```
wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further out-door exercise was now out of the question. I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons: dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twili ped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed. The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their edamings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed. The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their edamings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed. The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their edamings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed. The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their edamination of the real physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed. The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed
ght, with nip
r mama in th
under the ne
e and sprightly manner--something lighter, franker, more natural, a
ers or questioners; besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elde
bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with ed in double retirement. Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left w
                                                                                                                                                                                               nted into the window- seat: gath ering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrin s of glass, protecting, but n ot separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the
                                                                                                                                                      pictures. I mou
                                                                                                                                                     ere the clear pane
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast. I returned to my book--Bewick's History of British B s quite as a blank. They were those which treat of the haunts of sea-fowl; of "the solitary rocks and promontories
aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near a scene of w
                                                                                                                                                   et lawn and storm-b
                                                                                                                                                                                                        eat shrub, with ceaseless
irds: the letterpress thereof I cared little for, generally speaking; and yet there were certain introduct
                                                                                                                                                  ory p ages that, child
                                                                                                                                                                                                          as I was, I could not pas
" by them only inhabited; of the coast of Norway, studded with isles from its southern extremity, the Lin
urge Pours in among the stormy Hebrides." Nor could I pass unnoticed the sugge stion of the ble
                                                                                                                                                  dene ss, or Naze, to th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  he Northern Ocean, in vast whirls, Boils round the naked, melancholy isles Of farthest Thule; and the Atlantic s
                                                                                                                                                                                                          e North Cape-- "Where t
                                                                                                                                                                                                           Siberia, Spitzb
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Nova Zembla, Iceland, Greenland, with "the vast sweep of the Arctic Zone, and those forlorn regions of drea
                                                                                                                            stion of the ble
                                                                                                                                                           shores of Lapland
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ergen.
y space,--that reservoir of frost and snow, where firm fields of ice, the accumu
                                                                                                                                   lation of ce
                                                                                                                                                        nturies of winters, glazed
                                                                                                                                                                                                            in Alpine heig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   hts ab
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ove heights, surround the pole, and concentre the multiplied rigours of extreme cold." Of these death-white
realms I formed an idea of my own: shadowy, like all the half-comprehended
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          rangely impressive. The words in these introductory pages connected themselves with the succeeding vig
                                                                                                                                                      ons that float dim through chi
                                                                                                                                                                                                            dren's brains,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     but st
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e coast; to the cold and ghastly moon glancing through bars of cloud at a wreck just sinking. I cannot tell
nettes, and gave significance to the rock standing up alone in a sea of billow
                                                                                                                                                      pray; to the broken boat
                                                                                                                                                                                                            stranded on a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    desolat
what sentiment haunted the quite solitary churchyard, with its inscribed headstone;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ow horizon, girdled by a broken wall, and its newly-risen crescent, attesting the hour of eventide. The two
                                                                                                                                               its ga te, its t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ees, its I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          wo t
ships becalmed on a torpid sea, I believed to be marine phantoms. The fiend pinning down
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           assed over quickly: it was an object of terror. So was the black horned thing seated aloof on a rock, surv
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d him, I p
eying a distant crowd surrounding a gallows. Each picture told a story; mysterious often to my undev
                                                                                                                                                                             understand
                                                                                                                                                                                                  ing and imperf ect
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             r profoundly interesting: as interesting as the tales Bessie sometimes narrated on winter ev
                                                                                                                                                               eloped
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ngs, yet eve
enings, when she chanced to be in good humour; and when, having brought her ironing-table to the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       about it, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 got up Mrs. Reed's lace frills, and crimped her nightcap borders, fed our eager attention w
                                                                                                                                                   nursery he
                                                                                                                                                                           arth, she all
                                                                                                                                                                                                owed us to sit
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  oreland. With Bewick on my knee, I was then happy: happy at least in my way. I feared no oom apparently empty. "Where the dickens is she!" he continued. "Lizzy! Georgy! (callin
ith passages of love and adventure taken from old fairy tales and other ballads; or (as at a later p
                                                                                                                                               eriod I disc
                                                                                                                                                                         overed) from
                                                                                                                                                                                                 the pages of Pamela, and Henr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            y, Earl of M
thing but interruption, and that came too soon. The breakfast- room door opened. "Boh! Mada
                                                                                                                                                                                                  of John Reed; then he pause d: he fou
                                                                                                                                                 Mope!"
                                                                                                                                                                      cried the voice
g to ȟis sisters) Joan is not here: tell mama she is run out into the rain--baḋ animal!" "It is w
                                                                                                                                                                                                   and I wished fervently he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   my hiding-place: nor would John Reed have found it out himself; he was not quick eithe
                                                                                                                                               drew the
                                                                                                                                                                curtain," thought I;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           might not disc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     over
of vision or conception; but Eliza just put her head in at the door, and said at once--
d, with awkward diffidence. "Say, "What do you want, Master Reed?"" was the ans
urteen years old; four years older than I, for I was but ten: large and stout for h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   embled at the idea of being dragged forth by the said Jack. "What do you want?" I aske gesture that I was to approach and stand before him. John Reed was a schoolboy of fo
                                                                                                                                    "She
                                                                                                                                              is in the
                                                                                                                                                               window-seat, to be s
                                                                                                                                                                                                  ure. Jack." And I came ou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            t immediately, fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           chair, he intimated by a
                                                                                                                                 wer. "I want you
                                                                                                                                                               to come here;" and s
                                                                                                                                                                                                   eating himself in an arm-
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    y limbs and large extremities. He gorged himself habitually at table, which made him be n account tof his delicate health." Mr. Miles, the master, affirmed that he would do ve
                                                                                                                               is age, with a ding
                                                                                                                                                                v and unwholesome
                                                                                                                                                                                                    skin; thick lineaments i n a spacious visage, hea
ilious, and gave him a dim and bleared eye and flabby cheeks. He ought no
                                                                                                                             o have been at schoo
                                                                                                                                                                    I: but his mama h
                                                                                                                                                                                                   ad taken him home for a month or two,
ry well if he had fewer cakes and sweetmeats sent him from home; but the
                                                                                                                                                                                                  rsh, and inclined rather to the more re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ed idea that John's sallowness was owing to over-application and, perhaps
                                                                                                                              other's heart turned from
                                                                                                                                                                     an opinion so ha
                                                                                                               e m
to pining after home. John had not much affection for his mother and s
                                                                                                            ister s, a
                                                                                                                               nd an antipathy to me. He bullied and punis
                                                                                                                                                                                                  hed me; not two or three times in the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   week, nor once or twice in the day, but continually: every nerve I had feared
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ppeal whatever against either his menaces or his inflictions; the servants did not
him, and every morsel of flesh in my bones shrank when he came nea
                                                                                                                                 re moments when I was bewildered by the t
                                                                                                       r. The re we
                                                                                                                                                                                                 error he inspired, because I had no
like to offend their young master by taking my part against him, and
                                                                                                     Mrs. R
                                                                                                                                                                                                saw him strike or heard him abuse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e did both now and then in her very presence, more frequently, however, behind he
                                                                                                                 eed w
                                                                                                                                 as blind and deaf on the subject: she never
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           me, thou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            soon strike, and while dreading the blow, I mused on the disgusting and ugly apply equilibrium retired back a s tep or two from his chair. "That is for your i
back. Habitually obedient to John, I came up to his chair: he spe
                                                                                                                                  minutes in thrusting out his tongue at me as far as he could without damaging t he roots: I knew he would
                                                                                                 nt some
                                                                                                                   otion in my face; for, all at once, without speaking, he struck suddenly and strongly. I tottered, and on regaining my eaking way of getting behind curtains, and for the look you had in your eyes two minutes since, you rat!" Accustomed inly follow the insult. "What were you doing behind the curtain?" he asked. "I was reading." "Show the book." I returne a says; you have no money; your father left you none; you ought to beg, and not to live here with gentlemen's children lik rummage my bookshelves: for they are mine; all the house belongs to me, or will do in a few years. Go and stand his intention; but when I saw him lift and poise the book and stand in act to hurl it, I instinctively started aside with
earance of him who would presently deal it. I wonder if he r
          mpudence in answering mama awhile since," said he, "and for your
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                to John Reed's abuse, I n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ver had an idea of replying to it; my
                                     care was how to endure the blow which would c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                d to the window and fetc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            hed it thence. "You have no busine
                                       ss to take our books; you are a dependent,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                e us, and eat the same
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              meals we do, and wear clothes at o
                                       ur mama's expense. Now , I'll teach y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   the door, out of the w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       of the mirror and the windo
                                ws." I did so, not at first aware
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    a cry of alarm: not so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        enough, however; the volu
me was flung, it hit me, and I fell, striking my head agai
rer--you are like a slave-driver--you are like the Roman e
                                                                                                                 e door and cutting it. The cut bled, the pair was sharp: my terror had passed its climax; other feelings succeeded. "W
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     cked and cruel boy!
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        said. "You are like a murde
                                                                                                       mpero rs!" I had read Goldsmith's History of Rome, and had formed my opinion of Nero, Caligula, &c. Also I had drawn parallels i hat to me? Did you hear her, Eliza and Georgiana? Won't I t ell mama? but first--" He ran headlong at me: I felt him grasp my hai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        hi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       never thought thus to have
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ch
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        lence, w
declared aloud. "What! what!" he cried. "Did she say t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ulder: he had closed with a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         and my
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               S
              desperate thing. I really saw in him a tyr
                                                                                                      t, a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ad trickle down my neck, and was sensible of som
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ewhat pungent suff
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     g: these sensations for the t
                me predominated over fear, and I
                                                                                                       eived him in frantic sort. I don't very well know w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ut aloud. Aid was near him: Eli
                                                                                           rec
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       hat I did with my hands, but he called me "Rat!
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Rat!" and bellowed
                  za and Georgiana had run for Mrs
                                                                                                            ed, who was gone upstairs: she now cam
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e upon the scene, followed by Bessie and h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          er maid Abbot. We we
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 re parted: I heard the words-- "D
                                                                                                " "D id ever anybody see such a picture oborne upstairs. CHAPTER II I resisted all the w
                 ear! dear! What a fury to fly at Master
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   passion!" Then Mrs. Reed subjoine
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             he red-room, and lock her in there
                                                                                      John!
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            d-- "Take her away to t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             umstance which greatl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               y strengthened the bad opinion Bessie and M
                Four hands were immediately laid upon me, and I was
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ay: a new thing for me, and a circ
    iss Abbot were disposed to entertain of me. The fact is, I was a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              t's mutiny had already rendered me liable to s
                                                                                                trifle beside myself; or rather out of myself, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         s the French would say: I was consc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ious t hat a momen
trange penalties, and, like any other rebel slave, I felt resolved, in
hat shocking conduct, Miss Eyre, to strike a young gentleman
                                                                                                                                      ngths. "Hold h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             cat." "Fo r shame! for shame!" cried the lady's-maid. "W
                                                                                              my desperation, to go all le
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                er arms, Miss Abbot: she's like
                                                                                              over your wickedness." They had got their two pair of bonds
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  master." "Master! How is he m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ster? A m I a servant?" "No; you are less than a servant.
for you do nothing for your keep. There, sit down, and think
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    me by this time into the apartm ent i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ted by Mrs. Reed, and had thrust me upon a stool
                              ulse was to rise from it like a sprin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ust be tied down," said Bessie. "Miss Abbot, lend m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      stantly. "If you don't sit still, y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ou m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         the necessary ligature. This preparation for bond take them off," I cried; "I will not stir.
                                                                                              ould break mine directly." Miss A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       bbot turned to divest a stout I
                                                   e your garters;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  eg of
                                                         s, and the additional ig
                                                                                               nominy it inferred, took a little
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       of the excitement out of m e.
                                                            " In guarantee wher
                                                                                                  f, I attached
                                                                                                                          myself to m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       y seat by my hands
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ind you do
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               n't," said Bessie; and when she h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        hold of me; then she and Miss Abbot stood wi
                                                            ad ascertained th
                                                                                                       was r
                                                                                                                          eally subsi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ding, she loosened
                                                                                               g da
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ubtfully on my face,
                                                    th folded arms, look
                                                                                          in
                                                                                                                        rkly and do
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         as inc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        redulous of my sanity. "She never did so bef
                   ore," at last said Bessie, turning to the A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ly. "I've told Missis often my opinion about th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   a s always in her," wa s the rep
                 e child, and Missis agreed with me. She's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       gé with so much cover." Bessie answered not;
                                                                                                                       erhand littl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e thing: I never saw a g irl of her a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ations to Mrs. Reed: she keeps you: if she were to turn you o
                 but ere long, addressing me, she said--'
                                                                                                  ough
                                                                                                                      to be awa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e, Miss, that you are under oblig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       me: my very first recollections of existence included hints of
                 ff, you would have to go to the poorho
                                                                                                had not
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  the se words: they were not new to
                 he same kind. This reproach of my d
                                                                                       endence had b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       l crushing, but only half intelligible. Miss Abbot joined in-- "An
                                                                                                                 ecome a vague
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                sing-song in my ear: very painful an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      kindly allows you to be brought up with them. They will have a elf agreeable to them." "What we tell you is for your good," add
                  d you ought not to think yourself o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                and Master Reed, because Mis
                                                                                       n equality with th e Misses Reed
                     great deal of money, and you w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               umble, and to try to make yours
                                                                                       ave none: it is your place to be h
                                                                                        should try to be useful and plea
                       ed Bessie, in no harsh voice,
                                                                              "you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              sant, then, perhaps, you would have
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       e a home here; but if you become passiona
                                                                        Missis w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              esides," said Miss Abbot, "God will pu
                                                                                           send you away, I am sure.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       nish her: He might strik
                                                                    the midst o
                                                                                             f her tantrums, and then whe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              re would she go? Come, Bessie, we wi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Il leave her: I woul
                                                                                                  Say your prayers, Miss Ey
dn't h
                                                ave her heart for anythin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             re, when you are by yourself;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             for if
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        you don't repent,
                                               mething bad might be per
                                                                                      mitte
                                                                                                   d to come down the chimn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ey and fetch you away." Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ent, shutting the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ey w
                                              door, and locking it behind
                                                                                                        The red-room was a sq
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             uare chamber, very seldo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  lept in, I mig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                m s
                                      ht say never, indeed, unless wh
                                                                                                           ce influx of visitor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              s at Gateshead Hall rend ered i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 t n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ecessary to tur
n to account all the accommodation it contained: yet it was
                                                                                      one of the largest and stateliest cham
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                bers in the mansion. A bed sup
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ted on massive pillars o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ind
f mahogany, hung with curtains of deep red damask, stoo
                                                                                      d out like a tabernacle in the centre; th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                e two large windows, with their b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s always drawn down, were half shrouded in festoo
ns and falls of similar drapery; the carpe
                                                                                                  able at the foot of the bed was c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ed with a crimson cloth; the walls were
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       a s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       oft fawn colour with a blush of pink in it; the wardr
obe, the toilet-table, the chairs were of d
                                                                arkly poli
                                                                                                     ed old mahogany. Out of these deep surro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        unding shades rose high, and glared wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ite. th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e piled- up mattresses and pillows of the bed, spre
ad with a snowy Marseilles counterpane
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ed easy-chair near the head of the bed, al
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e, with a footstool before it; and looking, as I thou
                                                                                      Scarc
                                                                                                       ely less prominent was an ample cushion
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      so whit
ght, like a pale throne. This room was chill
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e it was known to be so seldom entered. The hous
                                                                                     ecause
                                                                                                         it seldom had a fire; it was silent, becaus
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      e remote from the nursery and kitchen; sole
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     mn. becaus
      e-maid alone came here on Saturdays,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    als, visited it to review the contents of a certain secret drawer in
                                                                                     wipe fro
                                                                                                        m the mirrors and the furniture a week's qu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      iet dust: and Mrs. Reed herself, at far interv
                      the wardrobe, where were sto
                                                                                      divers pa
                                                                                                        rchments, her jewel-casket, and a miniature
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   of her deceased husband; and in those last
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     words lies the secret of the red-room--the spell which ke
                  pt it so lonely in spite of its grandeur. Mr. Ree
                                                                                     d had bee
                                                                                                         n dead nine years: it was in this chamber he br
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  eathed his last; here he lay in state; hence hi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        s coffin was borne by the undertaker's m
                                                                                                         d guarded it from frequent intrusion. My seat, to
               en; and, since that day, a sense of dreary cons
                                                                                     ecration ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  which Bessie and the bitter Miss Abbot had
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              left me riveted, was a low ottoman nea
                 e marble chimney-piece; the bed rose befor
                                                                                    e me; to mv
                                                                                                           right hand there was the high, dark wardrobe, w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ith subdued, broken reflections varying the g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ss of its panels; to my left were the muffled
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              m. I was not quite sure whether they ha d lock
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                e door; and when I dared move, I got up and
                                    dows; a great looking-glass
                                                                                                          em repeated the vacant majesty of the bed and
                                                                                          ail was ever more secure. Returning, I had to cross before
                                                                                                                                                                                                               he looking- glass; my fascinated glance involuntarily explore
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  aled. All looked colder and darker in that vi
                                     nt to see. Alas! yes: no j
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 e depth it reve
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   as still, had the effect of a real spirit: I tho
                           onary hollow than in reality: a
                                                                                            the strange little figure there gazing at me, with a white fa
                                                                                                                                                                                                             e and arms specking the gloom, and glittering eyes of fear mo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ng where all else w
                                                                                                  half fairy, half imp, Bessie's evening stories represent
                                                                                                                                                                                                            ed as coming out of lone, ferny dells in moors, and appearing b
                      ught it like one of the tiny phant
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    efore the eyes of bel
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ated travellers. I returned to
                    my stool. Superstition was with
                                                                                                                                                                                                            : my blood was still warm; the mood of the revolted slave was still
                                                                                   at that moment; but it was not yet her hour for complete victory
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    bracing me with its bit ter vigour; I had to stem
                                                                                   ve thought before I quailed to the dismal present. All John Ree
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   aversion, all the servants' partiality, turned up
                   a rapid rush
                                                                         pecti
                                                                                                                                                                                                           d's violent tyrannies, all his sisters' proud indifference, all his mother's
                                                                                   e a dark deposit in a turbid well. Why was I always suffering, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                           lways browbeaten, always accused, for ever condemned? Why could I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 never please? Why was it useless to try to win
                  in my disturbed m
                                                                                                                                                                                                           a spoiled temper, a very acrid spite, a captious and insolent carriage, w
                  any one's favour? Eliza
                                                                   who was
                                                                                    headstrong and selfish, was respected. Georgiana, who had
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 as univ
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ersally indulged. Her beauty, her
                                                                                                                                                                                                           emnity for every fault. John no one thwarted, much less punished; tho
                                                                                  give delight to all who looked at her, and to purchase ind
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       he twisted the necks of the pigeo
                   pink cheeks and golden curls, seemed to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   led his mother "old girl," too; somet as still "her own darling." I dared commit n
                           killed the little pea-chicks, set the do
                                                                                                                                                                                                            t, and broke the buds off the choicest plants in the conservatory: he c
                                                                                  gs at the sheep, stripped the hothouse vines of their frui
                                                      iled her for her da
                                                                                  rk skin, similar to his own; bluntly disregarded her w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                ishes; not unfrequently tore and spoiled her silk attire; and he w
                                                                                  y; and I was termed naughty
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       llen and sneaking, from morning to noo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   noon to night. My head still ached and bled with the bl
o fault: I strove
                                                      to fulfil every dut
                                                                                                                                   and tiresome, su
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              m to avert farther irrational violence, I was loaded with ge
ow and fall I had rec
                                                eived: no one had re
                                                                                   proved John for want
                                                                                                                                              only striki
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ng me; and because I had turned a
neral opprobrium.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                itory power: and Resolve, equally wrought up, instigated some str
                                   njust!--unjust!" said my reaso
                                                                                       n, forced by t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   nising stimulus into precocious
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           though trans
                                                                                                                                               he ago
ange expedient t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           , or, if that co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               uld not be effected, never eating or drinking more, and letting myse
                                      o achieve escape from insu
                                                                                                                                           rtable o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ppression--as running away
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        on! How all my
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               brain was in tumult, and all my heart in insurrection! Yet in what dar
                                                        a co nsternatio
                                                                                'nо
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            s mine that dreary afterno
                                                                                                                                       soul wa
                                                                               nse ig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            was the mental battle fough t! I could not ans
kness, wha
                                                                                                                                   rance,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               wer the ceaseless inward qu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      estion--why I thus suffered;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             how many years, I see it clearly. I was a discor d in Gateshead Hall:
now, at the
                                                                  distance
                                                                                           -I will n
                                                                                                                                ot say
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                I was like nobody th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Mrs. Reed or her children, or her chosen vas
ere: I had no
                                                             hing in harm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               salage. If they
e. in fact, as little did I love them. They
                                                              were not bo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               regard with affection a thing that cou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   posed to them in temperament, in c
 with one amongst them; a heterogeneous th
                                                                                                                           g, op
        ty, in propensities; a useless thing,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ble of serving their interest,
                                                                                                                          capa
                                                                                ous thing,
              adding to their pleasure; a no
                                                                                                                          chei
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ishing the germs
                    indignation at their treat
                                                                        men
                        udgment. I know tha
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bril
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of fellow
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f the nu
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             it was past four o'clock,
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e beclo
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the staii
                      case windo
                                                                                                                            ling
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     in the gro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ve behind th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          hall; I grew by degrees cold as a stone,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             and th
                                                             w. and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     self-doubt, fo
                      age sank. M
                                                              v habit
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               rlorn depression, fell damp on the embers of my de
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           caying ire. Al
my cour
                                                                                                        od of
                                                                                                                              hum
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             n but just conceiving of starving myself to death? That certainly was
said I w
                                                             d perhap
                                                                                                        miaht b
                                                                                                                         e so: wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           at though t had I bee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             n inviting bourne? In such vault I had been told did Mr. Reed lie burie
                     nd was I fit to die
                                                             Or was
                                                                                                                         the chancel o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Gateshead
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Church a
a crime: a
                                                                                               vaul t under
                                                                                       it with gathering dread. I could not reme
d; and led b
                     y this thought to recall his idea, I d welt on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       mber him: but
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               I knew
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             that he was my o wn uncle--my mother's brother--that he had take
n me when a parentless infant to his house; and that in his
                                                                                                ast mom ents he had required a prom
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ise of Mrs. Ree
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                d tha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         rear and maintain me as one of her own children
                                                                                                   so she had, I dare say, as well as her na
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     how could she really like an interloper not of her rac
Mrs. Reed probably considered she had kept this promise; a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ture would perm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  it h er; but
e, and unconnected with her, after her hu sband's death, by
                                                                                                    tie? It must have been most irksome to find hers
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               elf bound by a hard-w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ung p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ledge to stand in the stea
nt to a strange child she could not love, a nd to see an
                                                                                                   ngenia I alien permanently intruded on her own family gro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      up. A singular notion dawned
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               on me. I doubted not--neve
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    r dou
ed--that if Mr. Reed had been alive he wou
                                                                                          have treated me kindly; and now, as I sat looking at the white bed and overshadow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ed walls--occasionally also turning a fasc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ated eye towards the dimly
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     glean
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ing mir
ror--I began to recall what I had heard of d
                                                                                           en, troubled in their graves by the violation of their last wishes, revisiting the earth to punish the perjured and avenge the oppressed, and I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             thought Mr. Reed's spirit, harassed by the wrongs of his si
ster's child, might quit its abode--whether in
                                                                                             ch vault or in the unknown world of the departed--and rise before me in this chamber. I wiped my tears and hushed my sobs, fearful lest any
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           sign of violent grief might waken a prefernatural voice to co
mfort me, or elicit from the gloom some haloe
                                                                       d face, bendin
                                                                                              g over me with strange pity. This idea, consolatory in theory, I felt would be terrible if realised: with all my might I en
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          it--l endeavoured to be firm. Shaking my hair from my eyes,
                                                                                                   room; at this moment a light gleamed on the wall. Was it, I asked myself, a ray from the moon penetrating some ap
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       lind? No; moonlight was still, and this stirred; while I gazed, it
lifted my head and tried
                                                    to look boldly round the dark
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             erture in the b
glided up to the ceili
                                                       ng and quivered over my he
                                                                                                                      an now conjecture readily that this streak of light was, in all likelihood, a gleam from a lantern carried
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 by some
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    one across the lawn: but then, prepared as my mind was for horn
or, shaken as my n
                                                          rves were by agitation, I tho
                                                                                                                    ught the swift darting beam was a herald of some coming vision from another world. My heart beat thick
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   , my hea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 rew hot; a sound filled m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           y ears, which I deemed th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 came running along the outer passage; the
                                                                                                             as oppressed, suffocated: endurance broke down; I rushed to the door and shook the lock in desperate effort.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Steps
e rushing of wing
                                                          mething seemed near me; I w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    key turned, Bessie
and Abbot enter
                                                                                                        essie. "What a dreadful noise! it went quite thr
                                                                                                                                                                                  ough me!" exclaimed Abbot. "Take me out! Let me go into the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ry!" was my cry. "What for? Are you
                                                            iss Eyre, are you ill?" said B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    nurse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 hurt? Have you seen
                                                            anded Bessie. "Oh! I saw a lig
                                                                                                                                                                                   ad now got hold of Bessie's hand, and she did not snatch it from
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 She has screamed out on purpose," d
something?" ag
                                                                                                        ht, and I thought a ghost would come." I h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               eclared Abbot, in some disgust. "
ne along the corridor, her cap flying wide, her gown rustling stor
                                                                                                                                                            believe I gave orders tha
                                                                                                                                                             by these means, be as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      y duty to show you that tricks will not answer: you will now stay here an hour longer.
d so, no doubt, she felt it. I was a precocious actress in he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      duplicity. Bessie and Abbot having retreated, Mrs. Reed, impatient of my n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       suppose I had a species of fit: unconsciousness closed the scene. CHAP
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             terrible red glare, crossed wit
                                                                                         ith a feeling as if I had h
                                                                                                                                                                                               ng before me a
                                                                                                                                                                                               Ere long, I beca
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           me aware th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      e was handling me; lifting me up and supporting me in a sitting posture, and that me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   of bewi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ment dissolved: I knew quite well that I was in my own bed, and that the red
                                                                                                                                                         oot with a basin
 ng conviction of protection and security, when I knew that there was a stranger in the room
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ated to Mrs. Reed. Turning from Bessie (though her presence was far less
                                                                                                                                                                                       ual not belo
                                                                                                                                                                                                          nging t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            and not rel
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Mr. Lloyd, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ometimes called in by Mrs. Reed when the servants
                                                                                                                                                                                  an: I knew him:
                                                                                                                                                                                 unced his nam
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  id: he took it, smiling and saying, "We shall do very well b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ed during t
e next ´day ,he  departed; to my grief: I felt so sheltered and befriended while he´sat in the cha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               sed the door after
 d it down. "D o you feel as if you should sleep, Miss?" asked Bessie, rather softly. Scarcely d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ould you like to drink, or could you eat anything?" "No, thank you,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ence might be rough.
           en I th ink I shall go to bed, for it is past twelve o'clock; but you may call me if you want anything in the n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           estion. "Bessie, what is the matter with me? Am I ill?" '
                                                                                                                                                                             ght." Wonderful civility thi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 s! It emboldened m
                  in the re d-room with crying; you'll be better soon, no doubt." Bessie went into the housemaid's apar
                                                                                                                                                                              ment, which was near. I he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ard her say--
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         and sleep with me in the nursery; I daren't for my life be alone with that poor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        they both went to bed; they were whispering together for half-an-hour before t
in white, and vanished"--"A great black dog behind him"--"Three loud raps on
          -night: she  mig  ht die; it's such a strange thing she should have that fit: I wonder if she saw anything. Miss
                                                                                                                                                                               is was rather too hard." Sar
fell a sleep. I caugh tiscr aps of their conversation, from which I was able only too distinctly to infer the main sub
                                                                                                                                                                               ject discussed. "Something p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       sed in ghastly wakefulness; strained by dread: such dread as children only c
e cha mber door"--"A I ight i <sup>'</sup>n the churchyard just over his grave," &c. &c. At last both slept: the fire and the cand
       No severe or pro longe d bodily illness followed this incident of the red-room; it only gave my nerves a sh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      to this day. Yes, Mr
o for give you, for you kn ew no t what you did: while rending my h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    nsities. Next day, by
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   noon, I was up and dressed, and sat w
                 hearth. I felt ph  ysicall  y weak and broken down: but my worse ailment was an unutterable wretche
 owe d. Yet, I thought, I ought \, to hav \,e been happy, for none of the Reeds were there, they were all gone out in the
          rimand and thánkless fagg ing; but ,in fact, my racked nerves were now in such a state that no calm could so
        t up with her a tart on a certa  in bright  ly painted china plate, whose bird of paradise, nestling in a wreath of con
      ate I had often petitioned to be allowed to take in my hand in order to examine it more closely, but had always hitherto been deemed unworthy of such a privilege. This precious vessel was now placed on my knee, an
                                                    ngely faded: I put both plate and tart away. Bessie asked if I would have a book: the word book acted as a transient stimulus, and I begged her to fetch Gulliver's Travels from the library. This book I had again an nerused with delight. I considered it a narrative of facts, and discovered in it a vein of interest deeper than what I found in fairy tales: for as to the elves, having sought them in vain among foxglove leaves and bells, under mushrooms and bene
                                                   he ground-ivy mantling old wall-nooks, I had at length made up my mind to the sad truth, that they were all gone out of England to some savage country where the woods were wilder and thicker, and the population more scant; whereas, Lilliput and
                                                 Brobdignag being, in my creed, solid parts of the earth's surface, I doubted not that I might one day, by taking a long voyage, see with my own eyes the little fields, houses, and trees, the diminutive people,
                                                                       realm; and the corn-fields forest-high, the mighty mastiffs, the monster cats, the tower-like men and women, of the other. Yet, when this cherished volume was now placed in my hand--when I turned over its leaves, and soug
                                          vellous pictures the charm I had, till now, never failed to find--all was eerie and dreary; the giants were gaunt goblins, the pigmies malevolent and fearful imps, Gulliver a most desolate wanderer in most dread and dangerous regions. I closed the
                                   ch I dared no longer peruse, and put it on the table, beside the untasted tart. Bessie had now finished dusting and tidying the room, and having washe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d her hands, she opened a certain little drawer, full of splendid shreds of silk and satin, and began mak
g a new bonnet for Georgiana's doll. Meantime she sang: her song was-- "In the days when we went gipsying, A long time ago." I had often heard the song before, and always with lively delight; for Bessie had a sweet voice,--at least, I thought so. But now, though her voice was still swet, I found in its melody an indescribable sadness. Sometimes, preoccupied with her work, she sang the refrain very low, very lingeringly; "A long time ago" came out like the saddest cadence of a funeral hymn. She passed into another ballad, this time a really doleful one. "My feet the
                                                                                                                                        he twilight close moonless and dreary Over the path of the po or orphan child. Why did they send me so far and so lonely, Up where the moors spread and grey rocks are piled distant and soft the night breeze is blowing, Clouds there are none, and clear stars beam mild, God, in His mercy, protection is showing, Comfort and hope to the poor orphan child. Ev' se lights beguiled, Still will my Father, with promise and blessing, Take to His bosom the poor orphan child. There is a thought that for strength should avail me, Though both of shelter one, Miss Jane, don't cry," said Bessie as she finished. She might as well have said to the fire, "don't burn!" but how more cheerful. Come here, Miss Jane: you hat about? Have you any pain?" "No sir " "Ohld dereasy she is anying because the could not as out with Missis in the coming of the country of the coming of the country of the country of the coming of the country of 
 Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels only Watch o'er the steps of a poor orphan child. Yet
                                  all o'er the broken bridge passing, Or stray in the marshes, by fal
and kindred despoiled; Heaven is a home, and a rest will not fail me; God is a friend to th
o which I was a prey? In the course of the morning Mr. Lloyd came again. "What, already r name is Jane, is it not?" "Yes, sir, Jane Eyre." "Well, you have been crying, Miss Jane E not! why, she is too old for such pettishness." I thought so too; and my self-esteem being
                                                                                                                                                                                    hat about? Have you any pain?" "No, sir." "Oh! I daresay she is crying because she could not go out with Missis in the carriage," interposed Bessie charge, I answered promptly, "I never cried for such a thing in my life: I hate going out in the carriage. I cry because I am miserable.
                                                                                                                                        yre; can you tell me w
                                                                                                                                                                                     charge, I answered promptly, "I never cried for such a thing i n my life: I hate going out in the carriage. I cry because I am miserable." "Oh fi on me very steadily: his eyes were small and grey; not very bright, but I dare say I should think them shrewd now: he had a hard-featured yet good-nature ad a fall," said Bessie, again putting in her word. "Fall! why, that is like a baby again! Can't she manage to walk at her age? She must be eight or nine year and a sill the standard of the stan
 Miss!" said Bessie. The good apothecary appeared a little puzzled. I was standing before
                                                                                                                                         him; he fixed his eyes
                                                                                                                                                                                    d pride; "but that did not make me ill," I added; while Mr. Lloyd helped himself to a pinch of snuff. As he was returning the box to his waistcoat po
        "I was knocked down," was the blunt explanation, jerked out of me b
                                                                                                                                                                                    urse," said he; "you can go down; I'll give Miss Jane a lecture till you come back." Bessie would rather have stayed, but she was obliged to go, ake you ill; what did, then?" pursued Mr. Lloyd when Bessie was gone. "I was shut up in a room where there is a ghost till after dark." I saw Mr.
                                                                                                                                                                                             ghosts?" "Of Mr. Reed's ghost I am: he died in that room, and was laid out there. Neither Bessie nor any one else will go into it at night, if they can h
   t; and it was cruel to shut me up alone without a candle,--so cruel that I think
--I am unhappy,--very unhappy, for other things." "What other things? Can you tell me some of them?" How much I wished to reply tully to this question! How difficult it was to frame any answer! Children can feel, but they cannot analyse their tellings; and if the analysis is partially effected in thought, they know not how to express the result of the process in words. Fearful, however, of losing this first and only opportunity of relieving my grief by imparting it, fame a disturbed purportunity of relieving my grief by imparting it, fame a disturbed popportunity of relieving my grief by imparting it, fame a disturbed popportunity of relieving my grief by imparting it, fame a disturbed popportunity of relieving my grief by imparting it, fame a disturbed popportunity of relieving my grief by imparting it, fame a disturbed popportunity of relieving my grief by imparting it, fame a disturbed popportunity of relieving my grief by imparting it, fame and servant." Though the up in the red-room. The down, and my aunt shut me up in the red-room. The first and only only a meaning the means of them bung lingly enounced-- "But John Reed knocked me down, and my aunt shut me up in the red-room." Mr. Lloyd a second time produced his snuff-box. "Don't you think Gateshead: I part and sufficient the sold only only on the produced his snuff-box. "Don't you think Gateshead: I part and sufficient the sold only on the produced his snuff-box. "Don't you think Gateshead: I law a sold only on the produced his snuff-box. "Don't you then bung imparting it, fame a distance in the sold only on the produced him the unit of the sold only on the produced him the unit of the sold on the produced him t
ust be a beggarly set: I should not like to go a begging." "Would you like to go to school?" Again I reflected: I scarcely knew what school was: Bessie sometimes spoke of it as a place where young ladie ed to be exceedi ngly genteel and precise: John Reed hated his school, and abused his master; but John Reed's tastes were no rule for mine, and if Bessie's accounts of school-discipline (gathered
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              the stocks, wore backboards, and were exped
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o Gateshead) were somewhat appalling, her details of certain accomplishments attained by these same young ladies were, I thought, equally attractive. She boasted of beautifu

from the young ladies of a family where she had live

I paintings of landscapes and flowers by them executed; of son

BIOGRAPHY BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE CHAPTER I There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning; but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early

JANE EYRE AN AUTO

the cold winter