

Chapter 2: Search for Mr Hyde

That evening (not just any evening, that specific evening – implies that something is going to happen) Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits (was feeling miserable) and sat down to dinner without relish. (he was not hungry).

It was his custom (habit) of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity (Boring religious book. This was common to read in Victorian society. Emphasises Utterson's strict lifestyle) on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night however, as soon as the cloth (tablecloth / napkin) was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room (office).

There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed (written on it) on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will and sat down with a clouded brow (he was very concerned) to study its contents.

The will was holograph (written by the person who signed it), for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it (he refused to help the doctor when he wrote it); it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor (supporter) Edward Hyde," but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen (burden) or obligation beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. (The lawyer disliked the will) It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. (He had a lot of strange ideas. He did not like it as a lawyer, and it made him angry as a person. He liked people to do things in an ordinary way) And hitherto (before now) it was his ignorance (lack of knowledge) of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation (anger); now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable (hateful) attributes (qualities); and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled (puzzled) his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend (evil spirit). (My dislike was very strong when Hyde was only a name. Now I know some very unpleasant things about the man with that name, and it makes it worse.)

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

With that he blew out his candle, put on a greatcoat (heavy overcoat), and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel (important place) of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr Lanyon, had his house

Who do you think did Mr Utterson check Dr Jekyll's Will?

He wanted to check if he was right about Jekyll having left everything to Hyde. He knows from the story that Enfield told him in the previous chapter that Jekyll and Hyde have some kind of connection.

The titles are the degrees that Jekyll has acquired, and they mean the following:
M.D. = Medicinae Doctor (Latin for teacher of medicine, or doctor.)
D.C.L. = Doctor of Civil Law
L.L.D. = Legum Doctor (Doctor of laws)
F.R.S = Fellow of the Royal Society

and received his crowding patients. "If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon," he had thought. (If someone knows something about this, it will be Lanyon)

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

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind. (After a little general talk, the lawyer spoke about Dr Jekyll)

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

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

"Indeed?" said Utterson. "I thought you had a bond of common interest." (He is a bit disappointed her. He thought that they were both interested in the same scientific work and thus good friends.)

"We had(**were**)," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. (Dr Jekyll began to have some strange ideas that I could not agree with)He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake, as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man.(**devilish = strange and ironic that he uses this word because Hyde was the devilish part of Jekyll which he had created through his unscientific experiments**)

Such unscientific balderdash(**nonsense**)," added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple,(**Change of colour in his face reveals strength of his feelings about Jekyll's exploration of the darker side of medical science**) "would have estranged Damon and Pythias." (This is a reference to a Greek story about ideal friendship where Damon and Pythias are friends) (would have broken the friendship)

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

Why is Utterson disappointed?

Utterson was trying to find out more about Hyde to whom Jekyll had left all his possessions in his will. He had hoped to learn more from Lanyon, whom he knew to be an old close friend of Jekyll.

Hyde?" he asked.

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

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions. (Enfield's story did not leave his mind. He could not stop thinking about it, and he slept badly that night.)

Six o'clock stuck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling(home), and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto(Up to now) it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale(story) went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal(nightly) city;(This is a description of the Victorian London where lingering fog caused by Industrial Revolution clouded London and people were forced you use lamps in the day and the night as they could not see clearly.)

then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding(what a person commands). The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily(slyly / cautiously) through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamplighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled(puzzled) him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace(quickly) in the lawyer's mind a singularly(exceptiorinally) strong, almost an inordinate(excessive), curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clause of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels(the insides) of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt(to visit often) the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty, and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of

Mr Utterson struggles here to fall asleep. Why? He was thinking about Enfield's story and worried that Hyde was forcing Jekyll to do what Hyde wanted / Hyde blackmailed Jekyll

solitude(aloneness) or concourse(in a crowd), the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

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

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

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what manner of man he had to deal with. He was small and very plainly dressed and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's inclination(liking)(Utterson could not see the man's face clearly, but he still felt a strong dislike for him.). But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket like one approaching home.

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

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

"I see you are going in," returned the lawyer. "I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's-Mr. Utterson of Gaunt Street--you must have heard of my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me." ('I see that you are going in,' the lawyer answered.'I am an old friend of Dr Jekyll. I am sure that you have heard my name – Mr Utterson of Gaunt Street. Perhaps you will save my tired feet and give me your permission to go in with you through this door.')

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

"On your side," said Mr. Utterson "will you do me a favour?" ('Before I answer that question, will you do something for

me?' said Utterson)

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

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

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

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

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

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

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

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

"Common friends," echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely(**raspingly**). "Who are they?"

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

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

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

The other snarled(**is like an animal**) aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude(**quietness**). Then he began slowly to mount the street(**walked away**), pausing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity(**puzzlement**). The problem he was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. (**impossible to solve**) Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. (**Mr Hyde was pale and small, and he had an ugly smile. He spoke to the lawyer in a soft, broken voice, mixing politeness and rudeness.**) "There

must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is something more, if I could find a name for it. (Mr Utterson felt that there was something more, but he just could not find a name for it) God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic (like an apeman), shall we say? or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? (It is referring to the rhyme:

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell. >

It was based on a Roman quotation. The gist is that there are some people one may not like for any concrete reason-- you just don't.

or is it the mere radiance (glow) of a foul soul (disgusting spirit) that thus transpires (comes out) through, and transfigures (changes), its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend." (Oh my poor Henry Jekyll! There is evil in the face of your new friend)

Round the corner from the by-street, there was a square of ancient (old), handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate and let in flats and chambers to all sorts and conditions of men; map-engravers, architects, shady lawyers and the agents of obscure enterprises (not clear). One house, however, second from the corner, was still occupied entire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and comfort, though it was now plunged in darkness except for the fanlight, Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly servant opened the door. (Around the corner at the end of the street of small shops there was a square of old houses. They were nearly all flats and offices now, but one house, the second from the corner, was still owned by one person. Mr Utterson went to the door of this house and knocked.)

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

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

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

"I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting room,(a room where anatomical dissecting is performed for instruction, research, or analysis) Poole," he said. "Is that right, when Dr. Jekyll is from home?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, good-night, Poole."

"Good-night, Mr. Utterson."

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyll," he thought, "my mind misgives me he is in deep waters!(He is in trouble) He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations.(time limit) Ay, it must be that; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace: punishment coming, *pede clause*(punishment comes limping), years after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned(forgave) the fault." And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corners of memory, least by chance some Jack-in-the-Box of an old iniquity(vice) should leap to light there. His past was fairly blameless; few men could read the rolls of their life with less apprehension; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ill things he had done, and raised up again into a sober and fearful gratitude by the many he had come so near to doing yet avoided.(Mr Utterson thinks back to his youth. He almost cannot believe all the crazy things he did when he was younger.) And then by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. "This Master Hyde, if he were studied," thought he, "must have secrets of his own; black secrets, by the look of him; secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's(sometimes Henry is called Harry) bedside; poor Harry, what a waking! And the danger of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. (Utterson fears that Hyde will kill Jekyll to get his inheritance)

Ay, I must put my shoulders to the wheel(must hurry up and start working)-if Jekyll will but let me," he added, "if Jekyll will only let me." For once more he saw before his mind's eye, as clear as transparency, the strange clauses of the will.

Do you think Utterson would be a good detective? Give a reason for your answer.

He would be a good detective.

He visited Lanyon to get evidence about Jekyll and Hyde.

He searched for Hyde in the streets and by watching the mysterious door.

He even jokes that he was "Mr Seek"

When he found Hyde he questioned him.

He was very suspicious of Hyde and was convinced that Hyde was blackmailing Jekyll.

He questions Poole about whether anyone delivered mail