

Appendix I: London in the 1880s

I. From George Augustus Sala, *Gaslight and Daylight with Some London Scenes they Shine Upon* (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1872)

[George Augustus Sala (1829-95) was a journalist and novelist who first made his mark as a regular contributor to Charles Dickens' *Household Words*. He published books of "travel writing" in which he would roam the streets of London and report on the sights and events of London, especially night-time London. In this selection he describes the area in and around Soho and characterizes the inhabitants in ways that echo Stevenson's description of Soho as seen by Mr. Utterson.]

"Perfidious Patmos"¹

The Patmos of London I may describe as an island bounded by four squares; on the north by that of Soho, on the south by that of Leicester, on the east by the quadrangle of Lincoln's Inn Fields (for the purlieus of Long Acre and Seven Dials are all Patmos), and on the west by Golden Square.

The trapezium of streets enclosed within this boundary are not, by any means, of an aristocratic description. A maze of sorry thoroughfares, a second-rate butcher's meat and vegetable market, two model lodging-houses, a dingy parish church, and some 'brick barns' of dissent are within its boundaries. No lords or squires of high degree live in this political Alsatia. The houses are distinguished by a plurality of bell-pulls inserted in the door-jambs, and by a plurality of little brass name-plates, bearing the names of in-dwelling artisans. Everybody (of nubile age and English extraction) seems to be married, and to have a great many children, whose education appears to be conducted chiefly on the out door principle.

As an uninterested stranger, and without a guide, you might, perambulating these shabby streets, see in them nothing which would peculiarly distinguish them from that class of London veins known inelegantly, but

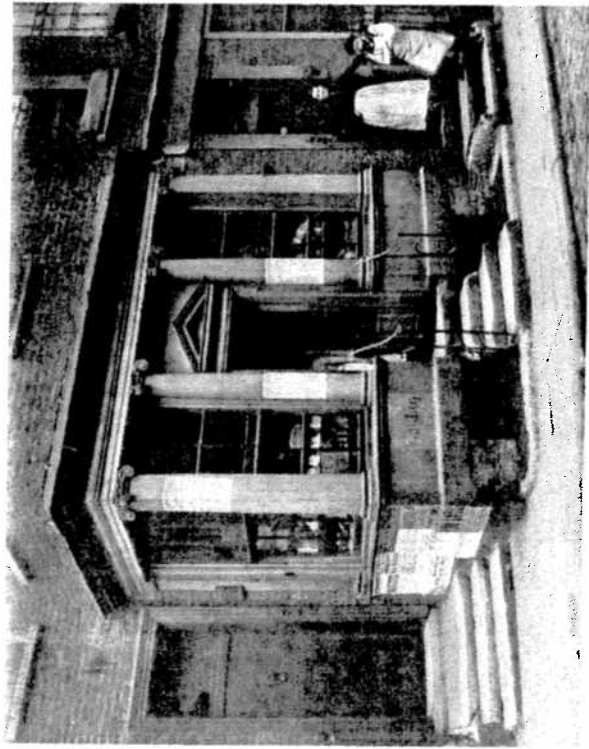
¹ The island where St. John the Apostle fled to write the *Book of Revelations*. Sala is here suggesting that this area of London is an island of safety for refugees from across Europe.

of martyrdom. But grievous is the fate of him who has the audacity to characterize aesthetic fashions as forms of mental decay. The author or artist attacked never pardons a man for recognising in him a lunatic or a charlatan; the subjectively garrulous critics are furious when it is pointed out how shallow and incompetent they are, or how cowardly when swimming with the stream; and even the public is angered when forced to see that it has been running after fools, quack dentists, and mountebanks, as so many prophets. Now, the graphomaniacs and their critical body-guard dominate nearly the entire press, and in the latter possess an instrument of torture by which, in Indian fashion, they can rack the troublesome spoiler of sport, to his life's end.

The danger, however, to which he exposes himself cannot deter a man from doing that which he regards as his duty. When a scientific truth has been discovered, he owes it to humanity, and has no right to withhold it. Moreover, it is as little possible to do this as for a woman voluntarily to prevent the birth of the mature fruit of her womb.

Without aspiring to the most distant comparison of myself with you, one of the loftiest mental phenomena of the century, I may yet take for my example the smiling serenity with which you pursue your own way, indifferent to ingratitude, insult, and misunderstanding. Pray remain, dear and honoured master, ever favourably disposed towards your gratefully devoted

MAX NORDAU.



Shop in Macclesfield Street, Soho, 1883.
Courtesy the Museum of London.

expressively, as 'back slums.' At the first glance you see nothing but dingy houses teeming with that sallow, cabbage-stalk and fried fish sort of population, indigenous to back slums. The pinafored children are squabbling or playing in the gutters; while from distant courts come faintly and fitfully threats of Jane to tell Ann's mother; together with that unmeaning monotonous chant or dirge which street-children sing, why, or with what object, I know not. Grave dogs sit on door-steps—their heads patiently cocked on one side, waiting for the door to be opened, as—in this region of perpetual beer-fetching—they know must soon be the case. The beer itself, in vases of strangely-diversified patterns, and borne by Hebes of as diversified appearance, is incessantly threading the needle through narrow courts and alleys. The public-house doors are always on the swing; the bakers' shops (they mostly sell 'seconds') are always full; so are the cook-shops, so are the coffee-shops: step into one, and you shall have a phase of Patmos before you incontinent.

2. From Arthur Ransome, *Bohemia in London* (London: S. Swift, 1912)

[Arthur Ransome (1884–1967) was a journalist and writer who lived a penniless, Bohemian existence for twelve years before becoming an established author. His book *Bohemia in London* is an autobiographical account of his early days in the poorer sections of London. In his descriptions of the bars and cafés of Soho he provides the following anecdote of his encounter with a man leading a "double life."]

There is always a strange crowd at this place, dancers and singers from the music halls, sad women pretending to be merry, coarse women pretending to be refined, and men of all types grimacing and clinking glasses with the women. And then there are the small groups indifferent to everything but the jollity and swing of the place, thumping their beer mugs on the table over some mighty point of philosophy or criticism, and ready to crack each others' heads for joy in the arguments of Socialism or Universal Peace.

I was seated at a table here one night, admiring the picture in which a gnome pours some hot liquid on another gnome who lies shrieking in a vat, when I noticed a party of four men sitting at a table opposite. Three were obviously hangers-on of one or other of the arts, the sort of men who are proud of knowing an actor or two to speak to, and are ready to talk with importance of their editorial duties on the *Draper's Compendium* or the *Toysilop Times*. The fourth was different. A huge felt hat banged freely down over a wealth of thick black hair, bright blue eyes, an enormous black beard, a magnificent manner (now and again he would rise and bow profoundly, with his hat upon his heart, to some girls on the other side of the room), a way of throwing his head back when he drank, of thrusting it forward when he spoke, an air of complete abandon to the moment and the moment's thought; he took me tremendously. He seemed to be delighting his friends with impromptu poetry. I did a mean but justifiable thing, and carried my pot of beer to a table just beside him, where I could see him better, and also hear his conversation. It was twaddle, but such downright, spirited, splendid twaddle, flung out from the heart of him in a grand, careless way that made me think of largesse royally scattered on a mob. His blue twinkling eyes decided me. When, a minute or two later, he went out, I followed, and found him vociferating to his gang upon the pavement. I pushed in, so as to exclude them, and asked him: "Are you prose or verse?"

"I write verse, but I dabble in the other thing." It was the answer I had expected.

"Very good. Will you come to my place to-morrow night at eight? Tobacco. Beer. Talk."

"I love beer. I adore tobacco. Talking is my life. I will come."

"Here is my card. Eight o'clock tomorrow. Good-night." And so I left him.

He came, and it turned out that he worked in a bank from ten to four every day, and played the wild Bohemian every night. His beard was a disguise. He spent his evenings seeking for adventure, he said, and apologised to me for earning an honest living. He was really delightful. So are our friendships made; there is no difficulty about them, no diffidence; you try a man as you would a brand of tobacco; if you agree, then you are friends; if not, why then you are but two blind cockchafers who have collided with each other in a summer night, and boom away again each in his own direction.

3. From J. Milner Fothergill, *The Town Dweller: His Needs and Wants* (London, 1889)

[Milner Fothergill (1841-88) was a medical writer and member of the College of Physicians in London. Fothergill delivered a lecture on the subject of the "town dweller" in the same year as the publication of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. In the book based on this lecture, published in 1889, Fothergill elaborates on his thesis that the inhabitants of inner-city London are a separate species from upper-class Londoners.]

Assuming the Norse to be the highest type of mankind, we find the town dweller to be a reversion to an earlier and lower ethnic form. While the rustic remains an Anglo-Dane, his cousin in London is smaller and darker, showing a return to the Celto-Iberian race. This is readily seen by a visit to Madame Tussaud's in winter. The figures in effigy are large blonde beings with blue eyes and fair hair. Massive and substantial, weighing half as much again as a rule as the living beings present (a few comparatively recent additions excepted). The living crowd are smaller, lighter and darker; the contrast being very marked. It is well to repeat the visit in summer, when the persons visiting the exhibition are largely excursionists from the country. They resemble the persons in effigy; and no deterioration of the race is perceptible. A few visits to the waxworks carry with them instructive lessons.

Nor is this reversion confined to the Celto-Iberian. In the true bred cockney of the East End, the most degenerate cockney, we can see a return to an earlier archaic type of man. Mr. Cantlie made careful observations and measurements of several cockneys. He says of one, "height five feet, three inches; his jaws are misshapen; he cannot bring his front teeth within half an inch of each other; his upper jaw is pointed, and falls within the arch of the lower." And this cockney with "undershot" jaw is a matter of my own personal observation. Now let us contrast with this what Dr. Beddoe, F.R.S., says, of a pre-Aryan race, which were dispossessed by the wave of Celto-Iberian conquest. Among their characteristics were "forward projecting jaws," while "the average height of this variety is five feet, three inches." It would seem that the cockney, reared under unfavourable circumstances, manifests a decided reversion to an earlier and lower ethnic form. In appearance, the East-ender, to the mind of the writer, bears a strong resemblance as to figure and feature, to the small and ugly Erse who are raised in the poorer districts of Ireland. This tendency in town dwellers to degenerate on the lines of reversion to older racial types, has an interest of its own for the anthropologist. While the deterioration, both physical and mental of town bred organisms, is a matter not meant for the philanthropist, but for the social economist. As towns grow larger and more numerous, the Cymri are going to have their own again—though not exactly in the manner prophesied by the old Welsh bards.

4. From William Booth, *In Darkest England and the Way Out* (New York: Funk & Wagnall, 1890)

[The term "Darkest England" was a shorthand for inner-city poverty, and was also applied to the capital in the phrase "Darkest London." In *In Darkest England and the Way Out* (1890) William Booth (1829-1919), the founder of the Salvation Army, claims that the inner cities of England are a territory comparable in size and unhealthiness to parts of recently explored Africa. Booth quotes Stanley's description of an African forest, then maps this onto the British Isles. The text manages to disparage simultaneously Africans and the British working classes. The hysterical tone of the book comes from W.T. Stead, the crusading editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and author of *The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon*, who collaborated with Booth on *In Darkest England*. The text is an extreme example of the way in which the inner city poor

were demonized and turned into foreign and inexplicable figures who could, like Mr. Hyde, erupt into irrational violence at any moment.]

This summer the attention of the civilised world has been arrested by the story which Mr Stanley¹ has told of 'Darkest Africa', and his journeyings across the heart of the Lost Continent. In all that spirited narrative of heroic endeavour, nothing has so much impressed the imagination as his description of the immense forest, which offered an almost impenetrable barrier to his advance. The intrepid explorer, in his own phrase, 'marched, tore, ploughed, and cut his way for one hundred and sixty days through this inner womb of the true tropical forest.' The mind of man with difficulty endeavours to realise this immensity of wooded wilderness, covering a territory half as large again as the whole of France, where the rays of the sun never penetrate, where in the dark, dank air, filled with the steam of the heated morass, human beings dwarfed into pygmies and brutalized into cannibals lurk and live and die. Mr Stanley vainly endeavours to bring home to us the full horror of that awful gloom. He says:

Take a thick Scottish copse dripping with rain; imagine this to be a mere undergrowth nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth, rain pattering on you every other day of the year; an impure atmosphere with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then if you can imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead,² you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us in the Congo forest....

It is a terrible picture, and one that has engraved itself deep on the heart of civilization. But while brooding over the awful presentation of life as it exists in the vast African forest, it seemed to me only too vivid a picture of many parts of our own land. As there is a darkest Africa is there not also a darkest England? Civilisation, which can breed its own

1 Sir Henry Morton Stanley (1841-1904), explorer of Africa, famous for his rescue of the Scottish explorer and missionary David Livingstone. In November 1874 Stanley left for Zanzibar to explore the Congo. His travels were widely chronicled in British and American newspapers.

2 Plymouth is a town on the south coast of England; Peterhead is the most easterly coastal town in Scotland.

barbarians, does it not also breed its own pygmies? May we not find a parallel at our own doors, and discover within a stone's throw of our cathedrals and palaces similar horrors to those which Stanley has found existing in the great Equatorial forest?

The more the mind dwells upon the subject, the closer the analogy appears. The ivory raiders who brutally traffic in the unfortunate denizens of the forest glades, what are they but the publicans who flourish on the weakness of our poor? The two tribes of savages, the human baboon and the handsome dwarf, who will not speak lest it impede him in his task, may be accepted as the two varieties who are continually present with us—the vicious, lazy lout, and the toiling slave. They, too, have lost all faith of life being other than it is and has been. As in Africa, it is all trees, trees, trees with no other world conceivable; so is it here—it is all vice and poverty and crime. To many the world is all slum, with the Workhouse as an intermediate purgatory before the grave. And just as Mr Stanley's Zanzibaris lost faith, and could only be induced to plod on in brooding sullenness of dull despair, so the most of our social reformers, no matter how cheerily they may have started off soon become depressed and despairing. Who can battle against the ten thousand million trees? Who can hope to make headway against the innumerable adverse conditions which doom the dweller in Darkest England to eternal and immutable misery? What wonder is it that many of the warmest hearts and enthusiastic workers feel disposed to repeat the lament of the old English chronicler, who, speaking of the evil days which fell upon our forefathers in the reign of Stephen, said, 'It seemed to them as if God and his Saints were dead.'

An analogy is as good as a suggestion; it becomes wearisome when it is pressed too far. But before leaving it, think for a moment how close the parallel is, and how strange it is that so much interest should be excited by a narrative of human squalor and human heroism in a distant continent, while greater squalor and heroism not less magnificent may be observed at our very doors.

The Equatorial Forest traversed by Stanley resembles that Darkest England of which I have to speak, alike in its vast extent—both stretch, in Stanley's phrase, 'as far as from Plymouth to Peterhead'; its monotonous darkness, its malaria and its gloom, its dwarfish de-humanized inhabitants, the slavery to which they are subjected, their privations and their misery. That which sickens the stoutest heart, and causes many of our bravest and best to fold their hands in despair, is the apparent impossibility of doing more than merely to peck at the outside of the

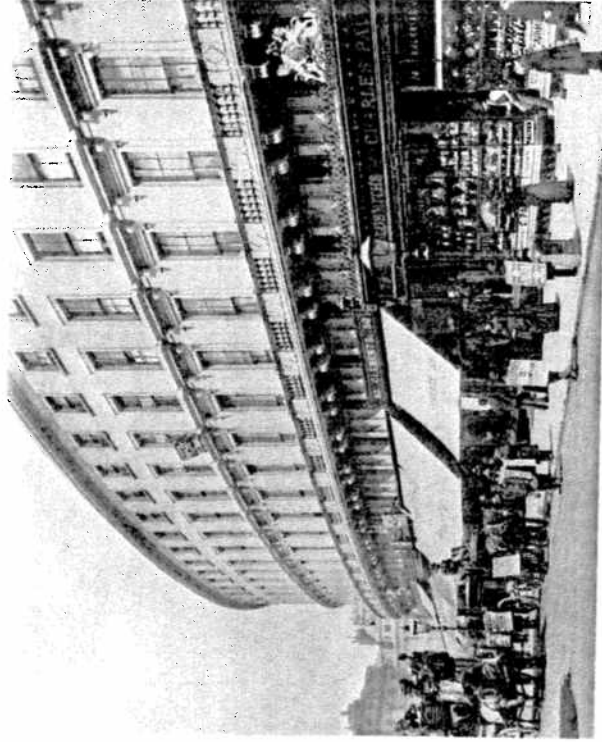
endless tangle of monotonous undergrowth; to let light into it, to make a road clear through it, that shall not be immediately choked up by the ooze of the morass and the luxuriant parasitical growth of the forest—who dare hope for that? At present, alas, it would seem as though no one dares even to hope! It is the great Slough of Despond¹ of our time.

And what a slough it is no man can gauge who has not waded therein, as some of us have done, up to the very neck for long years. Talk about Dante's Hell,² and all the horrors and cruelties of the torture-chamber of the lost! The man who walks with open eyes and with bleeding heart through the shambles of our civilization needs no such fantastic images of the poet to teach him horror. Often and often, when I have seen the young and the poor and the helpless go down before my eyes into the morass, trampled underfoot by beasts of prey in human shape that haunt these regions, it seemed as if God were no longer in His world, but that in His stead reigned a fiend, merciless as Hell, ruthless as the grave. Hard it is, no doubt, to read in Stanley's pages of the slave-traders coldly arranging for the surprise of a village, the capture of the inhabitants, the massacre of those who resist, and the violation of all the women; but the stony streets of London, if they could but speak, would tell of tragedies as awful, of ruin as complete, of ravishments as horrible, as if we were in Central Africa; only the ghastly devastation is covered, corpselike, with the artificialities and hypocrisies of modern civilization.

The lot of a Negress in the Equatorial Forest is not, perhaps, a very happy one, but is it so very much worse than that of many a pretty orphan girl in our Christian capital? We talk about the brutalities of the Dark Ages, and we profess to shudder as we read in books of the shameful exaction of the rights of feudal superior. And yet here, beneath our very eyes, in our theatres, in our restaurants, and in many other places, unspeakable though it be but to name it, the same hideous abuse flourishes unchecked. A young penniless girl, if she be pretty, is often hunted from pillar to post by her employers, confronted always by the alternative—Starve or Sin. And when once the poor girl has consented to buy the right to earn her living by the sacrifice of her virtue, then she is treated as a slave and an outcast by the very men who have ruined her. Her word becomes unbelievable, her life an ignominy, and she is swept downward, ever downward, into the bottomless perdition of prostitution. But there, even in the lowest depths, excommunicated by

¹ From John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (1678).

² Dante's *Inferno* (from his *Divine Comedy* [1321]) gives a vivid description of Hell.



Shops in London's West End (Regent's Quadrant), c.1880.
Courtesy the Museum of London.

Humanity and outcast from God, she is far nearer the pitying heart of the One true Saviour than all the men who forced her down, aye, and than all the Pharisees and Scribes who stand silently by while these fiendish wrongs are perpetrated before their very eyes.

The blood boils with impotent rage at the sight of these enormities, callously inflicted, and silently borne by these miserable victims. Nor is it only women who are the victims, although their fate is the most tragic. Those firms which reduce sweating to a fine art, who systematically and deliberately defraud the workman of his pay, who grind the faces of the poor, and who rob the widow and the orphan, and who for a pretence make great professions of public-spirit and philanthropy, these men nowadays are sent to Parliament to make laws for the people. The old prophets sent them to Hell—but we have changed all that. They send their victims to Hell, and are rewarded by all that wealth can do to make their lives comfortable. Read the House of Lords' Report on the Sweating System,¹ and ask if any African slave

¹ One of the numerous government investigations into the appalling working conditions in British factories, particularly the "sweat shops" of the textile industry.

system, making due allowance for the superior civilisation, and therefore sensitiveness, of the victims, reveals more misery.

Darkest England, like Darkest Africa, reeks with malaria. The foul and fetid breath of our slums is almost as poisonous as that of the African swamp. Fever is almost as chronic there as on the Equator. Every year thousands of children are killed off by what is called defects of our sanitary system. They are in reality starved and poisoned, and all that can be said is that, in many cases, it is better for them that they were taken away from the trouble to come.

Just as in Darkest Africa it is only a part of the evil and misery that comes from the superior race who invade the forest to enslave and massacre its miserable inhabitants, so with us, much of the misery of those whose lot we are considering arises from their own habits. Drunkenness and all manner of uncleanness, moral and physical, abound. Have you ever watched by the bedside of a man in delirium tremens? Multiply the sufferings of that one drunkard by the hundred thousand, and you have some idea of what scenes are being witnessed in all our great cities at this moment. As in Africa streams intersect the forest in every direction, so the gin-shop stands at every corner with its River of the Water of Death flowing seventeen hours out of the twenty-four for the destruction of the people. A population sodden with drink, steeped in vice, eaten up by every social and physical malady, these are the denizens of Darkest England amidst whom my life has been spent, and to whose rescue I would now summon all that is best in the manhood and womanhood of our land.

Appendix J: "Jack the Ripper"

I. *New York Times* (9 September 1888)

[This article from the *New York Times* relates incidents from the Whitechapel murders and the hunt for "leather apron" as "Jack the Ripper" was called then. The article also uses "Jekyll and Hyde" as a catchphrase, and refers to the Richard Mansfield production of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* then playing at the Lyceum.]

"Whitechapel Startled by a Fourth Murder"
from our own correspondent.

London, Sept. 8.—Not even during the riots and fog of February, 1886, have I seen London so thoroughly excited as it is to-night. The Whitechapel fiend murdered his fourth victim this morning and still continues undetected, unseen, and unknown. There is a panic in Whitechapel which will instantly extend to other districts should he change his locality, as the four murders are in everybody's mouth. The papers are full of them, and nothing else is talked of. The latest murder is exactly like its predecessor. The victim was a woman street walker of the lowest class. She had no money, having been refused lodgings shortly before because she lacked 8d. Her throat was cut so completely that everything but the spine was severed, and the body was ripped up, all the viscera being scattered about. The murder in all its details was inhuman to the last degree, and, like the others, could have been the work only of a bloodthirsty beast in human shape. It was committed in the most daring manner possible. The victim was found in the back yard of a house in Hanbury-street at 6 o'clock. At 5:15 the yard was empty. To get there the murderer must have led her through a passageway in the house full of sleeping people, and murdered her within a few yards of several people sleeping by open windows. To get away, covered with blood as he must have been, he had to go back through the passageway and into a street filled with early market people, Spitalfields being close by. Nevertheless, not a sound was heard and no trace of the murderer exists.

All day long Whitechapel has been wild with excitement. The four murders have been committed within a gunshot of each other, but the detectives have no clue. The London police and detective force is probably the stupidest in the world. The man called "Leather Apron," of

whom I cabled you, is still at large. He is well known, but they have not been able to arrest him, and he will doubtless do another murder in a day or so. One clue discovered this morning by a reporter may develop into something. An hour and a half after the murder a man with bloody hands, torn shirt, and a wild look entered a public house half a mile from the scene of the murder. The police have a good description of him and are trying to trace it. The assassin, however, is as cunning as he is daring. Both in this and in the last murder he took but a few minutes to murder his victim in a spot which had been examined but a quarter of an hour before. Both the character of the deed and the cool cunning alike exhibit the qualities of a monomaniac.

Such a series of murders has not been known in London for a hundred years. There is a bare possibility that it may turn out to be something like a case of Jekyll and Hyde, as Joseph Taylor, a perfectly reliable man, who saw the suspected person this morning in a shabby dress, swears that he has seen the same man coming out of a lodging house in Wilton street very differently dressed. However that may be, the murders are certainly the most ghastly and mysterious known to English police history. What adds to the weird effect they exert on the London mind is the fact that they occur while everybody is talking about Mansfield's "Jekyll and Hyde" at the Lyceum.

2. *The Times* (10 September 1888)

[The London *Times* in the following editorial asks if the Whitechapel murders are not connected to fictional representations of murder and horror stories, and mentions De Quincey and Poe as examples. *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* is not mentioned, but it obviously falls within the same category as works by De Quincey and Poe.]

The series of shocking crimes perpetrated in Whitechapel, which on Saturday culminated in the murder of the woman CHAPMAN, is something so distinctly outside the ordinary range of human experience that it has created a kind of stupor extending far beyond the district where the murders were committed. One may search the ghastliest efforts of fiction and fail to find anything to surpass these crimes in diabolical audacity. The mind travels back to the pages of DE QUINCEY for an equal display of scientific delight in the details of butchery; or EDGAR ALLAN POE'S "Murders in the Rue Morgue" recur in the endeavour to conjure up some parallel for this murderer's brutish savagery. But, so far

as we know, nothing in fact or fiction equals these outrages at once in their horrible nature and in the effect which they have produced upon the popular imagination. The circumstances that the murders seem to be the work of one individual, that his blows fall exclusively upon wretched wanderers of the night, and that each successive crime has gained something in atrocity upon, and has followed closer on the heels of, its predecessor—these things mark out the Whitechapel murders, even before their true history is unravelled, as unique in the annals of crime. All ordinary experiences of motive leave us at a loss to comprehend the fury which has prompted the cruel slaughter of at least three, and possibly four, women, each unconnected with the other by any tie except that of their miserable mode of livelihood. Human nature would not be itself if these shocking occurrences, all taking place within a short distance of one another, and all bearing a ghastly resemblance, had not thrown the inhabitants into a state of panic—a panic, it must be feared, as favourable to the escape of the assassin as it is dangerous to innocent persons whose appearance or conduct is sufficiently irregular to excite suspicion.

3. *Punch* (15 September 1888)

[The cartoon and poems here selected from *Punch* magazine are reactions to the series of murders attributed to the mysterious figure known as "Jack the Ripper." The short article entitled "A Serious Question" asks if lurid advertising for sensational dramatizations of murder are not causing crimes such as the "Whitechapel Murders" as they were known then. "Blind-Man's Buff" accompanied a cartoon sharply critical of the inability of the London police to apprehend the perpetrator of the serial murders. The "Nemesis of Neglect" cartoon and poem respond overtly to a letter to the *Times* of London that blamed the terrible living conditions in inner city London for the rash of murders in Whitechapel. The poem and the cartoon portray murder as a direct result of the treatment of the inner-city poor, but also represent areas of London such as Soho and Whitechapel as swamps and jungles. Finally, "Horrible London: or the Pandemonium Posters" satirizes the lurid posters advertising murder mysteries that saturated London.]

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Is it not within the bounds of probability that to the highly-coloured pictorial advertisements to be seen on almost all the boardings in

London, vividly representing sensational scenes of murder, exhibited as "the great attractions" of certain dramas, the public may be to a certain extent indebted for the horrible crimes in Whitechapel? We say it most seriously;—imagine the effect of these gigantic pictures of violence and assassination by knife and pistol on the morbid imagination of unbalanced minds. These hideous picture-posters are a blot on our civilisation, and a disgrace to the Drama.

4. *Punch* (22 September 1888)

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

A STRANGE mad game to play in such a place!
The monster City's maze, whose paths to trace
Might tax another Theseus,¹ the resort
Of worse than Minotaurs, for blindful sport
Would seem the most unfitting of all scenes;
What is it there such solemn fooling means?
Means? Ask purblind Municipal Muddledom
The true significance of the City Slum.
Ask, but expect no answer more exact
Than blundering palterers with truth and fact
Range in their pigeon-holes in order neat,
The awkward questionings of sense to meet,
And, meeting, blandly baffle. Lurking crime
Haunts from of old these dens of darksome slime.
There, where well-armed Authority fears to tread,
Murder and outrage rear audacious head,
Unscanned, untracked. As the swift-sliding snake
Slips to the covert of the swamp's foul brake,
Fearless of following where no foot may find
Firm resting, where the foetid fumes that blind,
The reeking mists that palsy, guard its lair;
So Crime sneaks to the Slum's seclusion. There
Revealing light, the foe of all things ill,
With no intrusive ray floods in to fill

¹ Hero of Greek legend, who killed the Cretan Minotaur (bull-headed man fed with human flesh).

Those hideous alleys, and those noisome nooks,
With health and safety. Flush with limpid brooks
The slime-fouled gutters of the Ghetto, drive
Plinlimmon's¹ breeze through Labour's choking hive,
But let not light into the loathsome den
Where hags called women, ghouls in guise of men
Live on death-dealing, feed a loathly life,
On the chance profits of the furtive knife.
The robber's mountain haunt, the outlaw's cave,
Guarded by rocks or sheltered by the wave
From feet intrusive, furnish no such lair
For desperate villany or dull despair,
As this obscene Aksatia² of the slums.
Town's carrion-hordes flock hither; hither comes
The haggard harpy³ of the pavement, she
The victim's victim, whose delirious glee
Makes mirth a crackling horror; hither slink
The waifs of passion and the wrecks of drink.
Multiform wretchedness in rags and grime,
Hopeless of good and ripe for every crime;
A seething mass of misery and vice,
These grim but secret-guarding haunts entice.
Look at these walls; they reek with dirt and damp,
But in their shadows crouched the homeless tramp
May huddle undisturbed the black night through.
Those narrow winding courts—in thought—pursue.
No light there breaks upon the bludgeoned wife,
No flash of day arrests the lifted knife,
There shrieks arouse not, nor do groans affright.
These are but normal noises of the night
In this obscure Gehenna.⁴ Must it be
That the black slum shall furnish sanctuary
To all light-shunning creatures of the slime,
Vermine of vice, carnivora of crime?

¹ A river in South Wales; its "Devil's Bridge" crosses a particularly wild and forbidding gorge.
² A frequently disputed area between France and Germany; a place where confusion reigns.
³ Mythical Greek monster, half woman, half bird, sent by the gods to punish mortals.
⁴ Hell.

Must it be here that Mammon¹ finds its tilth,
 And harvests gold from haunts of festering filth?
 How long? The voice of sense seems stricken dumb,
 What time the sordid Spectre of the Slum,
 Ruthless red-handed Murder sways the scene,
 Mocking of glance, and merciless of mien.
 Mocking? Ah, yes! At Law the ghoul may laugh,
 The sword is here as harmless as the staff
 Of crippled age; its sleuthhounds are at fault,
 Justice appears not only blind but halt.
 It seems to play a merely blinkered game,
 Blundering about without a settled aim.
 Like boys at Blind-Man's Buff. A pretty sport
 For Law's sworn guards in rascaldom's resort!
 The bland official formula to-day
 Seems borrowed from the tag of Nursery play,
 "Turn round three times," upon no settled plan,
 Flounder and fumble, and "catch whom you can!"

5. *Punch* (29 September 1888)

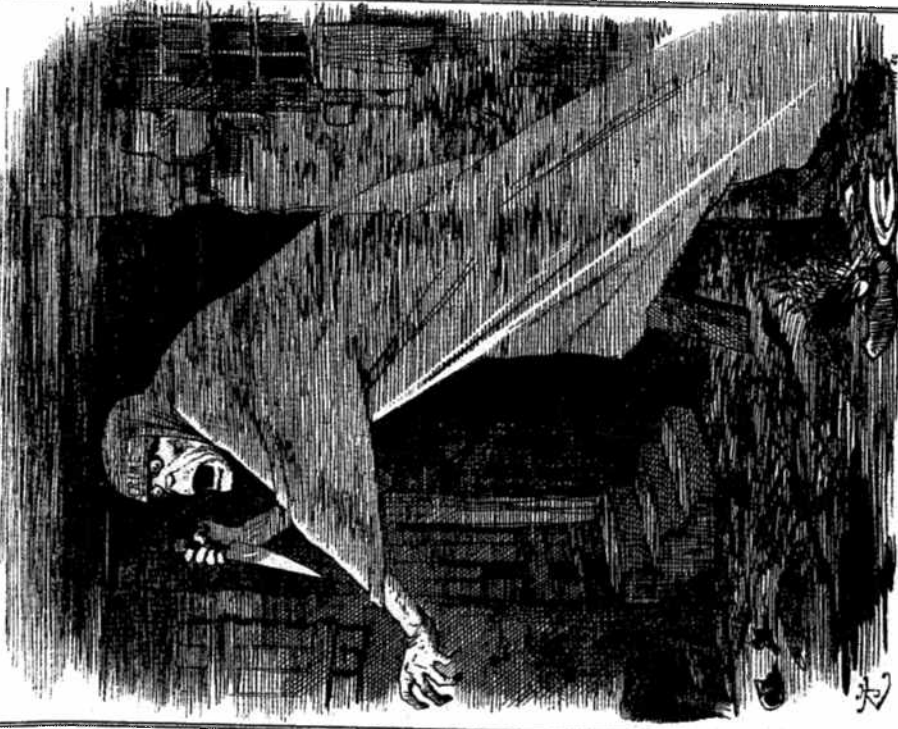
THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT.

"Just as long as the dwellings of this race continue in their present condition, their whole surroundings a sort of warren of foul alleys garnished with the flaring lamps of the gun-shops, and offering to all sorts of lodgers, for all conceivable wicked purposes, every possible accommodation to further brutalise, we shall have still to go on— affecting astonishment that in such a state of things we have outbreaks, from time to time, of the horrors of the present day." "S.G.O.," in *The Times* 18 September 1888, in a letter entitled, "At Last."

THERE is no light along those winding ways
 Other than lurid gleams like marsh-fires fleeting;
 Thither the sunniest of summer days
 Sends scare one golden shaft of gladsome greeting.
 June noonday has no power upon its gloom
 More than the murky fog-flare of December;

¹ Material wealth.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SATURDAY 29, 1888.



THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT.

"THERE FLOATS A PHANTOM ON THE SLIMS FOUL AIR
 SHAPING TO EYES WHICH HAVE THE GIFT OF SEEING,
 INTO THE SPECTER OF THAT LOATHLY LAIR
 FACE IT—FOR VAIN IS FLEEING!
 RED-BLINDED MEN, UNBLESSED UNBLESSED
 THIS MURDEROUS CHIME—THE NEMESIS OF NEGLECT!"

A Stygian¹ darkness seems its settled doom;
 Life, like a flickering ember,
 There smoulders dimly on in deathly wise,
 Like sleep-dulled glitter in a serpent's eyes.
 Yet as that sullen sinister cold gleam
 At sight of prey to a fierce flame shall quicken,
 So the dull life that lurks in this dread scene.
 By the sharp goad of greed or hatred stricken,
 Flares into hideous force and fierceness foul,
 Swift as the snake to spring and strong to capture.
 Here the sole joys are those of the man-ghoul.
 Thirst-thrill and ravin-rapture.
 Held DANTE'S Circles,² such a dwelling-place?
 Did primal sludge e'er harbour such a race?
 It is not Hades,³ nor that world of slime
 Where dragons tare and man-shaped monsters fought.
 Civilisation's festering heart of crime
 Is here, and here some loathly glimpse is caught
 Of its barbaric beating, pulsing through
 Fair limbs and flaunting garb wherewith 'tis hidden.
 Mere human sewage? True, O Sage! most true!
 Society's kitchen-midden!⁴
 But hither crowd the ills which are our bane:
 And thence in viler shape creep forth again.
 Whence? Foulness filters here from honest homes
 And thievish dens, town-rookery, rural village.
 Vice to be nursed to violence hither comes,
 Nurture unnatural, abhorrent tillage!
 What sin soever amidst luxury springs,
 Here amidst poverty finds full fruition.
 There is no name for the unsexed foul things
 Plunged to their last perdition
 In this dark Malebolge,⁵ ours—which yet
 We build, and populate, and then—forget!

1 From the river Styx, a dark place that in Greek myth divides the land of the dead from the land of the living.
 2 In Dante's *Inferno*.
 3 The lower world (hell) of Greek myth.
 4 Garbage heap.
 5 The eighth circle of hell in Dante's *Inferno*.

It will not be forgotten; it will find
 A voice, like the volcano, and will scatter
 Such hideous wreck among us, deaf and blind,
 As all our sheltering shams shall rend and shatter.
 The den is dark, secluded, it may yield
 To Belial¹ a haunt, to Mammon profit;
 But we shall reap the tillage of that field
 In harvest meet for Tophet.²
 Slum-farming knaves suck shameful wealth from sin,
 But a dread Nemesis³ abides therein.
 Dank roofs, dark entries, closely-clustered walls,
 Murder-inviting nooks, death-reeking gutters,
 A boding voice from your foul chaos calls,
 When will men heed the warning that it utters?
 There floats a phantom on the slum's foul air,
 Shaping, to eyes which have the gift of seeing,
 Into the Spectre of that loathly lair.
 Face it—for vain is fleeing!
 Red-handed, ruthless, furtive, unerect,
 'Tis murderous Crime—the Nemesis of Neglect!

6. *Punch* (13 October 1888)

HORRIBLE LONDON: OR THE PANDEMONIUM POSTERS.
 THE Demon set forth in novel disguise
 (All methods of mischief the master-fiend tries)
 Quoth he, "There's much ill to be wrought through the eyes.
 I think, without being a boaster,
 I can give their most 'cute Advertisers a start,
 And beat them all round at the Bill-sticker's art.
 I will set up in business in Babylon's mart,
 As the new Pandemonium Poster!"
 So he roved the huge city with wallet at waist,
 With a brush, and a stick, and a pot full of paste,
 And there wasn't a wall or a hoarding,
 A space in a slum, or a blank on a fence,

1 The biblical name for the devil or one of his minions.
 2 Hell.
 3 Greek goddess of revenge.

A spare square of brick in a neighbourhood dense,
 Or a bit of unoccupied boarding,
 But there the new poster, who didn't much care
 For the menacing legend, "Bill-stickers beware!"
 Right soon was tremendously busy
 With placards portentous in purple and blue,
 Of horrible subject and hideous hue,
 Enough to bemuddle an aeronaut's view,
 And turn the best steeple-Jack dizzy.
 Oh, the flamboyant flare of those fiendish designs,
 With their sanguine paint-splashes and sinister lines!
 Gehenna seemed visibly glaring
 In paint from those villainous daubs. There were men
 At murderous work in malodorous den,
 And ghoul-woman gruesomely staring.
 The whole sordid drama of murder and guilt,
 The steel that strikes home, and the blood that is spilt,
 Was pictured in realist colours,
 With emphasis strong on the black and the red,
 The fear of the stricken, the glare of the dead,
 All dreads and disasters and dolours
 That haunt poor Humanity's smallest state,
 The horrors of crime and the terrors of fate,
 As conceived by the crudest of fancies,
 Were limned on these posters in terrible tints,
 In the style of the vilest sensational prints
 Or the vilest penny romances.

That Bill-sticker paused in his work with a look
 Which betrayed the dark demon, and gleesomely shook
 His sides in a spasm of laughter.
 Quoth he, with a sinister wag of his head,
 "By my horns, the good artist has lavished the red!
 His home of coarse horror—this house of the dead
 Looks crimson from basement to rafter.
 How strange that a civilised City—ho! ho!
 'Tis their fatuous dream to consider it so!—
 Which is nothing too lovely at best, should bestow
 Such a liberal license on spoilers!
 These mural monstrosities, reeking of crime,

Flaring horridly forth amidst squalor and grime,
 Must have an effect which will tell in good time
 Upon legions of dull-witted toilers.
 Taken in through the eyes such suggestions of sin
 A sympathy morbid and monstrous must win
 From the grovelling victims of gloom and bad gin,
 Who gapingly gaze on them daily;
 A fine picture-gallery this for the People!
 Oh, while this endures, spite of School Board and Steeple,
 My work must be going on gaily!"

7. From D.G. Halstead, *Doctor in the Nineties* (London: Christopher Jones, 1959)

[D.G. Halstead gives a fascinating account of what it was like to be a doctor in the East End of London during the "Jack the Ripper" scare. As a doctor he was viewed with suspicion by patrolling policemen because of speculation that the murderer may have a medical degree. He describes his discomfort walking around the streets of London at night feeling that he was being watched. He also mentions the *Punch* theory that the murders may have been incited by lurid representations of violence, and various other theories current at the time as to the identity of "Jack the Ripper."]

It was during my time at the London Hospital, just before I went off to Durham, that the East End, and indeed the whole of the country, was shaken to its core by a series of the most foul, brutal and inhuman murders ever committed in the long annals of crime. The reader may already have guessed that I am referring to the multiple outrages attributed to the so called 'Jack the Ripper,' who held Whitechapel in the grip of an unknown terror all through the later part of 1888. For all their frantic efforts, house-to-house searches and cross-questioning, of suspects in their hundreds, the Metropolitan Police were baffled then, and to this very day the mystery remains unsolved.

I must be one of the few surviving inhabitants of Whitechapel to remember those dark days of Jack the Ripper. With what seemed a depressing regularity, the mangled corpses of the Ripper's unfortunate victims were brought round to the London Hospital, to await the skilled examination of the best medical brains at the disposal of Scotland Yard. Owing to the extraordinary knowledge of anatomy

displayed by the murderer, no medical man, however high his character or reputation, could be entirely exempted from suspicion, and naturally those of us at the London Hospital, right in the heart of Whitechapel, were in the limelight. The East End was alive with plain-clothes men. They were lurking in every alleyway, ready to pounce at the slightest breath of suspicion, and this more than anything gave us a sinister feeling when walking through the streets of these tumbledown haunts of pilfering and pauperism where we lived and worked....

Speculation abounded as to the identity of the murderer. The obvious suggestion was made by many people that Jack the Ripper was a butcher by trade, and was simply applying his knowledge of the anatomy of cows, pigs and sheep to the human body. The proximity of the Aldgate shambles to the scene of the two murders lent some credence to this theory, and for a time the spotlight of police investigation was turned on to the professional slaughtermen, but once again it failed to illuminate anything whatsoever.

A certain section of medical opinion, on the other hand, dismissed the rather prosaic suggestion that the murderer belonged to one of these humble trades involving skill with the knife, and was inclined to believe, from the perverted cunning with which the killer had repeatedly evaded justice, that he was a member of the upper classes, which would certainly account for his being completely unknown among the habitually criminal section of society. Some doctors thought, furthermore, that they could clearly detect the work of a homicidal maniac, in spite of the fact that homicidal maniacs are not generally in a condition to take elaborate evasive measures against the police hue and cry. But, anyway, it was suggested that all supposedly 'cured' homicidal maniacs who had at any time in the past been released from institutions should be rounded up once more and closely questioned. The suggestion was not acted upon, and I remember that *The Lancet* came out against the homicidal maniac theory.

A theory familiar to modern ears was put forward by *Punch*. Always ready with some bright idea, the irrepressible Mr. Punch maintained that the lurid posters which even in those days were put up to advertise murder mysteries on the stage, had an evil and corrupting influence on those who were daily confronted with them in the streets, and that the murderer might well have been tempted into excess by seeing these horrible crimes of the imagination so realistically displayed....

Then a bombshell burst on us medical men at the London Hospital. The Coroner at the inquest on Annie Chapman gave it as his consid-

ered opinion, that while a slaughterman could have been responsible for the murder, it could equally well have been executed with an instrument such as medical men used for post-mortem purposes. Suspicion immediately turned upon my colleagues and myself, and I often had the feeling, especially when I was walking home late at night, that the inhabitants were shunning me and that the plain-clothes men were following my movements.....

Appendix K: Victorian Psychology

I. From Thomas Carlyle, "The Age of Romance," *Fraser's Magazine*, vols. 85-86 (1837)

[Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), one of the "sages" of the Victorian era, was a historian, philosopher, political commentator, and satirist. He is not usually thought of as a "psychologist," but in his essay "The Age of Romance" he discusses desire and its repression in his time; his portrait of a typical Victorian man sounds much like Dr. Jekyll before he releases Mr. Hyde. When Carlyle uses the term "romance" he means a story of adventure and passion that contrasts with humdrum everyday existence.]

The Age of Romance has not ceased; it never ceases; it does not, if we will think of it, so much as very sensibly decline. "The passions are repressed by social forms; great passions no longer show themselves?" Why, there are passions still great enough to replenish Bedlam,¹ for it never wants tenants; to suspend men from bedposts, from improved-drops at the west end of Newgate.² A passion that explosively shivers asunder the Life it took rise in, ought to be regarded as considerable: more no passion, in the highest heyday of Romance, yet did. The passions, by grace of the Supernal and also of the Infernal Powers (for both have a hand in it), can never fail us.

And then, as to "social forms," be it granted that they are of the most buckram quality, and bind men up into the pitifullest straitlaced commonplace existence,—you ask, Where is the Romance? In the Scotch way one answers. Where is it not? That very spectacle of an Immortal Nature, with faculties and destiny extending through Eternity, hampered and bandaged up, by nurses, pedagogues, posturemasters, and the tongues of innumerable old women (named "force of public opinion"); by prejudice, custom, want of knowledge, want of money, want of strength, into, say, the meagre Pattern-Figure

¹ In 1676 the Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem was opened in London as an insane asylum; over the centuries it became known as "Bedlam." The word "Bedlam" by the nineteenth century was used generically to denote any insane asylum.

² The name originally referred to Newgate prison in London, which was one of the most notorious prisons in the country. There has been a Newgate prison in London since 1188, and its name has become synonymous with crime and punishment generally.

that, in these days, meets you in all thoroughfares: a "god-created Man," all but abnegating the character of Man; forced to exist, automatized, mummy-wise (scarcely in rare moments audible or visible from amid his wrappings and cerements), as Gentleman or Gigman,¹ and so selling his birthright of Eternity for the three daily meals, poor at best, which Time yields:—is not this spectacle itself highly romantic, tragical, if we had eyes to look at it? The high-born (highest-born for he came out of Heaven) lies drowning in the despicablest puddles; the priceless gift of Life, which he can have but *once*, for he waited a whole Eternity to be born, and now has a whole Eternity waiting to see what he will do when born,—*this* priceless gift we see strangled slowly out of him by innumerable packthreads; and there remains of the glorious Possibility, which we fondly named Man, nothing but an inanimate mass of foul loss and disappointment, which we wrap in shrouds and bury underground,—surely with well-merited tears. To the Thinker here lies Tragedy enough; the epitome and marrow of all Tragedy whatsoever.

2. From Henry Maudsley, "The Double Brain," *Mind* 54 (April 1889): 161-87

[Henry Maudsley (1835-1918) was one of the most influential psychologists of his generation. He was born near Settle in Yorkshire in 1835 and graduated at age 21 with a medical degree from the University of London. Two years later he was appointed the Medical Superintendent of the Manchester Royal Lunatic Asylum and later Physician to the West London Hospital and Physician of Medical Jurisprudence at University College. He also became editor of the *Journal of Mental Science* and exerted a profound influence on fellow "alienists" (the term for psychiatrist in the Victorian period). Maudsley was much influenced by the work of Charles Darwin, Cesare Lombroso, and Benedict Augustine Morel on "degeneration" (see Appendix H). He became widely respected for his publications on insanity and psychology. His publications included *The Physiology and Pathology of Mind* (1867), *Body and Mind* (1870), *Responsibility in Mental Disease* (1874), and innumerable influential articles in the *Journal of Mental Science* on the development of the brain, cognition, and insanity. Maudsley believed that the mind could only be understood from

¹ A "gig" was a kind of carriage; Carlyle is using it here as a synonym for respectability.

a physiological point of view and believed insanity to be rooted in disordered bodily functions. He used his brand of "physiological psychology" to link degeneration, madness, and theories of evolution. He especially believed that "vice" of any kind was linked to degeneration and that the signs of degeneration were passed on by heredity. His essay on "The Double Brain" shows the Victorians belief that the mind was divided into antagonist halves at the physical level.]

Is the brain, which is notably double in structure, a double organ, "seemingly parted, but yet a union in partition"? Or is it a seeming whole made up actually of two organs? Have we, in fact, two brains as we have two eyes, two lungs, two kidneys? Or have we one brain as we have one body, built of two similar halves...?

We have now reached the point where appears plainly the full answer to the previously put question—to wit, how comes it to pass that the hemispheres of the brain, when dictating different movements, yet have an understanding in common and work together to a common end. They are organs of *one* body—two like structures moulded on one stem—in the organic life of which their basic unity lies; nowise supereminent and independent organs apart, that govern the body from the platform of a higher life, but organs of the body, living in it and by it and for it; and their functions are not, like those of the limbs, functions of the animal life only or mainly, but functions in which the *whole* life, animal and organic, is represented. It is from the life of the whole body that the constituents of the mental life are derived, and inasmuch as the cerebral hemispheres are organs ministering to this life, they must necessarily have its fundamental unity. Superpose on this basal¹ unity of being the effects of education of the hemispheres in joint working, begun with the first movements of life and continued throughout it, and we have a sufficient explanation of their communion of function in thoughts, feelings and acts....

I pass on now to a rapid survey of some of the leading phenomena of mental disorder in order to see how they stand in relation to the foregoing conclusions. The two main types of mental disorder, mania and melancholia, notably present very different and almost opposite features: in the former there is great exaltation of self with answering lively display thereof in thought, feeling and conduct—phenomena witnessing to a generally brisk and easy reflex action; in

¹ Forming or suited at the base.

the latter, great depression of self with answering sluggish expression of thought, feeling and conduct—phenomena witnessing to dull, slow and inert reflex function.... Consider the typical features of the two states: on the one hand, exaggerated self-confidence and exultant feeling of well-being, quick and acute perception, extraordinary memory, overflowing rush of ideas, multitudinous projects, extreme susceptibility, voluble talk, unresting activity, an absence of all sense of effort, boastful self-assertion, delusions of greatness and power; on the other hand, loss of self-confidence and great self-distrust, no relish for or interest in or hold on the affairs of life, incapacity of attention, sluggish and inefficient memory, deadness of feeling and dulness of thought, inability or aversion to will and act, sense of infinite effort in order to make the least exertion, despairing self-depreciation, delusions of ruin or damnation, or of possession or persecution by devil or other malignant power. The maniac never feels the least doubt that he is himself, when actually he is not himself but alienated from his true self; the melancholic feels and laments that he is not himself, that he and things around him are changed and unreal, that he is another self or in subjection to another self, when his main affliction is a loss of faith in self. The question is then whether it is right to look on this deep sense of the want of unity of being, this mental inability to realise self and its correlative loss of hold on the not-self, as being due to the failure of the organic driving force. That is the present contention: there is in fact the weakness resulting from the incomplete union or actual disunion, a self divided against itself by a commencing or completed disruption, and there are in consequence the dual and confusing suggestions of self coming from the weak and, almost independent action of the disunited halves....

The phenomena of dreaming may be cited in further illustration and confirmation of the position here taken up. During sleep the organic life does not cease, like the animal life, but goes on at a lower rate of activity; the consequence being that the hemispheres, lacking the force necessary to full unity of action and yet taking up the organic impressions from the body, as well as any chance-impressions from without, manufacture from them the most incongruous dream-images and events....

Having pointed out thus far how exaltation and abasement of the Ego or self answer respectively to *excess* and *defect* of the fund of organic energy in the brain, I go on now to note briefly that great *perversion* of this energy is followed by complete disintegration of

the Ego or self. For this purpose I may fitly call in evidence certain cases of the deepest and most distracting nervous distress in which, without any known structural disease, a strange, disquieting, indescribable sensation is felt suddenly at the epigastrium¹ or in its neighbourhood, diffuses itself vaguely through the body or mounts towards the head, and occasions instantly a distracting and overwhelming apprehension of impending dissolution of self: not a definite apprehension of death, nothing which can be grasped definitely in thought and feeling, but a vague, vast, indescribable feeling of impending horror, an unspeakable anguish. The impetuous and overpowering feeling is accompanied, perhaps, by the sense of a vehement rush of something, not blood, to the head, and may issue in scarcely resistible or actually irresistible impulse to an act of desperation, suicidal or homicidal, which is then, so to speak, the psychomotor convulsive outcome of it: in itself it is probably the pathological parallel on the sensory side of what convulsion is on the motor side. The sufferer who, after the attack is over, quietly recognises that his fears were groundless, and during it even remembers that he has had similar seizures before, cannot at the time of agony hold his intellectual ground at all; his power of thinking is abolished, his intellectual and moral unity dissolved, in face of the rushing mighty sensation of deranged organic unity.

In order to facilitate conception of the discordant action of the hemispheres and of its probable effects in thought, feeling and conduct, let us consider a person's movements when from deranged action of the dual organs of animal life there is no longer that unity of function which belongs to them in a state of health, and thereupon endeavour to imagine what the effect would be of a similar unity-destroying action upon the mental functions. Suppose a person to be afflicted with similar spasmodic or convulsive movements of the limbs of both sides, but not of such intensity as to incapacitate him from walking of a stumbling, rickety sort; imagine next his motions to be, like his thoughts, self-conscious; what would be the revelation of themselves that they would make? Most likely an exultation and pride in their new activity, of the convulsive nature of which, being equally and similarly affected, they would be unaware. Let the supposition be of such a convulsive action of the limbs of one side only; what would be the revelation then? Of a self

¹ Epigastrium is the region just over the stomach and below the sternum.

bound to another self which was hindering and opposing it—of a self divided against itself, a distracted or double self. Both in movements and in mental functions the full unity of function is the unity of a double organisation; wherefore, if there be duality, instead of unity, of the latter, we cannot fail to have phenomena marking the disintegration of self, cannot have phenomena that consist only with its integrity....

As regards perception, it is obvious that a person whose hemispheres were at variance because of disorder of one of them must perceive a real object with the one hemisphere and an unreal object with the other, and perceive them both as equally real when equally vivid; his life, therefore, must needs be a succession of incoherent relations to the external world according as the one or the other was in the ascendant; at one time he would attend to and act in relation to his wrong perception, at another time he would attend to and act, in relation to the true perception. In like manner his memory will be a memory of two selves, and oftentimes of two incompatible selves: he will speak quite correctly of actual events and his doings in them, so that there seems no fault in him, but immediately afterwards must speak with equal certitude of unreal events and his supposed doings in them, so that there will seem no health in him. Judgment and will must necessarily be equally lamed and deranged, since the same division runs through them, and they must display the same sort of incoherent function. The individual will not, only think double and perhaps act double, but the ideas of his double thinking and doing will be inconsistent and incompatible—he will be literally *distracted*.

Such are the effects which might theoretically be looked for from a dual and discordant action of the hemispheres. A survey of the phenomena of mental derangement discloses many facts that might be adduced in support of the theory. Take for first illustration the mode of coming-on and going-off of the attack in some cases of insanity: there is notable a brief period at the outset when the sound hemisphere appears to hold the lead and to repress or ignore the suggestions of the unsound hemisphere, whereas after a time of struggle and uncertainty the unsound hemisphere may be thought to gain the entire lead and to draw the other with it in such servitude that it does not rebel nor even suggest a doubt; and in like manner when the disease is passing off there are intruding intimations of doubt of the unsound thought which, little regarded at first,

return in greater force by degrees and eventually grow to certainties that overcome and suppress its delusions. More striking still is the example of the person who is possessed by alternate voices, the one profane and blasphemous, the other reverent and devout; or of one who is to all intents and purposes two selves at the same time, his real self having his natural feelings and seeing things in their true light, and his morbid self with unnatural feelings and perverted notions, the two engaged perpetually in an inconclusive conflict which drives him to the deepest despair and perhaps even to suicide; or of one who, having extravagantly insane delusions on some subject concerning which he talks such absurd and incoherent nonsense as would seem incompatible with the persistence of any sense in the conduct of life, nevertheless exhibits such sound reason and good judgment on all other subjects as render it marvelous that he cannot correct his false bearings and put himself right with the world. Do not such facts as these suit well with the theory of a dual and inconsistent action of the hemispheres?

3. From E.H. Myers, "Multiplex Personality," *The Nineteenth Century* (November 1886): 648–66

[After reading *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, Frederic William Henry Myers (1843–1901) sent a copy of his essay "Multiplex Personality" to Stevenson pointing out what he felt was a strong common interest in both pieces of writing. Myers was Professor of Classics at Cambridge University in England. He published volumes of poetry and studies of Classical literature in *Essays Classical and Modern* (2 vols., 1883). In 1882 Myers helped found the Society for Psychical Research which pursued a scientific approach to studying such phenomena as telepathy and séances. He devoted most of his energies to studying the evidence for life after death, publishing the results of a lifetime of research and speculation in *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death* (2 vols., 1903). "Multiplex Personality" shows its author's erudition in Classical scholarship and his interest in such issues as mesmerism and multiple personality disorder. It also shows his acceptance of both Darwinian evolution and degeneration theory. While Myers entitles his essay "Multiplex Personality," he is actually interested, like Maudsley, in the "double" brain and examines cases that seem to reveal the duality of identity.]

As their bodies changed, so their thoughts changed as well.
Empedocles [translation of original Greek text]¹

I purpose in this paper briefly to suggest certain topics for reflection, topics which will need to be more fully worked out elsewhere. My theme is the multiplex and mutable character of that which we know as the Personality of man, and the practical advantage which we may gain by discerning and working upon this as yet unrecognized modifiability. I shall begin by citing a few examples of hysterical transfer, of morbid disintegration; I shall then show that these spontaneous readjustments of man's being are not all of them pathological or retrogressive; nay, that the familiar changes of sleep and waking contain the hint of further alternations which may be beneficially acquired. And, lastly, I shall point out that we can already by artificial means induce and regulate some central nervous changes which effect physical and moral good; changes which may be more restorative than sleep, more rapid than education. Here, I shall urge, is an avenue open at once to scientific and to philanthropic endeavour, a hope which hangs neither on fable nor on fancy, but is based on actual experience and consists with rational conceptions of the genesis and evolution of man....

[Myers now gives example of a young male patient named "Louis V" in a French asylum who would have unaccountable episodes when he "would preach with a monkey-like rather than with reasoned clearness, radicalism in politics and atheism in religion."]

Is there, then, the reader may ask, any assignable law which governs these strange revolutions? Any reason why Louis V should at one moment seem a mere lunatic or savage, at another moment should rise into decorous manhood, at another should recover his physical soundness, but sink backward in mind into the child? Briefly, and with many reserves and technicalities perforce omitted, the view of the doctors who have watched him is somewhat as follows: A sudden shock, falling on an unstable organization, has effected in this boy a profounder severance between the functions of the right and left hemispheres of the brain than has perhaps ever been observed before.

¹ Empedocles is discussing the influence that human daytime experience has on our dreams at night and underlining the connection between body and dreams.

We are accustomed, of course, to see the right side of the body paralyzed and insensible in consequence of injury to the left hemisphere, which governs it, and *vice versa*. And we are accustomed in hysterical cases where there is no actual traceable injuring to either hemisphere to see the defects in sensation and motility shift, rapidly shift, as I may say, at a touch from one side of the body to the other. But we cannot usually trace any corresponding change in the mode of functioning of what we assume as the "highest centres," the centres which determine those manifestations of intelligence, character, memory, on which our *identity* mainly depends. Yet in some cases of *aphasia* and of other forms of *asemia* (the loss of power over signs, spoken or written words and the like) phenomena have occurred which have somewhat prepared us to find that the loss of power to use the left which certainly is in some ways the more developed hemisphere may bring with it a retrogression in the higher characteristics of human life.... Those who have followed these lines of observation may be somewhat prepared to think it possible that in Louis V's case the alternate predominance of right or left hemisphere affects memory and character as well as motor and sensory innervation. Inhibit his left brain (and right side) and he becomes, as one may say, not only left-handed but *sinister*; he manifests himself through nervous arrangements which have reached a lower degree of evolution. And he can represent in memory those periods only when his personality had assumed the same attitude, when he had crystallized about the same point. Inhibit his right brain, and the higher qualities of character is modesty; there is the sense of duty the qualities which man has developed as he has risen from the savage level. But nevertheless he is only half himself....

For even if these profoundest spontaneous changes are beyond the reach of imitation, there are smaller changes, long familiar to us, which we now see in a new light, as imitable in a manner which shall reproduce their advantages without their drawbacks. There is the painless trance which sometimes supervenes in hysteria; there is the painless alcohol; there is especially the action of opium, which from the first commended itself by its psychical effect, by the emotional tranquility which it induces. Such at least seems to be the inference from the well-known passage, where the wifely Helen determines to give her husband and his friends the chance of talking comfortably, without interrupting themselves by perpetual tears and lamentations....

Then heaven-born Helen in their cups would throw
Nepenthes, woeless banisher of woe:

This whose drank daylong no tear should shed

No, though he gazed on sire and mother dead;

No, though his own son on that dreamy day

Before his own eyes raging foes should slay.¹

[There follows a long discussion of the therapeutic uses of hypnotism.]

Looking at that growing class of civilized persons who suffer from neuralgia, indigestion, and other annoying but not dangerous forms of malaise, let us consider whether we cannot induce in those of them who are fortunate enough to be readily hypnotisable a third condition of life, which shall be as waking but without its uneasiness and as sleep without the blankness of its repose, a state in which the mind may go serenely onward and the body have no power to distract her energy or to dispute her sway. Is there anything in nature to render this ideal impossible? Let us consider the history of pain. Pain, it may be plausibly suggested, is an advantage acquired by our ancestors in the course of their struggle for existence. It would be useless to the fortunate animalcule, which, if you chop it in two, is simply two animalcules instead of one. But as soon as the organism is complex enough to suffer partial injury, and active enough to check or avoid such injury before it has gone far, the pain becomes a useful warning, and the sense of pain is thus one of the first and most generalized of the perceptive faculties which place living creatures in relation with the external world. And to the human infant it is necessary still. The burnt child must have some reason to dread the fire, or he will go on poking it with his fingers. But, serviceable though pain may still be to the child and the savage, civilised men and women have now a good deal more of it than they can find any use for. Some kinds of pain, indeed (like neuralgia, which prevents the needed rest), are wholly detrimental to the organism and have arisen by mere correlation with other susceptibilities which are in themselves beneficial. Now if this correlation were inevitable if it were impossible to have acute sense-perceptions, vivid emotional develop meet, without these concomitant nervous pains we should have to accept the annoyance

1 In Book IV of *The Odyssey* Helen puts the drug Nepenthe into the Greeks' wine to make them forget their sorrow over the loss of their comrades.

without more ado. But certain spontaneously occurring facts, and certain experimental facts, have shown us that the correlation is not inevitable; that the sense of pain can be abolished, while other sensibilities are retained, to an extent far beyond what the common experience of life would have led us to suppose possible....

These speculations, especially where they point to moral progress as attainable by physiological artifice, will seem to many of my readers venturesome and unreal. And in these days of conflicting dogmas and impracticable utopias Science, better aware than either priest or demagogue of how little man can truly know, is tempted to confine herself to his material benefit, which can be made certain, and to let his moral progress which is a speculative hope alone. Yet, now that Science is herself becoming the substance of so many creeds, the lode-star of so many aspirations, it is important that she should not in any direction even appear to be either timid or cynical. Her humble missionaries at least need not show themselves too solicitous about possible failure, but should rather esteem it as dereliction of duty were some attempt not made to carry her illumination over the whole realm and mystery of man. Especially, indeed, is it to be desired that biology should show not indeed a moralising bias, but a moral care. There has been a natural tendency to insist with a certain disillusionising tenacity on the low beginnings of our race. When eminent but ill-instructed personages in Church or State have declared themselves, with many flourishes, "on the side of the Angel," there has been a grim satisfaction in proving that Science at any rate is "on the side of the Ape." But the victory of Science is won. She has dealt hard measure to man's tradition and his self-conceit; let her now show herself ready to sympathise with such of his aspirations as are still legitimate, to offer such prospects as the nature of things will allow. Nay, let her teach the world that the word evolution is the very formula and symbol of hope.

But here my paper must close. I will conclude it with a single reflection which may somewhat meet the fears of those who dislike any tamperings with our personality, who dread that this invading analysis may steal their very self away. All living things, it is said, strive towards their maximum of pleasure. In what hours, then, and under what conditions do we find that human beings have attained to their intensest joy? Do not our thoughts in answer turn instinctively to scenes and moments when all personal preoccupation, all care for individual interest, is lost in the sense of spiritual union, whether with

one beloved soul, or with a mighty nation, or with "the whole world and creatures of God"? We think of Dante with Beatrice,¹ of Nelson at Trafalgar,² of St. Francis on the Umbrian hill.³ And surely here, as in Galahad's cry of "if I lose myself I find myself,"⁴ we have a hint that much, very much, of what we are wont to regard as an integral part of us may drop away, and yet leave us with a consciousness of our own being which is more vivid and purer than before. This web of habits and appetencies, of lusts and fears, is not, perhaps, the ultimate manifestation of what in truth we are. It is the cloak which our rude forefathers have woven themselves against the cosmic storm; but we are already learning to shift and refashion it as our gentler weather needs, and if perchance it slip from us in the sunshine then something more ancient and more glorious is for a moment guessed within.

4. From James Sully, "The Dream as Revelation," *Fortnightly* 59 (1893): 354-65

[James Sully (1842-1923) was an English psychologist. Like many early psychologists, he started out in a different area, being trained originally as a Nonconformist minister. In 1871 he decided to follow a literary and philosophical career and as a result of his publications was named Grote Professor of Mind and Logic at University College, London in 1892. He studied psychology in the light of physiology, with special attention to art, education, and social order. He is credited with being one of the first British developmental psychologists; in *Studies of Childhood* (1893) and *Children's Ways* (1897) he compared the aesthetic senses of children and prehistoric civilizations, arguing that the tastes of children preserved the artistic sense of earlier generations. He applied a Darwinian model to child development. He is still widely cited for his *An Essay on Laughter* (1902) in which he attempted to create a

1 A reference to Dante's *Vita Nuova* in which the author's love for Beatrice becomes the vehicle for his own salvation.

2 Lord Horatio Nelson (1758-1805) was the Admiral in charge of the British fleet that defeated the French navy at Trafalgar (1805). Trafalgar Square in London is named after the battle and has a statue of Nelson at its centre.

3 St. Francis of Assisi decided to give up all worldly goods and devote his life to religion during a walk on the hills of Umbria.

4 A quotation from Tennyson's "The Holy Grail" (1869), line 30, in which Sir Galahad, alone of all the knights of Camelot, achieves a vision of the holy grail. The "holy grail" was believed to be the cup from which Jesus drank at the Last Supper and which Joseph of Arimathea used to catch his blood as he hung on the cross.

taxonomy of laughter. In "James Sully, Evolutionist Psychology, and Late Victorian Gothic Fiction" (*Victorian Studies* 25:4 [Summer 1982]: 443-68) Ed Block, Jr. argues that both Sully's psychological texts and Stevenson's tale could be read in terms of "evolutionist psychology." Block also points out that Sully, like Stevenson, was interested in "dual" or "double" consciousness. In "The Dream as Revelation" (1893) Sully discusses contemporary psychological interest in "the double or alternating personality." The article is also interesting in the way in which it links the dream with both artistic creation and the unexpressed and wilder instincts of the psyche. Stevenson himself claims he saw the plot of "Jekyll and Hyde" in a dream and Sully's statements suggest that from his perspective Stevenson in doing so was tapping into some "primitive" area of his brain.]

In the history of human ideas we meet with two opposite views of the nature and significance of dreaming. The one attributes to it a degree of intelligence, of insight into things, vastly superior to that of waking cognition. The extreme form of this idea invested the vision of the night with the awful dignity of a supernatural revelation. The other view goes to the opposite extreme, and dismisses dream-experiences as so much intellectual fooling, as:

"Children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy."¹

The modern scientific theory of dreaming may be said to combine and to reconcile these antagonistic ideas. It recognises and seeks to account for the irrational side of dream-life. At the same time it regards this life as an extension of human experience, as a revelation of what would otherwise have never been known....

It seems natural at first to think of this transition from waking to sleeping consciousness as a degradation, a reversion to a primitive infantile type of psychosis, in which sensation and its immediate offspring, sensuous imagination, are uncontrolled by the higher later-acquired functions—rational reflection, moral self-control. There is, no doubt, a certain appropriateness in this way of envisaging our dreams. There is a good deal of the naivete of the child in our ways of conceiving of things and of feeling about things during sleep. On

¹ Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* (1.iv.98-99).

entering dreamland we leave much of the later and maturer intelligence behind us, and survey the spectacle with the pristine directness, with the pure elemental emotions of little children.

Yet the change from waking to sleeping consciousness is less simple than the figure of retrogression from mature to infantile experience would suggest. Even the process of mental dissolution brought about by brain disease cannot, it is said, be accurately described as a mere removal of the higher and later acquired functions. And it is still less true of the reduction of consciousness during sleep. The dream may be a weakened mental activity but it is a weakened activity of a mature mind, of a mind that has been formed by complex human experience....

[Sully gives examples of dreams of his own and others.]

This simplification of the mature complex pattern of consciousness is at the same time a bringing to light of forces and tendencies which, under normal circumstances, are hidden under the superincumbent mass of the later and higher acquisitions. The newest conception of the brain is of a hierarchy of organs, the higher and later evolved seeming to control, and in a measure to repress, the functional activities of the lower and earlier. Translated into psychological language, this means that what is instinctive, primitive, elemental in our mental life, is being continually overborne by the fruit of experience, by the regulative process of reflection. By throwing the higher centres *hors de combat* you may bring back the earlier state of things in which sensation, instinct, and a rudimentary animal intelligence have it all their own way. Sleep is one means of stupefying the supreme controlling organs. Hence in sleep we have a reversion to a more primitive type of experience, an upwelling in vigorous pristine abundance of sensation and impulse.

And now, perhaps, the reader begins to see how the dream becomes a revelation. It strips the ego of its artificial wrappings and exposes it in its rude native nudity. It brings up from the dim depths of our sub-conscious life the primal, instinctive impulses, and discloses to us a side of ourselves which connects us with the great sentient world....

When asleep we may be said to go back to this primitive animal immersion in bodily sensation. The all-important groundwork of our life once more engages our thought. We hear the heart beat,

and feel the incoming and outgoing of the breath; we rejoice with the weary limb in its repose, with the chilled extremity warmed by an effusion of generous blood, or, on the other hand, suffer with the overlaid stomach or with the cramp-seized muscle. . . .

It is possible that this re-immersion during sleep in that primitive consciousness which grows out of the nutritive life may have its biological utility. When awake we are prevented, partly by the multiplex distractions of the situation, partly by the disturbing effect of imagination, from getting into close and accurate touch with our bodily condition. Hence the difficulty which most people experience when called upon in the physician's consulting room or elsewhere to give an account of their sensations. When asleep the curtain is withdrawn and we seem to have an immediate awareness of what is going on in our interior framework. It has been ingeniously suggested that, owing to this close rapport between spirit and body in sleep, the dream may take on a prophetic function by disclosing to the subject the slight initial stages of organic disturbance which would otherwise have been overlooked.

However this may be, our dreams, by restoring the bodily factor of consciousness to its primitive supremacy, may properly be described as revelations. By noting this aspect of our dreams, we may learn much concerning that organic substrate of our conscious personality which links us on to the animal series. . . .

Here we find the dream touching analogically another and more distinctly abnormal region of human experience. Psychology has of late occupied itself much with the curious phenomena of double or alternating personality. By this is meant the recurrent interruption of the normal state by the intrusion of a secondary state, in which the thoughts, feelings, and the whole person may become other than they were. This occasional substitution of a new for the old self is sometimes spontaneous, the result of brain-trouble; sometimes it is artificially brought about in specially susceptible persons by hypnotizing them. In the hypnotic trance it is possible to blot out from the subject's mind all that has occurred in his experience since a particular date and, in this way to restore the childish self. In the case of certain hysterical subjects, the hypnotic trance may disintegrate more than one abnormal personality which are buried and forgotten during the normal state.

The proposition that the soundest of men undergo changes of personality may well strike the reader as paradoxical; yet the paradox

is only on the surface. Although we talk of ourselves as single personalities, as continuing to be the same as we were, a little thought suffices to show that this is not absolutely true. Just as our bodily framework undergoes material re-formation, so the pattern of our consciousness is ever being re-formed and transformed. As the years go by, old fancies, beliefs, emotions tend to drop out and new ones to take their place. I may dimly remember the fact that as a youth I felt about nature, music, religious subjects in a particular way, but I know I do not now feel in this way. Under the conditions of a happy development these changes are gradual, though most of us probably can refer a part of them to memorable crises, catastrophic shocks in our experience. However this be, where we sit down and quietly glance back over the succession of our years, we may see that by making the interval wide enough we confront what is, in a large part of its characteristic modes of consciousness, a new, foreign personality.

Now our dreams are a means of conserving these successive personalities. When asleep we go back to the old ways of looking at things and of feeling about them, to impulses and aesthetics which long ago dominated us, in a way which seems impossible in the waking hours, when the later self is in the ascendant. In this way the rhythmic change from wakefulness to sleep effects a recurrent reinstatement of our "dead selves," an overlapping of the successive personalities, the series of whose doings and transformations constitutes our history.

There is one other way in which dreams may become an unveiling of what is customarily hidden, viz., by giving freer play to individual characteristics and tendencies. It is a commonplace that our highly artificial form of social life tends greatly to restrict the sphere of individuality. Our peculiar tendencies get sadly crossed and driven back in the daily collision with our surroundings. Much that is deepest and most vital in us may in this way be repressed and atrophied. The particular personality which we have developed, which is all that our friends know of us, is a kind of selection from among many possible personalities, a selection effected by the peculiar conditions of our "environment."

Now these undeveloped, rudimentary selves belong to the hidden substrata of our mental being. Hence, according to what has been said above, they are very apt to disclose themselves when sleep has stupefied the dominant personality.

5. From Richard Krafft-Ebing, *Psychopathia Sexualis* (1886; Stuttgart, 1903)

[Richard Krafft-Ebing (1840–1902) was a German psychiatrist. He initially studied to be a doctor but later specialized in psychiatry. Like Maudsley, he worked in several asylums but became disillusioned with psychiatric institutions. He was appointed Professor of Psychiatry at Strasbourg at the age of 32 and wrote academic papers on a wide range of psychiatric conditions. In the mid-1860s he became interested in the origins of homoerotic desire and began to collect hundreds of medical and court reports that dealt with sexually-related crimes. His *Psychopathia Sexualis with Especial Reference to the Antipathic Sexual Instinct: A Medico-Forensic Study* (1886; translated into English 1892) contains 51 case histories examining a wide range of “deviant” sexual behaviors. He believed that some people were subject to “moral degeneracy” because of their own actions and the inheritance of the vices of their parents. He used terms such as “fetishism,” “masochism,” “sadism,” and “sexual psychopath” that became key words in nineteenth- and twentieth-century psychiatry. By the time Krafft-Ebing died in 1902, *Psychopathia Sexualis* was in its twelfth edition and had grown tremendously in the number of cases cited. In “Psychopathia Sexualis: Stevenson’s Strange Case” (*Critical Quarterly* 28 [1986]) Stephen Heath argues that in *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* “random violence replaces the sexual drive” (93–94) and that Stevenson’s story is actually about sexuality. Heath argues that the new field of sexology is akin to Stevenson’s text because it “begins with and from *perversions*. What it studies is the *pathology* of the sexual, and a significant area of attention is then the *criminal-sexual* [italics Heath’s]” (102). Heath cites Krafft-Ebing’s section on “Lust-Murder” as the point at which *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* and *Psychopathia Sexualis* approach each other most closely. In the edition (twelfth German edition) from which I take this extract, Krafft-Ebing cites the “Jack the Ripper” case (see Appendix J) as an example of “lust-murder” and makes numerous references to the work of Lombroso. The translation is my own.]

(a) *Lust-Murder (Lust Exhibited as Brutality, from Murderous Lust to Anthropophagy).*¹

The most abominable example, but also one which most significantly shows the connection between lust and a desire to kill, is the case of Andreas Bichel, which Feuerbach published in his “Compendium of Descriptions of Unusual Crimes.”

He killed and dissected the ravished girls. Referring to one of his victims, at his examination he gave the following testimony: “I opened her breast and with a knife cut through the fleshy parts of the body. Then I arranged the body as a butcher does beef, and hacked it with an axe into pieces of a size to fit the grave which I had dug in the mountains. I would like to say that while opening the body I was so greedy that I trembled, and could have cut out a piece and eaten it.”

Lombroso also mentions cases falling in the same category. A certain Philippe indulged in strangling prostitutes, after the sex act, and said: “I love women, but it is sport for me to strangle them after having enjoyed them.”

A certain Grassi was one night seized with sexual desire for a female relative. Provoked by her resistance, he stabbed her several times in the abdomen with a knife, and also murdered her father and uncle who attempted to restrain him. Immediately thereafter he rushed to visit a prostitute in order to cool in her embrace his sexual passion. But this was not sufficient, for he then murdered his own father and slaughtered several oxen in the stable.

It cannot be doubted, from the example above, that a great number of so-called lust murders depend upon a combination of excessive and perverted desire. As a result of this perverse state of mind, further acts of bestiality with the corpse may result—e.g., cutting it up and burrowing lustfully into the intestines. The case of Bichel points to this possibility....

CASE 16. An English clerk called Alton went for a walk out of town. He lured a child into the bushes and a short while later returned to his office and made this entry in his note-book: “Killed a young girl today; it was fine and hot.” The child was missed, searched for, and found cut into pieces. Many parts, including the

¹ Anthropophagy is another term for cannibalism.

genitals, could not be found. A. did not show the slightest trace of emotion, and gave no explanation of the motive or circumstances of his horrible deed. He was a psychopathic individual, and occasionally subject to fits of depression and boredom. His father had had an attack of acute mania. A near relative suffered from mania with homicidal impulses. A. was executed.

CASE 17. Jack the Ripper.—On December 1, 1887, July 7, August 7, September 8, September 30, in October and on the 9th of November, 1888; on the 1st of June, the 17th of July and the 10th of September, 1889, the bodies of women were found in various lonely quarters of London ripped open and mutilated in a peculiar fashion, without the murderer ever being found. It is likely that in a bestial sacrifice he first cut the throats of his victims, then ripped open the abdomen and groped among the intestines. In some instances he cut off the genitals and carried them away, apparently so that he could arouse himself later by looking at them; in others he only tore them to pieces and left them behind. He does not seem to have had sexual intercourse with his victims, but very likely the murderous act and subsequent mutilation of the corpse were equivalents for the sexual act.

6. *Punch* Cartoon (12 August 1882)

[A cartoon from Cassell's *Popular Educator* (1852) entitled "The Influence of Morality or Immorality on the Countenance" showed a young boy taking a path that leads either to school, marriage, and the respectable position of aged "head of a family," or through juvenile prison, vice, and drinking to "beggar." The cartoon showed a direct physical correlation between morality and the face, with the "beggar" portrayed as a hideous, misshapen monster. This *Punch* cartoon from August 1882 takes this idea and applies it to an M.P. who will either become a respectable M.P. like Sir Danvers Carew¹ or a hideous, bespectacled reprobate; Stevenson's story undermines the easy assumption that the signs of vice can be "read" in somebody's face as easily as this cartoon would suggest.]

¹ Sir Danvers Carew is the fictional M.P. murdered by Mr. Hyde in *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*.

