

PRESTWICK HOUSE LITERARY TOUCHSTONE CLASSICS

THE STRANGE CASE OF

# DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

by Robert Louis Stevenson



UNABRIDGED WITH GLOSSARY AND NOTES

THE STRANGE CASE OF  
DR. JEKYLL AND  
MR. HYDE



Robert Louis Stevenson



**Prestwick House**

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# Notes

**What is a literary classic and why are these classic works important to the world?**

A literary classic is a work of the highest excellence that has something important to say about life and/or the human condition and says it with great artistry. A classic, through its enduring presence, has withstood the test of time and is not bound by time, place, or customs. It speaks to us today as forcefully as it spoke to people one hundred or more years ago, and as forcefully as it will speak to people of future generations. For this reason, a classic is said to have universality.

The Scottish writer of *The Strange Case Of Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde*, Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), is well known as the author of numerous other classics including the beloved *Kidnapped*, *Treasure Island*, and the popular poetry of *A Child's Garden of Verses*, among many others. Stevenson lived much of his short life away from his much-beloved Scotland, in England, Switzerland, France, the U.S., and the South Pacific. He is remembered for his inventiveness, his remarkable characters, and his command of the labyrinthine details that dominate most of his novels. Stevenson frequently depicts respectable people who have deep secrets as major characters in his books, which certainly is one of the significant difficulties faced by Henry Jekyll.

# Pointers

## READING POINTERS

### Reading Pointers For Sharper Insights

1. Note the main conflict in the story, man's struggle with himself, is central to the overall theme of the novel—the presence of and struggle between good and evil in the human soul.
2. Note details and comments that support or relate to the following themes:
  - human ugliness originates in the soul
  - people who succumb to the temptations of evil risk losing their capacity for good
  - people who suppress their natural desires risk having them surface out of control
  - a duality exists within all people
  - goodness and evil both manifest themselves in one's appearance
3. Determine how the author's use of allusion to Biblical stories and literary references contribute to the story's themes and events.
  - Cain and Abel
  - Damon and Pythias
4. Point out why, despite his attention to details, Mr. Utterson often draws the incorrect conclusion from the facts.
5. Contrast the views of Dr. Jekyll and Dr. Lanyon, noting the ways in which they view the science of medicine differently. In addition, note how both respond to their confrontations with evil.



# CHAPTER ONE

## *Story of the Door*

**M**R. 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 theater, 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 down-going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanor.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendships seemed to be founded in a similar

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

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the week-day. 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 neighborhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gayety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

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

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



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

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

“Well, it was this way,” returned Mr. Enfield; “I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o’clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of the 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 may be eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child’s body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn’t like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut.†

“I gave a view halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl’s own family and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there, you might have supposed, would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child’s family, which was only natural. But the doctor’s case was what struck me. He was the usual cut-and-dry apothecary, of no particular age and color, 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

†Terms marked in the text with (†) can be looked up in the Glossary for additional information.

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 check for the balance on Coutts’, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can’t mention, though it’s one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out of it with another man’s check 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 check myself.’ So we all set off, the doctor, and the child’s father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the check myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The check was genuine.”

“Tut-tut,” said Mr. Utterson.

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

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

## Glossary

### Chapter 1

**Juggernaut** – a massive, ruthless force

**harpies** – According to Greek mythology, harpies were ravenous monsters with the head of a woman and the tail, wings, and talons of a bird.

**day of judgment** – a reference to the Judeo-Christian and Muslim traditions that God will judge the moral worth of each individual on the last day of the world

### Chapter 2

**“cloth was taken away”** – refers to the church practice of covering the altar with a special cloth during services

**Cavendish** – Henry Cavendish (1731 – 1810) was a British chemist and physicist

**Damon and Pythias** – in mythology, the two were friends; Pythias was condemned to death by Dionysius but requested a respite to put his affairs in order. In order for Dionysius to comply, Damon promised to sacrifice his own life if Pythias did not return. Eventually, Pythias returned just in time, and they were both released.

**Dr. Fell** – the Dean of Christ Church, who was going to expel Tom Brown, a satirist; their story has become a byword for expressing unreasonable dislike, as it was a well-known rhyme.

**Satan’s signature** – During Stevenson’s time, it was commonly believed that physical appearance dictated whether someone was good or evil. One possibility is that Hyde’s physical appearance makes him evil and disliked.

### Chapter 3 - 4

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### Chapter 5 - 6

**M. P.** – a member of parliament or a military officer

**Hades** – a reference to the underworld or hell

### Chapter 7 - 9

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### Chapter 10

**captives of Philippi** – At the end of *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar* and after the battles at the Macedonian city in 42 B.C., the captives (former supporters of the conspirators Cassius and Brutus) were released by the victors and given liberty instead of death as traitors.

**Babylonian finger** – may be a reference to the end of King Belshazzar’s empire, foretold by David by translating the writing on the wall; see David, Chapter 5: 5-27

## Vocabulary

### Chapter 1

**apocryphal** – fictitious; of doubtful authenticity

**apothecary** – a pharmacist

**austere** – strict

**blistered** – swollen; in this context, *blistered* refers to the paint on the door bubbling and peeling at the surface.

**capers** – frivolous pranks; [*slang*] an illegal plot or enterprise

**catholicity** – universality

**coquetry** – the act of flirting

**countenance** – an expression; appearance

**detestable** – horrible, grotesque

**distained** – discolored

**eminently** – prominently; noteworthy

**emulously** – characterized by a desire for equaling or surpassing

**florid** – gaudy, showy

**gable** – a section of wall near the roof

**pedantically** – being particular about trivial points

**proprieties** – accepted standards of behavior in polite society

**quaintly** – fancifully, whimsically

**reprove** – to express disapproval

**sinister** – evil

**sordid** – foul, wretched

**stumping** – walking heavily or noisily

**sullenness** – gloominess; resentment

**viewhalloa** – an observation accompanied by a shout or yell

**vintages** – having to do with wine

### Chapter 2

**apace** – swiftly

**apprehension** – anxiety or fear

**balderdash** – [*slang*] nonsense

**besieged** – surrounded by hostile forces

**boisterous** – noisy, loud

**brooded** – mediated

**citadel** – a fortress

**concourse** – a coming together

**conveyancing** – transferring property to another

**dapper** – trim and neat

**disquietude** – anxiety

**geniality** – cheerfulness, friendliness

**holograph** – a document wholly in the handwriting of its author

**indignation** – anger

**iniquity** – a sin