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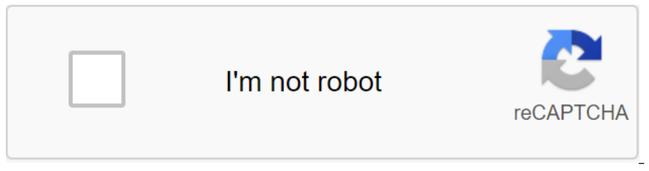

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Home romance Charlotte Bronte as the heroine in many romantic stories, Jane Eyre was a penniless orphan who was an ugly duckling. She left an unhappy time at boarding school to become a teacher and governess for a proud man with a secret. Start reading the current ranking: 3.6/5 (2586 votes cast) Home Online Books Find Books View quotes by Jane Eyre orphaned in the family of her aunt Reed in Gateshead, subject to ill-treatment at The Lowood Charity School, Jane Eyre nonetheless, there is a continuous spirit and integrity. She holds the post of governess in Thornfield, falls in love with Mr. Rochester and discovers an obstacle to their legal marriage in a story that goes beyond melodrama to portray a passionate search for a woman for a wider and richer life than traditionally allowed by Victorian society. With a heroine full of longing, dangerous secrets she encounters, and the choices she finally makes, Charlotte Bronte's innovative and enduring romantic novel continues to engage and provoke readers. XXXVIII- Conclusion PREFACE To the first edition of Jane Eyre to be unnecessary, I did not give any: this second edition requires a few words, both recognition and various comments. My gratitude should be three-quarters. For the public, for the condescending ear he is prone to a simple tale with several pres against. For the press, for a fair margin, his fair suffrage opened up for an obscure challenger. For my publishers, for the help of their tact, their energy, their practical meaning and frank liberalism provided an unknown and untrained author. The press and the public are only vague impersonations to me, and I must thank them in vague terms; but my publishers are sure: so are some generous critics who have called me as only big hearts and noble people know how to encourage a struggling stranger; to them, i.e. to my publishers and elected reviewers, I say heartily, Lord, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Thus, having learned what I owe to those who helped and approved of me, I move on to another class: small, as far as I know, but therefore not overlooked. I mean timid or carping few doubt the tendency of books like Jane Eyre: in whose eyes everything is unusual is wrong; whose ears are discovered in every protest against bigotry, that the parent is a crime-insult to the piety that the regent of God on earth. I would suggest to such doubters some obvious differences; I would like to remind them of some simple truths. Conventionality is not morality. Complacency is not a religion. Attacking the first is not attacking the latter. Tearing the mask off the face of the Pharisees is not to raise an impure hand to the Ship's Crown. These things and deeds are diametrically opposed: they are also different from vice from Men too often confuse them: they Don't be confused; Appearance should not be mistaken for truth; narrow human doctrines, which only tend to be elated and exalted somewhat, should not be replaced by the world-redemptive creed of Christ. There is, I repeat, a difference; and it is a good, not a bad, action to broadly and clearly mark the line of demarcation between them. The world might not want these ideas dissevered because it is used to mixing them; Find it convenient to make an external show pass for sterling's worth to white walls to vouch for clean shrines. He may hate someone who dares to thoroughly examine and expose to raise the gilding, and show the base metal beneath it to penetrate the tomb, and reveal the ball tunnel relics; but hatred as it would be, she owed it to him. Ahab did not like Mikaya because he never prophesied good but evil about him; probably he liked the sycophant son Chenaannah better; but perhaps Ahab escaped a bloody death if he had, but stopped his ears to flatter, and opened them with faithful counsel. Today there is a man whose words are not framed to tickle thin ears: who, in my opinion, stands before the great societies, just as Imla's son came to the throne kings of Judas and Israel; and who tells the truth so deeply, with strength, as a prophet, as and vitally important-mien as dauntless and as bold. Is the satirist Vanity Fair admired in high places? I can't say; but I think that if some of those among whom he throws the Greek fire of his sarcasm, and over which he flashes the levin-brand of his denunciation, should have taken his warnings in time, they or their seeds could still escape the fateful Ramat-Gilead. Why did I talk about this man? I referred to him, Reader, because I think I see in him intelligence deeper and more unique than his contemporaries have not yet recognized; because I consider him the first social regenerator of the time - as the very master of that working corps, who will restore in correctness a perverted system of things; because I think no commentator on his writings has yet found a comparison that suits him, terms that rightly characterize his talent. They say he looks like Philing: they talk about his wit, humor, comic abilities. It resembles Filing, as an eagle makes a vulture: Filsing can bend over to carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is vivid, his humor appealing, but both bear the same attitude to his serious genius that just lamb sheet-lightning plays under the edge of the summer cloud makes for an electric death spark hidden in the womb. Finally, I referred to Mr. Thackeray, because if he accepts a tribute from a complete stranger, I have dedicated this second edition to Jane Eyre. CURRER BELL December 21, 1847 NOTE TO THIRD EDITION I AVAIL MYSELF opportunity, which the third Jane Eyre gives me, again turning the word explain that my claim to the title of writer relies on this work alone. Therefore, if I am credited with the authorship of other works of fiction, the honour is awarded where it does not deserve; and therefore denied where it was in its account. This explanation will correct mistakes that may have already been made and prevent future mistakes. CURRER BELL April 13, 1848 Chapter I THERE NO FACT walks that day. We wandered, indeed, into the leafless shrub an hour in the morning; but after lunch (Ms. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind brought with one cloud so gloomy, and the rain so penetrating that further outdoor exercises are now out of the question. I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on cold days: it was terrible for me to go home at dusk, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humiliated by the consciousness of my physical disability Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reid. Said Eliza, John and Georgiana were now grouped around their mother in the living room: she was lying lying on the sofa by the fireplace, and with her favorites about her (at that time neither quarrel nor crying) looked perfectly happy. I, she refused to join the group, saying she regretted that under the need to keep me at a distance; but that, until she heard from Bessie, and might discover, by her own observation, that I was trying to in a good way acquire a more sociable and childish character, in a more attractive and cheerful way-something lighter, more frank, more natural, so to speak, she really should exclude me from the privileges intended only for happy, happy little children. What did Bessie say I did? I asked. Jane, I don't like cavillers or questionnaires; besides, there is something really forbidding in the child, taking the elders in this way. Sit somewhere; and while you can't speak nicely, keep quiet. The breakfast room adjoins the living room, I slipped there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself a volume, caring that it should be the one kept with the photos. I sat down in the window-place: collecting my legs, I sat cross-legged like a Turk; and, drew the red curtain moreen almost close, I was a sanctuary in double retirement. The folds of scarlet drapery are closed, in my opinion, in the right hand; left were clear glasses, protecting but not separating me from the dreary November day. In between, turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of this winter day. Afar, he offered a pale empty mist and cloud; near the scene of wet lawn and stormy bush, with incessant rain swept away wildly before a long and deplorable explosion. I went back to my book-Bewick's British birds: letterpress about him I cared little, generally speaking; and yet there were certain introductory pages which, a child like me, I couldn't pass quite as empty. They were the ones that relate to the haunting seabirds; single rocks and capes only inhabited; norway's coast, dotted with islands from its southern tip, Lindeness, or Naze, to the northern cape: Where the Northern Ocean, in huge vortexes, boils around the bare, melancholic islands of the furthest Toule; and the Atlantic surge is pouring among the turbulent Hebrides. I could not pass unnoticed by the suggestion of the gloomy shores of Lapland, Siberia, Svalbard, New Earth, Iceland, Greenland, with the vast sweep of the Arctic zone, and those miserable regions of dreary space - that reservoir of frost and snow, where solid fields of ice, the accumulation of centuries of winters, glazed in alpine heights over heights surround the poles, and concentre. From these blue and white worlds, I formed my own idea: dark, like all semi-meaning concepts that float dim through the brains of children, but strangely impressive. The words on these introductory pages associated themselves with the thriving vignettes, and gave meaning to the rock standing alone in a sea of shaft and spray; to a broken boat stranded on a deserted coast; to the cold and horrible moon, glancing through the bars of clouds on the wreck just sinks. I can't tell you how the feelings haunted a rather lonely cemetery, with the inscription of the tombstone; its gate, two trees, its low horizon, encircled by a broken wall, and its newly climbed crescent, indicate an hour of eventide. Two ships buried in the Torpid Sea, I considered sea phantoms. The villain pressing the pack behind him to the thief, I quickly passed by: it was the object of terror. Just like the black horned thing, sitting on the side of the rock, inspecting the distant crowd surrounding the gallows. Each painting told a story; mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, but still deeply interesting: as interesting as Bessie's tales sometimes recounted on winter evenings when she happened to be in good spirits; and when, bringing her ironing table to the nursery hearth, she allowed us to sit about it, and though she got up the lace ruffles of Mrs. Reed, and cuddled her nightcap borders, fed our close attention with passages of love and adventure taken from old tales and other ballads; or (as in the later period I discovered) from the pages of Pamela, and Henry, Earl of Moreland. With Bewick on my knee, I was then happy: happy, at least on my way. I was afraid of nothing but a break and it happened too soon. The door of the breakfast room opened. Boh! Madame Mope! john Reed's voice exclaimed; Then he stopped: he found the room apparently empty. Where is It's her! he went on. Lizzie! George! (call to her sisters) Joan is not here: tell your mom that she you are running in a rain-bad animal! It's good that I drew the curtain, thought I was; and I wished fervently he could not discover my shelter: nor did John Reed find it himself, nor did I he be quick nor vision or conception; but Eliza just put her head in the door, and immediately said: She is in the seat window to be sure, Jack. And I came out right away because I was shaking with the idea of being dragged forward said Jack. What do you want? I asked, with awkward insecurities. Say: What do you want, Master Reed? There was an answer. I want you to come here; and, sitting in his chair, he hinted with a gesture that I should have come up and stood before him. John Reed was a fourteen-year-old schoolboy; four years older than me, because I was only ten years old; big and thick for his age, with dark and unhealthy skin; thick lines in spacious squealing, heavy limbs and large limbs. He ate normally at the table, which made him bilious, and gave him a dim and bleared eye and flabby cheeks. He was now to be at school; but his mom took him home for a month or two, because of his delicate health. Mr. Miles, the master, confirmed that he would do very well if he had fewer cakes and sweets sent him from home; but the mother's heart has evolved from being so harsh and prone to the more refined idea that John's openness is due to excessive use and perhaps homesickness. John didn't have much love for his mother and sisters, and antipathy to me. He mocked and punished me; not two or three times a week, not once or twice a day, but constantly: every nerve I feared it, and every piece of flesh in my bones shrunk as it approached. There were moments when I was baffled by the horror he inspired because I had no appeal against his threats or causing it; servants did not want to offend their young master by taking my role against him, and Mrs. Reed was blind and deaf on the subject: she had never seen him hit or heard him abuse me, though he was every now and then in her presence, more often, however, behind her back. Habitually docile to John, I walked up to his chair: he spent about three minutes pushing his tongue at me as far as he could without damaging his roots: I knew he would soon strike, and, fearing a blow, I reflected on the disgusting and ugly appearance of whoever was now dealing. I wonder if he read that concept in my face; for, all at once, without saying anything, he struck suddenly and hard. I staggered, and to regain my balance withdrew a step or two from the chair. It's for your audacity to answer mom some time since then, he said, and for your sneaky way to get behind the scenes, for a look in your eyes two minutes from then, you rat! Accustomed to the abuse of John Reed, I never had any idea of the answer to it; my concern was how to withstand the blow, which would certainly follow the insult. What were you doing behind the scenes? he asked. I've read it. Show me the book. I went back to the window and brought it from there. You have no business to take our books; You are dependents, Mom says; You don't have the money. Your father did not leave you alone; You have to ask, not live here with the children of gentlemen like us, and eat the same dishes that we do and wear clothes at the expense of our mom. Now I will teach you to ruary in my bookshelves: for they are mine; the whole house belongs to me, or will do for a few years. Go and stand at the door, from the road from the mirror and windows. I did so without first knowing what was his intention; but when I saw him lift up and be balanced the book and stand in action to throw it, I instinctively began to side with a cry of alarm: not soon enough, however; volume was thrown, he struck me, and I fell, banging my head against the door and cutting it. The incision was bleeding, the pain was sharp: my horror had passed its climax; other feelings succeeded. Angry and cruel boy! I said. You're like a murderer - you're like a slave-driver - you're like Roman emperors! I read Goldsmith's story in Rome, and formed my opinion of Nero, Caligula, etc. A what! A what! he cried. Did she tell me that? Have you heard her, Eliza and Georgia? I'm not going to tell my mom? but at first he ran headlong at me: I felt like he was grabbing my hair and shoulder: he closed himself with a desperate thing. I really saw him as a tyrant, a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head seep through my neck, and had a reasonable few acute sufferings: these sensations for a time prevailed over fear, and I got it in a frenzied sort. I don't know very well what I did with my own hands, but he called me Rat! Rat! and cried out loud. Help was by his side: Eliza and Georgiana ran after Mrs. Reed, who had gone upstairs; now she came on stage, and then Bessie and her maid abbot. We broke up: I heard the words - Dear! My dear! What a rage to fly at Master John! Has anyone seen such a picture of passion! Then Mrs. Reed subjoined-Take her to the red room, and lock her up there. Four hands were immediately placed on me, and I was carrying upstairs. Chapter II I RESIF ALL WAY: a new thing for me, and a circumstance that greatly reinforced the bad opinions of Bessie and Miss Abbott were inclined to entertain me. The thing is, I was a trifle beside myself; or rather of myself, as the French would say: I felt that the mutiny of the moment had already rendered me responsible for the strange punishment, and, like any other slave of the rebels, I felt in my desperation to go to all. Hold her hands, Miss Abbott: she's like a crazy cat. For the sake of shame! For shame! exclaimed the maid of the lady. What a shocking demeanor, Miss Eyre, to hit a young gentleman, your benevolent son! Your young master. Master! How is he my master? Am I a servant? No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no you are less than a servant because you do nothing for your time. Here, sit down and think about your wickedness. They got me by this time into the apartment indicated by Mrs. Reed, and shoved me on a chair: my impulse was to rise out of it like a spring; their two pairs of hands arrested me instantly. If you don't sit still, you have to be bound, Bessie said. Miss Abbott, lend me a garter; it will break mine directly. Miss Abbott turned to strip the fat leg of the required ligature. This preparation for the bonds, and the added shame he concluded, took a bit of excitement out of me. Don't dare them, I cried; I'm not moving. In a guarantee of this, I attached myself to my seat with my hands. Mind you don't, Bessie said; and when she made sure that I was really subsiding, she weakened her to hold me; then she and Miss Abbott stood with their hands

folded, looking grimly and doubtful on my face, as incredulous of my sanity. She had never done this before, bessie said, referring to Abigail. But it was always in it, was the answer. I often told Mrs. her opinion of the child, and Mrs. agreed with me. She's a behind-the-scenes little thing: I've never seen a girl her age with such a coating. Bessie said no; but ere long, turning to me, she said: You must know, miss, that you are under obligations to Mrs. Reed: she holds you: if she were to turn you off, you would have to go to a poor house. I had nothing to say to those words: they were not new to me: my earliest memories of existence included hints of the same thing. This rebuke of my addiction became a vague chant in my ear: very painful and crushing, but only half understandable. Miss Abbott has joined - and you don't have to think about equality with Miss Reid and Master Reed, because Mrs. kindly allows you to be brought up with them. They will have a lot of money and you will not have them: this is your place to be humble, and try to make yourself pleasant to them. What we are telling you, for your good, bessie added, is not a sharp voice, you must try to be helpful and pleasant, then perhaps you will have a home here; but if you become passionate and rude, Missis will send you away, I'm sure. Besides, Ms. Abbott said, God will punish her: Can he hit her dead in the midst of her tantrum, and then where will she go? Come, Bessie, we leave her: I wouldn't have her heart for anything. Pray, Miss Eyre, when you are on your own; for if you don't repent, something bad may be allowed to come down And pick you up. They went, closing the door and locking it behind them. The red room was a square chamber, very rarely slept in: I could say never, really, if when the chance of an influx of visitors to Gateshead Hall rendered it necessary to address the responsibility of all the housing it contained: but it was one of the largest and state chambers in the mansion. The bed, supported on massive mahogany pillars hung with curtains from a deep red damask, stood out as a tinge in the center; two large windows, with their blinds always drawn down, were half shrouded in festoons and falls of similar drapery; The carpet was red; the table at the foot of the bed was covered with a crimson cloth; the walls were soft deer with a blush of pink in it; cupboard, dressing table, chairs were darkly polished old mahogany. From these deep surrounding shades rose high, and looked white, piled mattresses and pillow beds spread with a snowy Marcel counterpane. Barely less conspicuous was the rather soft light chair near the head of the bed, also white, with a foot in front of it, and looking like I thought like a pale throne. This room was cold, for it was rarely a fire; he was silent because remote from the nursery and kitchen; solemnly, for it was known so rarely entered. The maid alone came here on Saturdays to wipe the week's quiet dust from the mirrors and furniture; and Mrs. Reed herself, at great intervals, visited him to examine the contents of a certain secret drawer in the closet where the divers kept parchments, her jewelry casket, and the miniature of her deceased husband; and in these last words lies the secret of the red room, the spell that kept it so lonely, despite its greatness. Mr. Reed had been dead for nine years: it was in this cell that he breathed his last; here he lay in a state; hence, his coffin was carried by the undertaker's men; and from that day on, a sense of dreary consecration protected him from frequent invasion. My place, to which Bessie and the bitter Miss Abbot had left me chained, was a low ottoman near the marble chimney piece; the bed stood in front of me; to my right hand was a tall, dark closet, with muted, broken reflections changing the brilliance of its panels; to my left were muffled windows; great looking glass between them repeated the vacant majesty of the bed and the room. I wasn't quite sure they locked the door; and when I dared to move, I got up and went to see. Alas! Yes: no prison was even safer. Returning, I had to cross before looking glass; my enchanted gaze unwittingly explored the depth it showed. Everyone looked colder and darker in this visionary cavity than in reality: and a strange little figure there, looking at me, with a white face and hands a speck of gloom, and sparkling eyes of fear moving where everything else However, had the effect of a real spirit: I thought it was like one of the tiny phantoms, half fairy, half imp, Bessie evening stories presented as coming out of lonely, ferny dells in the swamps, and appearing before the eyes of belated travelers. I went back to the chair. Superstition was with me at that moment; but it was not yet her hour for a complete victory: my blood was still warm; The mood of the revolted slave was still lashing me with his bitter energy, and I had to stop a quick rush of retrospective thought before I quailed into the gloomy present. All the cruel tyranny of John Reed, the proud indifference of all his sisters, all the disgust of his mother, the partiality of all the servants appeared in my broken mind, like a dark deposit in a muddy well. Why did I always suffer, always ate my forehead, always been accused, forever condemned? Why could I never please? Why was it useless to try to win any favor? Eliza, who was stubborn and selfish, was respected. Georgiana, who was spoiled by character, very caustic malice, captious and brazen carriage, was universally indulged. Her beauty, her pink cheeks and golden curls seemed to give joy to everyone who looked at her, and buy a refund for every mistake. John did not pluck anyone, much less punished; though he twisted the necks of pigeons, killed little pea chicks, put the dogs on the sheep, stripped the greenhouse of the vines of his fruit, and broke the buds from the selection of plants in the conservatory; he called his mother an old woman, too, but he was sometimes reviled by her for her dark skin, similar to her own; directly ignored her wishes, but she was not rarely ripped and spoiled by her silk attire; and it was still her own way. I dared to do no guilt: I sought to fulfill all duties, and I and I were called naughty and tiresome, sullen and secret, from morning to noon, and from noon to night. My head was still aching and bleeding from the blow and fall I received: no one reproached John for not wanting to hit me; and because I turned against it to prevent further irrational violence, I was loaded with a general rebuttal. Unfair! It's not fair! said that my reason is forced by an excruciating stimulus in premature, though transient foundry power; and Resolve, equally forged, incited some strange expedient to achieve escape from unsupported oppression, how to escape, or, if it can't be done, never eat or drink anymore, and allow yourself to die. What a horror soul was mine, that dreary day! How my whole brain was in turmoil and my whole heart revolted! But in what darkness, what dense ignorance, there was a mental battle! I could not answer the incessant inner question of why I had thus suffered; now, in the distance, I won't say how many years, I see it clearly. I was in contention in Gateshead I was like no one out there, and I I had nothing in tune with Mrs. Reed or her children, or her chosen If they don't like me, actually, how little I love them. They were not obliged to treat with love a thing that could not sympathize with one of them; heterogeneous thing, confronting them in temperament, in capacity, in inclinations; a useless thing, unable to serve their interests, or add to their pleasure; harmful things, cherishing germs of indignation at their treatment, contempt for their judgments. I know that if I were a sanguine, brilliant, careless, demanding, handsome, romping child, though equally dependent and without friends, Ms. Reed would have survived my presence more smugly; her children would have entertained for me more cordiality mates-feeling, and servants would be less inclined to make me a scapegoat in the nursery. Daylight began to shrug off the red room; it's been the last four hours, and a fading day is usually a dreary twilight. I heard the rain still beating continuously on the stairs of the window, and the wind howled into the grove behind the hall; I grew up on degrees cold as a stone, and then my courage sank. My usual mood of humiliation, self-confidence, unfortunate depression, fell damp on the embers of my decaying anger. Everyone said I was angry, and perhaps I could be like this: what thought if I was but just conceiving to starve myself to death? It was, of course, a crime: and was I willing to die? Or was the vault under the Gateshead Church chanson attractive by Bourne? In such a vault I was told Mr. Reed lay buried, but I led this thought to remember his idea, I lived on it with a collection of fear. I couldn't remember him; but I knew that he was my own uncle -- my mother's brother -- that he took me when without the baby's parents to his home; and that in his final moments he demanded Mrs. Reed's promise that she would be to be or she as one of her own children. Mrs. Reed probably believed that she kept that promise, and she and so she, dare I say, as well as her nature would allow her, but she but how could she really as an interloper not her race, and not related to her, after the death of her husband, by any tie? It must have been very annoying to find herself bound by the hard-pressed promise to stand instead of a parent to a strange child she could not love and to see a non-congenic alien constantly invading her own family group. A special concept dawned on me. I had no doubt, never doubted, that if Mr. Reed had been alive, he would have treated me kindly; and now, as I sat looking at the white bed and the darkened walls, sometimes also turning a charmed eye to the dimly gleaned mirror, I began to recall what I had heard of dead people concerned in their graves as a result of breaking their last wishes, re-lands to punish the false witnesses and avenge the oppressed; and I thought the spirit of Mr. Reed, being persecuted for her sister's child, her sister, to abandon your abode, whether in the church vault or in the unknown world of the departed, and rise before me in this hall. I wiped away tears and silenced my sobs, fearing that any signs of violent grief might wake up a supernatural voice to comfort me, or summon from the gloom some halo face, leaning towards me with strange pity. This idea, comforting in theory, I felt would be terrible if I realized that for all my might I was trying to stifle it, I tried to be firm. Shaking my hair from the eyes, I raised my head and tried to look boldly around the dark room; at that moment the light shone on the wall. Was it, I asked myself, a beam from the moon penetrating some aperture in the blind? No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no moonlight was still, and it stirred; while I watched, he glided to the ceiling and trembled over my head. Now I can readily assume that this streak of light was, in all likelihood, a gleam from a lantern carried by someone across the lawn; but then, prepared as my mind was for horror, shocked as my nerves were with excitement, I thought that the fast rushing beam was a harbinger of some coming vision from another world. My heart was beating thick, my head was hot; sound filled my ears, which I considered rushing wings, and I had something that seemed near me; I was oppressed, suffocated: the stamina broke; I rushed to the door and shook the lock in desperate force. The steps ran along the outer passage; key turned, Bessie and the abbot entered. Miss Eyre, are you sick? Bessie said. What a terrible noise! He's been through me! exclaimed the abbot. Come on me! Let me go to the nursery! was my cry. What for? Are you in pain? Have you seen anything? again demanded Bessie. About! I saw the light and thought a ghost would come. Now I grabbed Bessie's hand, and she didn't snatch it from me. She screamed on purpose, said the abbot, in some disgust. And what a cry! If she was in great pain could have excused him, but she only wanted to bring us all here: I know her naughty tricks. What's it? demanded another voice imperative, but it was and Mrs. Reed came down the hall, her lid flying wide, her dress rustling by storm. Abbot and Bessie, I suppose I ordered Jane Eyre to be left in the red room until I came to her myself. Miss Jane screamed so loudly, ma'am, begged Bessie. Let her go, that was the only answer. Bessie's free hand, child: you can't succeed in getting out of these funds, rest assured. I hate cunning, especially in children; It is my duty to show you that the tricks will not answer: now you will stay here for an hour longer, and only if I am completely subjugated and unseding, will I release you then. Oh, auntie! There's pity! Forgive me! I can't stand it, let me be punished in some other way! I'll be killed if. This violence is the most heinous; and so, no doubt, she This is. I was a precocious actress in her. she genuinely looked at me as a combination of virulent passions, mean-spirited spirit and dangerous duplicity. Bessie and the abbot retreated, Mrs. Reed, impatient of my now frantic suffering and wild sobs, abruptly shoved me back and locked me back, without further negotiation. I heard it sweep away; and soon after she left, I suppose I had a kind of fit: unconscious closed the scene. CHAPTER III THE WORLD I remember waking up feeling as if I was having a terrible nightmare, and seeing in front of me a terrible red glare crossed with thick black stripes. I, too, heard voices speaking with an empty sound, and as if muffled by a gust of wind or water: excitement, uncertainty, and all the predominance of horror confused my abilities. Ere long, I realized that someone was handling me and I was picking me up and supporting me in a sedentary position, and that more tenderly than I had ever been raised or supported before. I put my head on a pillow or arm, and felt easy. Five minutes later another cloud of bewilderment dissolved: I knew perfectly well that I was in my bed, and that the red glare was the fire of the nursery. It was night: a candle burned on the table; Bessie was standing by the bed with a basin in his hand, and the gentleman was sitting in a chair near my pillow, leaning over to me. I felt an unspeakable relief, a soothing belief in protection and security, when I knew there was a stranger in the room, a man who did not belong to Gateshead, and was not related to Mrs. Reed. Turning to Bessie (though her presence was far less repugnant to me than the abbot, for example, would have been), I carefully face the gentleman: I knew him; it was Mr. Lloyd, a pharmacist, sometimes called in Mrs. Reed, when the servants were sick: for herself and the children she hired a doctor. Well, who am I? he asked. I uttered his name, offering him at the same time my hand: he took it, smiling and saying: We will do very well by-and-on. He then put me down, and turning to Bessie, accused her of being very careful that I was not disturbed at night. To give some further instructions, and intimate that he should call again the next day, he left; to my grief: I felt so protected and befriended when he sat in a chair next to my pillow; and when he closed the door behind him, the whole room darkened, and my heart sank again: the unspeakable sadness weighed down. Do you feel as if you should be sleeping, miss? asked Bessie, rather softly. Barely dared I would answer her, but I could not because I was afraid that the next sentence might be rude. I will try. Would you like a drink, or could you eat something? No, thank you, Bessie. Then I think I'll go to bed because it's the last twelve hours; but you can call me if you want anything at night. Wonderful politeness it is! It inspired me to ask a question. Bessie, what's going on with me? Am I sick? You're sick, I'm sick. in the red room crying; You'll be better soon, no doubt. Bessie entered the apartment of the maid, who was nearby. I heard her say, Sarah, go and sleep with me in the nursery; I dare not in my life to be alone with this poor child tonight: she may die; it's such a strange thing she should have that fit: I wonder if she's seen anything. Mrs. was too complicated. Sarah returned with her; they both go to bed; they whispered together for half an hour before they fell asleep. I caught snatches of their conversation, from which I was only able to draw a conclusion too clearly on the main topic under discussion. Something passed her, all dressed in white, and disappeared -- a big black dog behind him-Three loud rap on the door of the camera-light in the cemetery just over his grave, etc., etc. finally both slept: the fire and the candle went out. For me, the hours of that long night passed in dreadful wakefulness; intense fear: such a fear as children can only feel. No severe or prolonged bodily illness followed the incident in the red room; it only gave my nerves a shock about which I feel reverb to this day. Yes, Mrs. Reed, before you I owe some terrible torment to mental suffering, but I must forgive you because you did not know what you did: while breaking my heart row, you thought you were only uprooting my bad inclinations. The next day, by noon, I was both dressed and sat wrapped in a headscarf at the children's hearth. I felt physically weak and broken: but my worst ailment was the unspeakable wretchedness of the mind: the wretchedness that continued to draw silent tears from me; no sooner had I wiped one drop of salt from my cheek than the other followed. However, I thought I should have been happy because none of the reeds were there, they all went out in the carriage with their mom. The abbot also walked in the other room, and Bessie, as she moved back and forth, taking away toys and arranging boxes, occasionally addressed me with a letter of aversion to kindness. Such a state of affairs was supposed to be for me a paradise of peace, accustomed as I was to life's incessant pronunciation and ungrateful sagging; but, in fact, my broken nerves were now in such a state that no calmness could soothe, and no pleasure excites them pleasantly. Bessie was down in the kitchen, and she brought with her a pie on some brightly colored porcelain plate, whose bird of paradise, a chick in a wreath of convolution and pink buds, was a snuck out wiggling in me the most enthusiastic sense of admiration; and which plate I often requested that I be allowed to take it in my hands to study it more closely, but until now it was considered unworthy of such a privilege. This precious vessel was now placed on my knee and I was cardio-invited to eat a delicate dough on Vain benefit! coming, like most other favors long postponed and often often for, too late! I couldn't eat the pie; and the plumage of the bird, the shades of flowers seemed strangely faded: I laid both a plate and a pie away. Bessie asked if I had a book: the word book acted as a temporary incentive, and I begged her to bring Gulliver's travels from the library. This book, which I have looked over and over again with delight. I considered this narrative of facts, and found in it veins of interest deeper than what I found in fairy tales: for, as far as the elves were concerned, I searched them in vain among the leaves of foxes and bells, under mushrooms and underground ivy mantling old wall-corners, I finally made my mind to the sad truth that they had all left England in some wild country where the forests were wild and wild and the population is more meagre; while Lilliput and Brobdinnag, in my creed, are solid parts of the earth's surface, I had no doubt that one day, having taken a long journey, I would see with my own eyes small fields, houses and trees, diminutive people, tiny cows, sheep and birds of one kingdom; and cornfields forest-tall, mighty mastiffs, monster cats, towers like men and women, others. However, when this cherished volume was now placed in my hand when I flipped its leaves, and searched in his wondrous pictures of the charm I had, until now, never found-everything was creepy and dreary; Giants were skinny goblins, piggery spiteful and terrible imps, Gulliver the most desolate wanderer in most terrible and dangerous regions. I closed the book, which I dared not to rebut any more, and put it on the table, next to an unaided pie. Bessie finished vacuuming and cleaning the room, and with her hands washed, she opened a small box full of gorgeous shreds of silk and satin, and began making a new hood for Georgina's doll. Meanwhile she sang: her song was: In the days when we went gypsy, once upon a time. I have often heard a song before, and always with lively delight; for Bessie was a sweet voice, at least I thought so. But now, although her voice was still sweet, I found in my melody indescribable sadness. Sometimes, preoccupied with her work, she sang a refrain very low, very protracted; Once upon a time it came out as the saddest cadence of the funeral anthem. She switched to another ballad, this time a really doleful one. My feet they hurt, and my limbs they are tired; Long way, and the mountains are wild; Soon the twilight will close moonless and dreary along the way of the poor orphaned child. Why did they send me so far and so lonely where the swamps spread and the gray stones piled up? Men are heartless, and good angels only watch o'er steps of a poor orphaned child. However, the distant and soft night wind blows, clouds there are no, and clear stars beam soft, God, in His grace, protection Comfort and hope for a poor orphaned child. Ev'n I must fall o'er broken passage bridge, or stray in the swamps, false lights seduced, Yet will be my Father, with promise and blessing, Take on the chest of a poor orphan child. There is an idea that for strength must take advantage of me, although the housing and related despoiled; Heaven is home, and rest will not let me down; God is a friend of a poor orphan. Come, Miss Jane, don't cry, said Bessie as she finished. She could also say on fire, not to burn! but how could she guess the painful suffering I was victims of? During the morning Mr. Lloyd came again. What, it's up! he said as he entered the nursery. Well, nurse, how is she? Bessie said I was fine. Then it should look more fun. Come here, Miss Jane: Your name is Jane, isn't it? Yes, sir, Jane Eyre. Well, you cried, Miss Jane Eyre; Can you tell me what about? Do you have any pain? No sir. About! I dare say she was crying because she couldn't get out with Mrs. in the carriage, Bessie interjected. Of course not! why, she's too old for such pettiness. I thought so too; and my self-esteem, wounded by a false accusation, I answered quickly, I never cried for such a thing in my life: I hate to go out in a wagon. I'm crying because I'm unhappy. Oh, fi, miss! Bessie said. A good pharmacist was a little puzzled. I stood before him; he fixed his eyes at me very steadily: his eyes were small and gray; not very bright, but I dare say I must think they are shrewd now: he had a tough but good-natured looking face. Asking me at his leisure, he said: What made you sick yesterday? She fell, Bessie said, putting it again in her word. Fall! Why, it's like a baby again! Can she have time to walk at her age? She should be eight or nine years old. I was knocked down, there was a direct explanation, snatched out of me another fit of humiliated pride; but it didn't make me sick, I added; while Mr. Lloyd helped himself to a pinch of tobacco. When he returned the box to the pocket of the vest, there was a loud call for the servants' supper; he knew what it was. It is for you, nurse, said he; You can go down. I'll give Miss Jane a lecture until you get back. Bessie would have preferred to stay, but she was forced to go because punctuality while eating was tightly respected at Gateshead Hall. The fall didn't make you sick; What then? pursued Mr. Lloyd when Bessie had gone. I was locked in a room where there was a ghost before dark. I saw Mr. Lloyd smiling and frowning at the same time. Ghost! You're a kid! Are you afraid of ghosts? From the ghost of Mr. Reed I: he died in this room, and was laid out there. Neither Bessie nor anyone else would go into it at night if they could help him; and it was cruel to shut me up alone without cruel that I think I'll never forget it. Nonsense! And that makes you so unhappy? Are you afraid in the daylight right now? No: but the night will come again soon: and, moreover, I am unhappy, very unhappy, for other things. What else? Can you tell me some of them? How much I would like to fully answer this question! How difficult it was to frame any answer! Children may feel, but they cannot analyze their feelings; and if the analysis is partly done in thought, they do not know how to express the result of the process in words. Fearing, however, to lose this first and only opportunity to ease my grief by passing it, I, after a broken pause, managed to substitute a meager, though, as far as it was, the true answer. First of all, I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters. You have a good aunt and cousins. Again I stopped; Then bunglingly enounced-But John Reed knocked me down, and my aunt covered me in the red room. It's the second time Mr. Lloyd has released his snuffer. Don't you think Gateshead Hall is a very beautiful house? he asked. Are you not very grateful what a great place to live? This is not my home, sir; and the abbot says I have less right to be here than a servant. Pooh! You can't be stupid enough to wish to leave such a great place? If I had somewhere else to go, I would be happy to leave it; but I can never leave Gateshead until I'm a woman. Maybe you can-who knows? Do you have any relationship other than Mrs. Reed? I don't think so, sir. No one belongs to your father? I do not know. I once asked Aunt Reed, and she said that maybe I might have a bad, low relationship called Eyre, but she didn't know anything about them. If you had one, would you like to go to them? I was thinking. Poverty looks bleak for adults; especially for children: they have little idea of hard-working, working, respectable poverty; they think of the word only as associated with ragged clothes, meager food, fire-free grates, rough manners and toileting vices: poverty for me was synonymous with degradation. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no I wouldn't want to belong to poor people, was my answer. Even if they were kind to you? I shook my head: I could not see how poor people had the means to be kind; and then learn to speak like them, accept their manners, be uneducated, grow up as one of the poor women I've seen sometimes nursing their children or wash clothes on the country doors of the village of Gateshead: no, I wasn't heroic enough to buy freedom at the price of caste. But are your relatives so poor? Are they working people? I can't say; Aunt Reed says that if I have, they should be a beggar set: I wouldn't want to go begging. Do you want to go to school? Again I thought: I hardly knew what school was: Bessie sometimes spoke him, as a place where the young ladies sat in the action, wore backboards, and was expected to be extremely noble and accurate: John Reed hated his school, and abused his master; but John Reed's tastes weren't the rule for me, and if Bessie's accounts of school discipline (collected from the young ladies of the family where she lived before coming to Gateshead) were somewhat gruesome, her details of some of the accomplishments made by these same young ladies were, I thought, equally appealing. She boasted of beautiful paintings of landscapes and flowers made by them; songs they could sing, and plays they could play, purses that they could network, French books that they could translate; until my spirit was moved to emulation as I listened. In addition, the school would be a complete change: it meant a long way, a complete separation from Gateshead, the entrance to a new life. I really wanted to go to school, there was a conclusion of my reflections. Well well! Who knows what might happen? said Mr. Lloyd as he got up. The child should have changes in air and scene, he added, speaking to himself; nerves are not in good condition. Bessie is now back; at the same moment the wagon was heard rolling up the gravel to walk. Is that your mistress, nurse? Mr. Lloyd asked. I'd like to talk to her before I go. Bessie invited him into the breakfast room and escorted him out. In the interview that followed between him and Mrs. Reed, I suppose, after the appearance that the pharmacist had decided to recommend that I be sent to school; and that recommendation was certainly fairly easily accepted; For, as Abbott said, discussing the subject with Bessie, when both sat sewing in the nursery one night, after I was in bed, and as they thought was asleep, Mrs. was, she dared to say, glad to get rid of such a tiresome, poorly conditioned child who always looked as if she was looking at everyone, and intrigued plots behind the scenes. The abbot, I think, gave me credit for being a kind of infantile Guy Fox. The same time I learned, for the first time, from Miss Abbott Bessie's messages that my father was a poor priest; that my mother married him against the will of her friends, who considered the match under her, and that my grandfather Reed was so annoyed by her defiance, he cut her off without a shilling; that after my mother and father were married for a year, the latter caught typhoid fever while visiting among the poor from the large industrial city where his curacy was located, and where the disease was then prevalent; that my mother took the infection from him, and both died within a month of each other. Bessie, hearing this narration, sighed and said, Poor Miss Jane must pity, too, Abbot. Yes, the abbot replied; if she were a good, beautiful child, one could be compassionate about her misery and she but one really can't take care of such a little toad like this. Not much to be sure, agreed Bessie: in any beauty as Miss Georgiana would be more moving in the same state. Yes, I'm giving to Miss Georgiana! exclaimed the ardent abbot. Little darling! - with her long curls and blue eyes, and such a sweet color as she; just as if it were written! - Bessie, I could fancy a Welsh rabbit for dinner. So I could-with fried onions. Let's go, we'll wash it. They're on their way. Chapter IV from my DISCOURSE with Mr. Lloyd, and from the above-reported conference between Bessie and the Abbot, I gathered enough hope to have enough of a motive for wanting to flow: the change seemed to be near-me -I desired and waited for him in silence. He tarried, however: days and weeks had passed: I had regained my normal health, but no new hints of the topic on which I was pondering. Mrs. Reed surveyed me from time to time with a heavy eye, but rarely addressed me: since my illness, she has drawn a more visible lineage of separation than ever between me and her own children; Assigning me a small closet to sleep alone, condemning me to eat alone, and go through all my time in the nursery, while my cousins were constantly in the living room. Not a hint, however, she fell about sending me to school: yet I felt an instinctive confidence that she would not long tolerate me under the same roof as her; for her gaze, now more than ever, when turned to me, expressed unbearable and ingrained disgust. Eliza and Georgiana, obviously acting according to the orders, spoke to me as little as possible; John stuck his tongue in his cheek when he saw me, and once tried to punish; but as I immediately turned against him, roused the same feeling of deep anger and desperate rebellion that had caused my corruption before, he thought it best to abstain, and ran away from me to giggle execrations, and swore that I had broken my nose. I'm really aligned on that prominent function, as hard a kick as my knuckles can inflict; and when I saw that either this or my mind had set it up, I had the greatest inclination to follow my advantage for purpose; But he was already with his mom. I heard him in a blubbering tone begin the story of how this nasty Jane Eyre flew at him like a crazy cat: he was stopped rather harshly - Don't talk to me about her, John: I told you not to approach her; it is not worthy of attention; I don't choose that neither you nor your sisters should communicate with her. Here, leaning on the railing, I cried suddenly, and did not discuss my words at all - They are not suitable for being associated with me. Mrs. Reed was a rather fat woman, but she was but, hearing this strange and defiant statement, she promptly ran up the stairs, swept me like a whirlwind into the nursery, and crushed me on the edge of my crib, dared me to rise from this place, or utter a utterance syllable for the remainder of the day. What would Uncle Reed tell you if he were was hardly a voluntary requirement. I speak hardly voluntarily, because it seemed that my language was pronounced words without my consent to their utterance: something was said of me over which I could not control. A what? said Mrs. Reed under her breath: her usually cold composed gray eye became restless with a look like fear; she took her hand out of my hand, and looked at jane eyre online free movie. jane eyre online free book. jane eyre online free pdf. jane eyre online free 123movies. jane eyre online free read. jane eyre online free 2011. watch jane eyre online free 123movies. listen to jane eyre online free

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