，变得沉默寡言，也不读书了；仿佛有什么心事。这些消息千篇一律，厄特森听得惯了，去的次数也就渐渐少了。

第 七 章

窗前一瞥

Incident at the Window

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

某个星期天，厄特森先生照例与恩菲尔德先生散步，碰巧又一次走过那条小街；来到那扇门前时，两人都停下脚步，凝望着它。

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

"好了，"恩菲尔德说，"那个故事总算结束了。我们再也不会见到海德先生了。"

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

"但愿如此，"厄特森说，"我跟你说过没有？我曾经见过他一面，也和你一样，对他心生厌恶。"

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

"见了他，就不可能不生出那种厌恶，"恩菲尔德答道，"顺便说一句，你当时一定觉得我是个十足的傻瓜吧，竟不知道这是通往杰基尔医生家的后门！就算后来我总算弄明白了，那也有一半要怪你。"

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

"这么说，你已经弄明白了？"厄特森说，"既然如此，我们不妨走进天井，看看那几扇窗户。说实话，我很替可怜的杰基尔担心；即便只在外头，我也觉得有个朋友在近旁，或许对他有好处。"

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky, high up overhead, was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows

was half-way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

天井里十分阴凉，还有点潮湿，暮色早早地笼罩下来，虽然高处的天空仍被落日映得通亮。三扇窗户中间的那一扇开了一半；厄特森看见杰基尔医生就坐在窗边，透着气，神情无限哀伤，宛如一个郁郁寡欢的囚徒。

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

"怎么！杰基尔！杰基尔！"他喊道，"想必你好些了吧。"

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

"我很消沉，厄特森，"医生凄然答道，"非常消沉。不会太久了，谢天谢地。"

"You stay too much indoors," said the lawyer. "You should be out, whipping up the circulation like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is my cousin—Mr. Enfield—Dr. Jekyll.) Come now; get your hat and take a quick turn with us."

"你太少出门了，"律师说，"你该出来走走，像恩菲尔德先生和我这样，活动活动血脉。（这是我的远亲——恩菲尔德先生——这位是杰基尔医生。）来吧，拿上帽子，跟我们一道快步走一圈。"

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

"你真好，"对方叹了口气，"我很想去；可是不行，不行，不行，那是绝不可能的；我不敢。不过说真的，厄特森，见到你我非常高兴；这真是莫大的快事；我本想请你和恩菲尔德先生上来坐坐，可这地方实在不便待客。"

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

"那么，"律师和气地说，"我们最好就待在下面，在这儿同你说说话吧。"

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

"这正是我刚想冒昧提议的。"医生微笑着答道。可话音未落，那笑容便从他脸上骤然消失，取而代之的是一种极其卑怯的恐惧与绝望，叫楼下的两位绅士浑身的血都凉透了。他们只瞥见了一眼，因为窗户随即被猛地拉了下来；但这一眼已经足够，两人转身离开天井，一言未发。他们同样默默地穿过小街；直到走上邻近一条大街，那里即便是星期天也仍有些人来人往，厄特森先生才终于转过身来，望着同伴。两人都脸色煞白；彼此眼中映着同样的恐惧。

"God forgive us, God forgive us," said Mr. Utterson.

"上帝饶恕我们，上帝饶恕我们。"厄特森先生说。

But Mr. Enfield only nodded his head very seriously, and walked on once more in silence.

恩菲尔德先生却只是十分严肃地点了点头，又默默地往前走去。

第 八 章

最后一夜

The Last Night

Mr. Utterson was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit from Poole.

一天晚上，厄特森先生饭后正坐在炉火边，不料普尔登门来访，令他颇感意外。

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

“哎呀，普尔，什么风把你吹来了？”他嚷道；接着又打量了他一眼，补了一句：“你这是怎么了？医生病了吗？”

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

“厄特森先生，”那人说，“出事了。”

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

“坐下吧，先喝杯酒，”律师说，“好了，别着急，把你的来意明明白白告诉我。”

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

“您是知道医生的脾气的，先生，”普尔答道，“也知道他怎么把自己关起来。唉，他又把自己关在书房里了；我心里不踏实，先生——我要是踏实，就叫我不得好死。厄特森先生，先生，我害怕。”

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

“好了，我的好伙计，”律师说，“说清楚些。你怕什么？”

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

“我已经怕了差不多一个礼拜了，”普尔执拗地不理会他的问话，答道，“我再也受不住了。”

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

这人的模样足以证实他所言不虚；他的举止大不如前；除了起初说出自己害怕的那一刻，他就再没正眼看过律师一次。即便此刻，他坐在那里，那杯酒搁在膝上一口未动，两眼只盯着地板的一角。"我再也受不住了。"他又说了一遍。

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

"好吧，"律师说，"我看得出你自有充分的理由，普尔；我看得出确实出了大岔子。尽量跟我说说是怎么回事。"

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

"我想是有人下了毒手。"普尔声音嘶哑地说。

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

"下了毒手！"律师叫道，他吓了一大跳，也因此有些想发火，"什么毒手！这人到底是什么意思？"

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

"我不敢说，先生，"对方答道，"可是您愿不愿意跟我走一趟，亲眼看看？"

Mr. Utterson's only answer was to rise and get his hat and greatcoat; but he observed with wonder the greatness of the relief that appeared upon the butler's face, and perhaps with no less, that the wine was still untasted when he set it down to follow.

厄特森先生唯一的回答便是起身去拿帽子和大衣；可他惊讶地看到，管家脸上显出那样如释重负的神情；而令他同样惊讶的或许是，管家放下

酒杯跟他出门时，那杯酒仍旧一口没动。

It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides; for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures; for struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his coming, these were not the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish; for his face was white and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

那是三月里一个风狂天寒、合乎时令的夜晚，一弯苍白的月亮仰面躺着，仿佛被风吹得歪倒了，天上飞驰着薄如蝉翼、轻似细麻的流云。风大得叫人难以开口说话，吹得人满脸通红。此外，风似乎还把街上的行人扫得异常稀少；厄特森先生觉得，伦敦这一带他从未见过如此冷清。他倒宁愿不是这样；他平生从未像此刻这般强烈地渴望看见、触到自己的同类；因为无论他怎样挣扎，心头总压着一种灾祸将临的沉重预感。他们到了广场，只见那里满是风沙尘土，花园里细瘦的树木被风吹得一下下抽打着栏杆。普尔一路上都走在前面一两步，这时在人行道当中停住了脚，尽管天气冷得刺骨，他还是摘下帽子，掏出一块红手帕擦额头。不过，他来得虽急，擦去的却不是奔走出的汗珠，而是某种令人窒息的痛苦所逼出的冷汗；因为他脸色惨白，开口说话时，嗓音又粗又哑，断断续续。

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

"好了，先生，"他说，"我们到了，求上帝保佑，但愿什么事也没有。"

“Amen, Poole,” said the lawyer.

“阿们，普尔。”律师说。

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

于是管家十分小心地敲了敲门；门挂着链子开了一道缝，里面一个声音问道：“是你吗，普尔？”

“It’s all right,” said Poole. “Open the door.”

“没事，”普尔说，“开门吧。”

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

他们走进门厅，只见里面灯火通明，炉火烧得很旺；全家仆人，男男女女，都挤在壁炉周围，像一群绵羊。一看见厄特森先生，那个女佣便歇斯底里地呜咽起来；厨娘则叫着“谢天谢地！是厄特森先生来了”，冲上前来，仿佛要把他一把搂住。

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

“怎么，怎么？你们全都在这儿？”律师不耐烦地说，“太不像话，太不成体统了；你们主人知道了，绝不会高兴的。”

“They’re all afraid,” said Poole.

“他们都害怕。”普尔说。

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

接着是一片茫然的沉默，谁也没有分辩；只有那女佣提高了嗓门，这会儿放声大哭起来。

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

"闭嘴！"普尔冲她说，那凶狠的语气证明他自己的神经也已乱成一团；说实在的，刚才那姑娘骤然哭得那么响，大家全都吓了一跳，一齐转身望向里面那扇门，脸上带着可怕的预感。"好了，"管家又对那擦刀的小厮说，"递根蜡烛给我，我们这就把这事了结。"接着他请厄特森先生跟着他，领路往后花园走去。

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

"听着，先生，"他说，"您尽量放轻脚步。我要您听得见，可不想让人听见您。还有，先生，万一他请您进去，您可千万别进。"

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

事情竟以这样意想不到的话收尾，厄特森先生的神经猛地一跳，险些失了平衡；但他重新鼓起勇气，跟着管家走进实验楼，穿过堆满木箱和瓶子的解剖讲堂，来到楼梯脚下。普尔示意他站在一旁细听；他自己则放下蜡烛，显然是费了好大劲才下定决心，登上台阶，抬起有些发颤的手，敲了敲书房门上蒙着的红呢。

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

"先生，厄特森先生求见。"他喊道；与此同时，又一次拼命打手势，叫律师留神听着。

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

里面一个声音答道："告诉他，我谁也不见。"那声音带着抱怨。

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

"是，先生。"普尔说，语气里带着几分近乎得意的意味；他拿起蜡烛，领着厄特森先生穿过院子回来，进了大厨房，那里炉火已熄，甲虫在地上乱蹦。

"Sir," he said, looking Mr. Utterson in the eyes, "Was that my master's voice?"

"先生，"他直视着厄特森先生的眼睛说，"那是我家主人的声音吗？"

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

"似乎变了很多。"律师答道，脸色煞白，却也直直地回望着他。

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

"变了？嗯，没错，我也这么想，"管家说，"我在这人家里待了二十年，难道还会听错他的声音？不会的，先生；主人叫人害了；八天前我们听见他喊着上帝的名字时，他就叫人害了；至于是谁替他待在里面，又为什么赖着不走，这事简直天理难容，厄特森先生！"

"That is a very strange tale, Poole; this is rather a wild tale my man," said Mr. Utterson, biting his finger. "Suppose it were as you suppose, supposing Dr. Jekyll to have been—

well, murdered, what could induce the murderer to stay? That won't hold water; it doesn't commend itself to reason."

"这事真是奇怪得很，普尔；我的好伙计，你这番话也太离谱了，"厄特森先生咬着手指说，"就算真像你猜的那样，就算杰基尔医生已经——唉，已经被人杀害了，那凶手又有什么理由留在那里？这说不通；于情于理都讲不过去。"

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

"唉，厄特森先生，您真是个难说服的人，可我还是要说服您，"普尔说，"这一整个礼拜（您得知道），他，或者说它，不管待在书房里的是个什么东西，日日夜夜都在嚷着要一种药，可总也弄不到合心意的。他向来有这么个习惯——我是说主人——把吩咐写在一张纸上，扔到楼梯上。这一个礼拜，我们什么也没见着，只有一张张纸条，一扇关着的门，就连饭菜也只能搁在那儿，趁没人看见的时候偷偷拿进去。唉，先生，每天，是啊，一天两回三回，都有吩咐，都有埋怨，我给差得满城跑，把城里的批发药商都跑遍了。每回我把货带回来，就又有一张纸条叫我退回去，说是不纯，又另写一张单子去别家买。这药他可是想得要命，先生，不管是拿来做什么的。"

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

"这些纸条你还留着吗？"厄特森先生问。

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

普尔在口袋里摸了摸，掏出一张揉皱的字条递过来，律师凑近烛光，仔细看了一遍。上面写着："杰基尔医生向莫氏药行致意。兹告知贵行，上次所送样品不纯，于本人目下之用途全无用处。18—年，杰医生曾向莫氏购入数量颇多之同类货品。今恳请贵行以最审慎之心仔细查找，倘尚存同一品质之货，务请即刻送来。费用在所不计。此事对杰医生之重要，实难言喻。"写到这里，信的语气还算沉着，可接着笔尖猛然一溅，写信人的情绪终于失了控。"看在上帝的分上，"他添上一句，"给我找些旧货来。"

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

"这字条真怪。"厄特森先生说；接着又严厉地问："它怎么会是拆开的，落在你手里？"

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

"莫氏药行那人着实恼火，先生，把它当废纸一样扔回给我了。"普尔答道。

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

"这无疑是医生的笔迹，你知道吗？"律师接着说。

"I thought it looked like it," said the servant rather sulkily; and then, with another voice,

"But what matters hand of write?" he said. "I've seen him!"

"我看着也像。"仆人有点闷闷不乐地说；接着又换了一种语气："可笔迹算得了什么？"他说，"我见过他！"

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

"见过他？"厄特森先生重复道，"怎么样？"

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

"就是这么回事！"普尔说，"事情是这样的。我从花园冷不丁走进解剖讲堂。看样子他是溜出来找这种药还是什么东西的；因为书房的门开着，他就在屋子那头，在木箱堆里翻找。我一进去，他抬起头，叫了一声，嗖地一下就窜上楼进了书房。我只看见他一分钟，可我的头发都根根竖了起来，像豪猪的刺一样。先生，如果那是我家主人，他为什么脸上戴着面具？如果那是我家主人，他为什么像耗子似的尖叫一声，见了我就跑？我伺候他这么多年了。再说……"这人顿住了，伸手抹了抹脸。

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

"这些情形确实都很奇怪，"厄特森先生说，"不过我想我开始看出点眉目了。普尔，你家主人分明是得了那种既折磨人、又使人形貌变丑的病；

照我看，他的嗓音变了，也许正是这个缘故；他戴面具、躲着朋友，也是这个缘故；他急着找这种药，还是这个缘故——这可怜的人指望靠这药终究能够痊愈——求上帝保佑，但愿他的指望不会落空！这就是我的解释；这够叫人难过的，普尔，是啊，想来也够骇人的；可它简单而合乎常理，前后连贯，能让我们免去种种过分的惊慌。”

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

“先生，”管家说，脸色变得青一块白一块，“那东西不是我家主人，这是实话。我家主人，”——说到这里，他往四下看了看，压低了声音——“身材高大，体格魁梧，而这个更像个侏儒。”厄特森想要反驳。“哎，先生，”普尔叫道，“您以为我跟了主人二十年，还会认不出他吗？您以为我不知道他站在书房门口时，头顶齐到门上哪儿吗？我这辈子天天早上都在那儿见到他啊！不，先生，那个戴面具的东西绝不是杰基尔医生——天知道它是什么，可它绝不是杰基尔医生；我打心底里相信，这里头出了人命。”

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

“普尔，”律师答道，“既然你这么说，我就有责任弄个明白。尽管我很想顾全你家主人的颜面，尽管这张字条似乎证明他还活着，叫我十分困惑，我还是认为自己有责任把那扇门撞开。”

“Ah, Mr. Utterson, that’s talking!” cried the butler.

“啊，厄特森先生，这才像话！”管家叫道。

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

“那么第二个问题来了，”厄特森接着说，“谁来动手？”

“Why, you and me, sir,” was the undaunted reply.

“嗐，就您和我呗，先生。”回答毫无惧色。

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

“说得好，”律师答道，“不管结果如何，我一定设法叫你不吃亏。”

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

“解剖讲堂里有把斧子，”普尔接着说，“您就拿厨房的拨火棍吧。”

The lawyer took that rude but weighty instrument into his hand, and balanced it. “Do you know, Poole,” he said, looking up, “that you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of some peril?”

律师把那根粗笨而沉重的家伙握在手里，掂了掂分量。“你知不知道，普尔，”他抬起头来说，“你我这是要去冒一番险了？”

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

“可不是嘛，先生，您说得一点不错。”管家答道。

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

“那么，我们最好坦白些，”律师说，“我们心里想的都比说出来的多；咱们把话都摊开吧。你看见的那个戴面具的人，你认出来了吗？”

“Well, sir, it went so quick, and the creature was so doubled up, that I could hardly swear to that,” was the answer. “But if you mean, was it Mr. Hyde?—why, yes, I think it

was! You see, it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick, light way with it; and then who else could have got in by the laboratory door? You have not forgot, sir, that at the time of the murder he had still the key with him? But that's not all. I don't know, Mr. Utterson, if you ever met this Mr. Hyde?"

"唉，先生，它动得那么快，身子又弓成那样，我可不敢起誓，"对方答道，"不过您要是问，那是不是海德先生？——嗐，是的，我想是他！您瞧，个头差不多大小，动作也一样又快又轻；再说，除了他，还有谁能从实验楼那扇门进来？您没忘吧，先生，出人命那会儿，钥匙还在他身上呢？可这还不算完。我不知道，厄特森先生，您有没有见过这位海德先生？"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I once spoke with him."

"见过，"律师说，"我跟他说过一次话。"

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

"那您一定跟我们大伙儿一样，知道那位先生身上有股怪劲儿——叫人心里发怵——我也不知道该怎么说才对，先生，只能这么讲：您会觉得骨髓里一阵发冷、发虚。"

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

"我承认，我也有过几分你说的那种感觉。"厄特森先生说。

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

"正是这样，先生，"普尔答道，"嗯，那个戴面具的东西像猴子一样从药品堆里跳出来，嗖地窜进书房的时候，我只觉得脊梁骨上像淌过一道冰水。哎，我知道这算不上证据，厄特森先生；这点书本上的道理我还懂；可人总有人的感觉，我凭圣经起誓，那就是海德先生！"

"Ay, ay," said the lawyer. "My fears incline to the same point. Evil, I fear, founded—evil was sure to come—of that connection. Ay truly, I believe you; I believe poor Harry is killed; and I believe his murderer (for what purpose, God alone can tell) is still lurking in his victim's room. Well, let our name be vengeance. Call Bradshaw."

"是啊，是啊，"律师说，"我担心的也正是这一点。我怕那段交情里早已种下了祸根——这祸害迟早要来。是啊，我确实相信你；我相信可怜的哈里已经被害了；我相信害死他的凶手（为了什么目的，只有上帝知道）还躲在被害人的屋里。好吧，就让我们来做复仇的人吧。叫布拉德肖来。"

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

男仆应声而来，脸色煞白，神情紧张。

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

"振作些，布拉德肖，"律师说，"我知道，这样悬着心，你们大家都受不了；不过我们现在打算把这事了结。普尔和我要强行闯进书房。如果一切平安，我的肩膀够宽，担得起这个罪责。同时，万一真出了什么事，或者有哪个歹徒想从后面逃走，你和那小厮就各拿一根结实的棍子，绕过街角，守在实验楼的门口。我们给你们十分钟，各就各位。"

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. "And now, Poole, let us get to ours," he said; and taking the poker under his arm, led the way into the yard. The scud had banked over the moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently

to wait. London hummed solemnly all around; but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sounds of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor.

布拉德肖走了，律师看了看表。“好了，普尔，我们也该就位了。”他说；他把拨火棍夹在腋下，领头走进院子。流云已经堆起来遮住了月亮，此刻四下一片漆黑。风吹进那深井般的楼宇之间，只是一阵阵、一股股地钻进来，把烛光吹得在他们脚边摇来晃去，直到他们走进解剖讲堂避了风，才默默坐下等候。伦敦在四周庄严地嗡嗡作响；而近处的寂静，却只被一阵脚步声打破——那脚步在书房的地板上来回走着。

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

“它就这么走，先生，整天地走，”普尔低声说，“是啊，大半夜也这么走。只有药商送来新样品的时候，才稍停一会儿。唉，良心有亏，才这样坐卧不宁啊！唉，先生，它每走一步，都踩着冤枉流的血哪！您再听，靠近些——把心思全放到耳朵上，厄特森先生，告诉我，那是医生的脚步吗？”

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

那脚步落得很轻，又有些古怪，虽然走得很慢，却带着某种摇摆的劲儿；确实与亨利·杰基尔那沉重、吱嘎作响的步子大不相同。厄特森叹了口气。“就没有别的动静吗？”他问。

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

普尔点点头。“有过一次，”他说，“有一次我听见它在哭！”

"Weeping? how that?" said the lawyer, conscious of a sudden chill of horror.

"哭？怎么会？"律师说，只觉得一阵恐怖的寒意骤然袭来。

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

"哭得像个女人，又像个迷失的灵魂，"管家说，"我走开的时候，心里堵得慌，差点也跟着哭起来。"

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

这时，十分钟快到了。普尔从一堆包装用的稻草底下把斧子扒了出来；蜡烛放在最近的一张桌子上，好给他们照亮进攻；两人屏住呼吸，朝那个地方走近——夜深人静中，那耐心的脚步仍在一来一回、一来一回地走着。

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

"杰基尔，"厄特森高声喊道，"我要求见你。"他停了一会儿，却没有回答。"我正式警告你，我们已经起了疑心，我非见你不可，也一定要见你，"他接着说，"好说不行，就来硬的——你不答应，我们就用蛮力！"

"Utterson," said the voice, "for God's sake, have mercy!"

"厄特森，"那声音说，"看在上帝的分上，发发慈悲吧！"

"Ah, that's not Jekyll's voice—it's Hyde's!" cried Utterson. "Down with the door, Poole!"

"啊，那不是杰基尔的声音——是海德的！"厄特森叫道，"把门砸开，普尔！"

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

普尔把斧子抡过肩头；这一斧震得整幢楼都晃了，那扇红呢门猛地向门锁和合页撞去。书房里传出一声凄厉的尖叫，纯然是野兽般的恐惧。斧子又抡起来，门板又一次哗啦作响，门框直跳；斧子一连落下四次；可木头结实，五金做工又极精良；直到第五斧，门锁才崩开，破碎的门向里倒在地毯上。

The besiegers, appalled by their own riot and the stillness that had succeeded, stood back a little and peered in. There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire glowing and chattering on the hearth, the kettle singing its thin strain, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set forth on the business table, and nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea; the quietest room, you would have said, and, but for the glazed presses full of chemicals, the most commonplace that night in London.

攻门的两人被自己弄出的喧闹和随之而来的寂静吓呆了，略略退后，朝里张望。书房就摆在他们眼前，沐着静静的灯光：壁炉里炉火烧得正旺，噼啪作响；水壶唱着细细的调子；有一两个抽屉开着；办公桌上整整齐齐摆着文件；靠近炉火的地方，茶具已经摆好；你会说，这是那天夜里全伦敦最安静的房间，而且，要不是那几个装满药品的玻璃药柜，也是最平常不过的房间。

Right in the middle there lay the body of a man sorely contorted and still twitching. They drew near on tiptoe, turned it on his back and beheld the face of Edward Hyde. He was dressed in clothes far too large for him, clothes of the doctor's bigness; the cords of his face still moved with a semblance of life, but life was quite gone; and by the crushed phial in the hand and the strong smell of kernels that hung upon the air, Utterson knew that he was looking on the body of a self-destroyer.

屋子正中躺着一个人的尸体，扭曲得厉害，还在抽搐。他们踮着脚走过去，把他翻过来仰面朝上，看见的是爱德华·海德的脸。他穿着一身大

得多的衣服，是照医生的身量做的；他脸上的筋络还在抽动，仿佛仍有生气，可生命已经完全消逝；看他手里捏碎的小药瓶，又闻到空气里弥漫着浓烈的苦杏仁味，厄特森知道，眼前是一个自寻短见之人的尸体。

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

"我们来得太迟了，"他严峻地说，"无论是来救他，还是来惩罚他，都太迟了。海德已经受审判去了；剩下的事，就只是找到你家主人的尸体了。"

The far greater proportion of the building was occupied by the theatre, which filled almost the whole ground storey and was lighted from above, and by the cabinet, which formed an upper storey at one end and looked upon the court. A corridor joined the theatre to the door on the by-street; and with this the cabinet communicated separately by a second flight of stairs. There were besides a few dark closets and a spacious cellar. All these they now thoroughly examined. Each closet needed but a glance, for all were empty, and all, by the dust that fell from their doors, had stood long unopened. The cellar, indeed, was filled with crazy lumber, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor; but even as they opened the door they were advertised of the uselessness of further search, by the fall of a perfect mat of cobweb which had for years sealed up the entrance. Nowhere was there any trace of Henry Jekyll, dead or alive.

这幢楼的大部分地方被解剖讲堂和书房占去了：解剖讲堂几乎占满了整个底层，靠顶上的天窗采光；书房则在楼的一端，构成楼上一层，窗户对着天井。一条走廊把解剖讲堂和小街上的那扇门连起来；书房另有一段楼梯与这条走廊相通。此外还有几间黑洞洞的小储藏室和一个宽敞的地窖。这一切，他们这时都彻底搜查了一遍。每间储藏室只消看一眼就够了，因为里面全是空的，而且从门上落下的灰尘看来，都已经很久没打开过了。地窖里倒是堆满了破烂杂物，大多是杰基尔之前那位外科医生在世时留下的；但他们刚一开门，一大片结得严严实实、多年来一直封着入口的蛛网便掉了下来，由此他们便知道，再搜下去也是白费力气。无论死活，哪里都找不到亨利·杰基尔的踪影。

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

普尔在走廊的石板上跺了跺脚。“他一定是埋在这底下了。”他侧耳听着声响说。

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

“也可能他逃走了。”厄特森说着，转身去查看小街上的那扇门。门锁着；他们在附近的石板地上找到了钥匙，已经生了锈。

“This does not look like use,” observed the lawyer.

“这不像是用过的样子。”律师说。

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

“用过！”普尔应声道，“您没看见吗，先生，它断了？倒像是有人用脚踩过似的。”

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

“是啊，”厄特森接着说，“连断口也生锈了。”两人面面相觑，都吓了一跳。“这我就弄不明白了，普尔，”律师说，“我们回书房去吧。”

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

他们默默上了楼，一边不时怀着敬畏瞥一眼那具尸体，一边更仔细地查看书房里的东西。一张桌子上有做过化学实验的痕迹，几只玻璃碟里放

着几小堆称好分量的白色晶盐，仿佛那不幸的人正要做某项实验，却没能做成。

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

"这就是我一直给他送来的那种药。"普尔说；话音未落，水壶突然沸溢，响声吓人一跳。

This brought them to the fireside, where the easy-chair was drawn cosily up, and the tea things stood ready to the sitter's elbow, the very sugar in the cup. There were several books on a shelf; one lay beside the tea things open, and Utterson was amazed to find it a copy of a pious work, for which Jekyll had several times expressed a great esteem, annotated, in his own hand with startling blasphemies.

这把他们引到了炉火边，那里，安乐椅舒舒服服地拉近了炉火，茶具就摆在坐着的人手肘边，连糖都已放进了杯里。书架上有几本书；有一本翻开着放在茶具旁边，厄特森惊愕地发现，那是一本宗教灵修书——杰基尔曾几次表示对它极为推崇——书页上却有他亲笔写下的批注，满是骇人听闻的亵渎之语。

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

接着，他们一路察看这间屋子，来到那面穿衣镜前，不由自主地带着恐惧向镜子深处望去。可镜子转的角度，只照出天花板上闪动的玫瑰色火光，炉火在玻璃药柜的玻璃门上映出成百个闪烁的影子，还有他们自己俯身看镜时那两张苍白而惊恐的脸。

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

"这面镜子见过些古怪的事情呢，先生。"普尔低声说。

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

"可再古怪，也古怪不过它自己出现在这里，"律师用同样的声调应道，"杰基尔当初要它来……"——说到这里，他猛地一惊，住了口，随即克服了这份怯意——"杰基尔能要它做什么呢？"他说。

"You may say that!" said Poole.

"可不是嘛！"普尔说。

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

接着他们转向办公桌。桌上整齐排列的文件中，最上面是一只大信封，上面有医生亲笔写的厄特森先生的名字。律师拆开封口，几件封在里面的东西掉到了地上。第一件是一份遗嘱，条款和他六个月前退还的那份一样古怪，若立嘱人死亡便作遗嘱，若失踪则作赠与契据；可是，律师以难以形容的惊愕读到，原先爱德华·海德的名字，已换成了加布里埃尔·约翰·厄特森。他看看普尔，又回头看看那份文件，最后看着那个直挺挺躺在地毯上、已经死去的恶徒。

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

"我头都晕了，"他说，"这些日子他一直占着这地方；他没有理由对我有好感；看到自己的名字被换掉，他一定气得发狂；可他并没有毁掉这份文件。"

He caught up the next paper; it was a brief note in the doctor's hand and dated at the top. "O Poole!" the lawyer cried, "he was alive and here this day. He cannot have been disposed of in so short a space; he must be still alive, he must have fled! And then, why fled? and how? and in that case, can we venture to declare this suicide? O, we must be careful. I foresee that we may yet involve your master in some dire catastrophe."

他抓起第二份文件；那是医生亲笔写的一张短笺，顶上写着日期。"啊，普尔！"律师叫道，"今天他还活着，还在这里。这么短的时间里，不可能把他处置掉；他一定还活着，一定是逃走了！可是，为什么逃？怎么逃的？既然如此，我们还能贸然断定这是自杀吗？唉，我们得小心才是。我预感，我们说不定还会把你家主人卷进某种可怕的灾祸里。"

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

"您怎么不读一读呢，先生？"普尔问。

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

"因为我害怕，"律师郑重地答道，"求上帝保佑，但愿我是白害怕！"说着，他把那张纸凑到眼前，读了下去：

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

"亲爱的厄特森：

这封信落到你手里时，我已经失踪了，至于是在什么情形下，我没有那份洞察力能够预见；但我的本能，以及我这难以名状的处境中的种种情形，都告诉我，结局已成定局，而且必定来得很快。那么，去吧，先读兰扬预先告诉我要交到你手上的那份记述；如果你还想知道更多，就请翻看下面这人的自白——

“Your unworthy and unhappy friend,

“你那不配为友而又不幸的朋友

“HENRY JEKYLL.”

“亨利 · 杰基尔”

“There was a third enclosure?” asked Utterson.

“还有第三件东西吧？”厄特森问。

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

“在这儿，先生。”普尔说着，把一个封了好几处火漆的厚厚的纸包交到他手里。

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

律师把它放进口袋。“这张字条的事，我看还是只字不提为好。如果你家主人已经逃走或者死了，我们至少可以保全他的名声。现在十点钟了；我得回家，静下心来读这些文件；不过午夜之前我一定回来，到时候再派人去叫警察。”

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

他们走出来，随手锁上了解剖讲堂的门；厄特森又一次撇下聚在门厅炉火边的仆人们，步履沉重地走回自己的事务所，去读那两份记述——这桩谜案如今就要由它们来解开了。

第 九 章

兰扬医生的自述

Dr. Lanyon's Narrative

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

一月九日，也就是四天之前，我在晚间收到一封挂号信，信封上是我的同行兼老同学亨利·杰基尔的笔迹。我颇为诧异，因为我们素来并无书信往来；前一天晚上我还见过他，说起来还同他一起吃过饭；我实在想不出我们之间有什么事，竟值得郑重其事地寄挂号信。信里的内容更叫我惊奇，信是这样写的：

"10*th December*, 18—.

"18—年12月10日

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

"亲爱的兰扬：

你是我最老的朋友之一；虽然我们在学术问题上时有分歧，但至少在我这一方，我想不起我们的情谊有过任何裂痕。无论哪一天，只要你对我说：'杰基尔，我的性命、我的名誉、我的理智，全都系在你身上了'，我都会不惜牺牲自己的左手来帮你。兰扬，如今我的性命、我的名誉、我的理智，全都操在你的手里；倘若今晚你辜负了我，我就完了。有了这番开场白，你或许会以为我要求你做什么有失体面的事。你自己判断吧。

"I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night—ay, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my

house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced; and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, *with all its contents as they stand*, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents: some powders, a phial and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands.

“我要你推掉今晚所有的约会——是啊，哪怕是召你去给皇帝看病也一样；叫一辆马车，除非你自己的马车恰好就停在门口；带上这封信以备查对，直接到我家来。我的管家普尔已经得了吩咐；你会看到他和一个锁匠在等你。接着要把我书房的门撬开；你须独自进去，打开左手边的玻璃药柜（E号），若是锁着，就把锁砸开；把从上往下数第四个抽屉，也就是（同一回事）从下往上数第三个抽屉，连同里面的东西原封不动地抽出来。我此刻心乱如麻，病态地生怕给你指错；不过即便我弄错了，你也可以凭里面的东西认出那只抽屉：几包药粉、一个小药瓶和一本簿子。我恳求你把这只抽屉原样带回卡文迪什广场。

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

“这是第一件事；现在说第二件。你若一接到信就动身，应当远在午夜之前就能回去；不过我要给你留出这么多余裕，一来是怕遇上那种既无法防范、也无法预料的阻碍，二来是因为剩下要做的事，最好挑你的仆人

都已睡下的时候去做。所以，我得请你午夜时分独自待在诊室里，亲手把一个以我的名义前来的人放进屋，再把你从我书房带回的抽屉交到他手里。到那时，你就尽了你的本分，我对你便感激不尽了。五分钟之后，你若坚持要个解释，就会明白这些安排至关紧要；它们看来必定荒诞离奇，可只要疏忽了其中一项，我的死，或者我理智的覆灭，就可能压在你的良心上。

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

"虽然我深信你不会轻慢这番恳求，可只要一想到有那种可能，我便心头一沉，手也发抖。请想想此时此刻的我：身在异地，陷于一片任何想象都无法夸大的黑暗苦境之中，却又清楚地知道，只要你肯准时替我办妥，我的种种磨难便会像讲完的故事一样烟消云散。帮帮我吧，亲爱的兰扬，救救

"Your friend,

"你的朋友

"H.J.

"H.J.

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

"又及：我已经封好了信，忽又有一阵新的恐惧袭上心头。邮局可能误事，这封信也许要到明天早上才到你手里。倘若如此，亲爱的兰扬，请

在白天你最方便的时候替我把事办了，并在午夜再次等候我的来人。到那时也许已经太迟；倘若那一夜平安无事地过去，你就会知道，你再也见不到亨利·杰基尔了。”

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

读了这封信，我断定我这位同行疯了；但在此事确凿无疑地得到证实之前，我觉得自己有义务照他的要求去做。这一通杂乱无章的话，我越是不懂，就越没有资格判断它的轻重；而措辞如此恳切的请求，若置之不理，便要担上重大的责任。于是我离开餐桌，坐上一辆双轮马车，直奔杰基尔家。管家正等着我；他和我同一班邮件收到了一封挂号信，里面是给他的吩咐，他当即派人请来了锁匠和木匠。我们正说着话，两个匠人就到了；我们一同来到老登曼医生的外科解剖讲堂——你想必知道，从那里进杰基尔的私人书房最为便当。那扇门非常结实，锁也极好；木匠坦言，若要硬来，不但大费周折，还得大加破坏；锁匠也几乎束手无策。好在这锁匠手艺灵巧，忙了两个钟头，门终于开了。标着E的那个玻璃药柜没有上锁；我取出抽屉，叫人塞满稻草，用床单包好捆上，带着它回到了卡文迪什广场。

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety of the dispensing chemist; so that it was plain they were of

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

到家后，我便着手查看里面的东西。药粉包得还算整齐，却不及配药师那般精细，可见是杰基尔私下自制的；我打开一包，看到的似乎只是一种白色的普通晶盐。接着我察看那个小药瓶，里面大约有半瓶血红色的液体，气味极其刺鼻，依我看含有磷和某种易挥发的醚。其余的成分，我就猜不出来了。那本簿子是普通的练习簿，里面除了一连串日期之外，几乎什么也没有。这些日期跨越了许多年，但我注意到，记录在将近一年前戛然而止。偶尔某个日期后面附有一句简短的批注，通常不过一个词：在总共几百条记录里，"双重"大约出现了六次；另有一次，在记录极靠前的地方，写着"彻底失败！！！"，后面缀着好几个感叹号。这一切虽然勾起了我的好奇心，却没告诉我多少确切的东西。眼前不过是一小瓶某种晶盐，外加一系列实验的记录，而这些实验（就像杰基尔的太多研究一样）并未带来任何实际的用处。这些东西放在我家里，怎么会关系到我这位轻浮的同行的名誉、神智或性命呢？他的来人既然能去这个地方，为什么就不能去那个地方？即便有什么阻碍，为什么这位先生非得由我秘密接待？我越

想越确信，自己面对的是一桩脑病病例；我虽然打发仆人们去睡了，却给一支旧左轮手枪装上了子弹，以便到时候多少能摆出几分自卫的架势。

Twelve o'clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the summons, and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the portico.

伦敦上空十二点的钟声刚刚敲过，门环便很轻地响了起来。我亲自去开门，只见一个矮小的男人缩着身子，贴在门廊的柱子旁。

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

"你是杰基尔医生派来的吗？"我问。

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

他做了个很不自然的手势，表示"是"；我叫他进来，他却先朝黑沉沉的广场回头仔细张望了一眼，才肯从命。不远处有个警察正走过来，手里的牛眼灯开着；我觉得来客一看见他，便吃了一惊，脚步也更急了。

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution, and—last but not least—with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his neighbourhood. This bore some resemblance to incipient rigour, and was accompanied by a marked sinking of the pulse. At the time, I set it down to some idiosyncratic, personal distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms; but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of man, and to turn on some nobler hinge than the principle of hatred.

说实话，这些细节给我的印象很不愉快；我跟着他走进灯光明亮的诊室时，手一直按在枪上，随时准备着。在这里，我终于有机会看清他了。我以前从未见过他，这一点可以肯定。前面说过，他身材矮小；此外令我

吃惊的，是他脸上那种骇人的神情，是他身上那种奇特的结合——肌肉极其灵活有力，体质却显得极为孱弱——还有，最后但同样要紧的，是挨近他时所引起的那种古怪的主观不适。这种感觉有点像寒战初起时的僵冷，同时伴随着脉搏明显减弱。当时我把它归结为某种特异的、个人的反感，只是诧异这些症状为何如此强烈；但后来我有理由相信，其原因深藏在人性之中，远比这更深，所系的也是比憎恨更为高贵的枢纽。

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

这个人（他从一进门起，就在我心里激起了一种我只能称之为厌恶的好奇）的穿着，换了普通人，准会惹人发笑；也就是说，他的衣服虽然质料华贵、色调庄重，但每一处尺寸都大得出奇——裤腿松垮垮地挂在腿上，卷了起来才没拖到地上，外衣的腰线落在臀部以下，领子大大地摊在肩上。说来奇怪，这身滑稽的装束远没有让我发笑。倒不如说，正因为眼前这东西的本质里就有某种反常、某种畸形的东西——某种揪住人心、令人惊愕、令人作呕的东西——这新的不相称仿佛恰好与之相合，并使之更加分明；于是，我对此人的本性和品格产生兴趣之外，又添了一层好奇：他从何而来，过着怎样的生活，在世上有何等的境遇与地位。

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

这些观察写下来虽然占了这么大的篇幅，其实只是几秒钟的工夫。我的来客确实满怀阴郁的激动，简直像着了火一般。

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

"拿到了吗？"他叫道，"拿到了吗？"他急不可耐，竟把手搭在我胳膊上，想摇晃我。

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

我把他推开，他一碰我，我便觉得血管里掠过一阵冰冷的刺痛。"好了，先生，"我说，"你忘了，我还没有幸认识你呢。请坐吧。"我先作了示范，在自己惯常的位子上坐下，尽量模仿平日对待病人的样子——在这样的深夜，怀着这样的心事，又对来客如此恐惧，我也只能做到这个地步了。

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

"请原谅，兰扬医生，"他回答，语气倒还算客气，"你说得很有道理；我一着急，就把礼貌抛到脑后去了。我是受你的同行亨利·杰基尔医生之托，为一件颇为要紧的事来的；我听说……"他顿住了，把手按在喉咙

上；我看得出，他虽然表面镇定，却正在竭力压住即将发作的歇斯底里——“我听说，有一只抽屉……”

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

说到这里，我可怜起来客那副提心吊胆的样子，或许也有几分是可怜自己那越来越重的好奇心。

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

“就在那儿，先生。”我说着，指了指那只抽屉——它放在一张桌子后面的地板上，仍然用床单盖着。

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

他一下扑过去，接着又停住，把手按在心口；我听得见他的牙齿随着下颌的痉挛咯咯作响；他的脸色可怕极了，我不禁为他的性命和神智都担起心来。

“Compose yourself,” said I.

“镇定些。”我说。

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

他朝我露出一个可怕的笑容，仿佛怀着绝望的决心，一把扯开了床单。一看见里面的东西，他便大声抽泣了一下，那如释重负的劲头之强烈，让我坐在那里呆若木鸡。紧接着，他用已经相当平稳的声音问道：“你有量杯吗？”

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

我有些费力地站起身来，把他要的东西给了他。

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

他笑着点头致谢，量出几滴红色酊剂，又加进一包药粉。混合液起初是淡红色的，随着晶体溶化，颜色渐渐变亮，发出听得见的嘶嘶冒泡声，还冒出一缕缕细小的烟雾。忽然间，沸腾一下子停止了，药液同时变成了深紫色，随后又慢慢褪成了水绿色。来客一直目光锐利地注视着这些变化，这时笑了笑，把量杯放在桌上，然后转过身来，用审视的神气看着我。

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

"现在，"他说，"该了结剩下的事了。你肯明智一点吗？肯听人劝吗？肯让我拿着这杯东西，不再多说一句，就走出你的家门吗？还是好奇心的贪欲已经把你牢牢支配住了？回答之前想一想，因为你怎么决定，事情就怎么办。照你的决定，你可以一切照旧，既不更富，也不更聪明——除非为一个身陷生死危难的人效了力，这份心意也能算作一种灵魂上的财富。或者，如果你宁愿这样选择，那么一片新的知识疆域、一条条通往名声与

权力的新路，就会在此地、在这间屋里、就在此刻，向你敞开；你的双眼将因目睹一桩奇观而惊骇欲裂，那奇观足以动摇撒旦的不信。”

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

“先生，”我说，装出一副冷静的样子，其实心里远非如此，“你说的话像打哑谜，我听了并不怎么相信，你大概也不会觉得奇怪。不过，这些莫名其妙的差事我已经办了这么多，不看到结局，是不会停下的。”

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

“很好，”来客答道，“兰扬，你记得你的誓言：接下来的事，须受我们这一行的保密誓约约束。现在，你这个长久以来被最狭隘、最唯物的见解束缚住的人，你这个否认超验医学功效的人，你这个嘲笑比你高明者的人——看哪！”

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

他把杯子举到唇边，一口喝了下去。随即一声惨叫；他摇摇晃晃，踉踉跄跄，抓住桌子撑住身子，两眼充血，直瞪瞪的，张着嘴大口喘气；我看着看着，觉得他起了变化——他似乎膨胀起来——脸一下子变黑了，五官仿佛在融化、在改变——转眼之间，我已经跳了起来，一步退到墙边，举起双臂护住自己，不让那怪异的景象靠近，心神完全淹没在恐怖之中。

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

"哦，上帝！"我尖叫起来，一遍又一遍地喊着"哦，上帝！"因为在我眼前——脸色苍白，浑身发抖，半昏半醒，两手在身前摸索，像一个死而复生的人——站着的竟是亨利·杰基尔！

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

他在接下来那一个钟头里对我说的话，我实在无法下决心写到纸上。我看见了我所看见的，听见了我所听见的，我的灵魂为之作呕；然而如今，那景象已从我眼前淡去，我扪心自问是否相信，却答不上来。我的生活从根本上动摇了；睡眠离我而去；最致命的恐惧日日夜夜时时刻刻守在我身旁；我觉得自己来日无多，必死无疑；然而我至死也将无法置信。至于那个人向我袒露的道德上的卑劣——尽管他是流着忏悔的眼泪说的——我即便只在回忆中稍作停留，也不禁惊恐战栗。厄特森，我只说一件事，而这件事（倘若你能让自己相信的话）就已绰绰有余了。那天夜里溜进我家的那个东西，据杰基尔亲口供认，名叫海德，正是举国上下四处搜捕的杀害卡鲁的凶手。

HASTIE LANYON.

黑斯蒂·兰扬

第 十 章

亨利 · 杰基尔自述始末

Henry Jekyll's Full Statement of the Case

I was born in the year 18— to a large fortune, endowed besides with excellent parts, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellowmen, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And indeed the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition, such as has made the happiness of many, but such as I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high, and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasures; and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of life. Many a man would have even blazoned such irregularities as I was guilty of; but from the high views that I had set before me, I regarded and hid them with an almost morbid sense of shame. It was thus rather the exacting nature of my aspirations than any particular degradation in my faults, that made me what I was, and, with even a deeper trench than in the majority of men, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature. In this case, I was driven to reflect deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life, which lies at the root of religion and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress. Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite; both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members. With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens. I, for my part, from the nature of my life, advanced infallibly in one direction and in one direction only. It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date, even before the course of my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved daydream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in

which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil. It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous faggots were thus bound together—that in the agonised womb of consciousness, these polar twins should be continuously struggling. How, then were they dissociated?

我生于18—年，家资巨万，又天赋优异，生性勤勉，乐于博得同胞中贤达良善之士的敬重。人们大概会认为，我的前程必定尊荣显达，万无一失。说实在的，我最大的毛病，不过是性情里有一种按捺不住的轻快欢愉。这种性情曾使许多人得到幸福，我却发觉它很难与我那专横的欲望相调和：我一心要昂首挺胸，在众人面前摆出一副比常人更为庄重的面孔。于是我把自己的种种享乐藏了起来。等我到了懂得反省的年纪，开始环顾四周，盘点自己在世上的进展与地位时，我早已深陷一种彻头彻尾的双重生活之中。我所犯的那些出格之事，换了许多人，甚至会大肆张扬；可是我为自己立下了崇高的目标，所以看待这些过失、隐藏这些过失时，怀着一种近乎病态的羞耻。因此，造就我这副样子的，与其说是我的过失有多么堕落，不如说是我的抱负太过苛求。正是这苛求，在我身上掘出一道比大多数人更深的沟壑，把善与恶这两个领域截然分开，而人的双重本性，正是由这两个领域既相分割又相混合而成的。既然如此，我便不得不对那条严酷的人生法则作深入而执拗的思索：它深植于宗教的根底，也是人间苦恼最丰沛的源泉之一。我虽然表里不一到如此地步，却绝不是伪君子；我的两面都是十足认真的。我抛开约束、沉溺于可耻之事的时候，固然是我自己；我在光天化日之下埋头工作，增进学问，解除人们的忧愁与苦难的时候，也同样是我自己。凑巧的是，我的科学研究完全通向神秘与超验之境，这反过来又给我对肢体中那场无休止交战的意识投下了一道强光。就这样，日复一日，我从智性的两个方面，即道德的与理智的，稳步接近那条真理。正因为我只窥见了它的一部分，我才注定遭受如此可怕的覆灭：人并非真正的一，而是真正的二。我说“二”，是因为我自己的认识还没有越过这一点。后来者会沿着同样的路线继续前进，会把我远远甩在身后。我斗胆猜想，人最终会被认识为一个城邦，由形形色色、互不相容而又各

自独立的居民组成。至于我，由于我的生活性质，只能朝着一个方向，也仅仅朝着这一个方向，确定无疑地前进。我是在道德层面，在我自己身上，认识到人那彻底而原始的二重性的。我看出，在我意识的战场上相争的两种天性，即便说我是其中任何一个都不算错，那也只是因为我从根本上两者都是。早在我的科学发现初露端倪、显示出这种奇迹哪怕一丝赤裸裸的可能之前，我就已经学会怀着愉悦，把分离这两种成分的念头当作心爱的白日梦来流连玩味了。我对自己说，倘若这两者能各自寄居于不同的身份之中，人生中一切不堪忍受之事便都可以卸去。不义的那一个尽可以走他自己的路，从他那更正直的孪生兄弟的抱负与悔恨中解脱出来；正直的那一个则可以坚定而稳妥地走他向上的道路，做那些令他快乐的善事，再也不会因为这外来的恶而蒙受耻辱、陷于忏悔。人类的诅咒正在于：这些互不相容的柴束竟被如此捆在一起，在意识那痛苦的子宫里，这一对南辕北辙的孪生子竟要无休无止地相互争斗。那么，怎样才能把它们分开呢？

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

正如我前面所说，我的思索进行到这一步时，实验桌上开始有一道侧光照到这个问题上来。我开始比前人所阐述的更深刻地察觉到，我们披挂

着行走其中的这副看似如此坚实的躯体，原来是何等颤动无质，又何等如雾般转瞬即逝。我发现某些药物有力量撼动并扯回这件肉体的衣裳，就像风会掀动帐篷的帘幕一样。出于两个充分的理由，我不打算深入谈论我自白中这一科学的部分。其一，我已经被迫明白：我们人生的命运与重负永远系在人的肩上，若是试图把它甩掉，它只会以更陌生、更可怕的压力重新压回我们身上。其二，正如我的叙述将会表明的那样，唉！再明显不过了，我的发现并不完整。那么，只消说这一点就够了：我不仅认识到，我的自然之躯不过是构成我精神的某些力量所散发的光晕与光辉，而且还设法配制出一种药，能使这些力量从至高的地位上被废黜，代之以第二种形体与容貌。这形体与容貌同样是我天然所有，只不过它们表现的是我灵魂中较低劣的成分，也打着这些成分的印记。

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

在把这一理论付诸实践检验之前，我犹豫了很久。我深知自己是在冒死亡的危险。任何一种药，既然能如此强有力地控制、撼动身份这座堡垒本身，那么只要剂量稍有过头，或者服用的时机稍有不当，就可能把我指望它改变的那座无形的帐幕彻底抹去。然而，一项如此奇特、如此深奥的发现所带来的诱惑，终于压倒了种种惊惧的念头。我早就调好了酊剂，随即又从一家批发药商那里买进大量某种晶盐，我从实验中得知，那正是所需的最后一样成分。于是在一个被诅咒的深夜，我把这些成分调配到一

起，看着它们在玻璃杯里一同沸腾冒烟。待到沸腾平息，我鼓起满腔勇气，把药剂一饮而尽。

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

随之而来的是最剧烈的痛楚：骨头像被碾磨，恶心得要命，灵魂里涌起一种恐怖，即便在出生或死亡的时刻也不会更甚。接着，这些痛苦迅速平息下去，我苏醒过来，仿佛大病初愈。我的感觉里有某种奇异的东西，某种难以言喻的新鲜之物，而正因其新鲜，竟甜美得令人难以置信。我觉得身体更年轻、更轻盈、更快活了。在内心，我意识到一种令人陶醉的肆无忌惮，一股纷乱的肉欲意象像水磨的激流一样在我的想象中奔涌，义务的束缚已经解开，灵魂获得了一种前所未知、却绝非清白无辜的自由。在这新生命的第一口气息里，我就知道自己更邪恶了，邪恶了十倍，已经卖身为奴，归属于我那原初的恶。而这个念头在那一刻像美酒一样振奋了我，令我欣喜。我伸出双手，为这些新鲜的感觉而狂喜；就在这个动作当中，我猛然察觉自己的身量变矮了。

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

stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

当时我房里还没有镜子；如今我写字时立在我身旁的那面，是后来为了这些变形特意搬进来的。然而，夜已深深沉入了清晨。这清晨尽管漆黑，却差不多已孕育成熟，即将诞出白昼。我家里的人都正被锁在最沉的睡眠之中。我满怀希望与胜利的激动，决定以这副新形体冒险走到我的卧室去。我穿过院子，满天星斗俯视着我，我简直以为它们带着惊奇，因为它们不眠不休地守望，还是第一次见到这样的造物。我像一个陌生人一样，在自己家中的走廊里悄悄潜行。走进我的房间，我第一次看见了爱德华·海德的模样。

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

在这里我只能凭推论来说，讲的不是我所知道的，而是我认为最可能如此的情形。我天性中恶的一面，也就是如今我已把塑造形体的效力转移给它的那一面，比我刚刚废黜的善的一面更为孱弱，也更不发达。再者，我这一生毕竟有十分之九是在奋勉、德行与克制中度过的，恶的一面得到的操练要少得多，消耗也少得多。因此，依我看，爱德华·海德才比亨利

· 杰基尔矮小得多、瘦弱得多、年轻得多。正如善在一个人的容貌上闪耀，恶也在另一个人的脸上写得清清楚楚、明明白白。此外，恶（我至今仍不得不相信，它是人身上致命的一面）还在那副躯体上留下了畸形与衰败的印记。然而，当我望着镜中那尊丑陋的偶像时，我并不觉得厌恶，反而心头一跳，满怀欢迎。这也是我自己。它看起来自然，有人的样子。在我眼里，它所呈现的精神形象更为鲜活；比起我一向习惯称作自己的那张不完美而分裂的面孔，它显得更加分明、更加纯一。在这一点上，我无疑是对的。我注意到，当我披着爱德华 · 海德的外貌时，任何人起初走近我，肉体上都免不了明显地发怵。依我看，这是因为我们所遇见的一切人，都是由善与恶混合而成的；而在全人类的行列中，唯有爱德华 · 海德是纯粹的恶。

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine; and hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature and the face of Henry Jekyll.

我在镜前只逗留了片刻。第二个、也是决定性的实验还有待进行：我是否已经无可挽回地失去了自己的身份，是否必须在天亮之前逃离这座不再属于我的房子，还有待分晓。于是我匆匆赶回书房，再一次调好药剂，一饮而尽，再一次忍受了那消解的痛楚，再一次苏醒过来，恢复了亨利 · 杰基尔的品性、身量和面容。

That night I had come to the fatal cross-roads. Had I approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while under the empire of generous or pious aspirations, all must have been otherwise, and from these agonies of death and birth, I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend. The drug had no discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of the prisonhouse of my disposition; and like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth. At that time my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition, was alert and swift to seize the occasion; and the thing that was projected was Edward Hyde. Hence, although I had now two

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

那一夜，我走到了命中注定的十字路口。倘若我当初是怀着更高尚的心意去对待我的发现，倘若我是在慷慨或虔诚的抱负支配之下冒险做这个实验，一切必定会截然不同，从那些死亡与诞生的剧痛中走出来的，将是一位天使，而不是一个恶魔。这药并没有分辨善恶的作用；它既非魔性，也非神性，只是震动了禁锢我性情的那座监牢的门。于是，就像腓立比的囚徒一样，里面的东西冲了出来。那时我的德行正在沉睡，我的恶却因野心而保持清醒，警觉而迅捷地抓住了这个时机，于是被投射出来的，便是爱德华·海德。因此，虽然我如今有了两种性格，也有了两副外貌，但其中一个是十足的恶，另一个仍旧是原来的亨利·杰基尔，那个互不相容的混合体，我早已对他的改造和完善不抱希望了。这一变化，于是完全朝着更坏的方向。

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

即便到了那时，我仍未克服对枯燥的书斋生活的厌倦。我有时还是会兴致勃勃。我的享乐（往轻里说）有失体面，而我不仅声名远扬、备受敬

重，而且渐渐步入老年，我生活中的这种不协调便一天比一天令人难堪。正是在这一方面，我的新能力引诱着我，直到我沦为它的奴隶。我只消喝下那杯药，便能立刻脱下那位知名教授的躯体，像披上一件厚斗篷那样，换上爱德华·海德的躯体。我想到这一点就微笑起来，当时我觉得这很有趣。于是我极其用心地做了种种准备。我租下并布置了苏豪区的那所房子，就是后来警察追踪海德找到的那一所；又雇了一个女人做管家，我深知她嘴紧，也不讲什么道义。另一方面，我向我的仆人们宣布，有一位海德先生（我描述了他的模样）在我广场的那座宅子里可以完全自由行事、全权做主。为了防备意外，我甚至以我的第二重身份登门，让他们对我熟悉起来。接着，我立下了你极力反对的那份遗嘱。这样一来，倘若我以杰基尔医生的身份遭遇什么不测，我便可以化身爱德华·海德承继一切，在钱财上毫无损失。我以为自己就这样四面八方都设好了防备，便开始享用我这处境所带来的奇特豁免。

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

从前也有人雇用刺客替自己犯罪，而他们本人和名誉都安坐在庇护之下。我却是头一个为了自己的享乐而这样做的人。我也是头一个能够背负着一身和蔼可亲的体面，在众目睽睽之下迈着沉重的步子行走，却又能在转瞬之间，像个小学生似的剥去这身借来的衣装，一头扎进自由之海的人。而我裹在那件无法看透的斗篷里，安全是万无一失的。想想看，我甚至根本不存在！只要让我逃进实验楼的门，只要给我一两秒钟，调好我随

时备着的药剂吞下去，那么，无论他干了什么，爱德华·海德都会像镜子上呵出的一口气那样消散无踪。而在他的位置上，静静待在家中、在书斋里剔亮午夜灯火的，将是一个大可以对怀疑一笑置之的人，亨利·杰基尔。

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

我急急忙忙借着伪装去追求的那些享乐，正如我所说，有失体面；我几乎不愿用更重的字眼。但到了爱德华·海德手里，它们很快就开始滑向骇人的地步。每当我从这些游荡中回来，常常会对我这假手他人的堕落感到一种惊愕。我从自己的灵魂里召唤出来、打发他独自去随心所欲的这个魔仆，是一个生性恶毒、卑劣的东西。他的一举一念都以自我为中心；他以禽兽般的贪婪，从他人所受的任何程度的折磨中啜饮快乐；他冷酷无情，如同石头人一般。亨利·杰基尔面对爱德华·海德的所作所为，有时也会惊骇不已；但这种处境超乎寻常的法则之外，不知不觉地松开了良心的掌控。说到底，有罪的是海德，唯有海德。杰基尔并没有变坏。他醒来时，自己的种种美德似乎完好无损；只要有可能，他甚至会赶紧去弥补海德造成的恶果。他的良心就这样沉睡了。

Into the details of the infamy at which I thus connived (for even now I can scarce grant that I committed it) I have no design of entering; I mean but to point out the warnings and the successive steps with which my chastisement approached. I met with one accident which, as it brought on no consequence, I shall no more than mention. An act of

cruelty to a child aroused against me the anger of a passer-by, whom I recognised the other day in the person of your kinsman; the doctor and the child's family joined him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in order to pacify their too just resentment, Edward Hyde had to bring them to the door, and pay them in a cheque drawn in the name of Henry Jekyll. But this danger was easily eliminated from the future, by opening an account at another bank in the name of Edward Hyde himself; and when, by sloping my own hand backward, I had supplied my double with a signature, I thought I sat beyond the reach of fate.

我就这样纵容了种种丑行（因为即便到现在，我也几乎不能承认那是我犯下的），其中细节，我无意详述。我只想指出，惩罚是伴着哪些警告、经过哪些步骤一步步逼近的。我遇到过一次意外，由于它没有引出什么后果，我只略提一下。我对一个孩子的一次残暴之举，激起了一个路人对我的愤怒，前些日子我认出，那人就是你的那位亲戚。医生和孩子的家人也和他站到了一起，有那么几刻，我真担心自己性命难保。最后，为了平息他们那再正当不过的怨愤，爱德华·海德只好把他们带到那扇门前，用一张以亨利·杰基尔名义开出的支票赔付了他们。不过，只要以爱德华·海德本人的名义在另一家银行开个户头，这种危险往后便很容易杜绝。当我把自己的笔迹往后倾斜，给我的另一个自我造出一个签名之后，我便以为自己已经安坐于命运够不着的地方了。

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and woke the next day in bed with somewhat odd sensations. It was in vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognised the pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame; something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde. I smiled to myself, and in my psychological way, began lazily to inquire into the elements of this illusion, occasionally, even as I did so, dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eyes fell upon my hand. Now the hand of Henry Jekyll (as you have often remarked) was professional in shape and size; it was large, firm, white and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough, in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying half shut on the bedclothes, was lean, cord-

ed, knuckly, of a dusky pallor and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

在丹弗斯爵士遇害之前大约两个月，有一次我出去冒险，很晚才回来，第二天在床上醒来时，感觉有些古怪。我环顾四周，却是徒然。我看见了我在广场那座宅子里卧室中体面的家具和高大的格局，却是徒然；我认出了床帐的花样和桃花心木床架的式样，也是徒然。总有个什么东西一再坚持说，我并不在我所在的地方，我并不是在我看似醒来的地方醒来的，而是在苏豪区的那间小屋里，我惯常以爱德华·海德的躯体在那里睡觉。我暗自微笑，以我那套心理学的方式，懒洋洋地探究起这一幻觉的成因来，探究的时候还不时又滑回舒适的晨间瞌睡之中。我仍在这样琢磨着，在一次较为清醒的当儿，目光落到了我的手上。且说亨利·杰基尔的手（你也常常这样说过），从形状到大小都是医家的手：宽大、结实、白皙、好看。可是我此刻在伦敦市中心清晨的昏黄光线里看得清清楚楚、半握着搁在被褥上的这只手，却是瘦削的，青筋暴突，指节嶙峋，透着一种暗沉的苍白，上面密密地长着一层黑毛。那是爱德华·海德的手。

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals; and bounding from my bed I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy. Yes, I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll, I had awakened Edward Hyde. How was this to be explained? I asked myself; and then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey down two pair of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck. It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size: had soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekyll had returned

to his own shape and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a feint of breakfasting.

我准是盯着它看了将近半分钟，完全陷在一种呆滞的惊愕之中，然后恐惧才在我胸中醒来，像铙钹相击一样突然而骇人。我从床上一跃而起，冲到镜前。眼前的景象让我的血液变成了某种极稀薄、极冰冷的东西。是的，我上床时是亨利·杰基尔，醒来时却成了爱德华·海德。这该怎么解释？我问自己。接着，又一阵恐惧袭来：这该怎么补救？天已经大亮，仆人们都起来了，我所有的药都在书房里。从我当时惊恐万状地站着的地方过去，要走好长一段路：下两段楼梯，穿过后面的过道，横过露天的天井，再穿过解剖讲堂。蒙住脸倒或许办得到；可是我身量的变化既然无法掩饰，蒙脸又有什么用？随后，一种压倒一切的宽慰甜美地涌上心头，我想起仆人们早已习惯了我第二个自我的来来往往。我很快尽我所能，穿上了合我这副身量的衣服，又很快穿过了宅子。布拉德肖看见海德先生在这样的时辰、穿着这样一身怪模怪样的衣服，瞪大了眼睛，直往后退。十分钟后，杰基尔医生已经恢复了自己的形体，眉头深锁地坐下来，装模作样地吃起早饭。

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

seemed to point to this; that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

我实在没有什么胃口。这件无从解释的事与我以往的经验恰恰相反，仿佛巴比伦壁上的手指，正一笔一画地写出对我的判决。我开始前所未有地认真思量我这双重存在会招致什么后果，又藏着哪些可能。我那可以随意分化出去的一部分，近来常被驱使，也多受滋养。最近我总觉得爱德华·海德的身体长高了些，仿佛（当我披着那副形体时）能觉出体内奔涌着更充沛的血潮。我开始察觉到一种危险：长此以往，我天性中的平衡或许会被彻底推翻，随意变身的能力会就此丧失，爱德华·海德的品性将无可挽回地成为我自己的品性。药力并非每次都同样灵验。在我这番经历的极早期，它有一回完全失效；此后我不止一次只得把剂量加倍，有一回甚至冒着极大的丧命之险加到三倍。迄今为止，笼罩在我满足之上的唯一阴影，就是这几回偶然的失准。然而此刻，借着那天早晨那场意外投下的光亮，我不由得注意到：起初，难的是甩脱杰基尔的身体，近来这难处却已渐渐地、确凿无疑地转到了另一边。因此，一切迹象似乎都指向这一点：我正一点点失去对原本那个较好的自我的把握，一点点与第二个、较坏的自我融为一体。

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

fell out with me, as it falls with so vast a majority of my fellows, that I chose the better part and was found wanting in the strength to keep to it.

我觉得自己此刻必须在这两者之间作出抉择。我的两重天性共有记忆，其余一切官能却分配得极不均匀。杰基尔（他是混合体）时而怀着最敏感的忧惧，时而怀着贪婪的兴味，去筹划、去分享海德的欢娱与冒险；海德对杰基尔却漠不关心，即便想起他，也不过像山中强盗想起那个供他躲避追捕的洞穴。杰基尔怀着胜过父亲的关切，海德则怀着胜过儿子的冷漠。把命运押在杰基尔身上，就意味着那些我久已暗中放纵、近来更开始娇惯的欲望统统死去；押在海德身上，就意味着成千种兴趣与抱负统统死去，我将一下子、永远地成为遭人鄙弃、孤立无友的人。这笔交易看似不公平，可是天平上还压着另一样分量：杰基尔会在禁欲的烈火中受尽灼痛，海德却连自己失去了什么都浑然不觉。我的处境固然离奇，这番争辩的条款却和人类一样古老、平常。任何一个受着诱惑、战栗不已的罪人，掷下骰子时所受的引诱与惊恐都大致相同。我的结局也和我绝大多数同类一样：我选择了那上好的福分，却显出亏欠，没有力量持守下去。

Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends and cherishing honest hopes; and bade a resolute farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step, leaping impulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde. I made this choice perhaps with some unconscious reservation, for I neither gave up the house in Soho, nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in my cabinet. For two months, however, I was true to my determination; for two months, I led a life of such severity as I had never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an approving conscience. But time began at last to obliterate the freshness of my alarm; the praises of conscience began to grow into a thing of course; I began to be tortured with throes and longings, as of Hyde struggling after freedom; and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

是的，我宁愿做那个年事渐高、心怀不足的医生，有朋友环绕，怀抱正当的希望。我毅然告别了自由，告别了相对的年轻、轻快的脚步、跳荡的冲动和隐秘的欢愉，那些都是我披着海德的伪装时享有的。我作出这个

选择时，或许不自觉地有所保留，因为我既没有退掉苏豪区的那所房子，也没有销毁爱德华·海德的衣服，它们仍在我的书房里随时备用。然而整整两个月，我恪守了自己的决心。这两个月里，我过着一种前所未有的严苛生活，享受着良心嘉许带来的补偿。但时间终于开始磨灭那份惊恐的新鲜感，良心的赞许也渐渐变得理所当然。我开始受到阵阵剧痛与渴求的折磨，仿佛海德正挣扎着要获得自由。终于，在一个道德软弱的时辰，我又一次调制并吞下了那变身的药剂。

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

我想，一个醉汉对自己的恶习讲道理时，他会因兽性的肉体麻木而冒种种危险，可这些危险在五百次里也难得有一次能触动他。同样，我对自己的处境虽已思量许久，却未曾充分顾及爱德华·海德的主要特征：彻底的道德麻木，以及不假思索、随时作恶的劲头。然而我正是因此受罚。我的魔鬼在笼中关得太久，一出来便咆哮不止。就在服下药剂之际，我已意识到一种更无羁束、更狂暴的作恶倾向。我想，必定是这股倾向在我灵魂里掀起了那场焦躁的风暴，所以那位不幸的受害者对我客客气气说话时，我竟听得忍无可忍。至少我可以在上帝面前声明：任何道德上神志健全的人，都不会因为如此微不足道的挑拨犯下那桩罪行；我出手时，并不比一个生病的孩子摔坏玩具更有道理可讲。但我已经自愿剥去了那些起平衡作

用的本能，即便我们当中最坏的人，也是靠着它们才能在诱惑之间走得多少稳当些。而在我，受了诱惑，无论多么轻微，就等于堕落。

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight from every blow; and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed, that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and stimulated, my love of life screwed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Soho, and (to make assurance doubly sure) destroyed my papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God. The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot. I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul. As the acuteness of this remorse began to die away, it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. Hyde was thenceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and O, how I rejoiced to think of it! with what willing humility I embraced anew the restrictions of natural life! with what sincere renunciation I locked the door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

地狱之灵立刻在我体内苏醒，狂暴肆虐。我欣喜若狂，对着那毫无抵抗的躯体一阵猛打，每一下都尝到快意。直到疲倦渐渐袭来，正当我谵妄到了顶点，一阵冰冷的恐怖才猛然穿透我的心。迷雾散开了，我看清自己已经罪当偿命，于是逃离了这场暴行的现场，既得意又战栗。作恶的欲望得到满足，也受了撩拨；求生之念则像拧到最紧的琴弦。我跑回苏豪区的房子，（为了万无一失）销毁了我的文件，随后又出门穿过灯火通明的街道。心里依旧是那种分裂的狂喜：我对自己的罪行洋洋自得，昏昏然盘算

着将来还要犯下的罪，却又一路疾行，时时侧耳倾听身后有没有复仇者的脚步。海德调药时嘴上哼着歌，喝药时还举杯向死者祝了一声。变身的剧痛还没撕扯完他，亨利·杰基尔已经流下感恩与悔恨的泪水，跪倒在地，向上帝举起紧握的双手。自我放纵的幔子从上到下裂为两半。我把自己的一生看成一个整体：从童年时牵着父亲的手走路的日子追溯起，一路历经职业生涯中克己的辛劳，却一次又一次怀着同样不真实的感觉，回到那个夜晚可诅咒的恐怖中来。我真想放声尖叫。记忆中种种可怖的影像与声音向我蜂拥而来，我用眼泪和祷告竭力压下它们，可在一句句祈求的间隙里，我那罪孽的丑恶面孔仍直瞪着我的灵魂。这悔恨的锐痛渐渐平息之后，随之而来的竟是一种喜悦。我该如何行事，这个难题已经解决了。从此海德再不可能出现；无论我愿不愿意，如今都只能困守在我存在中那较好的一部分里。啊，想到这一点，我是何等欢欣！我怀着何等甘愿的谦卑，重新接受了自然生活的种种约束！我又怀着何等真诚的弃绝之心，锁上了那扇我曾无数次进出的门，再把钥匙踩在脚跟底下碾碎！

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

第二天传来了消息：这桩命案并未被人忽略，海德的罪行已经昭然于世，受害者又是一位极受公众敬重的人物。这不单是一桩罪行，更是一场悲剧性的愚行。我想我是乐于知道这些的。我那些较好的冲动就这样有了绞刑架的恐怖来支撑、来守护，我想我是乐于见到的。杰基尔如今成了我的逃城；只要海德探一探头，人人都会举起手来，要捉拿他、杀死他。

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly, in the last months of the last year, I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others, and that the days passed quietly, almost happily for myself. Nor can I truly say that I

wearied of this beneficent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily enjoyed it more completely; but I was still cursed with my duality of purpose; and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for licence. Not that I dreamed of resuscitating Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy: no, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience; and it was as an ordinary secret sinner that I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

我决心以今后的行为赎回过去。我可以诚实地说，这个决心结出了一些善果。你自己也知道，去年最后几个月里，我是多么热切地辛劳，去解除人们的苦难。你知道我为他人做了许多事，我自己的日子也过得平静，几乎可以说是幸福。我也不能如实地说自己厌倦了这种行善而无辜的生活；我倒认为自己一天比一天更全心地享受它。可是我仍受着意志二重性的诅咒。最初那股悔罪的锐气渐渐消磨之后，我那低劣的一面，被放纵了那么久，又刚刚才被锁住，便开始咆哮着要求放肆。我倒并不是梦想让海德复活，单是这个念头就足以把我吓得发狂。不，我是以自己的本来面目，再一次受到诱惑，想拿良心当儿戏；最终也是作为一个寻常的、暗中犯罪的人，倒在了诱惑的攻势之下。

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure is filled at last; and this brief condescension to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discovery. It was a fine, clear, January day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet with spring odours. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active good-will with the lazy cruelty of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vainglorious thought, a qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as in its turn faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger, a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde. A moment before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved—the cloth laying

for me in the dining-room at home; and now I was the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer, thrall to the gallows.

凡事皆有尽头，容量再大的器皿也终有盛满的一天。我对自己的邪恶这番短暂的屈就，终于摧毁了我灵魂的平衡。然而我并不惊慌。这次堕落似乎很自然，就像回到了我作出那项发现之前的旧日子。那是一月里一个晴朗明净的日子，霜化了，脚下湿漉漉的，头顶却万里无云。摄政公园里满是冬日的啁啾，飘着春天的甜香。我坐在一张长椅上晒太阳。我体内的兽性正舔着嘴唇回味往事；灵性的一面则有些昏昏欲睡，答应过后再行忏悔，却还没被触动得着手去做。我心想，说到底，我和我的邻人们并无二致。接着我笑了，把自己同别人比较：我积极行善，他们却怠惰疏忽，这疏忽本身就是一种残忍。就在这虚荣的念头冒出来的那一刻，我一阵难受，可怕地恶心起来，又打起最要命的寒战。这些过去之后，我只觉一阵虚脱。等到虚脱也渐渐消退，我开始察觉自己思想的脾性起了变化：更加大胆，蔑视危险，责任的束缚也松解开来。我低头一看，衣服松垮垮地挂在我缩小了的四肢上，搁在膝头的那只手青筋暴突，长满了毛。我又成了爱德华·海德。前一刻，我还安然享有众人的敬重，富有，受人爱戴，家中餐厅里正为我铺着桌布；此刻，我却成了全人类共同的猎物，被追捕，无家可归，一个人人皆知的杀人犯，绞刑架的奴隶。

My reason wavered, but it did not fail me utterly. I have more than once observed that in my second character, my faculties seemed sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic; thus it came about that, where Jekyll perhaps might have succumbed, Hyde rose to the importance of the moment. My drugs were in one of the presses of my cabinet; how was I to reach them? That was the problem that (crushing my temples in my hands) I set myself to solve. The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the house, my own servants would consign me to the gallows. I saw I must employ another hand, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to be reached? how persuaded? Supposing that I escaped capture in the streets, how was I to make my way into his presence? and how should I, an unknown and displeasing visitor, prevail on the famous physician to rifle the study of his colleague, Dr. Jekyll? Then I remembered that of my original character, one part remained to me: I could write my own hand; and once I had

conceived that kindling spark, the way that I must follow became lighted up from end to end.

我的理智动摇了，却没有彻底弃我而去。我不止一次注意到，在我的第二重身份里，我的官能似乎磨得格外锋利，精神也更紧绷而富有弹性。于是，在杰基尔或许会屈服的关头，海德却挺身应付了这紧要时刻。我的药放在书房的一个玻璃药柜里，我怎样才能拿到？我（双手紧压着太阳穴）给自己出的就是这道难题。实验楼的门我已经关死了。如果想从宅子里进去，我自己的仆人就会把我送上绞刑架。我明白必须借助别人之手，于是想到了兰扬。怎样才能找到他？怎样说服他？就算我在街上没被抓住，又怎样才能到他跟前？我这样一个素不相识、令人生厌的访客，又怎能说动这位著名的医生，去搜他的同行杰基尔医生的书房？这时我想起，我原有的品性还给我留下了一样东西：我能写自己的笔迹。这点火星一经点燃，我该走的路便从头到尾都被照亮了。

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

out for observation, into the midst of the nocturnal passengers, these two base passions raged within him like a tempest. He walked fast, hunted by his fears, chattering to himself, skulking through the less frequented thoroughfares, counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight. Once a woman spoke to him, offering, I think, a box of lights. He smote her in the face, and she fled.

于是，我尽量把衣服整理好，叫住一辆路过的双轮马车，驶往波特兰街的一家旅馆，那旅馆的名字我碰巧记得。看见我这副模样（这身衣服底下裹着的命运不管多么悲惨，模样确实够滑稽的），车夫掩不住笑意。我心头腾起一股魔鬼般的狂怒，冲他咬牙切齿，他脸上的笑容便消失了。这是他的幸运，更是我自己的幸运，因为再过片刻，我一定会把他从车座上拖下来。走进旅馆时，我四下打量，脸色阴沉得叫侍者们发抖。他们当着我的面连眼色都不敢交换一下，只是低眉顺眼地听我吩咐，领我进了一间雅室，又给我拿来书写用具。性命攸关时的海德，对我来说是个陌生的生物：他被过度的怒火震撼着，紧绷到了要杀人的地步，渴望叫人吃苦。然而这生物却很精明。他以极大的意志力压住了怒火，写好了两封要紧的信，一封给兰扬，一封给普尔。为了确确实实拿到信已寄出的凭据，他吩咐把信按挂号寄出。此后，他整日坐在雅室的炉火旁啃着指甲。他在那里用餐，独自与恐惧相伴，侍者在他的目光下分明畏缩发抖。等到夜色完全降临，他便从那里出发，缩在一辆有篷马车的角落里，在城中的大街小巷来来回回兜圈子。我说“他”，因为我不能说“我”。那个地狱之子没有半点人性，他身上只活着恐惧与仇恨。最后，他以为车夫开始起疑，便打发了马车，冒险步行，走进夜行的人群中间。他穿着那身不合身的衣服，惹人注目，这两种卑劣的激情在他心中如暴风雨般翻腾。他走得飞快，被恐惧追逐着，嘴里喃喃自语，鬼鬼祟祟地穿行于行人稀少的街道，数着离午夜还剩多少分钟。有一回，一个女人跟他搭话，我想是要卖给他一盒火柴。他照着她的脸就是一拳，女人逃开了。

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected me somewhat: I do not know; it was at least but a drop in the sea to the abhorrence with which I looked back upon these hours. A change had come over me. It was no longer the

fear of the gallows, it was the horror of being Hyde that racked me. I received Lanyon's condemnation partly in a dream; it was partly in a dream that I came home to my own house and got into bed. I slept after the prostration of the day, with a stringent and profound slumber which not even the nightmares that wrung me could avail to break. I awoke in the morning shaken, weakened, but refreshed. I still hated and feared the thought of the brute that slept within me, and I had not of course forgotten the appalling dangers of the day before; but I was once more at home, in my own house and close to my drugs; and gratitude for my escape shone so strong in my soul that it almost rivalled the brightness of hope.

我在兰扬家恢复本相时，老友的惊恐或许多少影响了我。这我说不准；至少，比起我回顾那几个小时时的憎恶，那不过是沧海一粟。我身上起了变化。折磨我的已不再是对绞刑架的恐惧，而是做海德的恐怖。我半是在梦中领受了兰扬的谴责，也半是在梦中回到自己家，上了床。白天困顿已极，我睡着了，睡得又沉又死，连那些将我拧绞的噩梦都无法打破。早晨醒来时，我浑身发颤，虚弱无力，精神却为之一新。我依然憎恨、畏惧那个在我体内沉睡的畜生，当然也没忘记前一天那些骇人的危险。但我又回到了家，在我自己的宅子里，紧挨着我的药。对这次脱险的感激在我灵魂里闪耀得如此强烈，几乎能与希望的光芒相匹敌。

I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that heralded the change; and I had but the time to gain the shelter of my cabinet, before I was once again raging and freezing with the passions of Hyde. It took on this occasion a double dose to recall me to myself; and alas! six hours after, as I sat looking sadly in the fire, the pangs returned, and the drug had to be re-administered. In short, from that day forth it seemed only by a great effort as of gymnastics, and only under the immediate stimulation of the drug, that I was able to wear the countenance of Jekyll. At all hours of the day and night, I would be taken with the premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom and by the sleeplessness to which I now condemned myself, ay, even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession of a fancy brimming with im-

ages of terror, a soul boiling with causeless hatreds, and a body that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death: and beyond these links of community, which in themselves made the most poignant part of his distress, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And this again, that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life. The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was of a different order. His terror of the gallows drove him continually to commit temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station of a part instead of a person; but he loathed the necessity, he loathed the despondency into which Jekyll was now fallen, and he resented the dislike with which he was himself regarded. Hence the ape-like tricks that he would play me, scrawling in my own hand blasphemies on the pages of my books, burning the letters and destroying the portrait of my father; and indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to involve me in the ruin. But his love of life is wonderful; I go further: I, who sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, when I recall the abjection and passion of this attachment, and when I know how he fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

早饭后，我悠闲地穿过天井，愉快地吸着清冷的空气，忽然又被那种预示变身、无法形容的感觉攫住了。我刚来得及躲进书房，便又一次在海德的激情中既狂怒又冰冷。这一回，用了双倍的剂量才把我唤回本相。唉！六个小时之后，我正坐着悲哀地望着炉火，那剧痛又回来了，只得再次服药。总之，从那天起，似乎只有靠一种体操般的巨大努力，并且只有在药物的直接刺激之下，我才能维持杰基尔的面容。无论白天黑夜，任何时辰，那预兆性的战栗都会突然袭来。尤其是只要我睡着了，哪怕只在椅子上打一会儿盹，醒来时总是海德。厄运时时迫近，压得我喘不过气；我又给自己判下了失眠，是啊，失眠到了我原以为人力所不能及的地步。于是，我以本人的面目，成了一个被高烧吞噬掏空的生物，身心都萎靡虚

弱，心中只盘踞着一个念头：对另一个自我的恐怖。可是一旦睡着，或是药力消退，我便几乎毫无过渡地（因为变身的剧痛一天比一天轻微了）一跃而入另一种状态：满脑子都是骇人的幻象，灵魂里沸腾着无缘无故的仇恨，那副躯体仿佛不够强壮，容纳不下狂涌的生命力。海德的力量似乎随着杰基尔的病弱而增长。可以肯定的是，此刻将两者分开的仇恨，双方是对等的。在杰基尔，那是一种出于生命本能的东西。他如今已看清了那个生物丑恶的全貌：它与他分享某些意识现象，又与他同为死亡的继承人。这些共同的纽带本身就构成他苦恼中最痛切的部分；除此之外，他还觉得，海德尽管生命力旺盛，却不仅是地狱般的，而且是无机的。骇人之处正在于此：深渊里的烂泥似乎发出了呼喊和声音，无定形的尘土在比画、在犯罪，那死的、没有形状的东西，竟篡夺了生命的职能。还有一层：那反叛的恐怖与他结合得比妻子还紧密，比眼睛还贴近。它关在他的血肉里，他听得见它嘟哝，觉得出它挣扎着要出世；每逢他软弱的时辰，每逢他放心入睡，它便压倒他，把他从生命中废黜。海德对杰基尔的仇恨则是另一种。他对绞刑架的恐惧驱使他一再暂时自杀，退回到从属的地位，只做一个部分，而不做一个人。但他憎恶这种不得已，憎恶杰基尔如今陷入的消沉，也怨恨杰基尔对他的厌恶。因此他才会对我耍那些猴子般的把戏：用我的笔迹在我的书页上涂写亵渎的话，烧掉我的信件，毁掉我父亲的肖像。说真的，若不是他怕死，他早就会毁了自己，好把我也拖进毁灭里去。但他对生命的热爱实在惊人。我还要说得更进一步：我一想到他就恶心发冷，可每当回想起他这份依恋中的卑贱与激情，每当想到他多么害怕我以自杀斩断他的生路，我竟在心里对他生出了怜悯。

It is useless, and the time awfully fails me, to prolong this description; no one has ever suffered such torments, let that suffice; and yet even to these, habit brought—no, not alleviation—but a certain callousness of soul, a certain acquiescence of despair; and my punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen, and which has finally severed me from my own face and nature. My provision of the salt, which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment, began to run low. I sent out for a fresh supply and mixed the draught; the ebullition followed, and the first

change of colour, not the second; I drank it and it was without efficiency. You will learn from Poole how I have had London ransacked; it was in vain; and I am now persuaded that my first supply was impure, and that it was that unknown impurity which lent efficacy to the draught.

再把这番描述拖长下去已无用处，时间也可怕地不够了。没有人受过这样的折磨，说这一句就够了。然而即便是这样的折磨，习惯也带来了——不，不是减轻，而是灵魂的某种麻木，绝望中的某种顺从。我的刑罚本可能再延续许多年，可是最后这场灾难已经降临，终于把我同我自己的面容和天性永远隔断。我那份晶盐自第一次试验以来从未添补过，渐渐不够用了。我派人去买了新货，调制药剂；药液沸腾起来，第一次变色出现了，第二次却没有。我喝下去，毫无效力。你会从普尔那里得知，我是怎样派人把伦敦翻了个遍，却全是徒劳。我现在确信，我的第一批货本不纯净，赋予药剂效力的，正是那未知的杂质。

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

大约一个星期过去了，此刻我正借着最后一点旧药粉的药力写完这份自白。那么，除非出现奇迹，这就是亨利·杰基尔最后一次能想他自己的念头，最后一次能在镜中看见自己的面孔（如今已变得多么可悲！）了。

我也不能拖得太久才把这份文字写完。我的叙述迄今未遭毁弃，全凭极大的谨慎加上极大的运气。倘若写到一半变身的阵痛袭来，海德会把它撕成碎片；但如果我把它收好之后过了一段时间，他那惊人的自私、那只顾眼前的局限，大概会再一次让它免遭他猴子般的恶意。说真的，正向我们两个逼近的劫数，已经改变了他，压垮了他。半小时后，当我又一次、并且永远地重新披上那可憎的人格，我知道自己会怎样坐在椅子里发抖哭泣，或是紧绷着神经，惊恐而出神地侧耳倾听，在这个房间（我在世上最后的避难所）里来回踱步，留意每一点带着威胁的声响。海德会死在绞刑架上吗？还是会在最后一刻鼓起勇气解脱自己？只有上帝知道。我已无所谓了。这才是我真正的死期，此后的事关乎另一个人，与我无涉。那么，就在这里，我放下笔，着手封好这份自白书，让那不幸的亨利 · 杰基尔的一生就此结束。