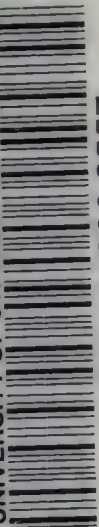
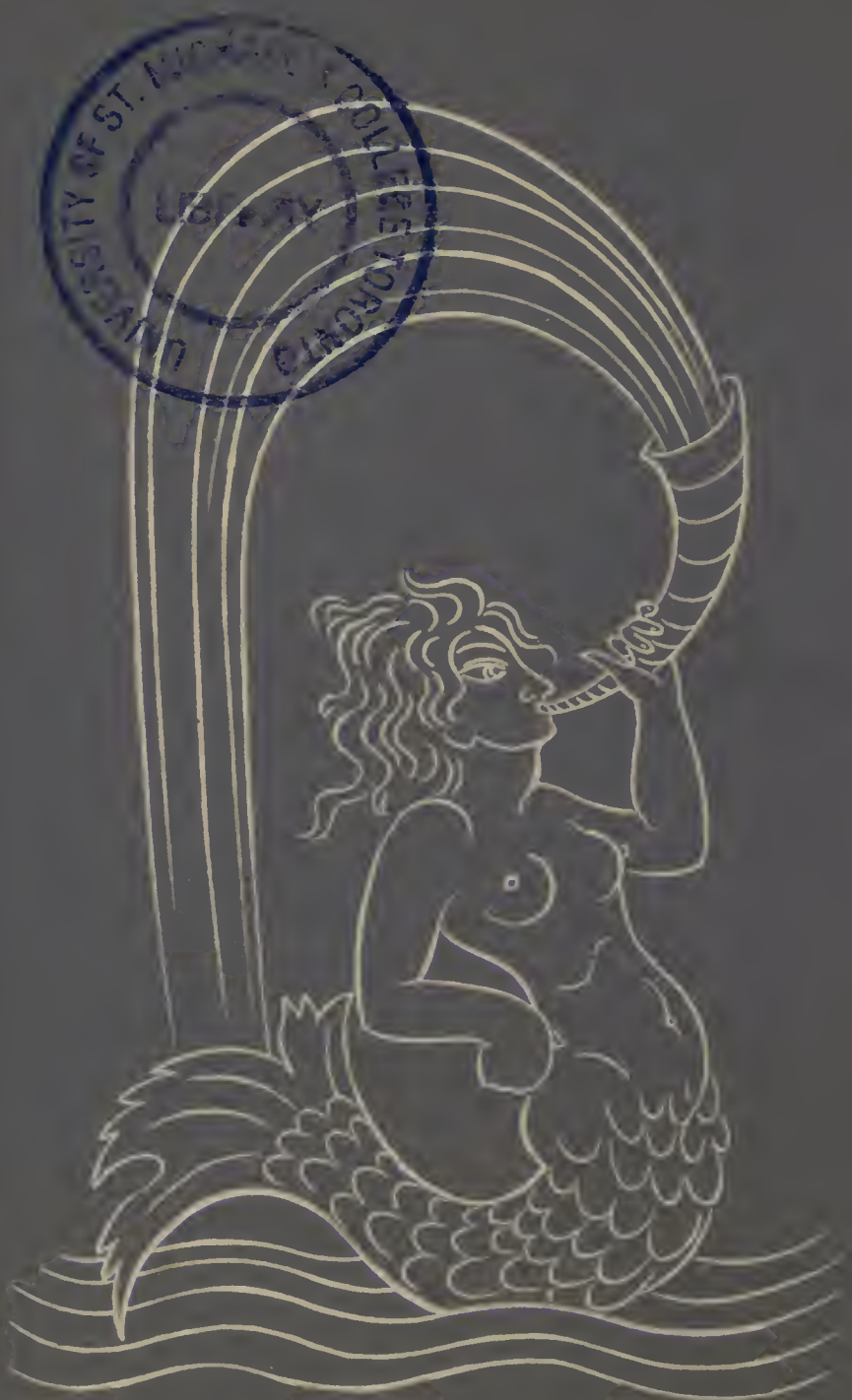


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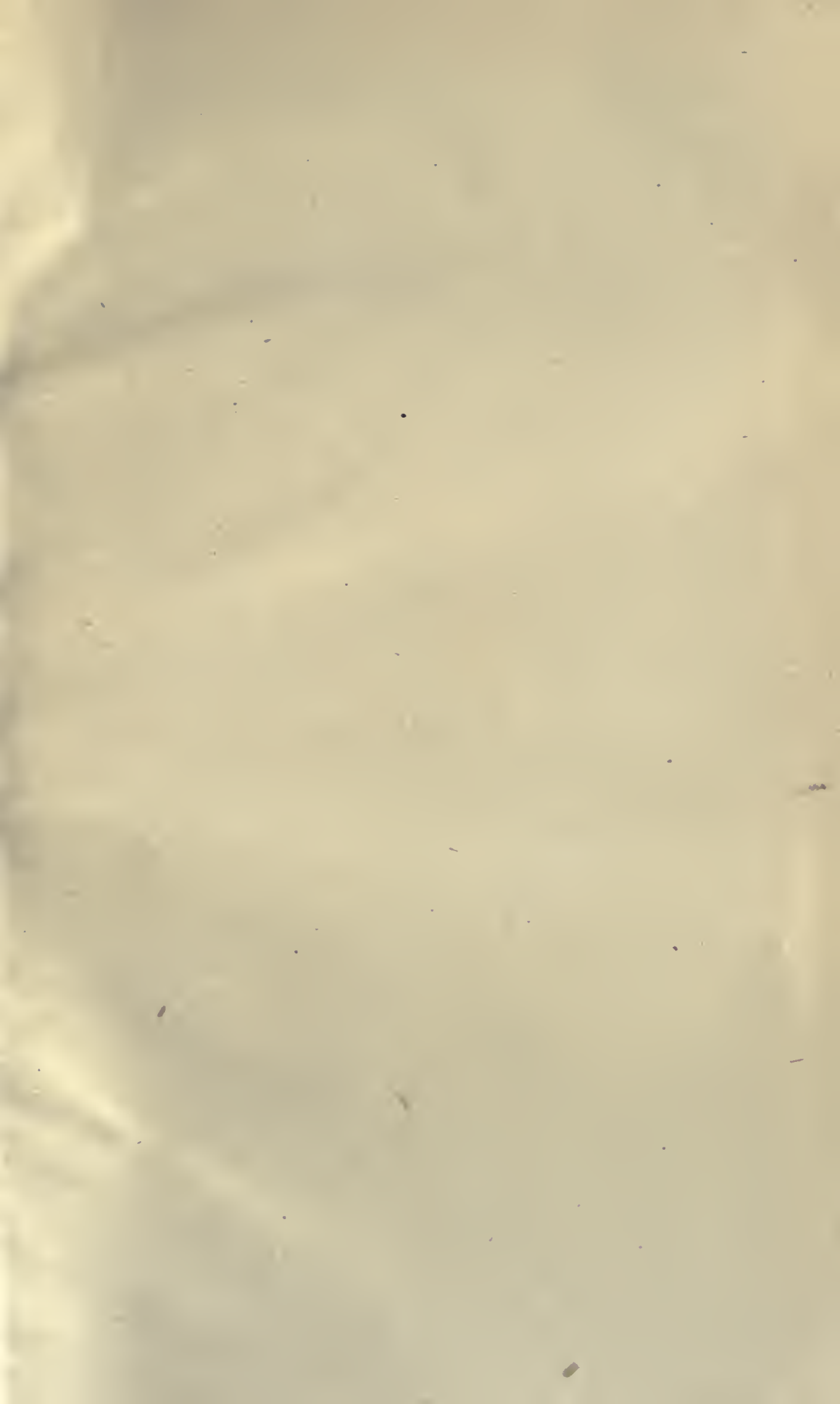


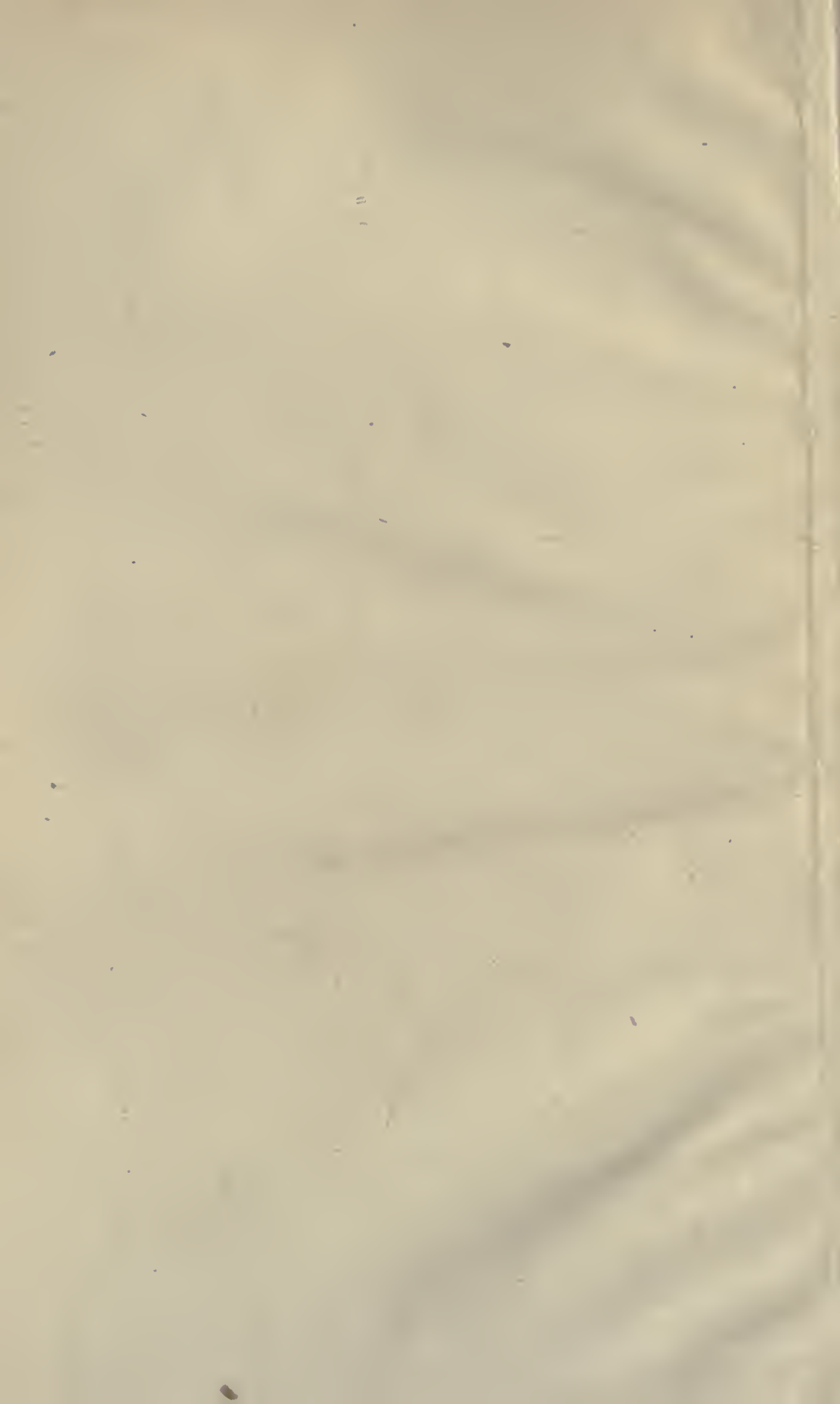
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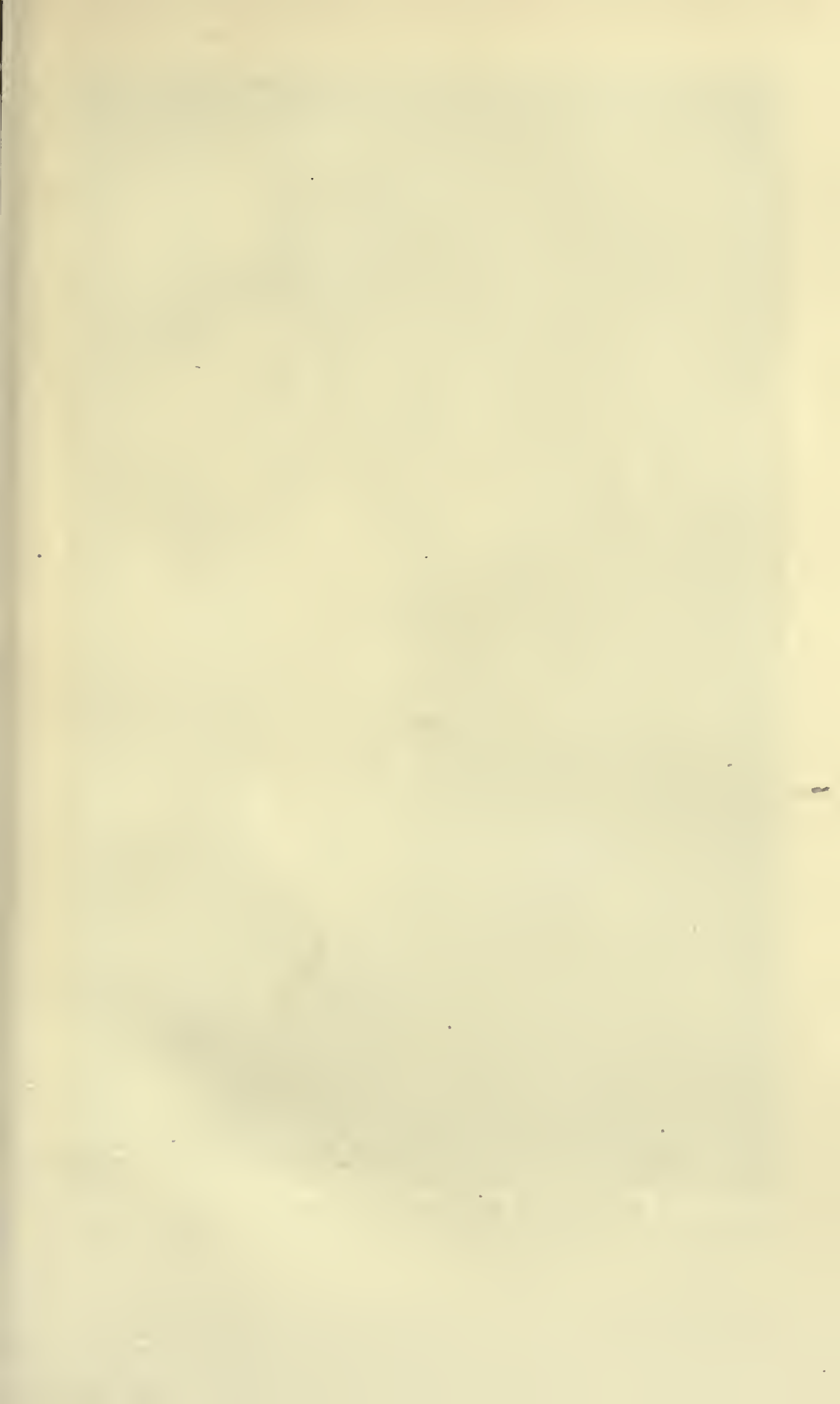


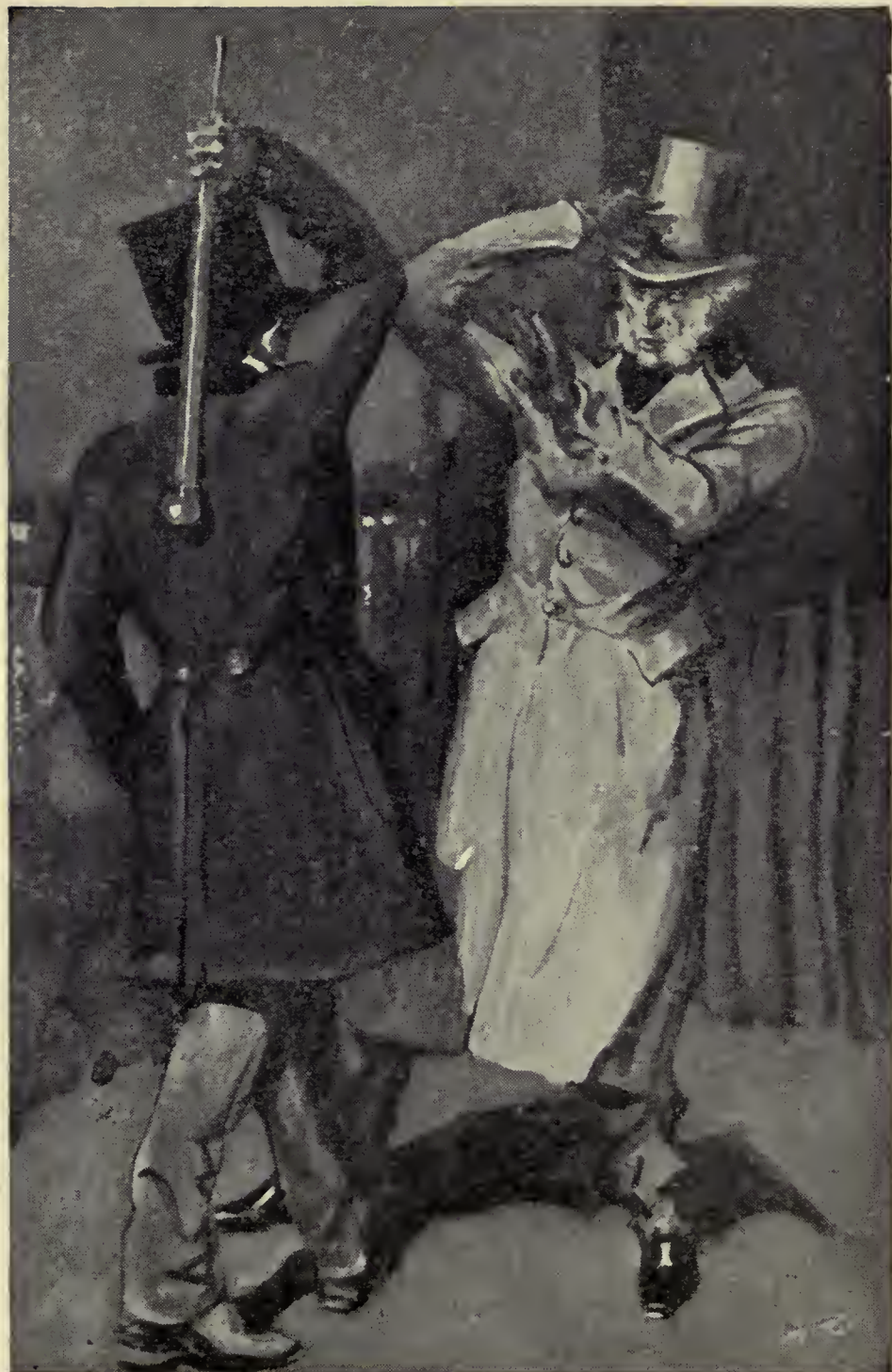


THE STRANGE CASE OF
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

R. L. STEVENSON

was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850, and after being called to the bar, turned to literature as a profession. In 1889 he settled at Samoa, where he died on December 4, 1894. This book was first published in 1886.





Mr. Hyde clubbed him to the earth.

LIBRARY OF CLASSICS

*DR. JEKYLL
AND MR. HYDE*

by

R. L.

STEVENSON



LONDON AND GLASGOW
COLLINS CLEAR-TYPE PRESS

TO
KATHARINE DE MATTOS

It's ill to loose the bands that God decreed to bind ;
Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind.
Far away from home, O it's still for you and me
That the broom is blowing bonnie in the north countrie.

INTRODUCTION

MANY things conspire to make the story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* one of the most remarkable, of not *the* most remarkable of all the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson. Few readers need to be reminded of the triumph of will over physical weakness which Stevenson achieved in many of his writings. None of them is a greater monument of that triumph than this. At Skerryvore in Bournemouth, Stevenson had to be kept in bed and silent, fighting for his life against horrible attacks of hæmorrhage. All communication was by slate and pencil, and in the hushed and darkened room it was necessary to keep the patient solitary

and to refuse him the visits of his friends. It would be difficult to conceive of a more impossible occasion for the production of great literature. In the challenge of such illness to the spirit there is nothing to inspire, everything to depress. Yet out of this extraordinary net of circumstances there came one of the greatest stories in the world. It is in a sense classic, like the main ideas and plots of Shakespeare. It has already been translated into many tongues, and it is safe to say that long after most of Stevenson's works have been forgotten, this one will be remembered and quoted by generations yet unborn.

Another peculiarity of this story is its origin in the author's dreams. In his own well-known phrase, he has acknowledged his debt for it to his "Brownies"; and the

story of that night when he received this amazing gift from dreamland, and of the next three days when he wrote thirty thousand words almost without pausing, is one of the most startling among the curiosities of literature. The other dream child of Stevenson's fancy is *Olalla*. In that sad and fascinating tale there is the glamour of things mysterious, and the suggestion of black magic hovering about the foreign landscape and offering the exact atmosphere for things sinister and illicit. It has the mingled beauty and terror that cling about the emergence of our vaunted human nature from its brute inheritance. *Jekyll and Hyde* is very different. The Brownies appear to have been sporting with jangled nightmares of chess problems and other matters which harry the over-excited

brain and chase it even into the land of sleep. Suddenly this emerged.

The third peculiarity of the story is the destruction of its first copy. Immediately upon finishing it, the author poured it forth upon his best-beloved collaborators and critics. One can imagine the overwhelming effect of this, even upon so well-balanced a mind as that of Mrs. Stevenson. Yet her critical judgment was not swept away. Something was wrong, and she was quick to detect it. The purpose of the work had been undoubtedly allegorical ; but the novelist in Stevenson had outrun the preacher, and the allegory had tailed off into something that was but a brilliant short story. One cannot wonder if, at first, he violently rebelled. On reconsideration, he found that his wife's view

of the matter was absolutely true, and then, to her horror, he flung the entire manuscript into the fire. One remembers Newton's immortal dog Diamond, and the tragedy of Mill's housemaid who destroyed Carlyle's priceless manuscript of the French Revolution. This case was different from these. Stevenson entirely capitulated to the rights of the allegory, and in order that these might be preserved he destroyed all that he had done, lest the written manuscript should lure him back to the short-story. Three more days of unbroken toil, and the tale, as we now possess it, ended its adventures and was ready for the publisher.

It is a tale of the supernatural, and that is not, as a rule, Stevenson's strongest line. There is an indefinable something that

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