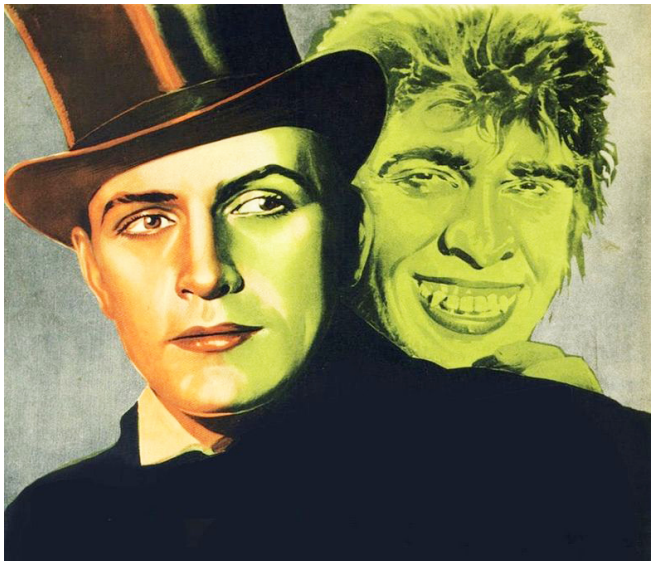
THE STRANGE CASE OF DR JEKYLL & MR HYDE BY R. L. STEVENSON

Text Guide

Harris Federation



How to use this text guide

This text guide was created so that you can read the story independently with supporting information alongside the text. The guide includes the whole of *¢KŜ {ǘ𝕀l·yƎŜ /l·ǎŜ 2Ŧ 5𝕀𝕎Ŝ]èff l·yŘ a𝕀 lèŘŜ* and you should aim to read all of it! The guide is split into sections, allowing you to focus on one chapter of the novella at a time. Each chapter will be followed by a Glossary page.

Throughout the guide, you will notice different boxes and symbols. Below is a brief guide on what these mean.

A plain black box indicates important information that you need to know to help with your understanding of the novella.

A blue box with this symbol indicates where there is a question or an activity to help you engage actively with the reading.

A dark red box with this symbol indicates where **AO3**—contextual information—is included. Rather than learning this separately, you should use this additional information to enrich your understanding of the relevant part of the novella.

Words underlined in red

Tricky words and phrases that will be defined and explained in the glossary. You will find a glossary at the end of each chapter. For the longest chapters, the relevant page numbers are at the top of each glossary page.

THE STORY OF THE DOOR

The first chapter introduces us to one of the main characters in this novel, the modest and kindly lawyer Gabriel Utterson. He is out on a Sunday stroll around London with his friend and cousin Mr Enfield. They walk past a shabby door and Enfield tells his friend about a horrible incident he witnessed there

This chapter acts as a frame narrative: the events are linked to, but not part of, the main story. Is it helpful to think about this chapter as a "door" to the rest of the novella?

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.

Utterson is a contradictory character—cold yet kind, reserved yet loyal to his friends, self-denying yet tolerant and non-judgmental of others . This is an example of **duality**— contrast between two opposing ideas—which is a key theme of the novella

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

Stevenson was from Edinburgh and the description of Utterson's self-denial—for example refusing to go to the theatre because he enjoyed it - is a gentle mockery of **Calvinism.** This is a type of Christianity popular in Scotland and was considered part of the Scottish character: god-fearing and suspicious of pleasure.

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.

Utterson has a number of long-standing friendships and is fond of his friends even when they don't have much in common. He and Mr Enfield are very different; they always take a walk around London every Sunday even though they don't talk much .

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.

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

This novella was written and is set in the London of the 1880s. London was a city of contrasts: wealthy and prosperous neighbourhoods were right next to slums full of poverty. This shopping street is much smarter than the rest of the "dingy neighbourhood" around it. Stevenson uses setting throughout the novella to create this sense of contrast or **duality**

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.

This shabby door is yet another example of **duality**: it contrasts with the smart street that surrounds it. Can you draw and label some of the features of this doorway?

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

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

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

Mr Utterson has a 'slight change of voice' when he is told that the door is connected to a "very odd story". Why do you think this might be? Does he know more that he lets on?

"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.

By the 1880s, London was no longer pitch-dark at night—the city was lit with gas and sometimes electric streetlights. This meant that walking by night was less dangerous: nonetheless, Mr Enfield starts to feel uneasy and "long for the sight of a policeman". We might be shocked that a little girl is sent out in the middle of the night to fetch a doctor—but there were no telephones at this time if you needed help in an emergency.

Enfield uses an oxymoron to describe the attack: ŰǋĿ·Ÿπ ǈƒŜŘ ŎĿ·ƒŸfè ɸ This makes the violence to the child seem even more strange and inhuman.

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

Enfield describes the reactions of various people to this mysterious villain—who we will shortly discover is Mr Hyde. All of them—the doctor, the child's family, and Enfield himself - are overcome with violent and seemingly irrational hatred.

Make a list of all the adjectives and phrases that Enfield uses to describe Hyde here and later on page 8-9. Why does Enfield later say he is unable to describe Hyde's appearance accurately?

Enfield and the others force Hyde to pay £100—around £13,000 in today's money—in compensation to the child's family. He goes through the mysterious door and comes back with gold and also a cheque signed by a well-known and respectable person whose identity Enfield will not yet reveal. Coutts is a grand bank used by royalty which makes it even more obvious to the reader that the person who signed the cheque is of high social status.

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."

Enfield and the other men refuse to believe that the respectable man whose signature is on the cheque could have anything to do with the villainous Hyde. They assume it is a forgery so they keep Hyde hostage until the bank opens in morning, to cash the cheque.

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Utterson.

"I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. 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.

What kind of secret would make a Victorian gentleman open to blackmail?

What might a Victorian reader be wondering at this stage of the story?

Do you think it would be easy to blackmail a famous person with a secret, today?

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

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

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

Enfield and Utterson are both upset about the idea of a respectable gentleman — who we learn is also a famous philanthropist— being involved with someone as corrupt and unpleasant as Hyde. Both men assume this respectable gentleman (who we will shortly find out is Dr Jekyll) must have a secret and that Hyde is blackmailing him. This underlines the importance of **reputation and respectability** in Victorian society— another key theme in this story .

"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."

Enfield says he doesn't like prying into other people's affairs (a quality he shares with Utterson) He talks about respectable men committing suicide because of scandals. The importance of **reputation** and the need for **secrecy** also links to the theme of **hypocrisy**— of claiming to be better than you really are and hiding your true nature.

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

"But I have studied the place for myself," continued Mr. Enfield. "It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut but they're clean. And then there is a chimney which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there.

Enfield insists he doesn't try to uncover other people's secrets— but yet he admits to watching the door closely since the incident, and give s a lot of detail about the building and the comings and goings of Hyde.

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."

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

"Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield.

Hyde is 'not easy to describe': make a note of how often other characters say this throughout the narrative. Stevenson uses alliteration/plosives to show how Enfield feels about Hyde. What is the effect?

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

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

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

"He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something 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."

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

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

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

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

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

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

You should be following this description of Hyde closely, linked to the question on page 6. Why does Enfield repeat the idea of **deformity,** and then say again that he can't describe Hyde? Why are many of the descriptions people give of Hyde not physical but instead linked to the feelings he provokes in others? How does this increase the feeling of mystery and unease?

Utterson reveals to Enfield that he already knows the name of the man on the cheque. This is because Utterson knows that the door of the story is in fact the secret back door to the grand home of his friend Dr Jekyll.

Remember that a Victorian reader reading this novella for the first time would still be in suspense about the identity of Mr Hyde. The dual personality is not revealed until the end of the ninth chapter.

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 1 THE STORY OF THE DOOR

Countenance face, expression

Scanty small amount

Discourse conversation

eminently human beaconed from his eye even though he never said much he looked approachable and kind

austere severe, strict

Misdeeds bad actions

to mortify a taste for vintages deliberately spoiling his taste for good wine

I incline to Cain's heresy reference to the Bible story of Cain and Abel. Cain murdered his brother Abel and when asked by God where his brother was, replied "Am I my brother's keeper?" Utterson is making a joke linked to this famous phrase— he means that he likes to mind his own business.

reputable respectable

Chambers offices where lawyers both lived and carried out their practice

Demeanour manner, behaviour

Catholicity of good nature generally being easy-going

no aptness in the object he was fond of people because he'd known them a long time, not necessarily because they were worth it

nut to crack difficult problem

emulously copying in a competitive way

surplus of their gains in coquetry making their sale goods look attractive to customers

Gable when the top end of a wall forms a triangle to meet the roof

a blind forehead of discoloured wall no window above the door, just a shabby wall

sordid negligence dirty neglect—but with connotations of moral sleaziness

affirmative saying yes

damned Juggernaut a giant chariot which according to legend was part of a Hindu religious ceremony: it would be dragged through the streets and worshippers would hurl themselves under the wheels to be crushed, in sacrifice to the god Krishna

Sawbones slang for surgeon or doctor

apothecary in this context, another name for doctor

as emotional as a bagpipe Bagpipes are Scottish musical instruments. In this context, Enfield means the doctor was usually completely unemotional

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 1 THE STORY OF THE DOOR

pitching it in red hot arguing in a very angry and agitated way

as wild as harpies furiously and violently angry—harpies are mythological female monsters

make capital take advantage

screwed him up to forced him to agree to

Apocryphal doubtful

very pink of the proprieties extremely respectable

paying through the nose having to pay a lot of money (in this case, because of being blackmailed by a threat to expose a secret that could harm the person's reputation)

capers lively exploits, possibly slightly outrageous

a vein of musing in a thoughtful mood

drawer of the cheque the person who wrote and signed the cheque for Hyde

partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment he doesn't want to be judgemental, as if he were God deciding who goes to heaven or hell

bland old bird seemingly harmless old gentleman

Queer Street something dodgy and disreputable

the other party the other person involved

your tale has gone home your story has a particular significance to me, I know more about this than you realise

Sullenness the state of being sulky

Pedantically overly precise and accurate

my long tongue Talking too much

SEARCH FOR MR HYDE

In this chapter Mr Utterson re-examines the will of his friend Dr Jekyll—which has been causing him much concern as it leaves all of Jekyll's money to a man called Edward Hyde. We meet another main character of the story, Dr Lanyon. Utterson goes to this friend for advice, but Lanyon says he no longer speaks to Jekyll as they fell out over science. After having nightmares about Hyde, Utterson decides to seek out the mysterious Hyde for himself.

In his capacity as a lawyer, Utterson refused to help Jekyll draw up the will. This is because he disapproved so much of its contents. However, he does still keep the will safe for his friend.

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

The letters after Dr Jekyll's name are all professional qualifications and show his importance and high social status.

Why should Dr Jekyll suggest an "unexplained absence" or disappearance? If you were an old friend of Jekyll's, what would you make of this detail in the will?

Previously, Utterson was worried about Jekyll leaving all his money to Hyde, as he had no idea who this man was. Now he knows Hyde is wicked, he is even more upset.

Previously, Utterson thought Jekyll had gone mad but now he thinks he is being blackmailed by Hyde.

sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

1880s London had many contrasting neighbourhoods and Stevenson uses these to explore the theme of **duality**. Cavendish Square and nearby Harley Street are still associated with the medical profession today.

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

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

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

The theme of male **friendship** is explored in the novel—there are hardly any women in the story. The lively and uninhibited Lanyon con-trasts with the modest and reserved Utterson.

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

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

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

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

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

This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson.

Utterson is relieved that Lanyon and Jekyll fell out over science, not something else. Do you, the reader, think he should be more worried?

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

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

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

Six o'clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather 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 lamp-lighted 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

Stevenson uses a subtle **pathetic fallacy** here, repeating the word dark or darkness several times. This creates a setting of mystery and strangeness to reflect the uncertainty in Utterson's mind.

Where else have you seen London by night described? Look out for the references to lamps throughout the novella. The main streets may be brightly lit at night, but lights create shadows—what happens there?

In the past beds often had curtains for extra warmth. The image in Utterson's nightmare, of Hyde pulling back the curtains of Jekyll's bed as he sleeps and summoning him, is a very sinister one. Stevenson echoes a similarly nightmarish image used by Shakespeare's Macbeth before the murder of Duncan: "wicked dreams abuse the curtained sleep".

before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde.

If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clause of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

In Utterson's nightmare, Hyde was a faceless figure that haunted London by night. Utterson thinks he will feel better once he sees the real Hyde, and that it will also help him clear up the mystery of Jekyll's relationship with Hyde

After his nightmare about Hyde and the story Enfield told him, Utterson becomes so determined to see this mysterious figure for himself that he spends all his time hanging around the door, and seems to be neglecting his business. Do you think this is a natural reaction or do you think Stevenson presents Utterson as obsessed?

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

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

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

Once again, Hyde is found in the 'nocturnal city'. Utterson senses he is coming because he hears 'odd, light' footsteps.

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.

The reader now meets Hyde directly for the first time, through this encounter with Utterson. What is your impression of Hyde? What are the similarities and differences between Enfield's description, the figure in Utterson's nightmare and the way that he is portrayed here?

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

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

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

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

Utterson spends some time staring at Hyde's face, but Stevenson does not give us a description of what he sees. What is the effect of this?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Utterson assumes that Hyde has given his address so that he may be contacted when he is due to inherit all Jekyll's money.

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

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

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

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

Hyde clearly knows that Utterson is lying—that Jekyll never described Hyde to him. Why is Hyde so sure and what does this tell the reader about the relationship between Jekyll and Hyde?

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

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

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

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

Utterson has had the same reaction to Hyde as Enfield. He is trying to work out, in his own mind, exactly what is so repulsive about Hyde. What do **you** make of Hyde, as a reader? Has Stevenson successfully conveyed the mysterious horror that surrounds Hyde?

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."

Hyde looks "troglodytic", that is, like a caveman. Elsewhere he is described as animalistic. **Atavism** was the belief that primitive traits could reappear in humans. In the 1870s, a criminologist called Lombroso put forward an influential theory linked to **atavism**, that criminals could be recognised by their 'primitive' and deformed appearance

Utterson concludes that the disgust he and everyone feels when confronted by Hyde is because of the wickedness of Hyde's soul. He implies that Hyde was created by Satan rather than by God.

Stevenson again uses **setting** to explore the theme of **duality**. Jekyll's neighbourhood is no longer as respectable as it was—his house stands out as being much smarter than its surroundings.

Doors and windows are also symbolic in this story. Compare the grand **front** door of Jekyll's house to the shabby and sordid **back** door used by Hyde.

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.

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

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

"Here, thank you," said the lawyer, and he drew near and leaned on the tall fender. This hall, in which he was now left alone, was a pet fancy of his friend the doctor's; and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. But 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.

Utterson sits waiting for Jekyll in the hall—which he usually finds "the pleasantest room in London". But today, Utterson feels very uneasy, sick and depressed when waiting by the fire for news of his friend Jekyll. What could be causing this feeling? His recent encounter with Hyde, or something else?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poole, Jekyll's butler, confirms that Hyde is often at Jekyll's house, and is allowed to give orders to the servants, but that he comes and goes through the back door and spends most of his time in Jekyll's laboratory, a separate building in the courtyard behind the house.

"Well, good-night, Poole."

"Good-night, Mr. Utterson."

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyll," he thought, "my mind misgives me he is in deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations. Ay, it must be that; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed 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, Things groping in all the corners of memory, least 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 ap-prehension; 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 com-pared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside; poor Harry, what a wakening! And the danger of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ay, I must put my shoulders 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.

Through Utterson, we learn more about Jekyll and the society that he lives in. Jekyll was 'wild' in his youth but we are not told what this involved. Utterson is still con-vinced that Jekyll is being black-mailed by Hyde, perhaps for past misbehaviour—which shows the importance of keeping up a per-fect reputation in Victorian socie-ty. Interestingly, Utterson also starts to have feelings of guilt himself, even though his own life has been quite innocent. Utterson seems to live his life **vicariously**—that is, second hand, through the experiences of others.

Utterson decides that Hyde's secrets are probably worse than Jekyll's and therefore he could be threatened and blackmailed to keep away from Jekyll. He also thinks that Hyde may kill or harm Jekyll in order to inherit the money. Do you think these are reasonable conclusions? And why does he keep thinking about Hyde coming to Jekyll's bedside?

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 2 SEARCH FOR HYDE

sombre serious

relish enjoyment

volume of some dry divinity a book about religion, for example sermons

holograph hand-written by Dr Jekyll himself (usually wills would have been copied out by legal scribes)

benefactor someone who helps and supports another, particularly with financial support

burthen another way of spelling "burden"

eyesore something unpleasant to look at

the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. Utterson preferred things to be ordinary and conventional—he associated unusual or strange matters with immorality

it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes his bad feelings about Hyde got worse as he found out that Hyde had done wicked things

presentment presentation

citadel literally, fortress; in this context, the area where the best doctors had their offices

boisterous noisy and somewhat uncontrolled

geniality the quality of being friendly and pleasant

fanciful unconvincing and possibly dubious/strange

balderdash utter nonsense

would have estranged Damon and Pythias D and P were mythological characters who were very loyal friends. Lanyon means that even the best friends in the world would have fallen out over this disagreement

conveyancing part of property law - this is the only thing that gets Utterson excited

protégé a young person who is helped and protected by an older one

gross extreme

nocturnal relating to or living by night

labyrinths mazes, confusing set of paths and passages where it is easy to get lost

Inordinate much more than is usual

bondage slavery, being owned by someone

bowels of mercy compassion and sympathy

unimpressionable not easily influenced, not sensitive or easily upset

concourse place where many people can gather

the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time you could hear the foot-steps of anyone coming, long before they arrived

quaint peculiar

arrested in this context, stopped

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 2 SEARCH FOR HYDE

Prevision premonition

somehow strongly against the watcher's inclination Utterson really did not like the sight of Hyde

I thought you might admit me I thought you would let me in

blowing in the key removing dust from the key before putting in the lock

fronted about with an air of defiance turned to face Utterson, defiantly

à propos on the subject of this

Disquietude concern and worry

Perplexity the state of being puzzled

Malformation the state of being wrongly formed

Timidity the state of being scared and nervous, lacking courage

Troglodytic prehistoric, like a caveman/Neanderthal

the old story of Dr. Fell In an old rhyme, the speaker doesn't like Dr Fell but doesn't know why

radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent a hideous soul could be seen through the flesh of his body

high estate high status

agents of obscure enterprises. People running dodgy businesses

Fanlight a fancy semi-circular window above a door

paved with flags a floor with stone tiles

Fender low frame protecting fireplace

pet fancy special project

uneasy starting strange movement

old dissecting room a room formerly used for surgery and dissecting dead bodies, now used by Jekyll as a laboratory

Repose put, keep

Musingly thoughtfully

in deep waters in a lot of trouble

in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations of an old iniquity unlike human legal system, where crimes can't be prosecuted after a certain time period has passed, you can always be held account for your sins by God

read the rolls of their life go over the good and bad deeds you have done in your life

Put my shoulders to the wheel work really hard

DR JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE

Dr Jekyll makes his first appearance, as Utterson is invited to a dinner party at his friend's home. Utterson stays behind after everyone else has gone, to talk frankly to Jekyll about his concerns. However Jekyll insists there is nothing to worry about. He also makes Utterson promise that Hyde will get his inheritance under the terms of the will.

Jekyll is, like the other characters in this novella, a middle-aged bachelor (unmarried man). He is sociable and hosts dinner parties but they are men-only—in Victorian times an unmarried man could not invite respectable women to his house unless they were close family. What is the effect of this very masculine environment?

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

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

Stevenson drops some interesting hints when he introduces the character of Jekyll. Most of the description is positive but take a note of the way the negative aspects are carefully qualified: "something of a slyish cast perhaps" . Why does he not just describe Jekyll as "sly"?

Jekyll is very rude about his former friend Lanyon but still calls him "a good fellow". What is your impression of Jekyll's manner?

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

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

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

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

"What I heard was abominable," said Utterson.

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

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

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

Utterson reflected a little, looking in the fire.

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

Jekyll's manner changes so quickly here and his emotions even affect his physical appear-ance. Make a note of these chang-es. What could be so 'strange' about his position? He assures Utterson that 'it isn't what you fancy'. What could Utterson be worried about?

Imagine you are a Victorian reader with no idea about the true solu-tion. Make a list of things you might suspect at this stage.

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

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

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

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

Utterson tries to challenge Jekyll about his relationship with Hyde, and about the will. In the end, Jekyll gets his way: not only does he stop Utterson asking questions, but makes the lawyer promise that he will do what he can to help Hyde. This links to the theme of **secrecy:** Stevenson has made the mystery of Jekyll's fascination with Hyde even deeper. The chapter title, "Dr Jekyll is quite at ease" is ironic—by the end both men are worried and anxious.

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 3 DR JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE

Cronies friends

Contrived worked out a way to

befallen many scores of times happened often before

the light-hearted and loose-tongued had already their foot on the threshold when the more lively and chatty guests were leaving

Unobtrusive someone or something that doesn't attract attention

practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence after the expense and strain of gaiety sitting with the quiet Utterson was a good way to unwind and relax after hosting a busy and tiring party

every mark of capacity Jekyll looks intelligent as well as kind

hide-bound pedant unadventurous, fussy and obsessed by rules and details

scientific heresies theories and ideas about science which go completely against what is generally accepted

ignorant, blatant pedant following on from the previous insult, someone whose obsession with rules and details is a result of their obvious stupidity

a trifle a small amount

Abominable really awful

Incoherency making no sense

a clean breast of this confess everything

heaved an irrepressible sigh making a big sigh that you can't contain

THE CAREW MURDER CASE

In this chapter, a year has passed and the true horror in the story begins. A well-known and popular elderly politician, Sir Danvers Carew, is brutally murdered one night in the street. Utterson recognises the murder weapon—a walking stick that he gave to Dr Jekyll. Realising that Hyde is the killer, Utterson takes the police to the Soho address Hyde gave him when they first met.

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.

In the 19th century, London homes and businesses were heated with coal fires, which caused terrible pollution, in the form of London fog which was famously thick and dark. As Stevenson warns us here, we will be encountering this fog later in the chapter. However, at this stage of the story, the night is clear and lit by a full moon.

Hyde provokes uncontrollable hatred in everyone who sees him or meets him. Compare the feelings of the maidservant as she looks on the saintly face of Sir Danvers Carew. What is Stevenson trying to say about the **duality** between good and evil?

The maid does not recognise Sir Danvers Carew but she does know—and dislike—Edward Hyde, as he had visited the house where she works.

And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman.

The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half had rolled in the neighbouring gutter—the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the mur-derer. 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 ad-dress of Mr. Utterson.

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

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

In the description of Hyde's 'apelike fury' we have another reference to **criminal atavism** **(page 17)** Hyde is primitive and animalistic in his violent frenzy

Stevenson shocks the reader here with his unusually violent **sensory description** of the unprovoked assault—we are told not just of the brutal actions of Hyde but of the sounds of the victim's bones breaking and the sight of his body twitching on the ground. The maid faints with the shock, to emphasise what a normal human reaction is to such horror.

The fact that Sir Danvers still had valuables on him shows that the motive for the attack was sheer brutality, not theft. The fact that he is carrying a letter addressed to Utterson is a useful plot device—it provides a reason for the police to contact Utterson and so for him to get involved in the case. This is necessary as he is our main **narrative focaliser** **(**in other words, he is the main point of view or perspective through which we, the readers, learn about events in the story**)**

"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.

The police officer, although shocked by the murder of this well-known man, is also excited as this will be a famous case and therefore good for his career. Hyde has already been identified as the attacker by the maid, but when Utterson identifies the murder weapon as a walking stick he himself had given to Jekyll, this also links Jekyll to the murder.

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

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

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

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

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a 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.

This is a key passage in the text. We have already discussed the darkness and heaviness of the fog of Victorian London. Stevenson here uses this fog as a pathetic fallacy—when the environment around a character reflects their emotions. Can you find evidence of the following in this passage (which carries on to the next page): The strange and unsettling movements of the dark fog ; the shift from a prosperous and law-abiding neighbourhood to a poor and shady one; the recurring references to lamps and nightmares; Utterson's own feelings of depression, unease and even guilt?

The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of 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.

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.

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

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

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

In the whole extent of the house, which but for the old woman remained otherwise empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste.

In the 1880s, Soho in central London was a slum district, and its inhabitants and environment are described her e very negatively. Soho contrasts sharply with Utterson's wealthy district, just a short cab ride away. Utterson is shocked that Hyde, who stands to inherit a huge sum of money from Jekyll, should choose to live here. The reader can assume that Hyde enjoys the sordid and disreputable surroundings and the opportunities they provide for evil doings.

Hyde's landlady is polite but has an evil face. This links to **duality** but Stevenson also mentions another key theme: **hypocrisy** (pretending to have better standards than you really do) What evidence can you find that the landlady is a hypocrite? Who else in this story is guilty of **hypocrisy**?

The extreme luxury of Hyde's apartment contrasts with the poverty and miserable living conditions of the neighbourhood: another example of **duality.**

A closet was filled with wine; the plate was of silver, the napery elegant; a good picture hung upon the walls, a gift (as Utterson supposed) from Henry Jekyll, who was much of a connoisseur; and the carpets were of many plies and agreeable in colour. At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked; clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets inside out; lock-fast drawers stood open; and on the hearth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned.

Hyde had clearly made an effort to destroy as much evidence as he could by burning papers and his chequebook in the fireplace. However, Utterson and the policeman still find the other half of the murder weapon. Without the cheque book, Hyde must visit his bank to get money, so the policeman assumes that they will catch him by keeping watch on the bank.

From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt end of a green cheque book, which had resisted the action of the fire; the other half of the stick was found behind the door; and as this clinched his suspicions, the officer declared himself delighted. A visit to the bank, where several thousand pounds were found to be lying to the murderer's credit, completed his gratification.

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

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

The police are hoping to put out wanted posters for Hyde but once again, the people who have seen him find it difficult to give proper details about his appearance. What is the key word that is repeated here when witnesses try to describe Hyde—and why is it repeated?

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 4 THE CAREW MURDER CASE

ferocity the state of being violent and frightening

fell into a dream of musing began daydreaming

accosted the other with a very pretty manner of politeness stopping Hyde to speak to him in a very nice and polite way

innocent and old-world kindness of disposition Sir Danvers looked very kind and gentle—his manners were old-fashioned in the best way

broke out of all bounds lost all control of himself

insensate with no feeling, extremely brutal

he shot out a solemn lip pressed his lips together in a very serious way

grave countenance serious expression

This will make a deal of noise As Sir Danvers is so well-known, this will be a big case

Pall a thick, dark cloud of smoke, but also a cloth that is put over a coffin at a funeral

the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours The polluted dark air of the fog was being blown around by the wind

like the back-end of evening even though it was morning, the fog made it seem like the very darkest part of the evening

strange conflagration a strange fire

haggard shaft of daylight thin, tired sunbeam (trying to break through the dark fog)

swirling wreaths the fog and smoke are moving in swirling circles

dismal miserable and joyless

slatternly passengers the pedestrians were dirty and untidy

mournful reinvasion of darkness

gloomiest dye Utterson's thoughts became very dark and miserable

Assail attack

Dingy shabby and dark

a gin palace a cheap and disreputable pub where cheap gin could be bought

the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads shops selling a range of cheap goods - such as food and shabby magazines

morning glass the women are having their morning alcoholic drink—indicating that they drink both day and night. The implication is that these women 'of different nationalities' are prostitutes.

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 4 THE CAREW MURDER CASE

Umber dark yellowish-brown

Blackguardly villainous and wicked

Sterling pounds

his habits were very irregular he had no fixed routine, he came and went at different times

odious very nasty and unpleasant

plate cutlery and other dining equipment

Napery napkins and tablecloths

Connoisseur someone who is knowledgeable and appreciates the fine things in life (in this case, art)

many plies thickness of carpet is measured in ply—these carpets were very fine and thick

Hearth the part of the fireplace where the fire is lit

embers the remains of a fire, glowing coal or wood

Gratification the state of being pleased about something

He must have lost his head he must have panicked

Handbills 'Wanted' posters and leaflets describing the suspect (Hyde)

Familiars acquaintances, people who are familiar with you

Fugitive someone who is on the run from the law

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

In this chapter, the reader encounters Jekyll's mysterious laboratory for the first time. Jekyll is very upset by the murder of Sir Danvers. To reassure Utterson, Jekyll shows him a letter from Hyde, where he promises to go away and not return. However Utterson investigates further and finds that the letter is not what it seems.

For the first time, the reader is given a detailed description of the layout of Dr Jekyll's home. We find out that the main house backs onto a courtyard, where there is a separate building that had once been a surgeon's operating theatre. This has now been converted by Dr Jekyll into a laboratory and 'cabinet': an inner office which is kept locked. This courtyard and building can be accessed directly through the shabby back door we encountered in the first chapter.

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.

Make a note of how Jekyll's laboratory and cabinet are described. It is dimly lit, the windows are dusty and have iron bars, the fog has penetrated into the room, and Dr Jekyll himself is "deathly sick". What is the effect ?

The surgeon who once owned the house used the operating theatre to train medical students. He would dissect dead bodies to teach the students about anatomy—the science of the human body. For a Victorian reader, a dissecting room would have quite sinister connotations. In the early days of medicine it was difficult for doctors to obtain corpses for their studies, so some of them paid grave-robbers to get dead bodies illegally.

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

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

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

Utterson is worried that Jekyll is sheltering the fugitive (hiding) criminal Hyde, but Jekyll promises very solemnly that Hyde is gone forever.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Utterson is surprised that Jekyll seems to care so little about what happens to Hyde, and that his concern is just for his own reputation. He is relieved by this 'selfishness' because at least this means that Jekyll does not have a true affection for Hyde.

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand and signed "Edward Hyde": and it signified, briefly enough, that the writer's benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, whom he had long so unworthily repaid for a thousand generosities, need labour under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence.

The lawyer liked this letter well enough; it put a better colour on the intimacy than he had looked for; and he blamed himself for some of his past suspicions.

"Have you the envelope?" he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This 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.

We are not specifically told what Utterson's former suspicions were about the relationship between Jekyll and Hyde, or why this letter now makes him feel better. In the 1880s, Stevenson would not have been allowed to write in detail about sexual behaviour, drinking, gambling or other activities that would have been considered immoral. He therefore leaves it to the reader to fill in between the lines.

Utterson is a careful man and when Jekyll tells him he burnt the envelope the letter came in, he checks with the butler, Poole, about when and how Hyde's letter was delivered. He is very worried when he hears no personal post arrived at the house that day.

It was, at least, a ticklish decision that he had to make; and self-reliant as he was by habit, he began to cherish a longing for advice. It was not to be had directly; but perhaps, he thought, it might be fished for.

Presently after, he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr. Guest, his head clerk, upon the other, and midway between, at a nicely calculated distance from the fire, a bottle of a particular old wine that had long dwelt unsunned in the foundations of his house. The fog still slept on the wing above the drowned city, where the lamps glimmered like carbuncles; and through the muffle and smother of these fallen clouds, the procession of the town's life was still rolling in through the great arteries with a sound as of a mighty wind. But the room was gay with firelight. In the bottle the acids were long ago resolved; the imperial dye had softened with time, as the colour grows richer in stained windows; and the glow of hot autumn afternoons on hillside vineyards, was ready to be set free and to disperse the fogs of London. Insensibly the lawyer melted. There was no man from whom he kept fewer secrets than Mr. Guest; and he was not always sure that he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to the doctor's; he knew Poole; he could scarce have failed to hear of Mr. Hyde's familiarity about the house; he might draw conclusions: was it not as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that mystery to right? 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.

Stevenson uses the setting of London to develop the theme of **duality** in a very interesting way here. The outside city is sinister and dark, lit by lamps and full of threatening noises, with the ever-present fog lurking at the edges. This contrasts with the inside of the room and the mood of warmth and trust symbolised by the well-matured fine wine Utterson is sharing with his clerk, Guest.

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

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

Utterson's clerk is a handwriting expert. After some hesitation, Utterson decides to let him judge the letter from Hyde

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

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

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

Just then the servant entered with a note.

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

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

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

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

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

“Rather quaint,” said Utterson.

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

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

“No, sir,” said the clerk. “I understand.”

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

Guest, the handwriting expert, notices that the handwriting on the letter from Hyde and the letter from Jekyll are very similar. Why do you think Utterson has not noticed this? Utterson’s horrified conclusion is that Jekyll has forged the Hyde letter, in order to protect Hyde. Do you think the Victorian reader would have agreed with Utterson about this solution? Or do you think they would have begun to suspect the real answer to the mystery?

carried down The butler escorted Utterson to the laboratory

Indifferently in this context—either called one thing or another

dissecting rooms see the definition in Chapter 2 glossary. The house had previously been owned by a surgeon, who had used the building behind the house as a surgery —where he also dissected bodies to teach medical students about anatomy

his own tastes being rather chemical than anatomical Dr Jekyll was not interested in surgery but in chemical experiments

Destination in this context, the use of the building (from a surgery to a chemical laboratory)

the theatre rooms where surgical operations are carried out

gaunt (when describing a building) grim and desolate

packing straw padding used to stop things breaking when being transported in boxes

Cupola A glass dome roof—this would have provided necessary light for operations in the days when the building was a surgery

Baize a felt-like material used for covering snooker tables; here used to help block out sound

glass presses glass-fronted cupboards

cheval-glass a full-length mirror on a swivel-stand

were crying it in the square newspaper sellers would shout out the main headlines to encourage people to buy the newspapers

I bind my honour to you I solemnly promise

I am at a loss I don't know what to do

ruminated awhile thought it over for a while

Signified what follows is a summary of the letter's contents

Benefactor a person who had given someone else money or help

whom he had long so unworthily repaid Hyde acknowledges that he had been ungrateful

need labour under no alarm for his safety Hyde says Jekyll does not need to worry about him

he placed a sure dependence he was absolutely sure it would work out

better colour on the intimacy it made the friendship look better

qualm of faintness Utterson felt faint with worry

circulars advertisements that come in the post

funeral oration a speech made at a funeral, but in this context, the newspaper obituaries about the death of Sir Danvers

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 5 INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

Apprehension worry, fear

eddy whirlpool

ticklish problematic, tricky

be fished for he meant to get advice in a roundabout way

head clerk a clerk was employed by businesses to keep records and write up documents—Guest was the most important clerk at Utterson's legal firm

Unsunned kept in darkness (as a fine wine should be)

Carbuncles jewels

the procession of the town's life was still rolling in through the great arteries London is being personified as a body with flowing veins— city life is flowing through the streets and roads of the city

In the bottle the acids were long ago resolved; the imperial dye had softened with time the acids of the wine had long ago mellowed and the colour had also softened—in other words, it had ripened and become very pleasant to drink.

Vineyards where grapes for wine are grown

Insensibly the lawyer melted Utterson is feeling so relaxed and at ease thanks to the good wine that he decides to trust Guest with the letter

he could scarce have failed to hear of Mr. Hyde's familiarity about the house

consider the step natural and obliging it was a natural thing to ask Guest about the hand-writing as this was his special area of knowledge

a man of counsel a wise person who could be trusted

might shape his future course what the clerk said would decide Utterson's future plan

Passion excitement, great interest

it is an odd hand the handwriting is peculiar

Sedulously carefully, attentively

the two hands are in many points identical: only differently sloped the two samples of handwriting are identical in lots of ways

REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF DR LANYON

Hyde seems to have kept his promise to disappear and Jekyll has become his old sociable self. But then things suddenly take a much darker turn: Jekyll refuses to see any of his friends . When Utterson visits Dr Lanyon, he finds Lanyon dying, apparently due to a shock he has had.

Nobody knows where Hyde has gone, but there is now public interest in his past behaviour and activities. Stevenson describes these in very dark terms but gives the reader no specific examples. What kind of "vile" behaviour might the Victorian reader imagine? What kind of behaviour would horrify a modern reader? Remember that many things— such as violence and murder— would horrify both modern and Victorian readers!

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.

We are told that Jekyll is once again being sociable and involved in **philanthropy** (see page 7). Stevenson also tells us that Jekyll becomes active in religious life , and it is implied that is a new interest for someone who had previously only been concerned with science. This reflects **the conflict between science and religion** in Victorian times: many people were afraid of scientific developments such as Darwin's theory of evolution, which seemed to contradict biblical teaching.

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.

Notice how precise Stevenson is here about dates. He wants the reader to understand how quickly the change in Jekyll occurs, but also to give **authentication** to the narrative (make the reader feel that what they are reading is true).

The fifth night he had in Guest to dine with him; and the sixth he betook himself to Dr. Lanyon's.

We now meet Dr Lanyon again. Do you remember "the hearty, healthy and dapper" character in chapter 2? He has changed very dramatically. Re-read the description of Lanyon on page 13 and make a note of the changes.

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.

This passage develops the theme of **science and religion** from the previous page. Utterson thought that as Lanyon was both a doctor (science) and a good man (religion) he would be accepting of death. But something has happened to Lanyon that has shaken his faith in both religion and science, making him both fear death and hate life: "if we knew all, we should be more glad to get away".

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

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

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

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

Utterson reminds Lanyon how long the three men have known each other and says they are now too old to make new friends. This recalls the theme of **friendship**: we remember how Utterson has from the beginning of the novella been described as a loyal friend.

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

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

"I am not surprised at that," was the reply. "Some day, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right and wrong of this. I cannot tell you.

The reader sees that Lanyon is suffering spiritual terror and trying to find comfort in **religion:** he declares the subject of Jekyll to be cursed and repeats the name of God twice.

And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God's sake, stay and do so; but if you cannot keep clear of this accursed topic, then in God's name, go, for I cannot bear it."

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

This passage explores the idea of **secrecy** and associates it with evil, sin and suffering. Jekyll insists on remaining hidden and his unhappiness is clear. He says he blames himself— but also seems full of self-pity, which indicates a level of **hypocrisy.**

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

The theme of secrecy, linked to fear and horror, continues. The secret to the mystery is so horrific that it killed Lanyon. The letter that Lanyon leaves Utterson can be seen as a metaphor for the secret itself—it is heavily protected by a seal (wax) to stop anyone but Utterson reading it—and inside this envelope there is yet another letter, adding another layer to the mystery. This is a well-guarded secret as well as a dangerous one .

with the seal of his dead friend. "PRIVATE: for the hands of G. J. Utterson ALONE, and in case of his predecease *to be destroyed unread*," so it was emphatically superscribed; and the lawyer dreaded to behold the contents.

"I have buried one friend to-day," he thought: "what if this should cost me another?" And then he condemned the fear as a disloyalty, and broke the seal. Within there was another enclosure, likewise sealed, and marked upon the cover as "not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll." Utterson could not trust his eyes. Yes, it was disappearance; here again, as in the mad will which he had long ago restored to its author, here again were the idea of a disappearance and the name of Henry Jekyll bracketed. But in the will, that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestion of the man Hyde; it was set there with a purpose all too plain and horrible. Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should it mean? A great curiosity came on the trustee, to disregard the prohibition and dive at once to the bottom of these mysteries; but professional honour and faith to his dead friend were stringent obligations; and the packet slept in the inmost corner of his private safe.

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

Remember that Utterson is our **narrative focaliser** and what we know as readers is limited by what he knows and thinks. Utterson decides not to open the second letter—so Lanyon's dying message remains a mystery. Utterson accepts Dr Jekyll's wishes not to be seen—and so we do not know what has happened to him. Do you think this an effective way for Stevenson to sustain the suspense of the story? Utterson is described as loyal and trustworthy—do you trust his narrative perspective?

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 6 REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF DR LANYON

was resented as a public injury the general public was really angry about the murder as Sir Danvers was a well-loved politician.

out of the ken of the police the police knew nothing about where Hyde was

Unearthed uncovered

Callous completely unfeeling and hard-hearted

but of his present whereabouts, not a whisper no-one had any idea where he was

hotness of his alarm he was no longer as intensely worried as he had been before

he was now no less distinguished for religion Jekyll was not just involved in charity but also was seen going to church

an inward consciousness of service his good works seem to have made him a genuinely better person

to weigh upon his spirits he was worried and troubled

He had his death-warrant written legibly upon his face he looked so dreadful it was clear he was going to die

that arrested the lawyer's notice that made Utterson stop and stare

quality of manner that seemed to testify his behaviour and the look in his eyes was what really revealed his terrible mental condition

days are counted he doesn't have long to live

allusion to one whom I regard as dead Lanyon doesn't want Utterson to mention Jekyll—Jekyll has so upset Lanyon that he would prefer to think of him as dead

accursed topic terrible thing to talk about

in drift in its mood and subject

extreme seclusion total lack of contact with anyone

Unmanning so afraid that he feels he is no longer a man

old tasks and amities he had gone back to his old ways and friendships

whole tenor of his life the whole way he lived his life

lie for it some deeper ground earlier Utterson thought that Jekyll had gone mad but now he thinks the reasons behind his behaviour are more complex

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 6 REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF DR LANYON

sadly affected he was really upset at the funeral

melancholy miserable and sad

with the seal at this time envelopes were sealed with wax blobs which were then stamped with a personalised metal stamp. This was to ensure that mail was not being opened by un-authorised persons.

Predecease If Utterson for whatever reason died before Lanyon the envelope and contents should be destroyed

Superscribed written on the outside of

condemned the fear as a disloyalty He was at first too scared to open the letter but then told himself that was not being a good friend

Bracketed put together with

the trustee the person trusted with the envelope—that is, Utterson himself

disregard the prohibition he should ignore the fact he had been told not to open the second letter

stringent obligations Utterson's loyalty and professionalism were strict principles

mortify controlled/subdued by self-discipline

Disquieted worried

voluntary bondage Utterson thinks that Jekyll has made himself a willing prisoner and slave (presumably to Hyde)

inscrutable recluse Jekyll—it is impossible to understand the reasons for his isolation

unvarying character the message from Poole was always the same

he fell off little by little he stopped visiting so frequently

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

This chapter takes us back to the characters and setting of the opening chapter. Utterson is once again taking a walk with Enfield past the old door leading to Jekyll's laboratory. Worried about his old friend, he goes through the door into the courtyard, sees Jekyll at the window and speaks to him. Suddenly there is a terrible change in Jekyll's manner.

Enfield is a cheerful, confident character and he is optimistic that the story is over and Hyde has gone forever. Does the reader agree?

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

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

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

Doors have been symbolic in this novella. Compare the shabby and dirty back door used by Hyde to the smart front door used by Jekyll—and the way that doors can be used to hide secrets. In this chapter the focus shifts from doors to windows. Which reveals more—a window or a door? Are we closer to seeing the truth and the answer to the mystery?

"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."

In the first chapter, Enfield tried to protect Jekyll's reputation by not revealing whose signature was on the cheque. He now knows that this is Jekyll's back door and that Utterson would have known all along who signed the cheque.

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

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

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

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

Again, Stevenson uses setting and **pathetic fallacy** to explore **duality**: the courtyard outside the laboratory is dark and damp, although the sky above is still bright and sunny. This reflects Jekyll's very depressed mood in contrast with the cheerful mood of Enfield and Utterson.

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

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

The three men have an ordinary and friendly social exchange. For a moment it looks like Enfield was right and everything is back to normal.

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

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

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

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

There was a physical change in Lanyon before he died, but this change in Jekyll is very rapid and creates a feeling of utter horror in both Utterson and Enfield. Why do you think Utterson asks God to forgive them all? How does this link to Lanyon in the previous chapter?

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 7 INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

Repulsion disgust

into the court the back door to Jekyll's house leads into a courtyard which houses the laboratory

infinite sadness of mien extremely sad and depressed in his manner

disconsolate prisoner a prisoner who is very unhappy about being imprisoned

whipping up the circulation if Jekyll takes some exercise it will improve his blood circulation and make him feel better

quick turn a brisk walk

venture to propose politely suggest

abject utterly bad

Traversed crossed over

THE LAST NIGHT

Utterson is visited by Jekyll's butler Poole, who begs him to come to Jekyll's house. He arrives to find the house in chaos—the laboratory cabinet is locked and the voice of the person inside it does not sound like Jekyll. Poole tells Utterson he fears that Jekyll has been murdered. He also adds that this mystery figure keeps begging for a certain chemical , but then rejects the samples brought to him as impure. Utterson decides to break down the door of the cabinet and finds the dying figure of Hyde on the floor. He searches the rest of the laboratory for further evidence.

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

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

A high-class butler like Poole would be trained to show no emotion and be professional at all times. Both Utterson and the reader would know something very serious had happened to make Poole so openly upset. Poole then reveals that he thinks his master Jekyll has been murdered.

"Mr. Utterson," said the man, "there is something wrong."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once again, we see a character's physical appearance change as a result of shock. Can you remember who else has so far been described as changing in this way? In the last chapters of the novel we will see more of this—make a note of who changes and why.

"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?"

The comments about Poole not drinking the wine he was offered is a snobbish joke by Stevenson. The Victorian middle class reader assumed that no servant would ever turn down the opportunity of a drink—Poole must be VERY upset to refuse alcohol.

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

Mr. Utterson's only answer was to rise and get his hat and 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.

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.

Our usually cold and reserved Utterson is rushing through deserted London streets, frightened and desperate for company.

Once again, Stevenson uses **pathetic fallacy** to highlight the strong emotions felt by Utterson. Notice the way the moon is personified as overcome by the wild winds.

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

"Amen, Poole," said the lawyer.

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

"It's all right," said Poole. "Open the door."

Do you notice the use of religious language here? Why do you think both men are calling to God? Look for more explicit references to religion as the story reaches its climax. You can look again at the AO3 box on page 40 for more ideas about the theme of **religion** .

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

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

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

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

"Hold your tongue!" Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed, when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all started and turned 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.

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

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

Utterson is angry with the terrified servants because they are being so unprofessional. Does the reader sympathise with him—or do we see his bad temper as a symptom of his own anxiety? Look at the way the female servants behave—is Stevenson implying that women are more hysterical than men, or that they are more honest and less repressed in their emotions? Both Poole and Utterson are extremely tense and nervous as they approach the laboratory and cabinet, but both are trying very hard to hide it.

We are back in the mysterious laboratory that we first entered in Chapter 5. At that time, Utterson was invited into the cabinet behind the red baize door. Now, the secret remains locked inside—remember that doors are symbolic of **secrecy.**

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

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

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

Poole now reveals to Utterson why he and the other servants are so upset. Eight days ago the servants heard Jekyll cry out to God, but they haven't heard his voice since. They believe the person now locked in the cabinet is his murderer.

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

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

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

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

Utterson tries to use his lawyer's training to come up with a logical theory—he points out that a murderer would try to escape, not stay locked in the cabinet.

"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."

The mystery is becoming increasingly strange. The person locked in the cabinet is desperate for a drug or chemical, and has been sending the servants to all the chemist shops in London to look for it. None of the drugs that come back are good enough. What theories do you think a first-time reader might be coming up with at this

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

Poole felt in his pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. Its contents ran thus: "Dr. Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs. Maw. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for his present purpose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. He now begs them to search with 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."

Maws is the name of a chemists shop that Jekyll does business with.

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

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

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

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

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

The handwriting on the note requesting the drug seems to be Jekyll's, but Poole does not care. He does not recognise the footstep, the voice or the figure of the person, as being his master.

"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.

The down-to-earth and sensible Poole is using emotional and figurative language, including similes and **animal imagery.** Look at his speeches in this section and make a note of phrases and actions that don't fit with your previous idea of his character. What is the effect?

"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."

Utterson is still trying to find a **rational** explanation based on **science** for the mystery, rather than a **supernatural** one. He decides that Jekyll is suffering from a strange illness that changes him physically and mentally.

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

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

Make a note of how Poole describes "the thing in the mask". Who is it, and how do you know?

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

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

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

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

The two men, although from very different social backgrounds, are now talking almost like equals in their determination to make a practical plan to uncover the mystery. They collect tools necessary to break down the door.

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

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

"You may say so, sir, indeed," returned the butler.

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

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

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

Poole is now more explicit in his suspicions. He also mentions the horror and disgust he felt in the presence of Hyde. Notice the contradictions in his speech: he refers to Hyde as 'it', but also 'that gentleman'. Why do you think this is?

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

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

Notice Poole's language here—how does it link to the way he was speaking earlier?

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

"Ay, ay," said the lawyer. "My fears 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."

Utterson has abandoned his earlier attempts to find **rational** explanations— he seems to have accepted that something very bad has happened and is openly **religious and emotional** in his language. He is determined to not let the culprit escape and gets other servants to guard the exits.

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

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

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

Stevenson is carefully building up tension here using setting. The moon has disappeared, the night is dark, and the wind is threatening to blow out the candle. The only sound is the pacing footsteps of the person inside the cabinet.

"So it will walk all day, sir," whispered Poole; "ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist, there's a bit of a break. Ah, it's an ill conscience that's such an enemy to rest!

Ah, sir, there's blood foully shed in every step of it! But hark again, a little closer—put your heart in your ears, Mr. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor's foot?"

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

Poole's commentary provides the reader with a back story to the mystery of the creature in the cabinet—how this has been going on for days. His more emotional response and figurative language also provides us with a contrast to the more dry and cold Utterson.

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

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

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

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

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

This is arguably the climax of the novella, as Poole follows Utterson's instructions and violently breaks down the door. What do you remember a bout the theme of **secrecy** and the **symbolism** of doors? What does it tell us about this mystery, that such force and violence is needed to uncover it? Look at the way the creature in the cabinet is described—do you feel pity, horror or both?

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

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

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the red baize door leaped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, rang from the cabinet.

Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed and the frame bounded; four times the blow fell; but the wood was tough and the fittings were of excellent workmanship; and it was not until the fifth, that the lock burst and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet.

After the drama in the previous section, Stevenson creates a small break in the tension by describing the seeming normality of the cabinet room the men have just broken into.

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.

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

The sudden shift to Hyde's body 'twitching' as he dies increases the sense of horror. The smell of "kernels" (almonds) tells us that Hyde has committed suicide by drinking a poison called cyanide.

"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."

Utterson and Poole discover that there is a corridor that runs directly from the cabinet and laboratory to the back door that we met in the first chapter. What questions are raised by this new information?

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.

Neither the cellar nor the cupboards had been opened for years—Jekyll cannot be hiding there. The escape route of the back door has not been used—and the key has been destroyed. Where is Jekyll?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stevenson uses setting and description to explore the tension between **science and religion.** One table has the remains of a scientific experiment, another has a religious book which has been defaced with "startling blasphemies" - that is, rude and probably obscene graffiti against God.

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

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

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

Why do you think the two men—and therefore the narrative—focuses on the mirror at this point? How does it link to the theme of **duality**? What clues are we being given?

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

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

"You may say that!" said Poole.

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

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

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

Even the reserved and modest Utterson is upset by this latest twist in the mystery. Jekyll's will has been changed so that Utterson himself now inherits everything—and yet Hyde did not destroy it. Jekyll has left a letter in his own handwriting which carries today's date. Can he still be alive?

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

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

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

"Your unworthy and unhappy friend,

"HENRY JEKYLL."

Stevenson cleverly prolongs the mystery here., and also signposts how to find the solution. Jekyll calls his situation 'nameless' - he cannot or will not explain it. Utterson—and therefore the reader—must first read Lanyon's letter and then Jekyll's confession to get the answer. All this evidence is carefully sealed, emphasising the importance of **secrecy**.

"There was a third enclosure?" asked Utterson.

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

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

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

As Utterson leaves the laboratory and returns to his office, the reader must say farewell to him as a **narrative focaliser**: the final two chapters will be narrated by Lanyon and Jekyll.

Notice the importance of public **reputation** in Victorian society. Utterson and Poole are determined to at least save Jekyll's reputation if they cannot save his life.

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 8 THE LAST NIGHT p48-51

What ails you? what is the matter

doggedly persistently

Amiss wrong

foul play murder, crime

Greatcoat warm overcoat

Seasonable to be expected for the time of year, in season

flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture clouds that move quickly, and are light and delicate

flecked the blood into the face the wind was cold and sharp, and made their faces red

crushing anticipation of calamity Utterson was overwhelmed with the feeling that something dreadful was going to happen

these were not the dews of exertion… moisture of some strangling anguish he wasn't sweating from exercise but from the stress and terror he was feeling

Hearth fireplace

Peevishly in a cross and irritable way

Very irregular, very unseemly very inappropriate —Utterson is scolding the servants for behaving oddly and not doing their duty

ferocity of accent angry voice

the note of her lamentation wailing

knife-boy boy whose job it was to sharpen the knives

Lumber disused boxes, furniture

a great and obvious call on his resolution he had to pull himself together to be brave

red baize red felt cloth which covered the door of cabinet office (sound-proofing)

give ear listen

made away with murdered

That won't hold water; it doesn't commend itself to reason it doesn't make any sense as a theory

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 8 THE LAST NIGHT p 52-55

wanted bitter bad it was needed very badly

presents his compliments a formal greeting when writing a letter

Messrs. Plural of Mr—the letter was addressed to more than one person

sedulous careful and dedicated

Expense is no consideration will pay any amount of money

Composedly in a calm and sensible way

find me some of the old find me some of the older version of the drug

hand of write handwriting

like quills like the spines of a hedgehog or porcupine

I begin to see daylight it has all started making sense

maladies illnesses, sickness

for aught I know for all I know

God grant that he be not deceived I hope he's right

hangs well together it all makes sense

Exorbitant alarms anxieties that might be far-fetched or extreme

mottled pallor pale and blotchy

shall make it my business to see you are no loser I'll make sure you don't get in trouble

rude but weighty the tool was crude but heavy enough for the job

position of some peril dangerous position

let us make a clean breast lets be honest with each other

Bigness size

you felt in your marrow kind of cold and thin made his blood run cold, feeling horror

book-learned educated

bible-word swearing on the Bible

let our name be vengeance formal way of saying, let us seek revenge

malefactor wrong-doer

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 8 THE LAST NIGHT p 57 –61

get to your stations go to your guarding positions

kitchen poker a heavy iron stick used for poking fires to keep them alight

scud had banked over the moon a cloud had covered the moon

Ah, it's an ill conscience that's such an enemy to rest the person in the cabinet cannot rest or sleep because of a bad conscience

put your heart in your ears, listen using your feelings and instinct, rather than your rational mind

the doctor's foot Jekyll's footsteps

disinterred pulled out

with bated breath holding his breath

dismal screech dreadful scream

Besiegers attackers—that is, Utterson and Poole

appalled by their own riot shocked by the noise they'd made

singing its thin strain the kettle has boiled and is whistling

glazed presses glass-fronted cupboards

cords of his face the muscles of his face

phial small glass bottle used for medicine

crazy lumber junk

hearkening to the sound listening to the sound

a pious work a religious book

startling blasphemies shockingly rude and obscene comments against God

cheval-glass a full-length mirror

same eccentric terms the same strange conditions

deed of gift if Jekyll dies it is a 'testament' or inheritance but he has disappeared it will be a gift

Malefactor wrong-doer

dire catastrophe terrible event

the penetration to foresee ability and insight to predict

nameless situation a situation that can't be explained

we may at least save his credit we can protect his reputation

DR LANYON'S NARRATIVE

Lanyon receives an urgent and desperate request from Jekyll begging him to fetch the contents of a drawer from Jekyll's laboratory and return with them back to his own house. He would then receive a midnight visitor and give him these contents. The mysterious visitor arrives, mixes the contents into a potion and gives Lanyon the choice to leave, or to stay and watch. Lanyon's curiosity gets the better of him and he witnesses a horrible transformation.

The narrative now goes back in time to the events of chapter 6, and also gives us a new narrative voice—that of Lanyon. This chapter is the contents of Lanyon's letter that he wrote on his death-bed. Remember that this letter was sealed inside two envelopes—the **secrecy** of its contents is obvious!

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:

In the second chapter, Lanyon said he never spoke to Jekyll any more. However, it seems the two friends have now reconciled and meet fairly regularly. However they do not write to each other very often so Lanyon is surprised to receive a letter from Jekyll.

"10*th December*, 18—.

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

"I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night—ay, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The 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,

Jekyll's desperate plea for help appeals to Lanyon's loyalty and morality. But remember that Lanyon and Jekyll fell out over science, and Jekyll called Lanyon 'an ignorant blatant pedant' when discussing him with Utterson in chapter 3. Is Jekyll's claim of loyalty and friendship in this chapter an example of **hypocrisy**, or something else? Is it because Jekyll must ask this favour of a fellow doctor and scientist—instead of a closer friend like Utterson?

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.

Lanyon is told he must fetch some materials from the laboratory and then give these to a mysterious midnight visitor.

Jekyll's letter is an interesting example of **duality**: a mix of precise scientific instructions and moral terror.

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

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

"Your friend, H.J.

"P.S.—I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the post-office may fail me, and this letter not come into your hands until to-morrow morning.

How does Jekyll appeal to Lanyon to carry out this strange request? Make a note of the most effective language he uses. How would **you** respond to such a request from an old friend? How do you think Stevenson portrays the theme of **friendship** in this chapter?

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."

Although Lanyon feels he cannot ignore Jekyll's request, he thinks it is a 'farrago' or nonsense. Remember how Lanyon was described in Chapter 2, as a lively and outspoken character. Do you think his reaction to Jekyll's letter fits in with this characterisation?

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.

Remember that this chapter takes us back in time—to the events of chapter 5. But we are reminded of the breaking of the door in the previous chapter. Notice, once again, how hard it is to gain access to the cabinet. Unlocking this door is **symbolic** of unlocking the mystery.

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.

As a man of science, Lanyon is able to give the reader a very knowledgeable and technical description of what he sees in the laboratory. However, some of the terms he uses would seem old-fashioned to a 21st century scientist!

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.

Remember that Lanyon has always disapproved of Jekyll's scientific work. Lanyon is curious about what is going on, but as he is unable to work out the answer, he goes back to the theory that his "flighty colleague" Jekyll has gone mad.

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

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

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

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution, and—last but not least—with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his neighbourhood.

Once again we have a character meeting Hyde for the first time and having a strange reaction to him. Remember that we (the readers) have met Hyde before, but Lanyon has not. Do you notice the duality (contradictions) in Lanyon's description of Hyde? As a doctor, Lanyon describes his own reactions using medical vocabulary — make a note of some of the physical changes he notices in himself.

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.

Lanyon at first tries to describe his symptoms on meeting Hyde in a **scientific** way, but he concludes that his reaction has more to do with 'the nature of man' , implying the reaction to Hyde's pure evil is spiritual and linked to the soul. Does Lanyon think that humans are instinctively repelled by evil, or that they recognise the same evil in themselves—or both?

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

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

Hyde is wearing clothes that are far too big for him (as he was in his death scene in the previous chapter). Lanyon says that this should look ridiculous but actually adds to the sinister and horrible aura around Hyde There is also a contradiction or **duality** in the 'sombre excitement' Hyde conveys.

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

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

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

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

Hyde attempts to behave politely according to normal social convention but he cannot control his reaction to the sight of the drug, which is so extreme that it frightens Lanyon.

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

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

"Compose yourself," said I.

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

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

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green.

My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

Hyde seems to be a very accomplished scientist. Do you think the first-time reader will be close to guess-ing the answer to the mystery at this stage?

A well-read Victorian reader would recognise this scene as reminiscent of Satan tempting Faust (a famous story of a scholar who sold his soul to the devil in exchange for unlimited knowledge and worldly pleasures). Hyde offers Lanyon the choice of leaving, and knowing nothing but the fact that he had done a good deed, or staying to discover a new realm of knowledge as well as 'fame and power' . Lanyon's 'greed of curiosity' gets the better of him. This links to the idea of dangerous, **forbidden knowledge**—some people in the 19th century feared that **science** was going too far, against morality and **religion.**

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

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

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

Do you notice that Hyde talks to Lanyon of 'our' profession—that is, medicine? Do you think this is Hyde talking now, or Jekyll? Did Jekyll/Hyde perhaps deliberately choose Lanyon for this task as a form of revenge?

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.

Make a note of the verbs and adjectives that Stevenson has Lanyon use to describe the terrible transformation. How would you stage this scene as a film script? Also notice Lanyon's extreme reaction and his call to God. Do you now have more insight into his dramatic collapse and death as described in chapter 6?

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

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

HASTIE LANYON.

Lanyon was not convinced by Jekyll's explanation and accuses him of moral turpitude (wickedness). This implies that Jekyll's penitence (repentance of sins) was **hypocrisy —** in other words, not genuine. In the next chapter Jekyll will attempt to justify and explain his actions to the reader. When we read this chapter, see if you are convinced, or if you agree with Lanyon.

Lanyon mentions experiencing both **horror** and **terror** in his final paragraph. In Gothic literature, horror is often defined as being shocked or scared at a deeply unpleasant occurrence or realisation, and is often physical, while terror is being very anxious or afraid of something unknown—often psychological. Which emotion do you think Lanyon is experiencing more strongly, and why? Which emotion is the reader experiencing more strongly and why?

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 9 DR LANYON'S NARRATIVE

in the habit of correspondence we didn't write to each other much

nothing in our intercourse that should justify formality of registration we'd had dinner together the night before and nothing had happened that needed following up with a letter

after this preface after this opening to the letter (reminding Lanyon of their mutual friendship and loyalty)

something dishonourable to grant asking Lanyon to do something immoral or dishonest

glazed press glass-covered cupboard

I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you I am terrified of giving you the wrong instructions

phial small glass bottle

I will leave you that amount of margin I want to make sure you have plenty of time to complete the task

with your own hand Jekyll is asking Lanyon to let the visitor into the house himself rather than get a servant to do it

capital importance utmost importance

charged your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my reason. If you don't do exactly as I have asked you will have either my death or my insanity on your conscience

no fancy can exaggerate the situation is the worst you could possibly imagine

you will not trifle with this appeal I know you will take my request very seriously

if that night passes without event, if nothing happens that night

Farrago nonsense

hansom, a horse-drawn carriage used as a taxi

avowed he would have great trouble the carpenter said the job would be really difficult

this last was a handy fellow the locksmith was very good at his job

not with the nicety of the dispensing chemist the chemicals weren't as neatly packaged as they would have been by a chemist shop

pungent strong-smelling

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 9 DR LANYON'S NARRATIVE

Phosphorus a chemical element that is luminous and flammable

volatile ether a gas sometimes used as an anaesthetic (to make people unconscious)

whetted my curiosity made me curious

granting some impediment allowing for some obstacle (preventing the messenger or Jekyll himself from entering the laboratory)

cerebral disease disease of the brain—in other words, madness

Portico porch

constrained gesture a gesture that was barely noticeable (so as not to attract attention)

bull's eye a type of lamp or lantern carried by Victorian policemen

great apparent debility of constitution appearing sickly or ill (despite being so muscular)

odd, subjective disturbance Lanyon has strong physical reaction to Hyde, but is trying to analyse his disgust objectively and scientifically

incipient rigour Lanyon notices he becomes physically tense in Hyde's presence

marked sinking of the pulse another symptom is that Lanyon's pulse slows down

idiosyncratic, personal distaste Lanyon at first thinks his reaction to Hyde is just a personal dislike

to turn on some nobler hinge than the principle of hatred Lanyon now thinks that his reaction was much more fundamental and possibly spiritual (in other words, that the human soul reacts negatively to pure evil)

disgustful curiosity Lanyon was not only disgusted but also curious about Hyde

Haunches hips and thighs

ludicrous accoutrement ridiculous outfit

fresh disparity yet another thing that was strange about Hyde

sombre excitement an oxymoron: dull or dark excitement

fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient Lanyon tried to behave professionally, as if he were talking to one of his patients

suffer me to muster. Trying to control my feelings

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 9 DR LANYON'S NARRATIVE

my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness Hyde says is so impatient that he has forgotten to be polite

collected manner appearing to be in control of himself

graduated glass a measuring glass used in chemical experiments

Minims very small measures

effervesce froth and bubble

ebullition the action of bubbling or boiling

metamorphoses complete changes of appearance and character

suffer me allow me

Parley discussion

sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul Hyde tells Lanyon that the help he has given to someone in such terrible trouble will enrich his soul

new province of knowledge a completely new area of knowledge will open up to him

a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan something so extraordinary and unusual that even Satan would be amazed

Enigmas mysteries, riddles

no very strong impression of belief I don't believe you

transcendental medicine medicine that would take you beyond the realms of normal human experience

Derided mocked

Prodigy extraordinary and unusual thing

Incredulous unable to believe (what I have seen)

moral turpitude depraved wickedness

Penitence repentance

HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE

This final chapter is narrated by Jekyll himself. He retells the whole story from his point of view, and explains what led him to create the alternative persona of Edward Hyde: his need to maintain a respectable front while still enjoying secret pleasures. His scientific experiments led him to the discovery of a drug which could make this possible, making himself two separate people. Eventually his evil self becomes too powerful to control .

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.

Jekyll introduces himself as someone born to every advantage and privilege. He claims that the pleasures he wanted to conceal were not particularly wicked. It was his own unusually high moral standards and wish to maintain a perfect **reputation** that made him hide and **repress** this side of himself.

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.

Jekyll is keen to assure Utterson—and us, the readers—that his pleasures were harmless and that many men would have 'blazoned' (publicised) the 'irregularities' he was 'guilty' of.

More acceptable 'irregularities' for a Victorian gentleman like Jekyll might have included dining clubs, theatres and music halls, and even drinking, womanising and gambling. More shameful and even illegal pleasures for a Victorian gentleman included opium, (a heroin-like drug) low class brothels and homosexuality. The kind of street violence Hyde enjoys would also , of course, have been utterly condemned. Stevenson never explains exactly what pleasures Jekyll wanted to indulge.

The reader now experiences a new narrative voice, that of Doctor Jekyll himself. Up until now we have seen him through a third-person narrative, and the perspective of Utterson. Jekyll's narrative is full of complex language and phrasing. This could be to show Jekyll's high status, but could it also indicate a character who likes to hide the truth behind an overelaborate turn of phrase?

Jekyll claims that even though he is a 'double-dealer' committed to a 'profound duplicity' (serious deception) in the way he lives his life, he is not a **hypocrite.** Do you agree?

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.

The famous quote about **duality** "man is not truly one, but truly two" is in fact qualified by Jekyll—he believes that eventually human beings could be split not just into two but a large number of different 'natures'.

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

Jekyll believes that both sides of his nature are equally part of who he is. He thinks that both sides would be happier being separate because the good side would no longer be shamed by the bad, while the bad could be free of the control of the good. What do you think of this idea about **duality?** If Jekyll likes the idea of **evil** being allowed to do as it pleases, is his 'good' side truly good—or just **hypocritical**?

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?

Stevenson has Jekyll use powerful metaphors to describe duality and what he sees as the struggle of **good and evil** within himself. He talks about two opposite twins fighting in a womb and two mismatched bundles (faggots) bound together against their will.

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.

Jekyll uses metaphors to describe the human body as fragile and temporary; he compares it to a vestment (clothing) and a pavilion (tent). Note the metaphor of plucking back curtains— do you remember the similar image in Utterson's nightmare on page 14?

Jekyll says he does not want to reveal the processes he discovered for splitting the self—because the process went wrong and because it will make him feel more guilty. Do you think this is a handy narrative device for Stevenson to avoid having to make up an imaginary process, or do you think it adds to the atmosphere of **secrecy** and **forbidden knowledge**?

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.

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,

Notice that here Jekyll does not see Hyde as a different identity but part of his own original soul—its "lower elements".

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.

Using the glossary, explore some of the elaborate metaphors that Jekyll uses to describe his body and soul. Why do you think he uses these images and why does he use so much figurative rather than scientific language?

I had long since prepared my tincture; I purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required; and late one accursed night, I compounded the elements, watched them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the ebullition had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion. The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death.

Stevenson has Jekyll use violent and horrific imagery to describe his transformation into Hyde, saying this metamorphosis (change) was more dreadful than being born or dying.

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

Jekyll's language now changes as he describes the experience of being Hyde—it is full of joy and pleasure. Bear in mind the horror and disgust that Hyde caused in other characters, and the terrible things Hyde did to other people. How do you react to Jekyll's happiness at being Hyde?

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.

Jekyll's first transformation takes place in the cabinet, at night—in the hour before dawn when it is darkest. The **setting** of time is described with words linked to birth (conception) and entrapment (the other people in the house are locked in sleep). This could be seen as symbolic of the birth of Hyde but also the way that this new identity will eventually entrap Jekyll.

Because there is not yet a mirror in the cabinet, Jekyll/ Hyde must cross the courtyard into the main house to find a mirror in which to look at his new face and figure. He imagines that the stars are looking down "with wonder" at this entirely new creation that is Hyde. How should the reader respond to this arrogance? Does Jekyll see himself as another God?

I crossed the yard, wherein the constellations looked down upon me, I could have thought, with wonder, the first creature of that sort that their unsleeping vigilance had yet disclosed to them; I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine tenths a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other.

Do you notice that Jekyll associates virtue with effort and control? How has this **repression** affected him?

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.

Jekyll believes that because his evil side has not been 'used' enough, Hyde is smaller and younger than Jekyll. Although other people feel so disgusted by Hyde, Jekyll rejoices in Hyde's presence and welcomes him as a 'natural' part of himself.

Jekyll thinks that the disgust everyone feels towards Hyde is because he is pure evil, while all other human beings are mix of **good and evil**. Is this because humans recognise something of Hyde in themselves, or because they cannot find any goodness in Hyde? How does Jekyll's explanation compare to Lanyon's on page 69 —that the revulsion came from a 'nobler' cause?

Jekyll is afraid that the process cannot be reversed—he will not be able to change back, and will remain as Hyde forever. This will mean he will have to run away as the house belongs to Jekyll, not Hyde. However, the transformation back to Jekyll is successful.

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

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

Jekyll believes that the drug could have brought to life a creature of pure good, rather than pure evil, if his motives had been better when he started the experiment. His evil side was the one that emerged. How does this fit in with his earlier theory, that Hyde was small because his evil side had not been much used? Can we trust Jekyll's judgement? Is Jekyll a **reliable narrator**?

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

Even at that time, I had not conquered my aversions 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.

Ironically, Hyde's existence does not free Jekyll of his desire to enjoy 'undignified' pleasures. Jekyll feels that these urges are even more problematic as he is getting older— maintaining a spotless **reputation** is becoming even more important to him. As a result, he becomes even more addicted to being Hyde. Jekyll's **hypocrisy** is becoming clearer to the reader— he cares about reputation, not real goodness.

Jekyll's account has up until now been like a prequel, giving us the lead-up to the main story. We are now approaching the events of the first chapter, the Story of the Door.

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.

This 'silent' and 'unscrupulous' woman was the housekeeper with the evil and hypocritical face that Utterson met on **page 29**.

Jekyll is explaining the practicalities of how he arranged for Hyde to have a separate house in seedy Soho, where he could carry out his 'adventures' but still have full access to Jekyll's own house and laboratory in a more respectable part of London. Utterson, who is reading this account, also finally finds out the reason for the strange will, which left all of Jekyll's property to Hyde in case of Jekyll's disappearance.

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.

Jekyll says that some men used hired criminals to carry out crimes on their behalf, but that Hyde simply carries out 'pleasures' on Jekyll's behalf. Given what we already know about Hyde's actions, is Jekyll right to claim that Hyde's pleasures are not also crimes?

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.

Because Hyde did not officially exist, he could get away with anything he wanted. And Jekyll also felt untouchable by the law and by public opinion, as his alter ego was the one committing all the 'pleasures'. Do you notice the tone that Jekyll uses here? Do you think he is truly sorry for the things that Hyde has done?

Hyde has no goodness to control his evil impulses. Jekyll is forced to admit just how bad Hyde's behaviour was. He claims that as Jekyll, he sometimes tried to 'undo' the **evil** that Hyde had done.

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.

Jekyll now talks about both his 'sides' in third person. Is this a way of avoiding responsibility? Look at this section and find more evidence of Jekyll avoiding responsibility for his/Hyde's actions.

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.

By opening another bank account in the name of Hyde, Jekyll hopes to protect his **reputation** even further.

Jekyll does not want to go into detail about the crimes Hyde has committed. However he does narrate his attack on the little girl and meeting with Enfield from the first chapter, The Story of the Door. What is the difference between this account and Enfield's version?

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.

Jekyll wakes up feeling confused—even though he is in his own bed and his own house, he keeps thinking he is in Hyde's house in Soho.

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

Notice the way that the hands of Hyde are described compared to those of Jekyll. Is this the first time Jekyll expresses true disgust in response to his **double,** Hyde?

The terrible truth now dawns on Jekyll—it is not that he is in Hyde's house, but Hyde's body. He transformed in the night, without the help of the drug.

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.

Hyde needs to get back to the cabinet and take the drug to transform back into Jekyll—but is terrified that he will be discovered by the servants. He then remembers, to his relief, that the servants are used to seeing Hyde around the house.

How was this to be explained? I asked myself; and then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey down two pairs of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck. It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size: had soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekyll had returned to his own shape and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a feint of breakfasting.

Small indeed was my appetite. This inexplicable incident, this reversal of my previous experience, seemed, like the Babylonian finger on the wall, to be spelling out the letters of my judgment; and I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of my double existence. That part of me which I had the power of projecting, had lately been much exercised and nourished; it had seemed to me of late as though the body of Edward Hyde had grown in stature, as though (when I wore that form) I were conscious of a more generous tide of blood; and I began to spy a danger that, if this were much prolonged, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown, the power of voluntary change be forfeited, and the character of Edward Hyde become irrevocably mine. The power of the drug had not been always equally displayed.

Jekyll is now at last worried that his actions might have serious consequences. Hyde is getting too powerful, and Jekyll is danger of losing control of when and how he transforms into his double. Does this realisation come too late? Was Jekyll's belief that he could control Hyde, ever justified?

Jekyll admits that sometimes he needs to use far more of the drug than usual to change from one form to another. At the beginning, it was harder to turn into Hyde—now it is becoming harder to change back into Jekyll.

Once, very early in my career, it had totally failed me; since then I had been obliged on more than one occasion to double, and once, with infinite risk of death, to treble the amount; and these rare uncertainties had cast hitherto the sole shadow on my contentment. Now, however, and in the light of that morning's accident, I was led to remark that whereas, in the beginning, the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, it had of late gradually but decidedly transferred itself to the other side. All things therefore seemed to point to this; that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

Between these two, I now felt I had to choose. My two natures had memory in common, but all other faculties were most unequally shared between them. Jekyll (who was composite) now with the most sensitive apprehensions, now with a greedy gusto, projected and shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde; but Hyde was indifferent to Jekyll, or but remembered him as the mountain bandit remembers the cavern in which he conceals himself from pursuit. Jekyll had more than a father's interest; Hyde had more than a son's indifference. To cast in my lot with Jekyll, was to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and had of late begun to pamper. To cast it in with Hyde, was to die to a thousand interests and aspirations, and to become, at a blow and 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.

Both 'halves' of the **dual identity** can remember what the other says and does, but while Jekyll both enjoys Hyde's exploits and worries about them, Hyde does not care about Jekyll at all. Why do you think this is?

Jekyll feels he now needs to stop leading a double life, and choose one identity. Jekyll will suffer without the 'appetites' he enjoys as Hyde. On the other hand, living as Hyde means being hated and friendless. Jekyll eventually decides to stick with the 'good' side of his identity, but as the reader already knows, his addiction to Hyde is too strong and fails to keep this resolution.

Jekyll says he prefers being the 'elderly doctor'. However, notice the way that he describes Hyde in comparison. How does Stevenson help the reader to realise that Jekyll is not being honest with himself or with the reader? How does Jekyll show us he was not really ready to give up Hyde?

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 pulses 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.

After two months, Jekyll gives in to his addiction and takes the drug again. Having been 'caged' for two months, Hyde emerges more violent and beastly than ever before. Jekyll then gives Utterson, and the reader, his narrative perspective of the murder of Sir Danvers in Chapter 4.

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.

Do you notice that while Jekyll emphasises the complete lack of motive or provocation for killing Sir Danvers, he also seems to be excusing Hyde? How does he do this?

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.

Because Hyde had no moral inhibitions at all, his attack on Sir Danvers was worse than any ordinary human could have carried out.

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.

Notice how violence and pleasure are mixed in this account by Jekyll of the attack on Sir Danvers. Make a note of some of the conflicting phrases. Do you think the **duality** adds to the horror?

The horrific murders of women in the East End by the killer known as Jack the Ripper took place in 1888, two years **after** the publication of Jekyll and Hyde, so it is not correct to say that Stevenson was inspired by the Ripper killings when he wrote the story. However, a play based on Jekyll and Hyde was cancelled in 1888 as being in bad taste—some people had a theory that the killer was a seemingly respectable man leading a double life, and the sadistic violence of Hyde felt too close to the real-life horrors happening on London streets.

Hyde's only negative emotion about killing Sir Danvers was the fear of getting caught. Jekyll does feel 'remorse' but also gratitude that he is safely back in his respectable identity. He does now however promise to renounce Hyde once and for all.

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!

Jekyll continues to feel remorse mixed with gratitude. Jekyll can remember the terrible violence he committed but he now knows he must never be Hyde again. Unlike the previous time that he tried to stop his double life, he does not leave himself any options for a return to being Hyde. He destroys the key to the back door of the laboratory by stamping on it (the remains of this key were found by Poole and Utterson when they were searching the laboratory on page 59.)

Notice the exclamations that Jekyll makes here. Why do you think Stevenson makes Jekyll so emotional at this point of the narrative? Given what you know about the events in the story, what do you think is going to happen next?

The next day, came the news that the murder had been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a 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.

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.

Jekyll finds out that that there was a witness identifying Hyde as the murderer. If he ever emerges again as Hyde, he will be arrested and executed. He decides to try to make amends for his past sins by devoting himself to charity and good works — this is the "new life" of the reformed Jekyll that was described on page 40. He says this life 'almost' made him happy.

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.

Jekyll can no longer use his alter ego of Hyde to enjoy his guilty pleasures. But, after a time, he gives into temptation and indulges himself in 'sin' as Jekyll. Again, Stevenson has Jekyll use euphemism (indirect , roundabout speech) when talking about the 'sins' he commits—the reader is never given any detail.

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.

Jekyll finds himself uncontrollably turning into Hyde without any use of the drug.
This happens while he is enjoying the memory of his sin—do you notice the animal imagery Stevenson uses to describe this? Jekyll is also gloating over his good deeds and charity works, which he thinks makes him better than other men. Which do you think provoked the transformation into Hyde—Jekyll taking pleasure in his sin, or his **hypocrisy** in thinking himself better than others?

Stevenson uses setting very effectively when Jekyll suffers this sudden and horrific transformation. It does not happen in a mysterious place at night, but in the middle of the day, with the sun shining, in a public park. The everyday setting for the horror makes it all the more strange and unexpected.

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.

Notice how Stevenson emphasises **duality** here, in his contrasting lists of description. Make a note of how both descriptions are related to outward appearance, and link to **reputation.** Is the difference between Hyde and Jekyll to do with goodness and evil, or simply the way that the two men are perceived by others?

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.

Jekyll says that despite Hyde being a more bestial (animal-like) character, he is also in some ways more intelligent, cunning and sharp-witted than the educated man of science, Jekyll.

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.

Stevenson conveys Jekyll/Hyde's anxiety through a series of desperate questions. Hyde cannot persuade Lanyon to help him in his own identity, but he realises he can write letters in Jekyll's handwriting and this will be an effective way to reach Lanyon.

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.

Jekyll/Hyde's flight through the streets of London in a hansom (horse-drawn taxi) , to a hotel in the real-life West End location of Portland Street, and then sitting in a hotel room scribbling letters which he sends out to be posted, would have added a touch of realism to the action for the Victorian reader. Hyde is angry with the driver for laughing at his ridiculous appearance—his clothes are Jekyll's and therefore much too big for him. The taxi driver steering the horse would have sat on the outside of the carriage—Hyde in his anger nearly pulls the driver down off his 'perch'. Registered letters would be signed for on arrival (as they still are today). Hyde choses this method of delivery of his messages so he can be sure they have arrived safely.

Jekyll says that despite Hyde being a more bestial (animal-like) character, he is also in some ways more intelligent, cunning and sharp-witted than the educated man of science, Jekyll.

The two 'base passions' or emotions raging within Hyde are fear and hatred. The image of Hyde running through the nighttime city once again recalls the nightmare of Utterson on **page 14**

How has Jekyll changed in the way he discusses Hyde here? Why does he refuse to say "I"? Compare this to the way Jekyll describes Hyde on page 79 and page 80.

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.

Hyde is waiting until midnight when it is time to arrive at Lanyon's house, as recounted on **page 68.** A woman tries to sell him a box of matches and he hits her in the face. The random and unprovoked act of violence is mentioned casually, which makes it all the more shocking to the reader.

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.

What do you notice about the way Jekyll speaks about his old friend Lanyon? His decision to answer Jekyll's call for help cost him his life—how much remorse does Jekyll display?

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.

Jekyll now cannot stay in his own identity for more than a few hours at a time—he keeps turning back into Hyde. Also, he needs a much stronger dose of the drug to change back from Hyde to Jekyll and he is in danger of using up all his supply. This is when he becomes a recluse and refuses to leave the house, as Utterson noted on **pages 40-41**

Jekyll is now constantly transforming into Hyde, particularly when he is asleep. He is also becoming physically and mentally weaker, and increasingly aware of the presence of Hyde within himself—it is as if Hyde is taking control of both identities. One of these transformations occurred in front of Utterson and Enfield on **page 47**.

At all hours of the day and night, I would be taken with the premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom and by the sleeplessness to which I now condemned myself, ay, even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self.

But when I slept, or when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession of a fancy brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with causeless hatreds, and a body that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death: and beyond these links of community, which in themselves made the most poignant part of his distress, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And this again, that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life.

The **duality** of Jekyll and Hyde is now disintegrating. Jekyll feels that he is losing himself as the two identities merge into one being, and he thinks that Hyde will win this internal battle. Do you notice the imagery of hell and damnation that Jekyll uses? Do you feel pity for him at this stage?

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.

Hyde hates Jekyll and hates having to disappear into the background, but he knows he must sometimes allow Jekyll to emerge, for the sake of safety. However, unlike Jekyll, who is losing the will to live, Hyde loves being alive and doesn't want to die. He knows he will be arrested and executed for murder if he comes out of the cabinet as Hyde. Hyde also fears that Jekyll will destroy them both by killing himself.

It was the narrator who described Hyde as 'ape-like' (on **page 27,** when he is killing Sir Danvers) but we will now see Jekyll describe Hyde as 'ape-like ' twice. We also get an explanation for the 'blasphemies 'on the religious books that shock Utterson and Poole on **page 59**.

Even though Jekyll knows how much Hyde hates him, he still appreciates Hyde's love of life and has 'pity' for him . Why?

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.

We now get an explanation for the desperate behaviour of Jekyll/Hyde as described by Poole on **pages 52 and 53.** Jekyll has run out of one of the main ingredients for his potion. When he tries to replace it, he realises that there was something different about the old supply, and the none of the replacement drugs he buys have the same effect. Because he doesn't know what the chemical 'impurity' of the original batch was, he cannot replicate it. So he can no longer control his transformations back into Jekyll.

By saving some of the old drug, Jekyll can remain himself long enough to write this confession. He is afraid that if he transforms into Hyde while he is writing, Hyde will tear up the confession. However, we know that this did not happen—as we, and Utterson, are reading it now!

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.

Jekyll is no more. When he turns into Hyde for the final time he cannot turn back again– so his identity will be lost forever. Jekyll does not know or care if Hyde will be brave enough to kill himself. We know that he did in fact kill himself, as we are now up to the events of **page 57**, when we listened, with Utterson and Poole, to the terrible 'shuddering and weeping' of Hyde as he walks up and down the cabinet like a trapped animal, before committing suicide.

Do you feel sorry for Hyde? Do you feel any pity for Jekyll? Why do you think Hyde did not turn back into Jekyll when he died? Can we say that Jekyll is dead, and if so, what kind of death is it?

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 10 HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE pages 75-77

endowed besides with excellent parts being talented in a number of areas

impatient gaiety of disposition being cheerful, impulsive and jolly by nature

I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high I found it hard to combine my true nature with my arrogant wish to look dignified and proud

more than commonly grave countenance really serious expression

take stock of my progress and position consider my place in the world

profound duplicity deep deception

blazoned such irregularities be proud of and advertise these small sins

morbid obsessed in an unhealthy way

Exacting nature of my aspirations than any particular degradation in my faults it wasn't that my faults were so bad, it was that I had such high standards about my own behaviour

even a deeper trench even more so

inveterately all the time

profound a double-dealer being deeply deceptive or cheating, saying one thing and doing another. This fits in very badly with Jekyll's claim that he was not a hypocrite!

in the eye of day all day, every day

mystic and the transcendental things and ideas that go beyond normal human understanding

perennial war constant struggle

such a dreadful shipwreck a metaphor to describe the terrible position that Jekyll is now in

a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens Jekyll is using a metaphor to describe what he imagines human identity might be: a loosely connected state or community of many very different inhabitants

Infallibly without fail

contended competed

Radically fundamentally, at the root/heart

the most naked possibility of such a miracle the slight possibility of such an extraordinary event

upward path doing the right thing (implication of walking towards heaven)

penitence repentance

Extraneous not essential

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 10 HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE Pages 77-78

incongruous faggots This is a metaphor that Jekyll is using to describe his ideas about the human soul—that they had elements that did not go together (incongruous). Faggots are bundles of twigs used to light fires, but they were also carried by **heretics** (people who believed things against the teachings of the church) on their way to be burned in punishment. Therefore there is also an idea of heresy, or wrong belief, in this metaphor.

agonised womb of consciousness another metaphor used by Jekyll for the state of being alive: the human mind and spirit is still trapped in the womb, and tortured by its lack of freedom.

polar twins complete opposites

a side light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table his scientific experiments began to give him a good idea about how to solve his problem

the trembling immateriality, the mistlike transience Jekyll sees the human body as unimportant and insubstantial—something that can easily be broken

Attired dressed

fleshly vestment another metaphor for the body—clothes made out of flesh

agents chemicals or materials

Pavilion large fancy tent

the doom and burthen of our life is bound for ever on man's shoulders Jekyll began to see life as an everlasting burden

aura and effulgence another example of Jekyll seeing the human body as unimportant and insubstantial, compared to the soul and spirit

dethroned from their supremacy the things that ruled Jekyll's nature would be overpowered and something else would take their place

Potently with strength

very fortress of identity Jekyll uses a metaphor to describe his identity as a castle that needs to be attacked and overcome (by the drugs he will use to create the identity of Hyde)

scruple in this context, small amount

inopportunity in the moment of exhibition at the time it was being used (Jekyll is talking about the risk of using the drug)

immaterial tabernacle spiritual temple (another metaphor Jekyll uses for the human body and soul)

singular and profound deeply unique

Tincture liquid medicine

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 10 HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE Pages 79-81

Ebullition liquid that is bubbling and boiling

running like a millrace in my fancy images related to physical pleasure were racing through his imagination like churning water

sold a slave to my original evil the new identity of Hyde would be a slave to the sins that Jekyll enjoyed

exulting rejoicing

black as it was, was nearly ripe for the conception of the day it was really dark, as it is just before dawn

in the most rigorous hours of slumber deepest sleep

constellations stars

unsleeping vigilance Jekyll imagines the stars watching the world without sleeping

to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy I had now given an identity which was the desired result

Deposed removed from power

much less exercised less used

that ugly idol in the glass ugly image in the mirror (that is, Hyde)

Repugnance disgust

express and single real and clear

visible misgiving of the flesh physical sign of fear or mistrust

Redemption forgiveness

pangs of dissolution the physical pain of having his body and soul dissolve as he transforms back into Jekyll

under the empire of generous or pious aspirations having noble and good intentions

shook the doors of the prisonhouse of my disposition Jekyll uses a metaphor to describe the drug as attacking and opening up the doors of the prison that held his identity

like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth a Biblical simile—Saint Paul and Silas were in in prison for preaching Christianity, but an earthquake destroyed the prison doors and let them escape

incongruous compound Jekyll describes himself as a mix of incompatible elements

had not conquered my aversions to the dryness of a life of study he had not overcome his dislike for living purely for academic study

highly considered being very respected

growing towards the elderly man getting older

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Incoherency not making sense

in slavery a metaphor—Jekyll is addicted or enslaved to adopting the identity of Hyde

doff at once the body of the noted professor take off (as if it were clothes or a hat) the body of the famous Dr Jekyll

Unscrupulous without morals

full liberty and power about my house Hyde was allowed to go about Jekyll's house as he wished and give orders to the servants

parry mishaps make sure that there were no accidents

pecuniary loss suffering financial loss

fortified, as I supposed, on every side having made sure that nothing could go wrong

strange immunities Jekyll felt that the alter-ego of Hyde gave him unique and unusual protection from shame and blame

Bravos hired thugs

plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability Jekyll can walk about in public, well-liked and respectable

Strip off these lendings take off the clothes (of the identity of Jekyll)

impenetrable mantle a cloak of disguise (the identity of Hyde)

trimming the midnight lamp metaphor for staying up late to work

I would scarce use a harder term Jekyll doesn't think he needs to use a more severe or serious word than 'undignified' to describe the 'pleasures' he wanted to enjoy as Hyde

vicarious depravity wickedness that is enjoyed second-hand (by Jekyll)

Familiar in this context, a demon or spirit that follows a witch as a companion

Malign evil in influence

bestial avidity animal-like eagerness

insidiously subtly

Unimpaired undamaged

Infamy bad reputation

Connived plotted

Chastisement punishment

your kinsman your cousin (Enfield)

pacify their too just resentment calm them down, as they had full right to be angry

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beyond the reach of fate completely safe (from punishment or justice)

in vain without success (in other words, it didn't help him get rid of the strange feeling)

elements of this illusion what was causing him to have this strange idea, that he was somewhere else

Comely handsome, attractive

Corded in this context, thick veins standing out on the hand

dusky pallor dark paleness; this oxymoron is typical of the contradictions surrounding Hyde

Swart dark

Stupidity in this context, stupor or daze

Remedied made better, fixed

alteration in my stature Hyde was much shorter than Jekyll—he couldn't hide his change in height

make a feint of a pretence

the Babylonian finger on the wall a Biblical reference to supernatural writing that appeared on the wall while a Babylonian king was feasting, spelling out his death. "The writing on the wall" means a clear indication of trouble or disaster.

which I had the power of projecting the power of bringing out (in other words, Hyde)

more generous tide of blood the blood going through Hyde's veins flowed faster

the power of voluntary change be forfeited I wouldn't be able to change back to Jekyll when I wanted, but be stuck as Hyde

Irrevocably in a way that can't be changed or reversed

Incorporated contained—literally, 'in the body of'

Faculties aspects of mind and body

Gusto enthusiasm and pleasure

mountain bandit remembers the cavern a metaphor: Hyde sees Jekyll the way a criminal would see a hideout

to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and had of late begun to pamper He had been enjoying his 'appetites' secretly but had recently, as Hyde, begun to really indulge them—he didn't want to lose this luxury

at a blow and forever once and for all

would suffer smartingly in the fires of abstinence A metaphor: Jekyll sees abstinence (giving up his pleasures) as torture, being burned by the fires of hell

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 10 HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE Page 85—87

much the same inducements and alarms cast the die for any tempted and trembling sinner

Jekyll reflects that the debate he is having with himself when struggling to give up his evil side, is much the same as all sinners have when they are trying to reform their characters and stop doing bad things

cherishing honest hopes having motivations of goodness and honesty

leaping pulses reference to the faster blood-stream of Hyde that Jekyll mentioned earlier

unconscious reservation he hadn't really committed wholeheartedly to the choice of giving up Hyde

a life of such severity as I had never before attained to he led the strictest lifestyle he had ever had

compensations of an approving conscience his conscience approved of the strict and joyless life he was leading

obliterate the freshness of my alarm he started forgetting why he had previously been so worried

a thing of course he started taking his good behaviour too much for granted

the dangers that he runs through his brutish, physical insensibility Jekyll is comparing himself to an alcoholic who doesn't consider the dangers he is exposed to when in the grips of drunkenness

moral insensibility and insensate readiness to evil Jekyll had allowed himself to forget that Hyde had no moral sense and that his instinct was always to commit evil

a more unbridled, a more furious propensity to ill because Hyde had been repressed for so long, he was even more furious and uncontrolled in his wickedness when he emerged

that tempest of impatience Hyde became really angry and impatient when Sir Danvers spoke to him

the civilities ordinary polite conversation

pitiful a provocation the attack was unprovoked

I mauled the unresisting body Hyde attacks the body, which is now unconscious, like an animal

weariness had begun to succeed he kept attacking the body until he got tired

top fit of my delirium height of my frenzy

I saw my life to be forfeit he knew that his life was in danger (he would be executed for murder if he was caught)

gratified and stimulated his 'lust' for violence had been satisfied but had also left him wanting even more violence

screwed to the topmost peg this is the best he has ever felt in his life

same divided ecstasy of mind Hyde is full of a mix of strong emotions —he is thrilled and excited about having committed murder but scared that he might be caught

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 10 HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE Page 87– 89

hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger listening out for someone who was coming to catch and punish him

veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot a metaphor: Jekyll compares the way he has been deceiving himself and indulging his pleasures as a 'veil', and this veil has now been ripped to expose the truth of his terrible crimes

self-denying toils all his hard work for charity and medicine

With which my memory swarmed against me Jekyll uses another metaphor to describe the way the memories of his crimes attack him like a plague of insects

the petitions prayers

my iniquity my wickedness and sin

sincere renunciation this time he is sincere in wanting to give up being Hyde

Overlooked the crime had been witnessed

patent obvious

high in public estimation Sir Danvers was very popular and well-respected

tragic folly terrible and foolish mistake

buttressed and guarded his impulse to be good was reinforced by his fear of being caught and put to death

the scaffold platform where criminals were executed

was fruitful of some good Jekyll's moral reform meant that the public benefited from his charity work

beneficent of benefit to others

penitence repentance

growl for licence metaphor: Jekyll's 'lower side' is growling like an animal to be set free

to trifle with my conscience playing games with his conscience—that is, doing things he knows to be wrong

capacious measure big container

condescension in this context, indulging or giving notice to

Chirrupings the sounds of birds

licking the chops of memory another animal metaphor: Jekyll is relishing the memory of his sin like an animal licking its lips before it eats

Drowsed sleepy

Vainglorious being too proud and vain about his achievements

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Qualm in this context, a sudden feeling of sickness and nausea

Temper mood, quality

bonds of obligation Jekyll respects and follows the rules and boundaries of society, Hyde does not

Corded in this context, thick veins standing out on the hand

the cloth tablecloth on the dining table

Quarry hunted prey

thrall to the gallows Hyde has no escape from execution if he is caught

faculties seemed sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic Hyde is sharper and more alert than Jekyll

Succumbed given up

my temples sides of his head

consign me to the gallows give me up to the authorities who would execute me for murder

prevail persuade

I had conceived that kindling spark...became lighted up from end to end A metaphor meaning: once I had got an idea, the whole plan fell into place

a passing hansom Hansoms were horse-drawn taxis in Victorian London

however tragic a fate these garments covered even though Jekyll/Hyde was in danger of his life, his appearance in too-big clothes looked ridiculous

gnashed my teeth upon him with a gust of devilish fury Hyde ground his teeth and was as angry as a devil with the taxi driver

I had certainly dragged him from his perch the taxi driver would have been on a platform on top of the carriage to drive the horse—Hyde so angry he nearly pulled him down

with so black a countenance looking furious with anger

Obsequiously in an overly submissive and obedient way

wherewithal to write pen and paper

Inordinate extreme

strung to the pitch of murder so on edge that he is ready to commit murder at any time

Astute smart and cunning

sent them out with directions that they should be registered Hyde told the hotel staff to have the letters signed for, so he would know they had been delivered

Thenceforward from then on

visibly quailing before his eye the waiter was obviously scared of Hyde

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he discharged the cab he told the cab to go

attired dressed

an object marked out for observation he was attracting attention

into the midst of the nocturnal passengers among the people who walked around the city by night

these two base passions raged within him like a tempest the two emotions of fear and hatred raged inside him like a storm

the less frequented thoroughfares more deserted streets and alleyways

a box of lights matchbox (that she is selling)

He smote her in the face hit her in the face

but a drop in the sea hardly noticed

Abhorrence disgust and horror

fear of the gallows again, his fear that he will be captured and executed

Racked tortured

Prostration exhaustion

stringent and profound slumber really deep sleep

heralded warned of

by a great effort as of gymnastics it was a big physical effort to change into and retain the identity of Jekyll

premonitory warning, acting as a premonition

impending doom terrible thing that was always about to happen

eaten up and emptied by fever the strain is making Jekyll feel as if he is being destroyed by sickness

languidly in a very faint and sickly manner

a fancy imagination

vital instinct living instinct

phenomena of consciousness Jekyll and Hyde shared some aspects of consciousness, for example memory

co-heir with him to death if one of the identities died then both would die

Poignant regretful and sad

Inorganic not living

the slime of the pit Jekyll compares Hyde to slime that comes from the pits of hell

GLOSSARY FOR CHAPTER 10 HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE Pages 93-95

amorphous dust shapeless dust (the connotation being the particles that living beings return to when they die— 'dust to dust')

gesticulated making signals and gestures

usurp the offices of life Jekyll sees Hyde as something pretending to be alive when they are not

Insurgent rising up

subordinate station lower position

Despondency misery and depression

blasphemies on the pages of my books obscene comments against God (see page 59)

ruined himself committed suicide

Abjection Hopelessness

let that suffice let that be enough

Alleviation the state of something being made better and less painful

Callousness lack of feeling

Acquiescence acceptance

Provision supply

Severed cut off

Ebullition boiling and bubbling action

Efficacy ability to work as it should

Hitherto until now

Prudence caution

throes of change violent pangs as he transforms into Hyde

Elapsed passed

wonderful selfishness and circumscription Hyde is extremely self-centred and therefore restricted in what he remembers and thinks about

Reindue re-inhabit

ecstasy of listening Hyde will be obsessively listening out for danger coming

sound of menace sound of danger

upon the scaffold executed/hanged by the authorities

Careless Jekyll doesn't care what becomes of Hyde