Master of Arts

(English)

British Prose and Fiction - 1

Semester-I

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British Prose and Fiction - I (Paper – 4)

Learning Outcomes

The student will be able to understand:

Unit I

- Identify and understand Bacon's use of rhetorical devices, such as parallelism, antithesis, and aphorism.
- Gain insight into the cultural and historical contexts of the essays, considering how the writers' perspectives were influenced by the intellectual climate of their times.
- Connect the study of these essays to other disciplines, such as philosophy, psychology, and history, exploring how the ideas presented resonate with broader intellectual and cultural trends.

Unit II

- Identify and interpret key literary elements, such as bildungsroman structure, Gothic elements, and the exploration of social issues.
- Understand the historical and social context of the Victorian era, including issues of gender, class, and the impact of industrialization on society.
- Analyze how Brontë addresses gender roles, power dynamics, and the limitations imposed on women in the Victorian era.

Unit III

- Analyzing the multifaceted characters in the novel, such as David Copperfield himself and Mr. Micawber, helps in understanding Dickens' skill in creating complex and memorable characters.
- Examining Dickens' distinctive writing style, characterized by elaborate descriptions, use of humor, and poignant social commentary, helps in developing an appreciation for the nuances of 19th-century English literature.

Unit IV

- Analyzing characters like Adam Bede, Hetty Sorrel, and Dinah Morris provides insights into human nature and the moral dilemmas faced by individuals.
- explores themes such as class distinctions, religion, and the impact of societal norms on individuals. Students can analyze and discuss these social issues within the context of the novel.
- "Adam Bede" offers opportunities to discuss the portrayal of women in the 19th century, including the challenges they faced and the societal expectations placed upon them.

Unit V

- Exploring film adaptations or other artistic interpretations of "Emma" provides students with insights into how the novel has been received and adapted over time.
- Analyzing the plot structure, narrative techniques, and use of free indirect discourse in "Emma" enhances students' understanding of Austen's stylistic choices and their impact on the storytelling.
- Students can explore Austen's portrayal of femininity in the early 19th century and discuss Emma's journey toward self-awareness and personal growth.

BRITISH PROSE AND FICTION – I
SYLLABUS

UNIT I
ESSAY'S FROM EARLIEST TIMES
Francis Bacon: “Of Studies”

Charles Lamb: “All Fool’s Day”

William Hazlitt: “On the Love of Life”, “On Familiar Style”

UNIT II
CHARLOTTE BRONTE: JANE EYRE
Charlotte Bronte: Jane Eyre

UNIT III
CHARLES DICKENS: DAVID COPPERFIELD
Charles Dickens: David Copperfield

UNIT IV
GEORGE ELIOT: ADAM BEDE
George Eliot: Adam Bede

UNIT V
JANE AUSTEN: EMMA
Jane Austen: Emma

UNIT I

ESSAY'S FROM EARLIEST TIMES

STRUCTURE

NOTES

1.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

After completion of this unit, student will be able to know about the author's life and his essay that was based on real world-based topics.

1.2 AUTHOR INTRODUCTION (FRANCIS BACON)

Bacon was an English philosopher and statesman, and a pioneer of modern scientific thought. Francis Bacon was born on 22 January 1561 in London. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, keeper of the great seal for Elizabeth I. Bacon studied at Cambridge University and at Gray's Inn and became a member of parliament in 1584. However, he was unpopular with Elizabeth, and it was only on the accession of James I in 1603 that Bacon's career began to prosper. Knighted that year, he was appointed to a succession of posts culminating, like his father, with keeper of the great seal. However, Bacon's real interests lay in science. Much of the science of the period was based on the work of the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle. While many Aristotelian ideas, such as the position of the earth at the center of the universe, had been overturned, his methodology was still being used. This held that scientific truth could be reached by way of authoritative argument: if sufficiently clever men discussed a subject long enough, the truth would eventually be discovered. Bacon challenged this, arguing that truth required evidence from the real world. He published his ideas, initially in 'Novum Organum' (1620), an account of the correct method of acquiring natural knowledge.

Bacon's political ascent also continued. In 1618 he was appointed lord chancellor, the most powerful position in England, and in 1621 he was created viscount St Albans. Shortly afterwards, he was charged by parliament with accepting bribes, which he admitted. He was fined and imprisoned and then banished from court. Although the king later pardoned him, this was the end of Bacon's public life. He retired to his home at Gorham bury in Hertfordshire, where he continued to write. He died in London on 9 April 1626.

1.3 FRANSIS BACON: "OF STUDIES"

Of studies (essay) by Francis Bacon

Francis Bacon is one of the greatest writers of English prose. His earliest work of importance was the Essays. The language is simple, brief and clear. As Bacon says, "his essays are to be chewed and digested". Bacon explains that there are three uses of study. We get three types of benefits from studies. First it gives us delight. In our leisure time and in privacy, we can spend our time reading books, which give us both enjoyment and education. Secondly, reading helps us to speak and communicate with people more efficiently. Thirdly studies help us to deal with our problems of life more effectively. We can make good

judgement of matters and issues. Studies help professional experts to deal successfully with particular cases.

Study has some disadvantages. Spending too much time reading books will make a man lazy. Another disadvantage is that those who study too much may make a show of their learning. This affectation should be avoided. Again, our too much study of books may develop in us a tendency to separate studies from their practical application in day to day life. The scholar should avoid such bad tendencies. This bookish knowledge should be guided by experience of life. Practical experience helps us to apply them to real life situations. There are cunning and crafty people who think that they need not want practical experience of life. Simple people admire book learning. But wise men use studies and apply them to life situations.

Bacon prescribes some rules of study. We should not read just to contradict or argue with others. We should not blindly believe whatever we study in the books. We should keep an open mind. Bacon wants lovers of books to use their critical judgement and to evaluate impartially opinions of the authors.

According to Bacon, all books are not to be read in the same manner. There are different types of books and Bacon tells us how we may approach each type of book. There are some books to be read in parts, so we may skip through the pages. Some books are to be read completely. But these books need not be studied well. We can read them for our curiosity. But some other books are to be studied carefully and digested, because their form and content are very important and useful for us in our practical life. Again, some other books are to be read by deputies because the matter is very little.

Now Bacon tells us how studies cure the diseases of our mind. Reading makes a person up-to-date. Every subject has its' own value for the reader. History helps us to enhance our wisdom. Poetry makes us imaginative. Mathematics helps to acquire subtlety. Natural philosophy makes us deep. On the other hand, moral philosophy gives us gravity. Logic and rhetoric promote the power of debate and argument. Thus, studies reform our character and make us more civilized. Studies can cure diseases of mind just as physical exercises cure defects of the body. For example, bowling is good for kidneys. Shooting for the lungs and walking for digestion. Similarly, mathematics is a strong cure for mind wandering. Scholastic philosophy is good for muddle thinking. The study of law is an effective medicine for bad memory. Francis Bacon, the first major English essayist, comments forcefully in Of Studies on the value of reading, writing, and learning.

Notice Bacon's reliance on parallel structures (in particular, tricolons) throughout this concise, aphoristic essay. Then, compare the essay to Samuel Johnson's treatment of the same theme more than a century later in On Studies.

Interpretations of 'Of Studies'

Bacon's essay expresses several comments in Of Studies that can be interpreted as the following:

"Of Studies" is one of the most quoted essays of Sir Francis Bacon. He has analyzed the importance of studies; therefore, in this essay, he convinces his readers to know its vitality.

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He does not only talk about bookish knowledge but also demonstrates the importance of experience; without experience, the studies cannot help a person, means Sir Francis Bacon. Moreover, in his eyes, studies and education are two separate things. However, he agrees that education is the name of studying books and experiences of life. He answers some common questions that arise in every common mind. For instance, he answers why we should read books; what are the impacts of studies in one's life; why study without experience is useless; and many other such like questions.

- Studying is helpful for better understanding and provides a knowledge that develops experience, as well as a character that grows.
- Reading provides delight and fun, ornament and showing off, and the ability for success.
- Bacon expanded upon different fields of study depending on one's goal; for example, to master clarity with language, study poetry.
- In his classic essay, "Of Studies," Francis Bacon explains how and why study—knowledge—is important. Along with Michel de Montaigne, who published his first essays less than twenty years before Francis Bacon published his first collection in 1597. Bacon is considered the father of the English essay (with Montaigne the father of the French essay). Bacon's essays differ from Montaigne's in being more compact and more formal. Where Montaigne conceived of the essays as an opportunity to explore a subject through mental association and a casual ramble of the mind, Bacon envisioned the essay as an opportunity to offer advice. The title of his essay collection: "Essays or Counsels: Civil and Moral," suggests that didactic intent. In "Of Studies," Bacon lays out the value of knowledge in practical terms. Bacon considers to what use studies might be put. He is less interested in their theoretical promise than in their practical utility—a proclivity more English, perhaps, than French. Bacon's writing in "Of Studies" is direct and pointed. It avoids the meandering find-your-way free form of Montaigne's essays. From his opening sentence Bacon gets directly to the point: "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." He then elaborates on how studies are useful in these three ways. And he wastes no words in detailing the use of "studies" for a Renaissance gentleman. One of the attractions of Bacon's essay is his skillful use of parallel sentence structure, as exemplified in the opening sentence and throughout "Of Studies." This stylistic technique lends clarity and order to the writing, as in "crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them," which in its straightforward assertiveness exhibits confidence and elegance in addition to clarity and emphasis.

Three Important Uses of Studies At the outset, Francis Bacon says that the three useful purposes of studies are delight, ornament, and ability. The first useful purpose is reading delights the reader. In one's private space, reading is useful as it provides great pleasure. For instance, if a reader enjoys fiction like Paulo Coelho's The Alchemist, then it would delight him. By plunging into the world of Santiago, the reader meets many characters such as the King of Salem, the crystal merchant, the English man, his beloved Fatima,

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and the Alchemist. The novel also delights the reader as Santiago proceeds in his quest for treasure from Andalusia to the hearts of Egypt, the pyramids. Therefore, irrespective of personal preferences, reading not only compensates for boredom, but also gives great pleasure to the reader. The second purpose is studies add ornament to discourse. When a well-read person engages in a written or spoken discussion, reading helps the person to exhibit his knowledge in a much better way than an average person. For instance, in Bacon's essays such as Of Truth and Of Love, we see the usage of Latin phrases. This shows Bacon is good at Latin and he uses Latin as an ornament in his essays. Studies also improve one's ability of judgment and arrangement of things. One can be an expert at something even without studies, but there lies a distinction between an expert and a learned man. Bacon says that an expert can execute his plan, and even judge a situation but a learned man can better perform in giving advice, making plans, and managing things. The efficiency of a learned man is better than an expert.

The effect of excessive reading These are the three ways of studies through which studies serve a reader. However, too much in everything is bad and reading is no exception to that.Bacon states that reading excessively leads to laziness. From the physiological point of view, reading is a sedentary task and when a reader sits for long, the immobility of the body would lead to lethargy. Similarly, using decorated words and knowledge excessively in discourse is does the opposite. Too much use of ornaments would project a learned man as ostentatious. Bacon also states that making judgments based on bookish knowledge is the humor of a scholar. Consideration and application of the learning without understanding the practical world is a fault. A reader must be able to draw the distinct line between the book and the real world while judging. Bacon here emphasizes 'too much' in each situation. Therefore, equilibrium must be maintained between studying and other activities, between ornament and argument, and between theory and practical. Bacon repeats his principal argument that reading does hone human nature and experience perfects it. Bacon draws an analogy between natural plants and the natural abilities of a person. We cut the plants, which could grow in any direction, for aesthetic purposes and overall improvement of the tree. Similarly, the natural abilities of a man need to be nurtured by studies. Studies enhance the knowledge of the reader but that remain unfulfilled until the person gains experience related to the subject of study. That means knowledge and experience make reading complete.

Views of Studies

Studies benefit a reader in diverse ways. However, not all men admire studies. For instance, shrewd people contempt studies as they perceive studies don't help people. The shrewd men, in most cases, cope with different situations of life with no studies. Therefore, for them, studies are of no use. On the contrary, simple men admire studies. The simple men, who are not voracious readers but aware of the benefits of reading, are awestruck to see a man filled with knowledge. Apart from them, wise men take the best out of their studies as wise men know how to use the knowledge from books in real life. Books don't tell readers about the pragmatic aspects of knowledge. The ability to implement knowledge is wisdom that is gained through observation. Bacon emphasizes that having bookish

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knowledge is not enough. Theoretical knowledge is completed only when it is used in real life.

Real Method of Studies

To get the most out of books, Francis Bacon suggests the method one should follow while reading. Bacon suggests one should not read to prove others wrong because, with this motive, the reader looks for the points which can be used as arguments. The reader might be right, but in the process, the reader loses what the book has to offer. During reading, the reader must not also believe what the book says or take everything that the book says for granted. This approach is also problematic because this approach does not allow the reader to open up the mind and the reader does nothing except imbibing the knowledge theoretically. A book also should not be read to use it in a talk and discourse. This approach is too wrong because the reader would be concerned more about the points which the reader can use in discourse and reading becomes superficial. Contrary to these ways, one should read a book to consider what the writer's primary message or argument/s before making any decision consciously or unconsciously. For instance, Bacon's **Essays** (1597) should not read to confute someone nor blindly believe in it nor to read wholly for the use in discourse. The best approach would be to consider what Bacon says on different subjects in **Essays**. Moreover, I'd like to add here that the best practice of reading, according to Mortimer Adler, is Syntonical Reading. Adler mentions in **How to Read a Book** that syntonical reading or comparative reading is analyzing a subject based on the reader's reading of books on the same topic.

Not Every Book is Same

However, Bacon reminds the reader that we cannot follow this approach in every book. Because **some books are only meant to be tasted**; those books are to be read partially; one can skim the parts of the book.

Others are to be swallowed;

books such as theoretical books are to be read but not curiously. They are necessary for memorization so that we can use them in real life. On the other hand, there are only a few books that are to be read completely, those **books are to be chewed and digeste**d. While going through the book reader needs to read each part of the book with an unwavering focus and effort. With such books, analytical reading is necessary. Bacon also suggests that we can study abridged versions and summaries of less important books. These books are like distilled water, which has no significance for later use. Therefore, it is up to the reader to decide the right method. **Benefits of Studies** Bacon also discusses the effects of reading, discussion, and writing. He states, **reading makes a full man; conference leads to a ready man while writing makes an exact man**. Reading provides a reader with knowledge. When one reads books one after the other, one's knowledge is bound to increase by the means of studies. In this way, it fills the reader with knowledge. Like reading, continuous engagement in the discussion makes a well-read person good at the discussion. In discussion, one's practice of using the knowledge instantly and constant practice makes one ready for any topic to talk about. Furthermore, if the reader notes down his thought or opinion on a book, then he can revisit the notes and bring the exact idea or thought later in

the future without pressuring the memory. On the contrary, if one reads little, then he needs to pretend of knowing things. If the person cannot pretend, then it will become obvious that he does not aware of the things. Similarly, if one is not familiar with the discussion, he needs to have the presence of mind. And if a person does not write much, he needs to have significant memory because he must rely on his memory for everything he thinks.

Benefits of studying different subjects Francis Bacon restates the benefits of reading diverse fields of knowledge. Francis Bacon mentions, Histories make Men Wise; Poets Witty; The Mathematics Subtill; Natural Philosophy Deepe; Moral Grave; Logic and Rhetoric Able to Contend. Further, Bacon states that the right study can change intellect like a particular physical exercise is right for the distinct disease of the body. For instance, for a distracted mind, mathematics would be fit to improve concentration.In mathematics, we need focus, and if the mind wanders during doing mathematics, then it would spoil everything. So, doing mathematics is a practice to stick to a particular task. If the mind finds it difficult the differences between matters, then studying the philosophers and theologians of the Middle Ages would be beneficial as they are noted for their logical distinctions. Moreover, if one wishes to improve reasoning or argumentative skills, then study lawyers' cases would be the right thing to do. So, for such flaws of mind, reading has the solution.

Of Studies Theme

The theme of "Of Studies" is the **benefits of reading**.

Conclusion

In the essay, Bacon mainly discusses the benefits of reading. He also discusses the benefits of reading different subjects. However, he does not support idle sitting. He makes his arguments balanced by focusing on the experience. For Bacon, studies are completed only with experience.

'Of Studies' Excerpt

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning, by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books

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also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading makes a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man writes little, he had need have a great memory; if he confers little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. Abeunt studio in mores [Studies pass into and influence manners]. Nay, there is no stone or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises.

Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen; for they are cymini sectores [splitters of hairs]. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So, every defect of the mind may have a special receipt."

Bacon published three editions of his essays (in 1597, 1612, and 1625) and the last two were marked by the addition of more essays. In many cases, they became expanded works from earlier editions. This is the best-known version of the essay Of Studies, taken from the 1625 edition of Essays or Counsels, Civil and Moral.

Three Types of studies in the Eyes of Sir Francis Bacon:

From the very beginning of the essay, Sir Francis Bacon divides studies into three categories; in fact, these three types are benefits of studies. Studies serve three purposes, says Sir Francis Bacon, "delight", "ornament" and "ability". In Bacon's times, the drama was banned; drama may have a moral purpose but it is certainly a source of entertainment. It was forbidden in that era; therefore, people had no other option except to rely upon books; thus, books replaced stage. From that point of view, if we think, then books are the source of entertainment. It may be the reason that Bacon has used the word "delight". From modern views, there are still people in the world, who find delight in books instead of movies and plays. However, in next lines, he has explained the word "delight" while saying, "their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring". Hence, only words are different but the purpose is same i.e. entertainment.

Ornaments:

The second purpose that studies serve is "ornaments". A person, after learning from books, can present himself in a good manner. Studies also help a person learn etiquettes. His societal impression is improved and he becomes wise in the eyes of people. However, Bacon has used only one word to explain, "ornament" i.e. "discourse". Thereby, studies increase the speaking power of a person but the word "discourse" also needs explanation. It has many meanings; discourse has different types; romantic, professional, religious, motivational, debate etc. Nevertheless, considering in view the worldly approach of the author, he may have used it as a professional speaking power or perhaps, he is talking about

impressive discourse in every field of life whether it is profession, religion or romance. Elaboration of the third purpose of studies, according to Sir Francis Bacon is "judgment and disposition of business". It is somewhat professional. Studies can help a person in dealing with business matters. Thereby, studies support a person in professional life. Sir Francis Bacon has also used the word "judgment" to infer that studies enhance mental eyesight of a person. His vision becomes strong and he takes quick as well as accurate decisions in business matters.

Experience is the Key Factor:

All three purposes are useless without experience, says Bacon. Too much study for "delight" makes a person lazy; ornamentation makes him showcase; similarly, cramming bundle of rules from books does not increase his ability nor does it help him enhancing his thinking capacity. Everyone has natural abilities and studies make them perfect but along with studies, the experience is also required to gain perfection. It actually improves the mentality of a person. In order to elaborate it further, Bacon uses similes, which are worth mentioning:- "the natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience." Sir Francis Bacon Hence, studies show a person thousands of paths to walk but experience helps choosing the right one. Additionally, different types of men see studies differently; some people do not give studies any value; some appreciate them; but wise are those, who perfectly use them.

Why and What Kind of Books should We Study?

After describing the importance of study, Francis Bacon gives his own opinions, "read…. to weigh and consider". A person should not read books to win over a debate or to oppose arguments of others; nor should he read to believe on each and everything written in the book; rather he should study books to know the difference between right and wrong. Moreover, not every book is worth reading. He divides books, too, into three categories; "tasted", "swallowed", and "chewed and digested". "Tasted" books are those, which require no special attention. A reader just needs to go through them; books that come in the category of "swallowed" need a little attention. Category, "Chewed and digested" is self-explanatory. These kinds of books need the full concentration of the readers. Each word and every line should be chewed completely and then digested.

Some Subjects and Their Purposes:

If a person has a habit of reading books then Bacon guarantees improvement in his temperament. If he is used to exchanging dialogues then his wit is going to be enhanced. Above all, if he reads books and then writes down every important suggestion or advice then this method will definitely increase his intellectuality. Francis Bacon, at the end of the essay, creates a list of different subjects and sorts them by their benefits. Here is the list of books and their benefits: -

1. History increases wisdom.
2. Poetry enhances imagination.
3. Mathematics makes a person subtle.

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4. Philosophy deepens thinking.
5. Logic and rhetoric help to contend.

Thus, a person needs to study the relevant subject as per his choice or requirement. If he wants wisdom, history can help him. If he wants imaginative powers, his concern should be poetry. Similarly, mathematics, philosophy, and logic serve their specific purposes. In Bacon's eyes, a person can improve himself as much as he can; he just needs to focus. He actually wants to say that, "reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body". With body, the mind also needs exercise; therefore, every person needs to do an exercise of the mind; he can do it by studying books.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. **What according to Bacon is the use of studies?**
2. **How does Bacon show the abuse or disadvantage of studies?**
3. **How does Bacon emphasize the value of experience?**
4. **What rules of study does Bacon prescribe?**
5. **Write a note on the different types of books?**

Conclusion of "Of Studies" by Sir Francis Bacon: The whole essay proves the intellectuality of Sir Francis Bacon. It is full of wisdom. Every line, written by the author, is philosophically rich. His philosophy is definitely praiseworthy. Moreover, he is called the father of English prose not only because of his deep philosophy but also because of his writing style. He uses exact words to summarize his viewpoint. He tries to demonstrate his thinking in concise words. This essay is well knitted. There is no denying the fact that "Of Studies" is the pure creation of Sir Francis Bacon. In short, this essay is enough to regard him as the father of English prose.

Version from the First Edition (1597)

In this essay Bacon describes the importance of studies in human life. Bacon begins the essay by enlisting three purposes of studies – "to delight, for ornament and for ability." Studies delight most when one is secluded and reposed. Knowledge acquired through studies serve as ornament in a conversation. A well-read man will have a good vocabulary and greater knowledge which will increase the worth of a conversation. Studies improve one's judgmental and authoritative abilities. Ordinary men can no doubt go about their daily business without difficulty but a learned man will do so with higher efficiency. Bacon however says that studying too much is a sign of laziness and using too many ornaments while conversing makes one look pretentious. To make judgments only on the basis of rules is the eccentricity of a scholar. Studies make a man perfect. Studying is not an inborn talent; it is acquired. The natural abilities of man are to be enhanced by studies just like the growth of plants is enhanced by trimming. Studies provide both direction and experience. Practical men often condemn studies but wise men use it. Studies teach man to learn from observation. One must not use knowledge as a means of contradiction or confutation. Studies must also not be used to believe or to take for granted, or to talk and discourse but "to weigh and consider".

Then Bacon speaks about the different ways in which different books are to be read. He says – "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." This means some books are to be perused lightly, that is, tasted while some other books are to be understood and enjoyed, that is, swallowed. On the other hand, certain books are to be digested, that it, to fully extract their meaning and implemented in one's life. Therefore, some books are to be read only in parts, others are to be read with less curiosity, and some books are to be read with attention and diligence. Bacon however also says that sometimes it may be enough to read extracts or reviews of books made by others instead of reading the whole book by oneself. But according to Bacon this is to be done only in case of books of less importance. He considers these "distilled books" to distilled waters which he calls "flashy things" Reading makes a man complete, conversation makes a man quick and witty, and writing improves the memory. If a man writes less he will lack a good memory, if he speaks little he will lack wit and presence of mind, and if he reads less he will not have much knowledge.

A study of history makes a man wise while a study of poetry makes him witty. Mathematics makes a man exact and precise and natural philosophy increases the depth of the mind. Morals make a man grave whereas a study of logic and rhetoric makes him more comprehensive. Studies pass into character. A man's character is influenced and defined by the type of books he reads.

There is no disease of the mind that cannot be cured by proper study. Bowling is good for the bladder and the kidneys, shooting for the lungs and breast, walking for the stomach and riding is good for the head. Similarly, mathematics is the remedy for a wandering mind because if a man's mind wanders while solving a problem he will have to begin again. If a man is unable to make distinctions he must study schoolmen and if he is not quick in passing through matters he should study the law. Thus, Bacon concludes the essay by establishing that for every deficit of the mind a remedy is to be found in studies.

"Studies serve for pastimes, for ornaments, for abilities; their chief use for pastimes is in privateness and retiring; for ornaments in discourse; and for ability in judgment; for expert men can execute, but learned men are more fit to judge and censure. To spend too much time in them is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are themselves perfected by experience; crafty men contemn them, wise men use them, simple men admire them; for they teach not their use, but that there is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation. Read not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some are to be read only in parts, others to be read but curiously, and some few to be read wholly with diligence and attention. Reading makes a full man, conference a ready, and writing an exact man; therefore, if a man writes little, he had need of a great memory; if he confers little, he had need of a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not know. Histories make wise men; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend.

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"Francis Bacon's classic essay "Of Studies" explains how and why study—knowledge—is important. In this essay, he discusses some of the benefits of studying and offers some sound ideas on the subject. Bacon is regarded as the "Father of the English Essay". Bacon envisioned the essay as an opportunity to offer advice. The title of his essay collection: "Essays or Counsels: Civil and Moral," suggests that didactic intent. In "Of Studies," Bacon explains the practical value of knowledge. Bacon considers how studies might be put to use. He is more interested in their practical utility than in their theoretical promise, a proclivity that is perhaps more English than French. In "Of Studies," Bacon's writing is direct and pointed. It avoids Montaigne's essays' meandering, find-your-own-way free form. Bacon gets right to the point in his first sentence: "Studies serve for delight, ornament, and ability." He then goes on to explain how studies can help in these three ways. And he doesn't mince words when describing the use of "studies" for a Renaissance gentleman. One of the essay's main draws is Bacon's skillful use of parallel sentence structure, which is evident in the opening sentence and throughout "Of Studies." This stylistic technique adds clarity and order to the writing, as in "crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them," which demonstrates confidence and elegance in addition to clarity and emphasis through its straightforward assertiveness.Studies are a source of pleasure. They have ornamental value and also improve one's ability.A man who lives a life of aloofness and retirement is best suited to enjoy the pleasures of study. Study has an ornamental value in that it enables a man to become a good talker. A student who devotes too much time to his studies becomes temporarily sluggish. Whoever tries to make a show of his knowledge by reading excessively for conversational purposes is wasting his time. It reveals a man's eccentricity if his judgement is entirely based on rules he has learned from books.

Studies allow you to easily develop your skills and abilities. Studies provide guidance on their own, but this is abstract without practical experience. The studies are disliked by cunning men, but they are admired by simple men. Men who are fundamentally wise use studies to advance in life. One should not read books solely to contradict others. Everything written in a book should not be followed in real life. One should think about what he reads and how he applies it.

Some books should only be read in sections. Some of them can be read quickly and hurriedly. Only a few books are worth paying attention to and studying in depth. In the case of some books, a man may hire someone else to read them for him and then tell him what they contain as well as give him excerpts. However, this method should only be used with the simplest of books. A simple summary or synopsis of a good book is insufficient for any man. Reading helps a man develop his entire personality. A man's wit is developed through conversation. The reader is affected differently by different types of books. History makes a man a wise man. Poetry develops a man's imagination, while mathematics develops his subtlety, Natural science enables a man to look, deep into the things, Logic and art of public speaking develop a person's communicative skills. Effective and useful reading fosters the development of a variety of skills. If a man's mind wonders too much, he should be made to study Mathematics to develop concentration; if a man is unable to make distinctions between things, he should study Middle Ages literature.

Studies are a treatment for mental illness. Mathematics is good for wondering wits in the same way that bowling is good for kidneys, shooting is good for lungs, walking is good for digestion, and riding is good for the head.

1.4 AUTHOR INTRODUCTION (CHARLES LAMB)

The English author, critic, and minor poet Charles Lamb (1775-1834) is best known for the essays he wrote under the name Elia. He remains one of the most loved and read of English essayists. Charles Lamb was born on Feb. 10, 1775, in London. At the age of 7 he entered Christ's Hospital, a free boarding school for sons of poor but genteel parents. After beginning a lifelong friendship with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a fellow student, Lamb left school in 1789. In 1792 he was hired as a clerk in the East India Company and worked there for the next 33 years. On Sept. 22, 1796, Lamb's sister, Mary, in a moment of anxious rage, stabbed their mother to death. An inquest found Mary temporarily insane and placed her in the custody of Charles. After the death of their father in 1799, Mary came to live with Charles for the rest of his life. This companionship was broken only at intervals when the symptoms of Mary's illness recurred so that she had to enter an asylum. This lifelong guardianship prevented Lamb from ever marrying. He himself had spent 6 weeks in an asylum during the winter of 1795, stuttered badly all his life, and became increasingly dependent on alcohol. It is quite possible that his responsibility to Mary helped him to keep a firmer grip on his own sanity. Lamb's literary career began in 1796, when Coleridge published four of Lamb's sonnets in his own first volume, Poems on Various Subjects. In 1798 Lamb published his sentimental romance, A Tale of Rosamund Gray, and, together with Charles Lloyd, a friend of Coleridge, brought out a volume entitled Blank Verse. By 1801 Lamb had begun to contribute short articles to London newspapers and to write plays in an effort to relieve the poverty he and Mary endured. In 1802 he published John Woodvil, a blank-verse play which enjoyed no success, and on the night of Dec. 10, 1806, his two-act farce, Mr. H., was greeted by "a hundred hisses" at the Drury Lane Theatre.

In 1807 Charles and Mary together brought out Tales from Shakespeare, a collection of prose adaptations of Shakespeare's plays intended for young readers. The book proved popular with both young and old, and the Lambs followed up this success with others in the same vein. In 1808 Charles published his own version of Homer's Odyssey for children, The Adventures of Ulysses, and in 1809 he collaborated again with Mary on Mrs. Leicester's School, a book of children's stories, and Poetry for Children. Meanwhile Lamb began a new aspect of his career in 1808 by editing the anthology Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets Who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare. Lamb's brilliant comments on the selections he chose began his reputation as a critic, and the entire volume was largely responsible for the revival of interest in Shakespeare's contemporaries which followed its publication. Lamb furthered his critical career with essays "On the Genius and Character of Hogarth" and "The Tragedies of Shakespeare," published in Leigh Hunt's

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journal, the Reflector, in 1811. In 1818 he brought out a two-volume collection The Works of Charles Lamb. Ironically, his real literary career was yet to begin. Though Lamb was still far from famous, these years were among the happiest of his life. At their home in Inner Temple Lane, he and Mary entertained their friends at a number of late Wednesday evening gatherings. The company included many of the famous authors of the romantic period—Coleridge, William Wordsworth, Robert Southey, William Hazlitt, and Hunt. Yet according to Hazlitt, Lamb "always made the best pun and the best remark" of the evening. Also, Lamb's letters to these friends during these years are among the best things he ever wrote. Filled with excellent critical comments, they also reveal much of the wistful humor of Lamb's own personality. These letters no doubt did much to prepare Lamb for his forthcoming triumph as a familiar essayist. From 1820 through 1825 he contributed a series of essays to the London Magazine which were immensely popular. Though he wrote under the pseudonym Elia, these essays, like his letters, are intimate revelations of Lamb's own thoughts, emotions, and experiences of literature and life. He touches on few disturbing subjects. He prefers instead to look to the past for a sense of calm, stability, and changelessness. Yet beneath the wit, humor, and humanity of such essays as "A Dissertation upon Roast Pig," "Witches and Other Night-Fears," and "Dream Children," one finds a gentle nostalgia and melancholy. This bittersweet tone remains the hallmark of Lamb's style.

In 1823 Charles and Mary met and eventually adopted an orphan girl, Emma Isola. In August the Lambs moved from London for the first time, to Islington and then to Enfield. Charles's health was weakening, and a long illness during the winter of 1824 led him to retire permanently from the East India Company. He now occupied his time with walking trips around Hertfordshire with Emma Isola. By 1833 the frequency and duration of Mary's attacks had increased so that she needed almost constant care, so the Lambs moved to Edmonton to be near Mary's nurse. Charles ended his literary career the same year with Last Essays of Elia. In July, Emma's marriage to Charles's friend Edward Moxon left him depressed and lonely. One year later the death of Coleridge made that loneliness acute. "I feel how great a part he was of me," wrote Lamb. Five weeks later, on Dec. 27, 1834, Lamb himself was dead.

1.5 ALL FOOL'S DAY BY CHARLES LAMB

Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and you, Sir—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? What need of ceremony among friends? We have all a touch of that same—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the general festival, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell him. Stultus sum. Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation. Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day—and let us troll the catch of Amiens—duc ad me—duc ad me—how goes it?

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Here shall he see Gross fools as he. Now would I give a trifle to know historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party. Remove your cap a little further, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you, for my part, The crazy old church clock, And the bewildered chimes.Good master Empedocles, you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander gathering down Aetna. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios. Ha! Cleombrotus! and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists. Gebir, my old free-mason, and prince of plasterers at Babel, bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their nuncheon on the low grounds of Sennaar. Or did you send up your garlick and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish-street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet! Mister Adams—'odso, I honour your coat—pray do us the favour to read to us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day. Good Master Raymund Lully, you look wise. Pray correct that error. Duns, spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen, you are late. —Ha! Cokes, is it you? —Ague-cheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you. —Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command. —Master Silence, I will use few words with you.—Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere.—You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day.—I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest R—, my fine old Librarian of Ludgate, time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet, it is not over-new, threadbare as thy stories—what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate? —Thy customers are extinct, defunct, bed-rid, have ceased to read long ago. —Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two.—Good Granville S—, thy last patron, is flown. King Pandion, he is dead, All thy friends are lapt in lead. - Nevertheless, noble R, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada: for in true courtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly ornature of well-apparelled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me forever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath, which declares that he might be happy with either, situated between those two ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love which

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thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile—as if Cervantes, not Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the minor of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-propertied and meritorious-equal damsels… To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its appropriate day, —for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant—in sober verity I will confess a Truth to thee, reader. I love a Fool—as naturally, as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those Parables—not guessing at their involved wisdom—I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbor; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat unfeminine wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a tendre, for those five thoughtless virgins.—I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted; or a friendship, that answered; with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety, which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, that "the foolisher the fowl or fish,—woodcocks,—dotterels,—cod's-heads, &c. the finer the flesh thereof," and what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?—Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the April Fool. "All Fools Day" is an essay written in a light - hearted mood and in a humorous vein. In fact, the principal quality of this essay is its rich humour and gay abandon. Lamb here spontaneously enters the spirit of the first' of April, a day on which people try to befool one another and enjoy the fooling. After wishing many happy returns of this day to others, Lamb directs the shaft of his wit against himself by calling himself a fool, though in the same breath he wants others also to look upon themselves in the same light. The "Four quarters of the globe". Are on the side of the fraternity of fools, he humorously says. Lamb gets into the spirit of all fools day on which all kinds of practical jokes are played by people on one another. Lamb gets into the spirit of all fool's day and wishes many happy returns of the day to everybody, no body, he says, should keep away from the celebration of this festival. Everybody, according to Lamb, has a touch of the fool in him "speck of the motley". He himself, says Lamb, belongs to the category of fools and would like his readers to regard themselves as having a touch. Of the fool in their composition. Here in the following lines one can see the humour. What 1 man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side at the least computation. Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry we-will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day - and let us troll the catch of Amiens - due ad me - due ad me - how goes it? Here shall he see Gross fools as he Now would I give a trifle to know, historically and authentically, who was the

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greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him a bumper Marry, of the present breed, 1 think I could without much difficulty name you the party. The meaning of these lines is that the majority of the people in this world have something of the fool in their make-up. Lamb invites every dy to share the goose berry wine with him and to sing the song of folly that Amiens sings in Shakespeare's play. He would like to know who was the greatest fool that ever lived and would like to drink a toast to that man. The first day of April, known as All Fools' Day or April Fools' Day, is traditionally marked by the custom of playing jokes (usually on friends) and engaging in frivolous activities. It stands as one of the few spring festivals in Christian Europe unaffected by the date of the celebration of Easter. All Fools' Day should not be confused with the Feast of Fools, the medieval mock-religious festival involving status reversals and parodies of the official church by low-level cathedral functionaries and others (held on or about the Feast of the Circumcision, January 1). April Fools' Day activities, however, are related in spirit to this once-licensed kind of revelry. The actual origins of April Fools' practices and their connection to the first of April are unknown. The day and its traditions appear to reflect some of the festive characteristics of such non-Christian religious celebrations as the Hilaria of ancient Rome (March 25) and the Holi festival of India (ending March 31). Traditional celebrations related to the vernal equinox and to the arrival of spring in the Northern Hemisphere, as well as that season›s playful and often fickle weather, may also have contributed to the timing and persistence of April Fools› customs. The development of All Fools' Day has been the subject of much popular speculation. The day has been seen as commemorating the wanderings from place to place of the raven and dove Noah sent from the ark to search for day land after the biblical flood. It has also been thought to memorialize in an irreverent way the transfer of Jesus from the jurisdiction of one governmental or religious figure to another in the last hours before his crucifixion. In either case, the events in question were believed to have occurred on or near the first of April. An intriguing explanation for April Fools' Day customs in France, on the other hand, concerns confusion over the change in the date for the observance of the New Year. Those who recognized March 25 as the beginning of their year (a number of different dates were used to mark this occasion in medieval Europe) culminated their eight-day celebration of this event on April 1. When in 1564 Charles IX changed the official date to January 1, some people either resisted the change or failed to remember when the year was to begin. This confusion led to the practice of exchanging false greetings for the first of the year on the old day of its observance and of sending false gifts, as a joke, to those who expected the customary holiday presents on that day. Thus, some scholars believe that jests of all sorts soon came to be associated with this date. The term poisson d'avril, literally translated as "an April fish," is still used to describe the foolish victim of an All Fools' Day prank. The custom of "April fooling," known and practiced in many European countries, was brought by English settlers to the United States of America. There, any person of any age or rank is susceptible to being made a fool on April first; tradition demands, however, that these jokes take place only within the twelve-hour period from midnight to noon (with the rest of the day reserved, no doubt, for apologies). Today, the practice is usually observed by children, although some adults continue to perpetrate both simple and complex jests and hoaxes on unsuspecting individuals on this day.

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1.6 AUTHOR INTRODUCTION (WILLIAM HAZLITT)

William Hazlitt is considered as one of the greatest literary critics and essayists. He was also a painter, philosopher and social commentator. He is recognized as the best art critic of the Romantic period. Hazlitt was a political liberal and wrote expressive defenses of the ideas of the French Revolution.

His father was a sympathizer of the American struggle for independence. Hazlitt inherited liberal views from his father. Even though he was not entirely devoid of political prejudices himself, he attacked the politically conservative works of the Lake Poets. He has left a vivid account of his meeting with Samuel Taylor Coleridge and how he taught Hazlitt the gospel of revolution. His writing style was simple, colloquial and insightful without any literary pretension. His works cannot be classified into a single school of criticism. His essays followed the trend of 'familiar' essays, i.e. essays which used the model of common conversation to discuss matters of human experiences. The topics of William Hazlitt's essays ranged from such specialized topics as Milton's sonnets or Sir Joshua Reynold's 'Discourses' to his fondness for old books. His literary pieces gave the readers a lens through which the compositions of his Romantic contemporaries can be seen.

Childhood & Early Life

William Hazlitt was born on 10 April 1778 in Mitre Lane, Maidstone, England to William Hazlitt Sr., a Unitarian minister in England and Grace Loftus.

- The family shifted to Wem in Shropshire when Hazlitt was two.
- He was educated mainly at home and at a local school.
- At 13 he debuted in writing with a letter, which was published in the 'Shrewsbury Chronicle'.
- In 1793 he was sent to the New College at Hackney, a Unitarian Seminary.
- While studying at the college, Hazlitt had a loss of faith and returned home to Wem.
- On 14 January 1798, Hazlitt met Samuel Taylor Coleridge at the Unitarian Chapel in Shrewsbury. While visiting him at his residence in Nether Stowey, Hazlitt also came in contact with William Wordsworth.
- Artistic inclinations ran in the family and from 1798, Hazlitt took keen interest in painting.
- By 1802, he had made decent progress in painting and a portrait of his father that he had recently painted was accepted for an exhibition at the Royal Academy.
- Later in 1802, he travelled to Paris to copy several works of the Old Masters in the Louvre.

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- A fallout with Coleridge and Wordsworth happened when he allegedly assaulted a woman while visiting Lake District to paint the portraits of the two authors.

Literary Career

- He moved to London in 1804 in order to shape up his writing career.
- On 19 July 1805, he published 'An Essay on the Principles of Human Action' with the help of William Godwin.
- In 1807 Hazlitt's preface to 'The Light of Nature Pursued' along with a compilation of parliamentary speeches:'The Eloquence of the British Senate' were published.
- In January 1812 Hazlitt began his career as a lecturer by delivering a series of talks on the British philosophers at the Russell Institution in London.
- In October 1812, he was hired by 'The Morning Chronicle', the Whig newspaper as a parliamentary reporter.
- In 1817, 'The Round Table' was published. It was a collection of forty essays by Hazlitt and a dozen by Leigh Hunt, the editor of 'The Morning Chronicle'.
- The same year, Hazlitt brought out 'Characters of Shakespeare's Plays'. This book established him as a leading Shakespearean critic of the time.
- In the following years, a few of his lectures delivered in different universities came out in the form of books: 'Lectures on the English Poets' (1818), 'A View of the English Stage' (1818) and 'Lectures on the English Comic Writers' (1819).
- In 1822, 'Table-Talk or Original Essays' was published which were written in the 'familiar style' of Montaigne.
- In May 1823 he published anonymously a fictional account of a brief, illicit affair, titled 'Liber amoris' or 'The New Pygmalion'.
- The same year, he also published anonymously 'Characteristics: In the Manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims', a collection of aphorisms.
- In 1825 'The Spirit of the Age: or, Contemporary Portraits' was published which was a collection of sketches of twenty-five prominent personalities of England.
- Throughout the last years of his life, he continued to write articles for 'The Atlas', 'The London Weekly Review', 'The Court Journal' and 'The Edinburgh Review'.

Major Works

- The 'Characters of Shakespeare's Plays' (1817) is the representative of Hazlitt's literary criticism. The book contains subjective commentary on famous Shakespearean protagonists like Macbeth and Hamlet, and introduces his concept of 'gusto'. 'Table-Talk' (1821–22) and 'The Round Table' (1817) are his two finest collections of essays, even though they received a lot of negative reviews at the time.

Personal Life & Legacy

- In 1808, Hazlitt married Sarah Stoddart, a friend of Mary Lamb and sister of John Stoddart, a journalist and the editor of 'The Times' newspaper.

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- The couple had three sons but only one of their children, William, born in 1811, survived infancy.
- On 17 July 1822, the couple got divorced owing to Hazlitt's brief extra-marital affair with Sarah Walker, a girl who was 22 years his junior.
- In 1824, he married Isabella Bridwater, a Scottish widow. It was a marriage of convenience and lasted only three years.
- Hazlitt was suffering from stomach cancer and died on 18 September 1830.
- On 23 September 1830, he was buried in the churchyard of St Anne's Church, Soho in London.
- His last words were "Well, I've had a happy life".
- 'The Plain Speaker: Opinions on Books, Men, and Things' is a posthumous collection of essays that had not been published in a book format before. It was organized by his grandson, William Carew Hazlitt.

"ON THE LOVE OF LIFE" BY WILLAIM HAZLITT

It is our intention, in the course of these papers, occasionally to expose certain vulgar errors, which have crept into our reasonings on men and manners. Perhaps one of the most interesting of these, is that which relates to the source of our general attachment to life. We are not going to enter into the question, whether life is, on the whole, to be regarded as a blessing, though we are by no means inclined to adopt the opinion of that sage, who thought "that the best thing that could have happened to a man was never to have been born, and the next best to have died the moment after he came into existence." The common argument, however, which is made use of to prove the value of life, from the strong desire which almost everyone feels for its continuance, appears to be altogether inconclusive. The wise and the foolish, the weak and the strong, the lame and the blind, the prisoner and the free, the prosperous and the wretched, the beggar and the king, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, from the little child who tries to leap over his own shadow, to the old man who stumbles blindfold on his grave, all feel this desire in common. Our notions with respect to the importance of life, and our attachment to it, depend on a principle which has very little to do with its happiness or its misery. The love of life is, in general, the effect not of our enjoyments, but of our passions. We are not attached to it so much for its own sake, or as it is connected with happiness, as because it is necessary to action. Without life there can be no action -- no objects of pursuit -- no restless desires -- no tormenting passions. Hence it is that we fondly cling to it -- that we dread its termination as the close, not of enjoyment, but of hope. The proof that our attachment to life is not absolutely owing to the immediate satisfaction we find in it, is, that those persons are commonly found most loath to part with it who have the least enjoyment of it, and who have the greatest difficulties to struggle with, as losing gamesters are the most desperate. And farther, there are not many persons who, with all their pretended love of life, would not, if it had been in their power, have melted down the longest life to a few hours.

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"The school-boy, " says Addison, "counts the time till the return of the holidays; the minor longs to be of age; the lover is impatient till he is married." -- "Hope and fantastic expectations spend much of our lives; and while with passion we look for a coronation, or the death of an enemy, or a day of joy, passing from fancy to possession without any intermediate notices, we throw away a precious year." JEREMY TAYLOR. -- We would willingly, and without remorse, sacrifice the present moment, but all the interval (no matter how long) that separates us from any favorite object. We chiefly look upon life, then, as the means to an end. Its common enjoyments and its daily evils are alike disregarded for any idle purpose we have in view. It should seem as if there were a free green sunny spot in the desert of life, to which we are always hastening forward: we eye them wistfully in the distance, and care not what perils or suffering we endure, so that we arrive at them at last. However, weary we may be of the same stale round -- however sick of the past -- however hopeless of the future -- the mind still revolts at the thought of death, because the fancied possibility of good, which always remains with life, gathers strength as it is about to be torn from us for forever, and the dullest scene looks bright compared with the darkness of the grave. Our reluctance to part with existence evidently does not depend on the calm and even current of our lives, but on the force and impulse of the passions. Hence that indifference to death which has been sometimes remarked in people who lead a solitary and peaceful life in remote and barren districts. The pulse of life in them does not beat strong enough to occasion any violent revulsion of the frame when it ceases. He who treads the green mountain turf, or who sleeps beneath it, enjoys and almost equal quiet. The death of those persons has always been accounted happy, who had attained their utmost wishes, who had nothing left to regret or to desire. Our repugnance to death increases in proportion to our consciousness of having lived in vain -- to the violence of our efforts and the keenness of our disappointments -- and to our earnest desire to find in the future, if possible a rich amends for the past. We may be said to nurse our existence with the greatest tenderness, according to the pain it has cost us; and feel at every step of our varying progress the truth of that line of the poet --

"An ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour." The love of life is in fact the sum of all our passions and of all our enjoyments; but these are by no means the same thing, for the vehemence of our passions is irritated, not less by disappointment than by the prospect of success. Nothing seems to be a match for this general tenaciousness of existence, but such an extremity either of bodily or mental suffering as destroys at once the power both of habit and imagination. In short, the question whether life is accompanied with a greater quantity of pleasure or pain, may be fairly set aside as frivolous, and of no practical utility; for out attachment to life depends on our interest in it; and it cannot be denied that we have more interest in this moving, busy scene, agitated with a thousand hopes and fears, and checkered with every diversity of joy and sorrow, than in a dreary blank. To be something is better than to be nothing, because we can feel no interest in nothing. Passion, imagination, self-will, the sense of power, the very consciousness of our existence, bind us to life, and hold us fast in its chains, as by a magic spell, in spite of every other consideration. Nothing can be more philosophical than the reasoning which Milton puts into the mouth of the fallen angel: "And that must end us, that must be our cure, To be no more; sad cure: for who would lose,

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Though full of pain, this intellectual being, Those thoughts that wander through eternity, To perish rather, swallowed up and lost In the wide womb of uncreated night, Devoid of sense and motion?" Nearly the same account may be given in answer to the question which has been asked, why so few tyrants kill themselves? In the first place, they are never satisfied with the mischief they have done, and cannot quit their hold of power, after all sense of pleasure is fled. Besides, they absurdly argue from the means of happiness placed within their reach to the end itself; and, dazzled by the pomp and pageantry of a throne, cannot relinquish the persuasion that they ought to be happier than other men. The prejudice of opinion, which attaches us to life, is in them stronger than in others, and incorrigible to experience. The Great are life's fools -- dupes of the splendid shadows that surround them, and wedded to the very mockeries of opinion.

Whatever is our situation or pursuit in life, the result will be much the same. The strength of the passion seldom corresponds to the pleasure we find in its indulgence. The miser "robs himself to increase his store"; the ambitious man toils up a slippery precipice only to be tumbled headlong from its height; the lover is infatuated with the charms of his mistress, exactly in proportion to the mortifications he has received from her. Even those who succeed in nothing, who, as it has been emphatically expressed – "Are made desperate by too quick a sense Of constant infelicity; cut off From peace like exiles, on some barren rock, Their life's sad prison, with no more of ease, Than sentinels between two armies set;" Are yet as unwilling as others to give over the unprofitable strife: their harassed feverish existence refuses rest, and frets the languor of exhausted hope into the torture of unavailing regret. The exile, who has been unexpectedly restored to his county and to liberty, often finds his courage fail with the accomplishment of all his wishes, and the struggle of life and hope ceases at the same instant. We once more repeat, that we do not, in the forgoing remarks mean to enter into a comparative estimate of the value of human life, but merely to shew, that the strength of our attachment to it is a very fallacious test of its happiness.

"ON FAMILIAR STYLE" BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

It is not easy to write a familiar style. Many people mistake a familiar for a vulgar style, and suppose that to write without affectation is to write at random. On the contrary, there is nothing that requires more precision, and, if I may so say, purity of expression, than the style I am speaking of. It utterly rejects not only all unmeaning pomp, but all low, can't phrases, and loose, unconnected, slipshod allusions. It is not to take the first word that offers, but the best word in common use; it is not to throw words together in any combinations we please, but to follow and avail ourselves of the true idiom of the language. To write a genuine familiar or truly English style, is to write as anyone would speak in common conversation who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes. Or, to give another illustration, to write naturally is the same thing in regard to common conversation as to read naturally is in regard to common speech. It does not follow that it is an easy thing to give the true accent and inflection to the words you utter, because you do not attempt to rise above the level of ordinary life and colloquial speaking. You do not assume, indeed, the solemnity of the pulpit, or the tone of stage declamation;

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neither are you at liberty to gabble on at a venture, without emphasis or discretion, or to resort to a vulgar dialect or clownish pronunciation.

You must steer a middle course. You are tied down to a given and appropriate articulation, which is determined by the habitual associations between sense and sound, and which you can only hit by entering into the author's meaning, as you must find the proper words and style to express yourself by fixing your thoughts on the subject you have to write about. Any one may mouth out a passage with a theatrical cadence, or get upon stilts to tell his thoughts; but to write or speak with propriety and simplicity is a more difficult task. Thus, it is easy to affect a pompous style, to use a word twice as big as the thing you want to express: it is not so easy to pitch upon the very word that exactly fits it. Out of eight or ten words equally common, equally intelligible, with nearly equal pretensions, it is a matter of some nicety and discrimination to pick out the very one the profitableness of which is scarcely perceptible, but decisive. The reason why I object to Dr. Johnson's style is that there is no discrimination, no selection, no variety in it. He uses none but "tall, opaque words, "taken from the "first row of the rubric" -- words with the greatest number of syllables, or Latin phrases with merely English terminations. If a fine style depended on this sort of arbitrary pretension, it would be fair to judge of an author's elegance by the measurement of his words and the substitution of foreign circumlocutions (with no precise associations) for the mother-tongue.2 How simple is it to be dignified without ease, to be pompous without meaning! Surely, it is but a mechanical rule for avoiding what is low, to be always pedantic and affected. It is clear you cannot use a vulgar English word if you never use a common English word at all. A fine tact is shown in adhering to those which are perfectly common, and yet never falling into any expressions which are debased by disgusting circumstances, or which owe their signification and point to technical or professional allusions. A truly natural or familiar style can never be quaint or vulgar, for this reason, that it is of universal force and applicability, and that quaintness and vulgarity arise out of the immediate connection of certain words with coarse and disagreeable, or with confined ideas. The last form what we understand by can't or slang phrases. -- To give an example of what is not very clear in the general statement. I should say that the phrase "To cut with a knife," or "To cut a piece of wood," is perfectly free from vulgarity, because it is perfectly common; but to cut an acquaintance is not quite unexceptionable, because it is not perfectly common or intelligible, and has hardly yet escaped out of the limits of slang phraseology. I should hardly, therefore, use the word in this sense without putting it in italics as a license of expression, to be received com grano salis. All provincial or bye-phrases come under the same mark of reprobation -- all such as the writer transfers to the page from his fireside or a particular coterie, or that he invents for his own sole use and convenience. I conceive that words are like money, not the worse for being common, but that it is the stamp of custom alone that gives them circulation or value. I am fastidious in this respect, and would almost as soon coin the currency of the realm as counterfeit the King's English. I never invented or gave a new and unauthorized meaning to any words but one single one (the term impersonal applied to feelings), and that was in an abstruse metaphysical discussion to express a very difficult distinction. I have been (I know) loudly accused of reveling in vulgarisms and broken English. I cannot speak to that point; but so

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far, I plead guilty to the determined use of acknowledged idioms and common elliptical expressions. I am not sure that the critics in question know the one from the other, that is can distinguish any medium between formal pedantry and the most barbarous solecism. As an author I endeavor to employ plain words and popular modes of construction, as, were I a chapman and dealer, I should common weights and measures.

The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application. A word may be a find-sounding word, of an unusual length, and a very imposing from its learning and novelty, and yet in the connection in which it is introduced may be quite pointless and irrelevant. It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaptation of the expression to the idea, that clinches a writer's meaning: -- as it is not the size of glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch; or as the pegs and nails are as necessary to the support of the building as the larger timber, and more so than the mere showy, unsubstantial ornaments. I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. A person who does not deliberately dispose of all his thoughts alike in cumbrous draperies and flimsy disguises, may strike out twenty varieties of familiar every-day language, each coming somewhat nearer to the feeling he wants to convey, and at last not hit upon that particular and only one which may be said to be identical with the exact impression in his mind. This would seem to show that Mr Cobbet is hardly right in saying that the first word that occurs is always the best. It may be a very good one; and yet a better may present itself on reflection or from time to time. It should be suggested naturally, however, and spontaneously, from a fresh and lively conception of the subject. We seldom succeed by trying at improvement, or by merely substituting one word for another that we are not satisfied with, as we cannot recollect the name of a place or person by merely plaguing ourselves about it. We wander farther form the point by persisting in a wrong scent; but it starts up accidentally in the memory when we least expect it, by touching some link in the chain of previous association.

There are those who hoard up and make a cautious display of nothing but rich and rare phraseology -- ancient medals, obscure coins, and Spanish pieces of eight. They are very curious to inspect, but I myself would neither offer not take them in the course of exchange. A sprinkling of archaisms is not amiss, but a tissue of obsolete expressions is more fit for keep than wear. I do not say I would not use any phrase that had been brought into fashion before the middle or the end of the last century, but I should be shy of using any that had not been employed by any approved author during the whole of that time. Words, like clothes, get old-fashioned, or mean and ridiculous, when they have been for some time laid aside. Mr. Lamb is the only imitator of old English style I can read with pleasure; and he is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his authors that the idea of imitation is almost done away. There is an inward unction, a marrowy vein, both in the thought and feeling, an intuition, deep and lively, of his subject, that carries off any quaintness or awkwardness arising from an antiquated style and dress. The matter is completely his own, though the manner is assumed. Perhaps his ideas are altogether so marked and individual as to require their point and pungency to be neutralized by the affectation of a singular but traditional form of conveyance. Tricked out in the prevailing

costume, they would probably seem more startling and out of the way. The old English authors, Burton, Fuller, Coryate, Sir Thomas Browne, are a kind of mediators between us and the more eccentric and whimsical modern, reconciling us to his peculiarities. I do not, however, know how far this is the case or not, till he condescends to write like one of us. I must confess that what I like best of his papers under the signature of Elia (still I do not presume amidst such excellence, to decide what is most excellent) is the account of "Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist," which is also the freest from obsolete allusions and turns of expression.

" A well of native English undefiled."

To those acquainted with his admired prototypes, these Essays of the ingenious and highly gifted author have the same sort of charm and relish that Erasmus's Colloquies or a fine piece of modern Latin have to the classical scholar. Certainly, I do not know any borrowed pencil that has more power or felicity of execution than the one of which I have here been speaking.

It is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas as it is to spread a pallet of showy colours or to smear in a flaunting transparency. "What do you read?" "Words, words, words."-- What is the matter? "Nothing, "it might be answered. The florid style is the reverse of the familiar. The last is employed as an unvarnished medium to convey ideas; the first is resorted to as a spangled veil to conceal the want of them. When there is nothing to be set down but words, it costs little to have them fine. Look through the dictionary and cull out a florilegium, rival the tulipomania. Rouge high enough, and never mind the natural complexion. The vulgar, who are not in the secret, will admire the look of preternatural health and vigor; and the fashionable, who regard only appearances, will be delighted with the imposition. Keep to your sounding generalities, your tinkling phrases, and all will be well. Swell out an unmeaning truism to a perfect tympany of style. A thought, a distinction is the rock on which all this brittle cargo of verbiage splits at once. Such writers have merely verbal imaginations, that retain nothing but words. Or their puny thoughts have dragon-wings, all green and gold. They soar far above the vulgar failing of the Sermo humi obrepens -- their most ordinary speech is never short of a hyperbole, splendid, imposing, vague, incomprehensible, magniloquent, a cento of sounding common-places. If some of us, whose "ambition is more lowly, "pry a little too narrowly into nooks and corners to pick up a number of "unconsidered trifles," they never once direct their eyes or lift their hands to seize on any but the most gorgeous, tarnished, thread-bare, patchwork set of phrases, the left-off finery of poetic extravagance, transmitted down through successive generations of barren pretenders. If they criticize actor and actresses, a huddled phantasmagoria of feathers, spangles, floods of light, and oceans of sounds float before their morbid sense, which they paint in the style of Ancient Pistol. Not a glimpse can you get of the merits of defects of the performers: they are hidden in a profusion of barbarous epithets and willful rhodomontade. Our hypercritics are not thinking of these little fantoccini beings -- "That strut and fret their hour upon the stage -- " but of tall phantoms of words, abstractions, genera and species, sweeping clauses, periods that unite the Poles, forced alliterations, astounding antitheses -- "And on their pens Fustian sits plumed." If they describe kings and queens, it is an Eastern pageant. The Coronation at either

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House is nothing to it. We get at four repeated images, a curtain, a throne, a sceptre, and a foot-stool. These are with them the wardrobe of a lofty imagination; and they turn their servile strains to servile uses. Do we read a description of pictures? It is not a reflection of tones and hues which "nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on, "put piles of precious stones, rubies, pearls, emeralds, Golconda's mines, and all the blazonry of art. Such persons are in fact besotted with words, and their brains are turned with the glittering but empty and sterile phantoms of things. Personifications, capital letters, seas of sunbeams, visions of glory, shining inscriptions the figures of a transparency, Britannia with her shield, or Hope leaning on an anchor, make up their stock-in-trade. They may be considered hieroglyphical writers. Images stands out in their minds isolated and important merely in themselves, without any ground-work of feeling-- there is no context in their imaginations. Words affect them in the same way, by the mere sound, that is, by their possible not by their actual application to the subject in hand. They are fascinated by first appearances, and have no sense of consequences.

Nothing more is meant by them than meets the ear: they understand or feel nothing more than meet their eye. The web and texture of the universe, and of the heart of man, is a mystery to them: they have no faculty that strikes a chord in unison with it. They cannot get beyond the daubings of fancy, the varnish of sentiment. Objects are not linked to feelings, words to things, but images revolve in splendid mockery, words represent themselves in their strange rhapsodies. The categories of such a mind are pride and ignorance -- pride in outside show, to which they sacrifice everything, and ignorance of the true worth and hidden structure both of words and things. With a sovereign contempt for what is familiar and natural, they are the slaves of vulgar affectation -- of a routine of high-flown phrases. Scorning to imitate realities, they are unable to invent anything, to strike out one original idea. They are not copyists of nature, it is true; but they are the poorest of all plagiarists, the plagiarists of words. All is far-fetched, dear bought, artificial, oriental in subject and allusion; all is mechanical, conventional, vapid, formal, pedantic in style and execution. They startle and confound the understanding of the reader by the remoteness and obscurity to their illustrations; they sooth the ear by the monotony of the same everlasting round of circuitous metaphors. They are the mock-school in poetry and prose. They flounder about between fustian in expression and bathos in sentiment. They tantalize the fancy, but never reach the head nor touch the heart. Their Temple of Fame is like a shadow structure raised by Dullness to Vanity, or like Cowper's description of the Empress of Russia's palace of ice, "as worthless as in show 'twas glittering" -- "It smiled, and it was cold!"

HAZLITT'S STYLE:

Hazlitt was a great prose writer and stylist. He wrote with convictions which were deep and firm. He wrote with an aim to communicate with his readers. Although he did not strain after any particular style, he had a style of his own. It is called the familiar style.

FAMILIAR STYLE:

Hazlitt cultivated a personal style which is called personal style. Hazlitt himself describes the features of his style. This style is free from affectation or vulgarity. It rejects all that is

loose and unconnected. It does not use the most fashionable word but the best word in common use. The words are not thrown together in any random combination. It has the essence of conversation. In short, Hazlitt's style is natural yet admirably calculated for effect and communication. It has precision and purity of expression.

THE USE OF WORDS:

Hazlitt's style is characterized by clarity, vigour and force. In this context words play important role. Hazlitt had a rare command over words. He does not use archaic, irrelevant and superfluous words. According to him the words should be contextually meaningful. He is averse to pompous style. He used proper words at proper places.

FIGURES OF SPEECH, SENTENCE:

Hazlitt frequently uses figures of speech to emphasize his point of view. These figures are well integrated with the over-all essay and add to the vividness and clarity of expression. His essays are replete with vivid descriptions. He even describes abstract ideas in concretzterms. Once he says 'The mind of a man is like a clock that is always running down, and requires to be as constantly wound up'. Hazlitt's sentences are brief and abrupt, vigorous and direct. He often writes balanced, antithetical sentences to present the contrasting ideas.

APHORISM:

According to Hugh Walker, 'Hazlitt is one of the masters of aphorism. Like Bacon he is aphoristic. His essays are remarkable for the pregnancy of expression, where a single sentence would bear expansion into an essay. When Hazlitt becomes violent in his prejudices, the force of his language is dominated by a hard tone. At that time his sentences fall like blows of the hammer on the anvile. Hazlitt is also praised for the use of epigrams and paradoxes. He can be copious but never verbose. Another distinctive feature of his style is the use of quotation. He often quotes excessively.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ELEMENT:

In the hands of Hazlitt, essay became a means of self-expression. He puts himself in the center whatever be the topic of the essay. He often glides into the past. He weaves the texture of his essays by the threads of memory. He, thus, reveals his life and mind. He is passionately alive to men and matters around him in the present. If he finds foibles and frailties in them, he ridicules them. His writings are thus also employed for exposing the follies of the society and human life in general.

INFORMALITY:

Hazlitt puts his ideas in an informal manner. In spite of this informality Hazlitt's essays are not light in nature. They are serious and thought provoking. It is said that Hazlitt is more interested in ideas than form. A leading idea is talked about. Thus, new ideas are brought forward. This essayist has conveyed his enjoyment and observation through his essays.

CONCLUSION:

Hazlitt's style has certain flaws. Sometimes it becomes difficult to understand the meaning due to complex syntactical construction. He is frequently repetitive and digressive. But

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the qualities of vividness, vigour and directness of his style outshine these flaws. R. L. Stevenson says, 'Though we are mighty fine fellows now-a-days, we can't write like William Hazlitt.'

1.7 CHAPTER SUMMARY

This essay discusses various types of books and their effects on the reader. Bacon divides the uses of studies into three categories: the use of studies for delight, the use of studies for ornament, and the use of studies for ability. Bacon also provides some excellent advice on why and how to read. He claims that different studies have different effects on the human mind. Various kinds of studies can help to correct a variety of mental flaws. The importance of experience in supplementing and perfecting studies is duly emphasised in the essay. Bacon would not be satisfied with more bookish knowledge. The wisdom gained through experience is just as important as the wisdom gained through reading books. But ideas aren't the only thing that matters in this essay. Bacon demonstrates his talent for expressing his ideas with the least amount of words possible. The essay is a masterwork of concision and brevity. His sentences have a proverbial feel to them. Bacon's essays abound in very appropriate and original similes. We have one such simile here when Bacon says that "distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things".

It is, without a doubt, one of the best English prose essays ever written. It provides us with a number of sound maxims and sentences that we can quote when the situation calls for it. Some of the sentences do, in fact, stick in our heads without any conscious effort on our part. Bacon's essay is one of his most well-known works. Hazlitt's style is also distinguished by the feeling of sincerity it establishes. The language is that of a cultured man of wide experience; he uses many quotations and allusions to writers from ancient Greece to those of his own day. Above all, Hazlitt manages nearly always to avoid the common pitfalls of the familiar essayist: glib superficiality and pompous sentimentality. He was able to move on a safe course by means of his hard, bright intellect which helped create an attractive, sincere style. In his relationship with his audience, Hazlitt neither condescends nor is overly familiar. He is frank and engaging, but never whispers "dear reader" in our ear. The "I" of the familiar essays belongs to a well-read, well-traveled student of life who expresses his beliefs boldly. Perhaps a quotation from "On the Ignorance of the Learned" will give some idea of the frankness of Hazlitt's expression and the nature of his attitude toward his audience: Women have often more of what is called good sense than men. They have fewer pretensions; are less implicated in theories; and judge objects more from their immediate and involuntary impression on the mind, and, therefore, more truly and naturally. They cannot reason wrong; for they do not reason at all. They do not think or speak by rule; and they have in general more eloquence and wit, as well as sense, on that account. By their wit, sense, and eloquence together, they generally contrive to govern their husbands. It may be, as Geoffrey Keynes expressed it, that Hazlitt's personality was as prickly as a quilled porcupine, giving pointed sharpness to everything he wrote. But neither Hazlitt's prickliness nor his lack of modern structural ideals seriously obstructs our appreciation of the products of a most remarkable mind that was honest, inquisitive, sensitive, and keen. All Fools Day is an essay written under the title Essay of Elia by Charles Lamb. Charles

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Lamb was one of the most famous precursors of the generation of Romantic poets like Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, etc. The romantic tendencies can be clearly seen in his works, particularly in Essays of Elia where we write about the common people and their day to day workings. In one of the essays written he writes about the children working in the stone grinding house, and other topics include writing about a grandmother who works very hard to feed her grandkids. The choice of the subject matter and their honest portrayal with sympathy shows his humane qualities and his romantic nature.

1.8 REVIEW QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **What type of books are to be chewed and digested?**
2. **What do you think is the proper use of study?**
3. **What is familiar style of writing?**
4. **Who is the author of the essay on familiar style?**
5. **What is the use of the study of natural philosopher?**

LONG ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **How did Bacon classify the books?**
2. **What are special qualities of this essay?**
3. **Comment on the theme of this essay.**
4. **What were the personal reasons for which Hazlitt wrote a letter to his son?**
5. **What emotion does Hazlitt son Express when he was going to school in the story a letter by Hazlitt to his son.**

1.9 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. **Bacon's essay entitled Of Studies is a passage to be:**
   a. Chewed and digested
   b. Read with main points
   c. Studied thoroughly
2. **One who makes too much use of his readings for conversational purposes makes:**
   a. Things haphazard
   b. Vain display of his learnings
   c. Proper use of books
3. **One should take extracts from:**
   a. Books of high value
   b. Meaner sort of books
   c. Remedial books
4. **Books worth a closer and thorough reading:**
   a. Are smaller in number
   b. Are written by famous writers
   c. Are text books

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5. Logic and rhetoric develope:

a. Man's debating powers
b. Man's thinking power
c. Man's power to interact

6. What feature of the chimney sweeper's face does Lamb admire?

a. Eyes
b. Teeth
c. Tongue
d. Sooty cheeks

7. Who was Cousin Bridget a pseudonym for?

a. Lamb
b. Anna simmons
c. Charles lamb
d. Mrs. field

8. Where was Charles Lamb born?

a. Manchester
b. Boston
c. London
d. Scotland

9. Which of the following was NOT Romantic writer?

a. Adam Smith
b. Samuel Taylor Coleridge
c. William Wordsworth
d. Henry Thoreau

10. What scene does Elia describe in a piece of china?

a. Courtship
b. Birth
c. Wedding
d. Tea Ceremony

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UNIT II

CHARLATTE BRONTE: JANE EYRE

STRUCTURE

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2.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

- Students will be able to analyze and write about ideas and themes found in **Jane Eyre** .
- Analyze the characters in the novel.
- Study the use of humor and pathos in the novel.
- Analyze the structure of the novel.

2.2 AUTHOR INTRODUCTION (CHARLATTE BRONTE)

As the author of vivid, intensely written novels, Brontë broke the traditional nineteenth-century fictional stereotype of a woman as submissive, dependent, beautiful, and ignorant. Her first novel, Jane Eyre (1847), was immediately recognized for its originality and power, though it was some time before its author was universally accepted to be a woman, rather than Currer Bell, the masculine pseudonym she consistently employed. Since then, Brontë has been considered by critics as one of the foremost authors of the nineteenth century, an important precursor to feminist novelists, and the creator of intelligent, independent heroines who asserted their rights as women long before those rights were recognized by society.

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

Brontë was born April 21, 1816 in Thornton, Yorkshire. The eldest surviving daughter in a family of six, she assisted her aunt and her father in raising the three younger children, including her brother Branwell and sisters Emily and Anne. Her mother, Maria Branwell of Cornwall, died from cancer in 1821, at the age of thirty-eight. Two older sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, died of consumption in 1825. Her father, Patrick Brontë, was a strict Yorkshire clergyman who forbade his offspring from socializing with other children in the village of Haworth, where he had been appointed perpetual curate. Instead, he promoted self-education and encouraged his children to read the Bible and the works of William Shakespeare, William Wordsworth, Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott, as well as newspapers and monthly magazines. Brontë attended a school near Mirfield, Roe Head, for a year before returning home to tutor her younger siblings. She and Branwell began writing their own stories and poems together, set in the imaginary world of Angria; a volume of Brontë's juvenilia in this vein was published posthumously as Legends of Angria (1933). In 1835, Brontë returned to Roe Head as a teacher, while first Emily and then Anne attended the school, though she continued working with Branwell on their Angrian stories. After Anne completed school, Brontë also returned to Haworth, taking occasional positions as a governess. Her interest in writing continued, and she corresponded with established authors of the day, seeking their advice. The poet laureate Robert Southey told her that "literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure she will

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have for it." Meanwhile, the family developed a plan to open a school run by Charlotte, Emily, and Anne; Charlotte and Emily traveled to Brussels to further their education, but the school never came to fruition. While in Brussels, Charlotte did develop a relationship with her married instructor, Constantin Heger; Heger was supportive of her writing, but their closeness eventually angered his wife, who put a stop to the friendship. Some critics believe Heger to be a model for the character of Rochester in Jane Eyre. Back in Haworth, Brontë became alienated from her former writing partner Branwell, as his alcoholism and immoral conduct became increasingly disturbing to her. She drew closer to her sisters following the discovery of Emily's secret manuscript of poems. Anne, too, expressed an interest in writing, and the three collectively published their poems as Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell (1846), using male pseudonyms to make publication easier. The book sold two copies. Undeterred, Brontë wrote her first novel, The Professor (1857), but could not find a publisher. Her second novel, Jane Eyre, was more successful: the work was accepted for publication immediately and was praised by such diverse readers as Queen Victoria and George Eliot. The popularity of Jane Eyre brought Brontë into the society of authors such as William Makepeace Thackeray, Elizabeth Gaskell, Matthew Arnold, and Harriet Martineau. She began work on the ambitious novel Shirley (1849), a love story set in the context of an early Yorkshire labor movement, but the loss of her siblings intervened. Branwell died in September 1848, then Emily became ill and died in December of the same year. Brontë had just begun writing again when Anne also became ill, dying in May 1849. Biographers speculate that the completion of Shirley provided a form of therapeutic release for Brontë. The loss of her siblings, however, represented a loss of her writing partners as well. The sisters had exchanged manuscripts and offered authorial advice to each other; writing in solitude presented a challenge. In 1852, she returned to her first effort, The Professor, and attempted to expand it, accepting the guidance of her father in styling the work for publication. She took the general plot of The Professor, greatly expanded its themes and characterizations, altered the ending (which Mr. Brontë had found too unhappy), and adapted elements of the popular Gothic style. The resulting work was Villette (1853), the final novel Brontë published in her lifetime. In 1854, Brontë married Arthur Bell Nicholls; she died the following year from complications related to pregnancy.

MAJOR WORKS

Brontë's novels constitute her major literary output: Jane Eyre, Shirley, Villette, and the posthumously published The Professor. The Professor, both her first and last work, is unique among her novels in being written from the point of view of a male narrator. It tells the story of William Crimsworth, who leaves his post as a clerk at his brother's mill in England to start a new life in Brussels, teaching English at a girl's school. There he falls in love with a pupil-teacher and does battle with the Catholic headmistress, eventually returning with his Belgian bride to England. The novel's main themes are its strong anti-Catholicism and the exploration of male sexuality as it relates to social status. With her next novel, Jane Eyre, Brontë examined the position of women in society. Jane Eyre is by far the most popularly and critically successful of Brontë's novels. Her heroine, Jane, was a departure from earlier nineteenth-century female characters: where most heroines

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were beautiful, ignorant, and dependent, Jane is plain, intelligent, and independent. Jane is an orphaned child who is treated cruelly by her relations. Her education enables her to become a governess for the illegitimate daughter of Fairfax Rochester. The position of governess was one of the few options available to unmarried women not supported by their own families, though one that Brontë well knew was precarious and potentially demeaning. Jane refuses to be demeaned, however, and as she seeks an appropriate marriage partner, she insists on an equal and mutually satisfying relationship, defying both the literary and social conventions of the time. The marriage of Jane and Rochester placed Brontë on the vanguard of women's issues. More directly than Jane Eyre, Shirley presents a powerful indictment of the position of women in nineteenth-century England. Shirley Keeldar is an independent woman, a land owner and mill owner, whose love for the poor tutor Louis cannot be realized because of the great difference in their social status. Still, she rejects the advances of Robert Moore, a greedy mill owner who is focused solely on profits. Robert was intended for Shirley's friend Caroline Helstone but prefers Shirley's wealth to Caroline's poverty. Bereft of her own marriage opportunities, and lacking any prospects for employment, Caroline is forced to live with an aloof and indifferent uncle and in her despair begins to sink into ill health. Brontë parallels the plight of women whose survival depends on the generosity of men to that of workers dependent on the mill owners. Villette similarly depicts a young woman whose fortunes are securely tied either to the men in her life or to the whims of her benefactors. Like Jane Eyre and The Professor, Villette is told from the first-person perspective of a young person separated from family. Lucy Snow lives with her godparents in England, where she falls in love with Graham Bretton, their son. She then enters domestic service with Miss Marchmont, whose promise to include Lucy in her will goes unfulfilled. She travels to the French village of Villette, where she develops a friendship with the local physician, Dr. John, that eventually develops into an obsession depicted by Brontë in the high Gothic mode. Critics have seen in Lucy's behavior one of the first nervous breakdowns in literature to be rendered in realistic psychological detail. Lucy then discloses to her readers a bizarre secret: Dr. John is Graham Bretton, an unusual twist in narration that reflects Lucy's irrationality. Dr. John falls in love with another woman, and Lucy forms an attachment with the brilliant professor Paul Emanuel. At the novel's end, however, Lucy implies that Paul has died in a shipwreck, again leaving Lucy alone and friendless.

2.3 JANE EYRE BY CHARLATTE BRONTE

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) the cold winter 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 twilight, with nipped 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 mama in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarrelling nor crying) looked perfectly

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happy. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group; saying, 'She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance; but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation, that I was endeavoring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner—something lighter, franker, more natural, as it were—she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children.' 'What does Bessie say I have done?' I asked. 'Jane, I don't like cavillers or questioners; besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere; and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent.' A breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrined in double retirement. Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near a scene of wet lawn and stormbeat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast. I returned to my book—Bewick's History of British Birds: the letterpress thereof I cared little for, generally speaking; and yet there were certain introductory pages that, child as I was, I could not pass quite as a blank.

They were those which treat of the haunts of sea-fowl; of 'the solitary rocks and promontories' by them only inhabited; of the coast of Norway, studded with isles from its southern extremity, the Lindeness, or Naze, to the North Cape— 'Where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls, Boils round the naked, melancholy isles Of farthest Thule; and the Atlantic surge Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.' Nor could I pass unnoticed the suggestion of the bleak shores of Lapland, Siberia, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Iceland, Greenland, with 'the vast sweep of the Arctic Zone, and those forlorn regions of dreary space, that reservoir of frost and snow, where firm fields of ice, the accumulation of centuries of winters, glazed in Alpine heights above 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 notions that float dim through children's brains, but strangely impressive. The words in these introductory pages connected themselves with the succeeding vignettes, and gave significance to the rock standing up alone in a sea of billow and spray; to the broken boat stranded on a desolate coast; to the cold and ghastly moon glancing through bars of cloud at a wreck just sinking. I cannot tell what sentiment haunted the quite solitary churchyard, with its inscribed headstone; its gate, its two trees, its low horizon, girdled by a broken wall, and its newly-risen crescent, attesting the hour of eventide. The two ships becalmed on a torpid sea, I believed to be marine phantoms. The fiend pinning down the thief's pack behind him, I passed over quickly: it was an object of terror. So was the black horned thing seated aloof on a rock, surveying a distant crowd surrounding a gallows. Each picture told a story; mysterious often to my undeveloped understanding and imperfect feelings, yet ever profoundly interesting: as interesting as the tales Bessie sometimes narrated on winter

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evenings, when she chanced to be in good humour; and when, having brought her ironing-table to the nursery hearth, she allowed us to sit about it, and while she got up Mrs. Reed's lace frills, and crimped her nightcap borders, fed our eager attention with passages of love and adventure taken from old fairy tales and other ballads; or (as at a later period I discovered) from the pages of Pamela, and Henry, Earl of Moreland. With Bewick on my knee, I was then happy: happy at least in my way. I feared nothing but interruption, and that came too soon. The breakfast-room door opened. 'Boh! Madam Mope!' cried the voice of John Reed; then he paused: he found the room apparently empty. 'Where the dickens is she!' he continued. 'Lizzy! Georgy! (calling to his sisters) Joan is not here: tell mama she is run out into the rain—bad animal!' 'It is well I drew the curtain,' thought I; and I wished fervently he might not discover my hiding-place: nor would John Reed have found it out himself; he was not quick either of vision or conception; but Eliza just put her head in at the door, and said at once— 'She is in the window-seat, to be sure, Jack.' 10 Jane Eyre And I came out immediately, for I trembled at the idea of being dragged forth by the said Jack. 'What do you want?' I asked, with awkward diffidence. 'Say, 'What do you want, Master Reed?'' was the answer. 'I want you to come here;' and seating himself in an armchair, he intimated by a gesture that I was to approach and stand before him. John Reed was a schoolboy of fourteen years old; four years older than I, for I was but ten: large and stout for his age, with a dingy and unwholesome skin; thick lineaments in a spacious visage, heavy limbs and large extremities. He gorged himself habitually at table, which made him bilious, and gave him a dim and bleared eye and flabby cheeks.

He ought now to have been at school; but his mama had taken him home for a month or two, 'on account of his delicate health.' Mr. Miles, the master, affirmed that he would do very well if he had fewer cakes and sweetmeats sent him from home; but the mother's heart turned from an opinion so harsh, and inclined rather to the more refined idea that John's sallowness was owing to over-application and, perhaps, to pining after home. John had not much affection for his mother and sisters, and an antipathy to me. He bullied and punished me; not two or three times in the week, nor once or twice in the day, but continually: every nerve I had feared him, and every morsel of flesh in my bones shrank when he came near. There were moments when I was bewildered by the terror he inspired, because I had no appeal whatever against either his menaces or his inflictions; the servants did not like to offend their young master by taking my part against him, and Mrs. Reed was blind and deaf on the subject: she never saw him strike or heard him abuse me, though he did both now and then in her very presence, more frequently, however, behind her back. Habitually obedient to John, I came up to his chair: he spent some three minutes in thrusting out his tongue at me as far as he could without damaging the roots: I knew he would soon strike, and while dreading the blow, I mused on the disgusting and ugly appearance of him who would presently deal it. I wonder if he read that notion in my face; for, all at once, without speaking, he struck suddenly and strongly. I tottered, and on regaining my equilibrium retired back a step or two from his chair. 'That is for your impudence in answering mama awhile since,' said he, 'and for your sneaking way of getting behind curtains, and for the look you had in your eyes two minutes since, you rat!' Accustomed to John Reed's abuse, I never had an idea of replying to it; my care was how

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to endure the blow which would certainly follow the insult. 'What were you doing behind the curtain?' he asked. 'I was reading.' 'Show the book.' I returned to the window and fetched it thence. 'You have no business to take our books; you are a dependent, mama says; you have no money; your father left you none; you ought to beg, and not to live here with gentlemen's children like us, and eat the same meals we do, and wear clothes at our mama's expense.

Now, I'll teach you to rummage my bookshelves: for they ARE mine; all the house belongs to me, or will do in a few years. Go and stand by the door, out of the way of the mirror and the windows.' I did so, not at first aware what was his intention; but when I saw him lift and poise the book and stand in act to hurl it, I instinctively started aside with a cry of alarm: not soon enough, however; the volume was flung, it hit me, and I fell, striking my head against the door and cutting it. The cut bled, the pain was sharp: my terror had passed its climax; other feelings succeeded. 'Wicked and cruel boy!' I said. 'You are like a murderer—you are like a slave-driver—you are like the Roman emperors!' I had read Goldsmith's History of Rome, and had formed my opinion of Nero, Caligula, &c. , I had drawn parallels in silence, which I never thought thus to have declared aloud. 'What! what!' he cried. 'Did she say that to me? Did you hear her, Eliza and Georgiana? Won't I tell mama? but first 'He ran headlong at me: I felt him grasp my hair and my shoulder: he had closed with a desperate thing. I really saw in him a tyrant, a murderer. I felt a drop or two of blood from my head trickle down my neck, and was sensible of somewhat pungent suffering: these sensations for the time predominated over fear, and I received him in frantic sort. I don't very well know what I did with my hands, but he called me 'Rat! Rat!' and bellowed out aloud. Aid was near him: Eliza and Georgiana had run for Mrs. Reed, who was gone upstairs: she now came upon the scene, followed by Bessie and her maid Abbot. We were parted: I heard the words— 'Dear! dear! What a fury to fly at Master John!' 'Did ever anybody see such a picture of passion!' Then Mrs. Reed subjoined— 'Take her away to the red-room, and lock her in there.' Four hands were immediately laid upon me, and I was borne upstairs.

I resisted all the way: a new thing for me, and a circumstance which greatly strengthened the bad opinion Bessie and Miss Abbot were disposed to entertain of me. The fact is, I was a trifle beside myself; or rather OUT of myself, as the French would say: I was conscious that a moment's mutiny had already rendered me liable to strange penalties, and, like any other rebel slave, I felt resolved, in my desperation, to go all lengths. 'Hold her arms, Miss Abbot: she's like a mad cat.' 'For shame! for shame!' cried the lady's-maid. 'What shocking conduct, Miss Eyre, to strike a young gentleman, your benefactress's son! Your young master.' 'Master! How is he my master? Am I a servant?' 'No; you are less than a servant, for you do nothing for your keep. There, sit down, and think over your wickedness.' They had got me by this time into the apartment indicated by Mrs. Reed, and had thrust me upon a stool: my impulse was to rise from it like a spring; their two pair of hands arrested me instantly. 'If you don't sit still, you must be tied down,' said Bessie. 'Miss Abbot, lend me your garters; she would break mine directly.' Miss Abbot turned to divest a stout leg of the necessary ligature. This preparation for bonds, and the additional ignominy it inferred, took a little of the excitement out of me. 'Don't take them off,' I cried; 'I will not

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stir.' In guarantee whereof, I attached myself to my seat by my hands. 'Mind you don't,' said Bessie; and when she had ascertained that I was really subsiding, she loosened her hold of me; then she and Miss Abbot stood with folded arms, looking darkly and doubtfully on my face, as incredulous of my sanity. 'She never did so before,' at last said Bessie, turning to the Abigail. 'But it was always in her,' was the reply. 'I've told Missis often my opinion about the child, and Missis agreed with me. She's an underhand little thing: I never saw a girl of her age with so much cover.' Bessie answered not; but ere long, addressing me, she said 'You ought to be aware, Miss, that you are under obligations to Mrs. Reed: she keeps you: if she were to turn you off, you would have to go to the poorhouse.' I had nothing to say to these words: they were not new to me: my very first recollections of existence included hints of the same kind.

This reproach of my dependence had become a vague sing-song in my ear: very painful and crushing, but only half intelligible. Miss Abbot joined in— 'And you ought not to think yourself on an equality with the Misses Reed and Master Reed, because Missis kindly allows you to be brought up with them. They will have a great deal of money, and you will have none: it is your place to be humble, and to try to make yourself agreeable to them.' 'What we tell you is for your good,' added Bessie, in no harsh voice, 'you should try to be useful and pleasant, then, perhaps, you would have a home here; but if you become passionate and rude, Missis will send you away, I am sure.' 'Besides,' said Miss Abbot, 'God will punish her: He might strike her dead in the midst of her tantrums, and then where would she go? Come, Bessie, we will leave her: I wouldn't have her heart for anything. Say your prayers, Miss Eyre, when you are by yourself; for if you don't repent, something bad might be permitted to come down the chimney and fetch you away.' They went, shutting the door, and locking it behind them. The red-room was a square chamber, very seldom slept in, I might say never, indeed, unless when a chance influx of visitors at Gateshead Hall rendered it necessary to turn to account all the accommodation it contained: yet it was one of the largest and stateliest chambers in the mansion. A bed supported on massive pillars of mahogany, hung with curtains of deep red damask, stood out like a tabernacle in the center; the two large windows, with their blinds always drawn down, were half shrouded in festoons and falls of similar drapery; the carpet was red; the table at the foot of the bed was covered with a crimson cloth; the walls were a soft fawn colour with a blush of pink in it; the wardrobe, the toilet-table, the chairs were of darkly polished old mahogany. Out of these deep surrounding shades rose high, and glared white, the piled-up mattresses and pillows of the bed, spread with a snowy Marseilles counterpane. Scarcely less prominent was an ample cushioned easy-chair near the head of the bed, also white, with a footstool before it; and looking, as I thought, like a pale throne.

This room was chill, because it seldom had a fire; it was silent, because remote from the nursery and kitchen; solemn, because it was known to be so seldom entered. The housemaid alone came here on Saturdays, to wipe from the mirrors and the furniture a week's quiet dust: and Mrs. Reed herself, at far intervals, visited it to review the contents of a certain secret drawer in the wardrobe, where were stored divers parchments, 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 kept it so lonely in spite of its grandeur. Mr. Reed had

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been dead nine years: it was in this chamber he breathed his last; here he lay in state; hence his coffin was borne by the undertaker's men; and, since that day, a sense of dreary consecration had guarded it from frequent intrusion. My seat, to which Bessie and the bitter Miss Abbot had left me riveted, was a low ottoman near the marble chimney-piece; the bed rose before me; to my right hand there was the high, dark wardrobe, with subdued, broken reflections varying the gloss of its panels; to my left were the muffled windows; a great looking-glass between them repeated the vacant majesty of the bed and room. I was not quite sure whether they had locked the door; and when I dared move, I got up and went to see. Alas! yes: no jail was ever more secure. Returning, I had to cross before the looking-glass; my fascinated glance involuntarily explored the depth it revealed. All looked colder and darker in that visionary hollow than in reality: and the strange little figure there gazing at me, with a white face and arms specking the gloom, and glittering eyes of fear moving where all else was still, had the effect of a real spirit: I thought it like one of the tiny phantoms, half fairy, half imp, Bessie's evening stories represented as coming out of lone, ferny dells in moors, and appearing before the eyes of belated travellers. I returned to my stool. Superstition was with me at that moment; but it was not yet her hour for complete victory: my blood was still warm; the mood of the revolted slave was still bracing me with its bitter vigour; I had to stem a rapid rush of retrospective thought before I quailed to the dismal present.

All John Reed's violent tyrannies, all his sisters' proud indifference, all his mother's aversion, all the servants' partiality, turned up in my disturbed mind like a dark deposit in a turbid well. Why was I always suffering, always browbeaten, always accused, forever condemned? Why could I never please? Why was it useless to try to win any one's favour? Eliza, who was headstrong and selfish, was respected. Georgiana, who had a spoiled temper, a very acrid spite, a captious and insolent carriage, was universally indulged. Her beauty, her pink cheeks and golden curls, seemed to give delight to all who looked at her, and to purchase indemnity for every fault. John no one thwarted, much less punished; though he twisted the necks of the pigeons, killed the little Free eBooks at pea-chicks, set the dogs at the sheep, stripped the hothouse vines of their fruit, and broke the buds off the choicest plants in the conservatory: he called his mother 'old girl,' too; sometimes reviled her for her dark skin, similar to his own; bluntly disregarded her wishes; not unfrequently tore and spoiled her silk attire; and he was still 'her own darling.' I dared commit no fault: I strove to fulfil every duty; and I was termed naughty and tiresome, sullen and sneaking, from morning to noon, and from noon to night. My head still ached and bled with the blow and fall I had received: no one had reproved John for wantonly striking me; and because I had turned against him to avert farther irrational violence, I was loaded with general opprobrium. 'Unjust! unjust!' said my reason, forced by the agonizing stimulus into precocious though transitory power: and Resolve, equally wrought up, instigated some strange expedient to achieve escape from insupportable oppression—as running away, or, if that could not be affected, never eating or drinking more, and letting myself die. What a consternation of soul was mine that dreary afternoon! How all my brain was in tumult, and all my heart in insurrection! Yet in what darkness, what dense ignorance, was the mental battle fought! I could not answer the ceaseless inward question—WHY I

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thus suffered; now, at the distance of—I will not say how many years, I see it clearly. I was a discord in Gateshead Hall: I was like nobody there; I had nothing in harmony with Mrs. Reed or her children, or her chosen vassalage. If they did not love me, in fact, as little did I love them. They were not bound to regard with affection a thing that could not sympathies with one amongst them; a heterogeneous thing, opposed to them in temperament, in capacity, in propensities; a useless thing, incapable of serving their interest, or adding to their pleasure; a noxious thing, cherishing the germs of indignation at their treatment, of contempt of their judgment. I know that had I been a sanguine, brilliant, careless, exacting, handsome, romping child—though equally dependent and friendless—Mrs. Reed would have endured my presence more complacently; her children would have entertained for me more of the cordiality of fellow-feeling; the servants would have been less prone to make me the scapegoat of the nursery.

Daylight began to forsake the red-room; it was past four o'clock, and the beclouded afternoon was tending to drear twilight. I heard the rain still beating continuously on the staircase window, and the wind howling in the grove behind the hall; I grew by degrees cold as a stone, and then my courage sank. My habitual mood of humiliation, self-doubt, forlorn depression, fell damp on the embers of my decaying ire. All said I was wicked, and perhaps I might be so; what thought had I been but just conceiving of starving myself to death? That certainly was a crime: and was I fit to die? Or was the vault under the chancel of Gateshead Church an inviting bourne? In such vault I had been told did Mr. Reed lie buried; and led by this thought to recall his idea, I dwelt on it with gathering dread. I could not remember him; but I knew that he was my own uncle—my mother's brother— that he had taken me when a parentless infant to his house; and that in his last moments he had required a promise of Mrs. Reed that she would rear and maintain me as one of her own children. Mrs. Reed probably considered she had kept this promise; and so she had, I dare say, as well as her nature would permit her; but how could she really like an interloper not of her race, and unconnected with her, after her husband's death, by any tie? It must have been most irksome to find herself bound by a hard-wrung pledge to stand in the stead of a parent to a strange child she could not love, and to see an uncongenial alien permanently intruded on her own family group. A singular notion dawned upon me. I doubted not—never doubted— that if Mr. Reed had been alive he would have treated me kindly; and now, as I sat looking at the white bed and overshadowed walls— occasionally also turning a fascinated eye towards the dimly gleaning mirror—I began to recall what I had heard of dead men, 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 sister's child, might quit its abode—whether in the church 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 preternatural voice to comfort me, or elicit from the gloom some haloed face, bending over me with strange pity. This idea, consolatory in theory, I felt would be terrible if realised: with all my might I endeavored to stifle it I endeavored to be firm. Shaking my hair from my eyes, I lifted my head and tried to look boldly round the dark room; at this moment a light gleamed on the wall. Was it, I asked myself, a ray from the moon

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penetrating some aperture in the blind? No; moonlight was still, and this stirred; while I gazed, it glided up to the ceiling and quivered over my head. I can now conjecture readily that this streak of light was, in all likelihood, a gleam from a lantern carried by someone across the lawn: but then, prepared as my mind was for horror, shaken as my nerves were by agitation, I thought the swift darting beam was a herald of some coming vision from another world. My heart beat thick, my head grew hot; a sound filled my ears, which I deemed the rushing of wings; something seemed near me; I was oppressed, suffocated: endurance broke down; I rushed to the door and shook the lock in desperate effort. Steps came running along the outer passage; the key turned, Bessie and Abbot entered. 'Miss Eyre, are you ill?' said Bessie. 'What a dreadful noise! it went quite through me!' exclaimed Abbot. 'Take me out! Let me go into the nursery!' was my cry. 'What for? Are you hurt? Have you seen something?' again demanded Bessie. 'Oh! I saw a light, and I thought a ghost would come.' I had now got hold of Bessie's hand, and she did not snatch it from me. 'She has screamed out on purpose,' declared Abbot, in some disgust. 'And what a scream! If she had been in great pain one would have excused it, but she only wanted to bring us all here: I know her naughty tricks.' Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 23 'What is all this?' demanded another voice peremptorily; and Mrs. Reed came along the corridor, her cap flying wide, her gown rustling stormily. 'Abbot and Bessie, I believe I gave orders that Jane Eyre should be left in the red-room till I came to her myself.' 'Miss Jane screamed so loud, ma'am,' pleaded Bessie. 'Let her go,' was the only answer. 'Loose Bessie's hand, child: you cannot succeed in getting out by these means, be assured. I abhor artifice, particularly in children; it is my duty to show you that tricks will not answer: you will now stay here an hour longer, and it is only on condition of perfect submission and stillness that I shall liberate you then.' 'O aunt! have pity! Forgive me! I cannot endure it—let me be punished some other way! I shall be killed if 'Silence! This violence is all most repulsive:' and so, no doubt, she felt it. I was a precocious actress in her eyes; she sincerely looked on me as a compound of virulent passions, mean spirit, and dangerous duplicity. Bessie and Abbot having retreated, Mrs. Reed, impatient of my now frantic anguish and wild sobs, abruptly thrust me back and locked me in, without farther parley. I heard her sweeping away; and soon after she was gone, I suppose I had a species of fit: unconsciousness closed the scene.

The next thing I remember is, waking up with a feeling as if I had had a frightful nightmare, and seeing before me a terrible red glare, crossed with thick black bars. I heard voices, too, speaking with a hollow sound, and as if muffled by a rush of wind or water: agitation, uncertainty, and an all-predominating sense of terror confused my faculties. Ere long, I became aware that someone was handling me; lifting me up and supporting me in a sitting posture, and that more tenderly than I had ever been raised or upheld before. I rested my head against a pillow or an arm, and felt easy. In five minutes more, the cloud of bewilderment dissolved: I knew quite well that I was in my own bed, and that the red glare was the nursery fire. It was night: a candle burnt on the table; Bessie stood at the bed-foot with a basin in her hand, and a gentleman sat in a chair near my pillow, leaning over me. I felt an inexpressible relief, a soothing conviction of protection and security, when I knew that there was a stranger in the room, an individual not belonging to Gateshead., and not related to Mrs. Reed. Turning from Bessie (though her presence was

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far less obnoxious to me than that of Abbot, for instance, would have been), I scrutinized the face of the gentleman: I knew him; it was Mr. Lloyd, an apothecary, sometimes called in by Mrs. Reed when the servants were ailing: for herself and the children she employed a physician. 'Well, who am I?' he asked. I pronounced his name, offering him at the same time my hand: he took it, smiling and saying, 'We shall do very well by-and-by.' Then he laid me down, and addressing Bessie, charged her to be very careful that I was not disturbed during the night. Having given some further directions, and intimates that he should call again the next day, he departed; to my grief: I felt so sheltered and befriended while he sat in the chair near my pillow; and as he closed the door after him, all the room darkened and my heart again sank: inexpressible sadness weighed it down. 'Do you feel as if you should sleep, Miss?' asked Bessie, rather softly. Scarcely dared I answer her; for I feared the next sentence might be rough. 'I will try.' 'Would you like to drink, or could you eat anything?' 'No, thank you, Bessie.' 'Then I think I shall go to bed, for it is past twelve o'clock; but you may call me if you want anything in the night.' Wonderful civility this! It emboldened me to ask a question. 'Bessie, what is the matter with me? Am I ill?' 'You fell sick, I suppose, in the red-room with crying; you'll be better soon, no doubt.' Bessie went into the housemaid's apartment, which was near. I heard her say— 'Sarah, come and sleep with me in the nursery; I daren't for my life be alone with that poor child to-night: she might die; it's such a strange thing she should have that fit: I wonder if she saw anything. Missis was rather too hard.' Sarah came back with her; they both went to bed; they were whispering together for half-an-hour before they fell asleep. I caught scraps of their conversation, from which I was able only too distinctly to infer the main subject discussed. 'Something passed her, all dressed in white, and vanished' 'A great black dog behind him' 'Three loud raps on the chamber door' 'A light in the churchyard just over his grave,' &c. &c. At last both slept: the fire and the candle went out. For me, the watches of that long night passed in ghastly wakefulness; strained by dread: such dread as children only can feel.

No severe or prolonged bodily illness followed this incident of the red-room; it only gave my nerves a shock of which I feel the reverberation to this day. Yes, Mrs. Reed, to you I owe some fearful pangs of mental suffering, but I ought to forgive you, for you knew not what you did: while rending my heart-strings, you thought you were only uprooting my bad propensities. Next day, by noon, I was up and dressed, and sat wrapped in a shawl by the nursery hearth. I felt physically weak and broken down: but my worse ailment was an unutterable wretchedness of mind: a wretchedness which kept drawing from me silent tears; no sooner had I wiped one salt drop from my cheek than another followed. Yet, I thought, I ought to have been happy, for none of the Reeds were there, they were all gone out in the carriage with their mama. Abbot, too, was sewing in another room, and Bessie, as she moved hither and thither, putting away toys and arranging drawers, addressed to me every now and then a word of unwonted kindness. This state of things should have been to me a paradise of peace, accustomed as I was to a life of ceaseless reprimand and thankless fagging; but, in fact, my racked nerves were now in such a state that no calm could soothe, and no pleasure excite them agreeably. Bessie had been down into the kitchen, and she brought up with her a tart on a certain brightly painted china

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plate, whose bird of paradise, nestling in a wreath of convolvuli and rosebuds, had been wont to stir in me a most enthusiastic sense of admiration; and which plate 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, and I was cordially invited to eat the circlet of delicate pastry upon it. Vain favour! coming, like most other favours long deferred and often wished for, too late! I could not eat the tart; and the plumage of the bird, the tints of the flowers, seemed strangely 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 and again perused with delight. I considered it a narrative of facts, and discovered in it a vein of interest deeper e 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 beneath the 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 Brobdingnag 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, the tiny cows, sheep, and birds of the one 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 sought in its marvellous 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 book, which 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 washed her hands, she opened a certain little drawer, full of splendid shreds of silk and satin, and began making 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 sweet, 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 they are sore, and my limbs they are weary; Long is the way, and the mountains are wild; Soon will the twilight close moonless and dreary Over the path of the poor orphan child. Why did they send me so far and so lonely, up where the moors spread and grey rocks are piled? Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels only Watch o'er the steps of a poor orphan child. Yet 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. Even should I fall o'er the broken bridge passing, or stray in the marshes, by false 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 and kindred despoiled; Heaven is a home, and a rest will not fail me; God is a friend to

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the poor orphan child.' 'Come, Miss Jane, don't cry,' said Bessie as she finished. She might as well have said to the fire, 'don't burn!' but how could she divine the morbid suffering to which I was a prey? In the course of the morning Mr. Lloyd came again. 'What, already up!' said he, as he entered the nursery. 'Well, nurse, how is she?' Bessie answered that I was doing very well. 'Then she ought to look more cheerful. Come here, Miss Jane: your name is Jane, is it not?' 'Yes, sir, Jane Eyre.' 'Well, you have been crying, Miss Jane Eyre; can you tell me what 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. 'Surely not! why, she is too old for such pettishness.' I thought so too; and my self-esteem being wounded by the false 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.' 'Oh fie, Miss!' said Bessie. The good apothecary appeared a little puzzled. I was standing before him; he fixed his eyes 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-natured looking face. Having considered me at leisure, he said— 'What made you ill yesterday?' 'She had 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 years old.' 'I was knocked down,' was the blunt explanation, jerked out of me by another pang of mortified 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 pocket, a loud bell rang for the servants' dinner; he knew what it was. 'That's for you, nurse,' 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, because punctuality at meals was rigidly enforced at Gateshead Hall. 'The fall did not make 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. Lloyd smile and frown at the same time. 'Ghost! What, you are a baby after all! You are afraid of ghosts?' 'Of Mr. Reed's ghost I am: he died in that room, and was laid out there. Neither Bessie nor anyone else will go into it at night, if they can help it; and it was cruel to shut me up alone without a candle, cruel that I think I shall never forget it.' 'Nonsense! And is it that makes you so miserable? Are you afraid now in daylight?' 'No: but night will come again before long: and besides, I am unhappy, very unhappy, for other things.' 'What other things? Can you tell me some of them?' How much I wished to reply fully to this question! How difficult it was to frame any answer! Children can feel, but they cannot analyse their feelings; and if the analysis is partially affected 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, I, after a disturbed pause, contrived to frame a meagre, though, as far as it went, true response. 'For one thing, I have no father or mother, brothers or sisters.' 'You have a kind aunt and cousins.' Again, I paused; then bunglingly 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 Hall a very beautiful house?' asked he. 'Are you not very thankful to have such a fine place to live at?' 'It is not my house, sir; and Abbot says I have less right to be here than a servant.' 'Pooh! you can't be silly enough to wish to leave such a splendid place?'

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'If I had anywhere else to go, I should be glad to leave it; but I can never get away from Gateshead till I am a woman.' Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 33 'Perhaps you may—who knows? Have you any relations besides Mrs. Reed?' 'I think not, sir.' 'None belonging to your father?' 'I don't know. I asked Aunt Reed once, and she said possibly I might have some poor, low relations called Eyre, but she knew nothing about them.' 'If you had such, would you like to go to them?' I reflected. Poverty looks grim to grown people; still more so to children: they have not much idea of industrious, working, respectable poverty; they think of the word only as connected with ragged clothes, scanty food, fireless grates, rude manners, and debasing vices: poverty for me was synonymous with degradation. 'No; I should not like to belong to poor people,' was my reply. 'Not even if they were kind to you?' I shook my head: I could not see how poor people had the means of being kind; and then to learn to speak like them, to adopt their manners, to be uneducated, to grow up like one of the poor women I saw sometimes nursing their children or washing their clothes at the cottage doors of the village of Gateshead: no, I was not heroic enough to purchase liberty at the price of caste. 'But are your relatives so very poor? Are they working people?' 'I cannot tell; Aunt. Reed says if I have any, they must 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 ladies sat in the stocks, wore backboards, and were expected to be exceedingly 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 from the young ladies of a family where she had lived before coming to Gateshead) were somewhat appalling, her details of certain accomplishments attained by these same young ladies were, I thought, equally attractive. She boasted of beautiful paintings of landscapes and flowers by them executed; of songs they could sing and pieces they could play, of purses they could net, of French books they could translate; till my spirit was moved to emulation as I listened. Besides, school would be a complete change: it implied a long journey, an entire separation from Gateshead, an entrance into a new life. 'I should indeed like to go to school,' was the audible conclusion of my musings. 'Well, well! who knows what may happen?' said Mr. Lloyd, as he got up. 'The child ought to have change of air and scene,' he added, speaking to himself; 'nerves not in a good state.' Bessie now returned; at the same moment the carriage was heard rolling up the gravel-walk. 'Is that your mistress, nurse?' asked Mr. Lloyd. 'I should like to speak to her before I go.' Bessie invited him to walk into the breakfast-room, and led the way out. In the interview which followed between him and Mrs. Reed, I presume, from after-occurrences, that the apothecary ventured to recommend my being sent to school; and the recommendation was no doubt readily enough adopted; for as Abbot said, in discussing the subject with Bessie when both sat sewing in the nursery one night, after I was in bed, and, as they thought, asleep, 'Missis was, she dared say, glad enough to get rid of such a tiresome, ill- conditioned child, who always looked as if she were watching everybody, and scheming plots underhand.' Abbot, I think, gave me credit for being a sort of infantine Guy Fawkes. On that same occasion I learned, for the first time, from Miss Abbot's communications to Bessie, that my father had been a poor clergyman; that my mother had married him against the wishes of her friends, who considered the match beneath her; that my grandfather Reed was so irritated at her disobedience, he

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cut her off without a shilling; that after my mother and father had been married a year, the latter caught the typhus fever while visiting among the poor of a large manufacturing town where his curacy was situated, and where that disease was then prevalent: that my mother took the infection from him, and both died within a month of each other. Bessie, when she heard this narrative, sighed and said, 'Poor Miss Jane is to be pitied, too, Abbot.' 'Yes,' responded Abbot; 'if she were a nice, pretty child, one might compassionate her forlornness; but one really cannot care for such a little toad as that.' 'Not a great deal, to be sure,' agreed Bessie: 'at any rate, a beauty like Miss Georgiana would be more moving in the same condition.' 'Yes, I do at on Miss Georgiana!' cried the fervent Abbot. 'Little darling! with her long curls and her blue eyes, and such a sweet colour as she has; just as if she were painted! Bessie, I could fancy a Welsh rabbit for supper.' 'So, could I—with a roast onion. Come, we'll go down.' They went.

From my discourse with Mr. Lloyd, and from the above reported conference between Bessie and Abbot, I gathered enough of hope to suffice as a motive for wishing to get well: a change seemed near, I desired and waited it in silence. It tarried, however: days and weeks passed: I had regained my normal state of health, but no new allusion was made to the subject over which I brooded. Mrs. Reed surveyed me at times with a severe eye, but seldom addressed me: since my illness, she had drawn a more marked line of separation than ever between me and her own children; appointing me a small closet to sleep in by myself, condemning me to take my meals alone, and pass all my time in the nursery, while my cousins were constantly in the drawing-room. Not a hint, however, did she drop about sending me to school: still I felt an instinctive certainty that she would not long endure me under the same roof with her; for her glance, now more than ever, when turned on me, expressed an insuperable and rooted aversion. Eliza and Georgiana, evidently acting according to orders, spoke to me as little as possible: John thrust his tongue in his cheek whenever he saw me, and once attempted chastisement; but as I instantly turned against him, roused by the same sentiment of deep ire and desperate revolt which had stirred my corruption before, he thought it better to desist, and ran from me tittering execrations, and vowing I had burst his nose. I had indeed levelled at that prominent feature as hard a blow as my knuckles could inflict; and when I saw that either that or my look daunted him, I had the greatest inclination to follow up my advantage to purpose; but he was already with his mama. I heard him in a blubbering tone commence the tale of how 'that nasty Jane Eyre' had flown at him like a mad cat: he was stopped rather harshly— 'Don't talk to me about her, John: I told you not to go near her; she is not worthy of notice; I do not choose that either you or your sisters should associate with her.' Here, leaning over the banister, I cried out suddenly, and without at all deliberating on my words— 'They are not fit to associate with me.' Mrs. Reed was rather a stout woman; but, on hearing this strange and audacious declaration, she ran nimbly up the stair, swept me like a whirlwind into the nursery, and crushing me down on the edge of my crib, dared me in an emphatic voice to rise from that place, or utter one syllable during the remainder of the day. 'What would Uncle Reed say to you, if he were alive?' was my scarcely voluntary demand. I say scarcely voluntary, for it seemed as if my tongue pronounced words without my will consenting to their utterance: something spoke out of me over which I had no control. 'What?' said Mrs.

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Reed under her breath: her usually cold composed grey eye became troubled with a look like fear; she took her hand from my arm, and gazed at me as if she really did not know whether I were child or fiend. I was now in for it. 'My Uncle Reed is in heaven, and can see all you do and think; and so, can papa and mama: they know how you shut me up all day long, and how you wish me dead.'

Mrs. Reed soon rallied her spirits: she shook me most soundly, she boxed both my ears, and then left me without a word. Bessie supplied the hiatus by a homily of an hour's length, in which she proved beyond a doubt that I was the most wicked and abandoned child ever reared under a roof. I half believed her; for I felt indeed only bad feelings surging in my breast. November, December, and half of January passed away. Christmas and the New Year had been celebrated at Gateshead with the usual festive cheer; presents had been interchanged, dinners and evening parties given. From every enjoyment I was, of course, excluded: my share of the gaiety consisted in witnessing the daily appareling of Eliza and Georgiana, and seeing them descend to the drawing room, dressed out in thin muslin frocks and scarlet sashes, with hair elaborately ringleted; and afterwards, in listening to the sound of the piano or the harp played below, to the passing to and from of the butler and footman, to the jingling of glass and china as refreshments were handed, to the broken hum of conversation as the drawing-room door opened and closed. When tired of this occupation, I would retire from the stairhead to the solitary and silent nursery: there, though somewhat sad, I was not miserable. To speak truth, I had not the least wish to go into company, for in company i was very rarely noticed; and if Bessie had but been kind and companionable, I should have deemed it a treat to spend the evenings quietly with her, instead of passing them under the formidable eye of Mrs. Reed, in a room full of ladies and gentlemen. But Bessie, as soon as she had dressed her young ladies, used to take herself off to the lively regions of the kitchen and housekeeper's room, generally bearing the candle along with her. I then sat with my doll on my knee till the fire got low, glancing round occasionally to make sure that nothing worse than myself haunted the shadowy room; and when the embers sank to a dull red, I undressed hastily, tugging at knots and strings as I best might, and sought shelter from cold and darkness in my crib. To this crib I always took my doll; human beings must love something, and, in the dearth of worthier objects of affection, I contrived to find a pleasure in loving and cherishing a faded graven image, shabby as a miniature scarecrow. It puzzles me now to remember with what absurd sincerity I doated on this little toy, half fancying it alive and capable of sensation. I could not sleep unless it was folded in my night-gown; and when it lay there safe and warm, I was comparatively happy, believing it to be happy likewise. Long did the hours seem while I waited the departure of the company, and listened for the sound of Bessie's step on the stairs: sometimes she would come up in the interval to seek her thimble or her scissors, or perhaps to bring me something by way of supper—a bun or a cheese-cake—then she would sit on the bed while I ate it, and when I had finished, she would tuck the clothes round me, and twice she kissed me, and said, 'Good night, Miss Jane.' When thus gentle, Bessie seemed to me the best, prettiest, kindest being in the world; and I wished most intensely that she would always be so pleasant and amiable, and never push me about, or scold, or task me unreasonably, as she was too often wanted

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to do. Bessie Lee must, I think, have been a girl of good natural capacity, for she was smart in all she did, and had a remarkable knack of narrative; so, at least, I judge from the impression made on me by her nursery tales. She was pretty too, if my recollections of her face and person are correct. I remember her as a slim young woman, with black hair, dark eyes, very nice features, and good, clear complexion; but she had a capricious and hasty temper, and indifferent ideas of principle or justice: still, such as she was, I preferred her to anyone else at Gateshead Hall.

It was the fifteenth of January, about nine o'clock in the morning: Bessie was gone down to breakfast; my cousins had not yet been summoned to their mama; Eliza was putting on her bonnet and warm garden-coat to go and feed her poultry, an occupation of which she was fond: and not less so of selling the eggs to the housekeeper and hoarding up the money she thus obtained. She had a turn for traffic, and a marked propensity for saving; shown not only in the vending of eggs and chickens, but also in driving hard bargains with the gardener about flower-roots, seeds, and slips of plants; that functionary having orders from Mrs. Reed to buy of his young lady all the products of her parterre she wished to sell: and Eliza would have sold the hair off her head if she could have made a handsome profit thereby. As to her money, she first secreted it in odd corners, wrapped in a rag or an old curl-paper; but some of these hoards having been discovered by the housemaid, Eliza, fearful of one day losing her valued treasure, consented to intrust it to her mother, at a usurious rate of interest—fifty or sixty per cent.; which interest she exacted every quarter, keeping her accounts in a little book with anxious accuracy. Georgiana sat on a high stool, dressing her hair at the glass, and interweaving her curls with artificial flowers and faded feathers, of which she had found a store in a drawer in the attic. I was making my bed, having received strict orders from Bessie to get it arranged before she returned (for Bessie now frequently employed me as a sort of under-nursery maid, to tidy the room, dust the chairs, &c.). Having spread the quilt and folded my night-dress, I went to the window-seat to put in order some picture-books and doll's house furniture scattered there; an abrupt command from Georgiana to let her playthings alone (for the tiny chairs and mirrors, the fairy plates and cups, were her property) stopped my proceedings; and then, for lack of other occupation, I fell to breathing on the frost-flowers with which the window was fretted, and thus clearing a space in the glass through which I might look out on the grounds, where all was still and petrified under the influence of a hard frost. From this window were visible the porter's lodge and the carriage- road, and just as I had dissolved so much of the silver-white foliage veiling the panes as left room to look out, I saw the gates thrown open and a carriage roll through. I watched it ascending the drive with indifference; carriages often came to Gateshead, but none ever brought visitors in whom I was interested; it stopped in front of the house, the door-bell rang loudly, the new-comer was admitted. All this being nothing to me, my vacant attention soon found livelier attraction in the spectacle of a little hungry robin, which came and chirruped on the twigs of the leafless cherry-tree nailed against the wall near the casement. The remains of my breakfast of bread and milk stood on the table, and having crumbled a morsel of roll, I was tugging at the sash to put out the crumbs on the window- sill, when Bessie came running upstairs into the nursery. 'Miss Jane, take off your pinafore; what are you doing

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there? Have you washed your hands and face this morning?' I gave another tug before I answered, for I wanted the bird to be secure of its bread: the sash yielded; I scattered the crumbs, some on the stone sill, some on the cherry-tree bough, then, closing the window, I replied— 'No, Bessie; I have only just finished dusting.' 'Troublesome, careless child! and what are you doing now? You look quite red, as if you had been about some mischief: what were you opening the window for?' I was spared the trouble of answering, for Bessie seemed in too great a hurry to listen to explanations; she hauled me to the washstand, inflicted a merciless, but happily brief scrub on my face and hands with soap, water, and a coarse towel; disciplined my head with a bristly brush, denuded me of my pinafore, and then hurrying me to the top of the stairs, bid me go down directly, as I was wanted in the breakfast-room. I would have asked who wanted me: I would have demanded if Mrs. Reed was there; but Bessie was already gone, and had closed the nursery-door upon me.

I slowly descended. For nearly three months, I had never been called to Mrs. Reed's presence; restricted so long to the nursery, the breakfast, dining, and drawing-rooms were become for me awful regions, on which it dismayed me to intrude. I now stood in the empty hall; before me was the breakfast-room door, and I stopped, intimidated and trembling. What a miserable little poltroon had fear, engendered of unjust punishment, made of me in those days! I feared to return to the nursery, and feared to go forward to the parlour ten minutes I stood in agitated hesitation; the vehement ringing of the breakfast-room bell decided me; I MUST enter. 'Who could want me?' I asked inwardly, as with both hands I turned the stiff door-handle, which, for a second or two, resisted my efforts. 'What should I see besides Aunt Reed in the apartment? a man or a woman?' The handle turned, the door unclosed, and passing through and curtseying low, I looked up at—a black pillar! such, at least, appeared to me, at first sight, the straight, narrow, sableclad shape standing erect on the rug: the grim face at the top was like a carved mask, placed above the shaft by way of capital. Mrs. Reed occupied her usual seat by the fireside; she made a signal to me to approach; I did so, and she introduced me to the stony stranger with the words: 'This is the little girl respecting whom I applied to you.' HE, for it was a man, turned his head slowly towards where I stood, and having examined me with the two inquisitive-looking grey eyes which twinkled under a pair of bushy brows, said solemnly, and in a bass voice, 'Her size is small: what is her age?' 'Ten years.' 'So much?' was the doubtful answer; and he prolonged his scrutiny for some minutes. Presently he addressed me— 'Your name, little girl?' 'Jane Eyre, sir.' In uttering these words, I looked up: he seemed to me a tall gentleman; but then I was very little; his features were large, and they and all the lines of his frame were equally harsh and prim. 'Well, Jane Eyre, and are you a good child?' Impossible to reply to this in the affirmative: my little world held a contrary opinion: I was silent. Mrs. Reed answered for me by an expressive shake of the head, adding soon, 'Perhaps the less said on that subject the better, Mr. Brocklehurst.' 'Sorry indeed to hear it! she and I must have some talk;' and bending from the perpendicular, he installed his person in the arm- chair opposite Mrs. Reed's. 'Come here,' he said. I stepped across the rug; he placed me square and straight before him. What a face he had, now that it was almost on a level with mine! what a great nose! and what a mouth! and what large prominent teeth! 'No sight so sad as that of a naughty child,' he began, 'especially a

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naughty little girl. Do you know where the wicked 46 Jane Eyre go after death?' 'They go to hell,' was my ready and orthodox answer. 'And what is hell? Can you tell me that?' 'A pit full of fire.' 'And should you like to fall into that pit, and to be burning there forever?' 'No, sir.' 'What must you do to avoid it?' I deliberated a moment; my answer, when it did come, was objectionable: 'I must keep in good health, and not die.' 'How can you keep in good health? Children younger than you die daily. I buried a little child of five years old only a day or two since, a good little child, whose soul is now in heaven. It is to be feared the same could not be said of you were you to be called hence.' Not being in a condition to remove his doubt, I only cast my eyes down on the two large feet planted on the rug, and sighed, wishing myself far enough away. 'I hope that sigh is from the heart, and that you repent of ever having been the occasion of discomfort to your excellent benefactress.' 'Benefactress! benefactress!' said I inwardly: 'they all call Mrs. Reed my benefactress; if so, a benefactress is a disagreeable thing.' 'Do you say your prayers night and morning?' continued my interrogator. 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you read your Bible?' 'Sometimes.' 'With pleasure? Are you fond of it?' 'I like Revelations, and the book of Daniel, and Genesis and Samuel, and a little bit of Exodus, and some parts of Kings and Chronicles, and Job and Jonah.' 'And the Psalms? I hope you like them?' 'No, sir.' 'No? oh, shocking! I have a little boy, younger than you, who knows six Psalms by heart: and when you ask him which he would rather have, a gingerbread-nut to eat or a verse of a Psalm to learn, he says: 'Oh! the verse of a Psalm! angels sing Psalms;' says he, 'I wish to be a little angel here below;' he then gets two nuts in recompense for his infant piety.' 'Psalms are not interesting,' I remarked. 'That proves you have a wicked heart; and you must pray to God to change it: to give you a new and clean one: to take away your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh.' I was about to propound a question, touching the manner in which that operation of changing my heart was to be performed, when Mrs. Reed interposed, telling me to sit down; she then proceeded to carry on the conversation herself. 'Mr. Brocklehurst, I believe I intimated in the letter which I wrote to you three weeks ago, that this little girl has not quite the character and disposition I could wish: should you admit her into Lowood school, I should be glad if the superintendent and teachers were requested to keep a strict eye on her, and, above all, to guard against her worst fault, a tendency to deceit.

I mention this in your hearing, Jane, that you may not attempt to impose on Mr. Brocklehurst.' Well might I dread, well might I dislike Mrs. Reed; for it was her nature to wound me cruelly; never was I happy in her presence; however carefully I obeyed, however strenuously I strove to please her, my efforts were still repulsed and repaid by such sentences as the above. Now, uttered before a stranger, the accusation cut me to the heart; I dimly perceived that she was already obliterating hope from the new phase of existence which she destined me to enter; I felt, though I could not have expressed the feeling, that she was sowing aversion and unkindness along my future path; I saw myself transformed under Mr. Brocklehurst's eye into an artful, noxious child, and what could I do to remedy the injury? 'Nothing, indeed,' thought I, as I struggled to repress a sob, and hastily wiped away some tears, the impotent evidences of my anguish. 'Deceit is, indeed, a sad fault in a child,' said Mr. Brocklehurst; 'it is akin to falsehood, and all liars will have their portion in the lake burning with fire and brimstone; she shall, however, be watched,

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Mrs. Reed. I will speak to Miss Temple and the teachers.' 'I should wish her to be brought up in a manner suiting her prospects,' continued my benefactress; 'to be made useful, to be kept humble: as for the vacations, she will, with your permission, spend them always at Lowood.' 'Your decisions are perfectly judicious, madam,' returned Mr. Brocklehurst. 'Humility is a Christian grace, and one peculiarly appropriate to the pupils of Lowood; I, therefore, direct that especial care shall be bestowed on its cultivation amongst them. I have studied how best to mortify in them the worldly sentiment of pride; and, only the other day, I had a pleasing proof of my success. My second daughter, Augusta, went with her mama to visit the school, and on her return she exclaimed: 'Oh, dear papa, how quiet and plain all the girls at Lowood look, with their hair combed behind their ears, and their long pinafores, and those little Holland pockets outside their frocks—they are almost like poor people's children! and,' said she, 'they looked at my dress and mama's, as if they had never seen a silk gown before.'' 'This is the state of things I quite approve,' returned Mrs. Reed; 'had I sought all England over, I could scarcely have found a system more exactly fitting a childlike Jane Eyre. Consistency, my dear Mr. Brocklehurst; I advocate consistency in all things.' 'Consistency, madam, is the first of Christian duties; and it has been observed in every arrangement connected with the establishment of Lowood: plain fare, simple attire, unsophisticated accommodations, hardy and active habits; such is the order of the day in the house and its inhabitants.' 'Quite right, sir. I may then depend upon this child being received as a pupil at Lowood, and there being trained in conformity to her position and prospects?' 'Madam, you may: she shall be placed in that nursery of chosen plants, and I trust she will show herself grateful for the inestimable privilege of her election.' 'I will send her, then, as soon as possible, Mr. Brockle- hurst; for, I assure you, I feel anxious to be relieved of a responsibility that was becoming too irksome.' 'No doubt, no doubt, madam; and now I wish you good morning. I shall return to Brocklehurst Hall in the course of a week or two: my good friend, the Archdeacon, will not permit me to leave him sooner. I shall send Miss Temple notice that she is to expect a new girl, so that there will he no difficulty about receiving her. Good-bye.' 'Good-bye, Mr. Brocklehurst; remember me to Mrs. and Miss Brocklehurst, and to Augusta and Theodore, and Master Broughton Brocklehurst.' 'I will, madam. Little girl, here is a book entitled the 'Child's Guide,' read it with prayer, especially that part containing 'An account of the awfully sudden death of Martha G—, a naughty child addicted to falsehood and deceit.'' With these words Mr. Brocklehurst put into my hand a thin pamphlet sewn in a cover, and having rung for his carriage, he departed. Mrs. Reed and I were left alone: some minutes passed in silence; she was sewing, I was watching her. Mrs. Reed might be at that time some six or seven and thirty; she was a woman of robust frame, square-shouldered and stronglimbed, not tall, and, though stout, not obese: she had a somewhat large face, the under jaw being much developed and very solid; her brow was low, her chin large and prominent, mouth and nose sufficiently regular; under her light eyebrows glimmered an eye devoid of ruth; her skin was dark and opaque, her hair nearly flaxen; her constitution was sound as a bell—illness never came near her; she was 1 an exact, clever manager; her household and tenantry were thoroughly under her control; her children only at times defied her authority and laughed it to scorn; she dressed well, and had a presence and port calculated to set off handsome attire. Sitting on a low stool, a few yards from her arm-chair, I examined her

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figure; I perused her features. In my hand I held the tract containing the sudden death of the Liar, to which narrative my attention had been pointed as to an appropriate warning.

What had just passed; what Mrs. Reed had said concerning me to Mr. Brocklehurst; the whole tenor of their conversation, was recent, raw, and stinging in my mind; I had felt every word as acutely as I had heard it plainly, and a passion of resentment fomented now within me. Mrs. Reed looked up from her work; her eye settled on mine, her fingers at the same time suspended their nimble movements. 'Go out of the room; return to the nursery,' was her mandate. My look or something else must have struck her as offensive, for she spoke with extreme though suppressed irritation. I got up, I went to the door; I came back again; I walked to the window, across the room, then close up to her. SPEAK I must: I had been trodden on severely, and MUST turn: but how? What strength had I to dart retaliation at my antagonist? I gathered my energies and launched them in this blunt sentence— 'I am not deceitful: if I were, I should say I loved you; but I declare I do not love you: I dislike you the worst of any- body in the world except John Reed; and this book about the liar, you may give to your girl, Georgiana, for it is she who tells lies, and not I.' Mrs. Reed's hands still lay on her work inactive: her eye of ice continued to dwell freezingly on mine. 'What more have you to say?' she asked, rather in the tone in which a person might address an opponent of adult age than such as is ordinarily used to a child. That eye of hers, that voice stirred every antipathy I had. Shaking from head to foot, thrilled with ungovernable excitement, I continued— 'I am glad you are no relation of mine: I will never call you aunt again as long as I live. I will never come to see you when I am grown up; and if any one asks me how I liked you, and how you treated me, I will say the very thought of you makes me sick, and that you treated me with miserable cruelty.' 'How dare you affirm that, Jane Eyre?' 'How dare I, Mrs. Reed? How dare I? Because it is the TRUTH.

You think I have no feelings, and that I can do without one bit of love or kindness; but I cannot live so: and you have no pity. I shall remember how you thrust me back—roughly and violently thrust me back—into the redroom, and locked me up there, to my dying day; though I was in agony; though I cried out, while suffocating with distress, 'Have mercy! Have mercy, Aunt Reed!' And that punishment you made me suffer because your wicked boy struck me—knocked me down for nothing. I will tell anybody who asks me questions, this exact tale. People think you a good woman, but you are bad, hard- hearted. You are deceitful!' Ere I had finished this reply, my soul began to expand, to exult, with the strangest sense of freedom, of triumph, I ever felt. It seemed as if an invisible bond had burst, and that I had struggled out into unhoped-for liberty. Not without cause was this sentiment: Mrs. Reed looked frightened; her work had slipped from her knee; she was lifting up her hands, rocking herself to and fro, and even twisting her face as if she would cry. 'Jane, you are under a mistake: what is the matter with you? Why do you tremble so violently? Would you like to drink some water?' 'No, Mrs. Reed.' 'Is there anything else you wish for, Jane? I assure you, I desire to be your friend.' 'Not you. You told Mr. Brocklehurst I had a bad character, a deceitful disposition; and I'll let everybody at Lowood know what you are, and what you have done.' 'Jane, you don't understand these things: children must be corrected for their faults.' 'Deceit is not my fault!' I cried out in a savage, high voice. 'But you are passionate, Jane, that you must allow: and now return to the nursery—there's

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a dear—and lie down a little.' 'I am not your dear; I cannot lie down: send me to school soon, Mrs. Reed, for I hate to live here.' 'I will indeed send her to school soon,' murmured Mrs. Reed sotto voce; and gathering up her work, she abruptly quitted the apartment. I was left there alone—winner of the field. It was the hardest battle I had fought, and the first victory I had gained: I stood awhile on the rug, where Mr. Brocklehurst had stood, and I enjoyed my conqueror's solitude. First, I smiled to myself and felt elate; but this fierce pleasure subsided in me as fast as did the accelerated throb of my pulses. A child cannot quarrel with its elders, as I had done; cannot give its furious feelings uncontrolled play, as I had given mine, without experiencing afterwards the pang of remorse and the chill of reaction. A ridge of lighted heath, alive, glancing, devouring, would have been a meet emblem of my mind when I accused and menaced Mrs. Reed: the same ridge, black and blasted after the flames are dead, would have represented as meetly my subsequent condition, when half-an-hour's silence and reflection had shown me the madness of my conduct, and the dreariness of my hated and hating position. Something of vengeance I had tasted for the first time; as aromatic wine it seemed, on swallowing, warm and racy: its after-flavour, metallic and corroding, gave me a sensation as if I had been poisoned. Willingly would I now have gone and asked Mrs. Reed's pardon; but I knew, partly from experience and partly from instinct, that was the way to make her repulse me with double scorn, thereby re-exciting every turbulent impulse of my nature.

I would fain exercise some better faculty than that of fierce speaking; fain find nourishment for some less fiendish feeling than that of somber indignation. I took a book— some Arabian tales; I sat down and endeavored to read. I could make no sense of the subject; my own thoughts swam always between me and the page I had usually found fascinating. I opened the glass-door in the breakfast-room: the shrubbery was quite still: the black frost reigned, unbroken by sun or breeze, through the grounds. I covered my head and arms with the skirt of my frock, and went out to walk in a part of the plantation which was quite sequestrated; but I found no pleasure in the silent trees, the falling fir-cones, the congealed relics of autumn, russet leaves, swept by past winds in heaps, and now stiffened together. I leaned against a gate, and looked into an empty field where no sheep were feeding, where the short grass was nipped and blanched. It was a very grey day; a most opaque sky, 'onding on snaw,' canopied all; thence flakes felt it intervals, which settled on the hard path and on the hoary lea without melting. I stood, a wretched child enough, whispering to myself over and over again, 'What shall I do? what shall I do?' All at once I heard a clear voice call, 'Miss Jane! where are you? Come to lunch!' It was Bessie, I knew well enough; but I did not stir; her light step came tripping down the path. 'You naughty little thing!' she said. 'Why don't you come when you are called?' Bessie's presence, compared with the thoughts over which I had been brooding, seemed cheerful; even though, as usual, she was somewhat cross. The fact is, after my conflict with and victory over Mrs. Reed, I was not disposed to care much for the nursemaid's transitory anger; and I WAS disposed to bask in her youthful lightness of heart. I just put my two arms round her and said, 'Come, Bessie! don't scold.' The action was franker and more fearless than any I was habituated to indulge in: somehow it pleased her. 'You are a strange child, Miss Jane,' she said, as she looked down at me; 'a little roving, solitary thing: and you are going to school, I suppose?'

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I nodded. 'And won't you be sorry to leave poor Bessie?' 'What does Bessie care for me? She is always scolding me.' 'Because you're such a queer, frightened, shy little thing. You should be bolder.' 'What! to get more knocks?' 'Nonsense! But you are rather put upon, that's certain. My mother said, when she came to see me last week, that she would not like a little one of her own to be in your place.

Now, come in, and I've some good news for you.' 'I don't think you have, Bessie.' 'Child! what do you mean? What sorrowful eyes you fix on me! Well, but Missis and the young ladies and Master John are going out to tea this afternoon, and you shall have tea with me. I'll ask cook to bake you a little cake, and then you shall help me to look over your drawers; for I am soon to pack your trunk. Missis intends you to leave Gateshead in a day or two, and you shall choose what toys you like to take with you.' 'Bessie, you must promise not to scold me any more till I go.' 'Well, I will; but mind you are a very good girl, and don't be afraid of me. Don't start when I chance to speak rather sharply; it's so provoking.' 'I don't think I shall ever be afraid of you again, Bessie, because I have got used to you, and I shall soon have another set of people to dread.' 'If you dread them they'll dislike you.' 'As you do, Bessie?' 'I don't dislike you, Miss; I believe I am fonder of you than of all the others.' 'You don't show it.' 'You little sharp thing! you've got quite a new way of talking. What makes you so venturesome and hardy?' 'Why, I shall soon be away from you, and besides'—I was going to say something about what had passed between me and Mrs. Reed, but on second thoughts I considered it better to remain silent on that head. 'And so, you're glad to leave me?' 'Not at all, Bessie; indeed, just now I'm rather sorry.' 'Just now! and rather! How coolly my little lady says it! I dare say now if I were to ask you for a kiss you wouldn't give it me: you'd say you'd RATHER not.' 'I'll kiss you and welcome: bend your head down.' Bessie stooped; we mutually embraced, and I followed her into the house quite comforted. That afternoon lapsed in peace and harmony; and in the evening Bessie told me some of her most enchaining stories, and sang me some of her sweetest 58 Jane Eyre songs. Even for me life had its gleams of sunshine.

Five o'clock had hardly struck on the morning of the 19th of January, when Bessie brought a candle into my closet and found me already up and nearly dressed. I had risen half-an-hour before her entrance, and had washed my face, and put on my clothes by the light of a half-moon just setting, whose rays streamed through the narrow window near my crib. I was to leave Gateshead that day by a coach which passed the lodge gates at six a.m. Bessie was the only person yet risen; she had lit a fire in the nursery, where she now proceeded to make my breakfast. Few children can eat when excited with the thoughts of a journey; nor could I. Bessie, having pressed me in vain to take a few spoonfuls of the boiled milk and bread she had prepared for me, wrapped up some biscuits in a paper and put them into my bag; then she helped me on with my pelisse and bonnet, and wrapping herself in a shawl, she and I left the nursery. As we passed Mrs. Reed's bedroom, she said, 'Will you go in and bid Missis good-bye?' 'No, Bessie: she came to my crib last night when you were gone down to supper, and said I need not disturb her in the morning, or my cousins either; and she told me to remember that she had always been my best friend, and to speak of her and be grateful to her accordingly.' 'What did you say, Miss?' 'Nothing:

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I covered my face with the bedclothes, and turned from her to the wall.' 'That was wrong, Miss Jane.' 'It was quite right, Bessie. Your Missis has not been my friend: she has been my foe.' 'O Miss Jane! don't say so!' 'Good-bye to Gateshead!' cried I, as we passed through the hall and went out at the front door. The moon was set, and it was very dark; Bessie carried a lantern, whose light glanced on wet steps and gravel road sodden by a recent thaw. Raw and chill was the winter morning: my teeth chattered as I hastened down the drive. There was a light in the porter's lodge: when we reached it, we found the porter's wife just kindling her fire: my trunk, which had been carried down the evening before, stood corded at the door. It wanted but a few minutes of six, and shortly after that hour had struck, the distant roll of wheels announced the coming coach; I went to the door and watched its lamps approach rapidly through the gloom. 'Is she going by herself?' asked the porter's wife. 'Yes.' 'And how far is it?' 'Fifty miles.' 'What a long way! I wonder Mrs. Reed is not afraid to trust her so far alone.' The coach drew up; there it was at the gates with its four horses and its top laden with passengers: the guard and coachman loudly urged haste; my trunk was hoisted up; I was taken from Bessie's neck, to which I clung with kisses. 'Be sure and take good care of her,' cried she to the guard, as he lifted me into the inside. 'Ay, ay!' was the answer: the door was slapped to, a voice exclaimed 'All right,' and on we drove. Thus, was I severed from Bessie and Gateshead; thus, whirled away to unknown, and, as I then deemed, remote and mysterious regions. I remember but little of the journey; I only know that the day seemed to me of a preternatural length, and that we appeared to travel over hundreds of miles of road. We passed through several towns, and in one, a very large one, the coach stopped; the horses were taken out, and the passengers alighted to dine. I was carried into an inn, where the guard wanted me to have some dinner; but, as I had no appetite, he left me in an immense room with a fireplace at each end, a chandelier pendent from the ceiling, and a little red gallery high up against the wall filled with musical instruments. Here I walked about for a long time, feeling very strange, and mortally apprehensive of someone coming in and kidnapping me; for I believed in kidnappers, their exploits having frequently figured in Bessie's fireside chronicles. At last the guard returned; once more I was stowed away in the coach, my protector mounted his own seat, sounded his hollow horn, and away we rattled over the 'stony street' of L-. The afternoon came on wet and somewhat misty: as it waned into dusk, I began to feel that we were getting very far indeed from Gateshead: we ceased to pass through towns; the country changed; great grey hills heaved up round the horizon: as twilight deepened, we descended a valley, dark with wood, and long after night had overclouded the prospect, I heard a wild wind rushing amongst trees. Lulled by the sound, I at last dropped asleep; I had not long slumbered when the sudden cessation of motion awoke me; the coach- door was open, and a person like a servant was standing at it: I saw her face and dress by the light of the lamps. 'Is there a little girl called Jane Eyre here?' she asked. I answered 'Yes,' and was then lifted out; my trunk was handed down, and the coach instantly drove away.

I was stiff with long sitting, and bewildered with the noise and motion of the coach: Gathering my faculties, I looked about me. Rain, wind, and darkness filled the air; nevertheless, I dimly discerned a wall before me and a door open in it; through this door I passed with my new guide: she shut and locked it behind her. There was now visible a

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house or houses—for the building spread far—with many windows, and lights burning in some; we went up a broad pebbly path, splashing wet, and were admitted at a door; then the servant led me through a passage into a room with a fire, where she left me alone. I stood and warmed my numbed fingers over the blaze, then I looked round; there was no candle, but the uncertain light from the hearth showed, by intervals, papered walls, carpet, curtains, shining mahogany furniture: it was a parlor, not so spacious or splendid as the drawing-room at Gateshead, but comfortable enough. I was puzzling to make out the subject of a picture on the wall, when the door opened, and an individual carrying a light entered; another followed close behind. The first was a tall lady with dark hair, dark eyes, and a pale and large forehead; her figure was partly enveloped in a shawl, her countenance was grave, her bearing erect. 'The child is very young to be sent alone,' said she, putting her candle down on the table. She considered me attentively for a minute or two, then further added— 'She had better be put to bed soon; she looks tired: are you tired?' she asked, placing her hand on my shoulder. 'A little, ma'am.' 'And hungry too, no doubt: let her have some supper before she goes to bed, Miss Miller. Is this the first time you have left your parents to come to school, my little girl?' I explained to her that I had no parents. She inquired how long they had been dead: then how old I was, what was my name, whether I could read, write, and sew a little: then she touched my cheek gently with her forefinger, and saying, 'She hoped I should be a good child,' dismissed me along with Miss Miller. The lady I had left might be about twenty-nine; the one who went with me appeared some years younger: the first impressed me by her voice, look, and air. Miss Miller was more ordinary; ruddy in complexion, though of a careworn countenance; hurried in gait and action, like one who had always a multiplicity of tasks on hand: she looked, indeed, what I afterwards found she really was, an under-teacher. Led by her, I passed from compartment to compartment, from passage to passage, of a large and irregular building; till, emerging from the total and somewhat dreary silence 64 Jane Eyre pervading that portion of the house we had traversed, we came upon the hum of many voices, and presently entered a wide, long room, with great deal tables, two at each end, on each of which burnt a pair of candles, and seated all round on benches, a congregation of girls of every age, from nine or ten to twenty. Seen by the dim light of the dips, their number to me appeared countless, though not in reality exceeding eighty; they were uniformly dressed in brown stuff frocks of quaint fashion, and long Holland pinafores. It was the hour of study; they were engaged in conning over there to- morrow's task, and the hum I had heard was the combined result of their whispered repetitions. Miss Miller signed to me to sit on a bench near the door, then walking up to the top of the long room she cried out— 'Monitors, collect the lesson-books and put them away! Four tall girls arose from different tables, and going around, gathered the books and removed them. Miss Miller again gave the word of command— 'Monitors, fetch the supper-trays!' The tall girls went out and returned presently, each bearing a tray, with portions of something, I knew not what, arranged thereon, and a pitcher of water and mug in the middle of each tray. The portions were handed round; those who liked took a draught of the water, the mug being common to all. When it came to my turn, I drank, for I was thirsty, but did not touch the food, excitement and fatigue rendering me incapable of eating: I now saw, however, that it was a thin oaten cake shared into fragments. The meal over, prayers were

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read by Miss Miller, and the classes filed off, two and two, upstairs. Overpowered by this time with weariness, I scarcely noticed what sort of a place the bedroom was, except that, like the schoolroom, I saw it was very long.

To-night I was to be Miss Miller's bed-fellow; she helped me to undress: when laid down I glanced at the long rows of beds, each of which was quickly filled with two occupants; in ten minutes the single light was extinguished, and amidst silence and complete darkness I fell asleep. The night passed rapidly. I was too tired even to dream; I only once awoke to hear the wind rave in furious gusts, and the rain fall in torrents, and to be sensible that Miss Miller had taken her place by my side. When I again unclosed my eyes, a loud bell was ringing; the girls were up and dressing; day had not yet begun to dawn, and a rushlight or two burned in the room. I too rose reluctantly; it was bitter cold, and I dressed as well as I could for shivering, and washed when there was a basin at liberty, which did not occur soon, as there was but one basin to six girls, on the stands down the middle of the room. Again, the bell rang: all formed in file, two and two, and in that order descended the stairs and entered the cold and dimly lit schoolroom: here prayers were read by Miss Miller; afterwards she called out— 'Form classes!' A great tumult succeeded for some minutes, during which Miss Miller repeatedly exclaimed, 'Silence!' and 'Order!' When it subsided, I saw them all drawn up in four semicircles, before four chairs, placed at the four tables; all held books in their hands, and a great book, like a Bible, lay on each table, before the vacant seat. A pause of some 66 Jane Eyre seconds succeeded, filled up by the low, vague hum of numbers; Miss Miller walked from class to class, hushing this indefinite sound. A distant bell tinkled: immediately three ladies entered the room, each walked to a table and took her seat. Miss Miller assumed the fourth vacant chair, which was that nearest the door, and around which the smallest of the children were assembled: to this inferior class I was called, and placed at the bottom of it. Business now began, the day's Collect was repeated, then certain texts of Scripture were said, and to these succeeded a protracted reading of chapters in the Bible, which lasted an hour. By the time that exercise was terminated, day had fully dawned. The indefatigable bell now sounded for the fourth time: the classes were marshalled and marched into another room to breakfast: how glad I was to behold a prospect of getting something to eat! I was now nearly sick from inanition, having taken so little the day before. The refectory was a great, low-ceiled, gloomy room; on two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which, however, to my dismay, sent forth an odour far from inviting. I saw a universal manifestation of discontent when the fumes of the repast met the nostrils of those destined to swallow it; from the van of the procession, the tall girls of the first class, rose the whispered words— 'Disgusting! The porridge is burnt again!' 'Silence!' ejaculated a voice; not that of Miss Miller, but one of the upper teachers, a little and dark personage, smartly dressed, but of somewhat morose aspect, who installed herself at the top of one table, while a more buxom lady presided at the other. I looked in vain for her I had first seen the night before; she was not visible: Miss Miller occupied the foot of the table where I sat, and a strange, foreign-looking, elderly lady, the French teacher, as I afterwards found, took the corresponding seat at the other board. A long grace was said and a hymn sung; then a servant brought in some tea for the teachers, and the meal began. Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my

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portions without thinking of its taste; but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess; burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten potatoes; famine itself soon sickens over it.

The spoons were moved slowly: I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it; but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over, and none had breakfasted. Thanks, being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the schoolroom. I was one of the last to go out, and in passing the tables, I saw one teacher take a basin of the porridge and taste it; she looked at the others; all their countenances expressed displeasure, and one of them, the stout one, whispered— 'Abominable stuff! How shameful!' A quarter of an hour passed before lessons again began, during which the schoolroom was in a glorious tumult; for that space of time it seemed to be permitted to talk loud and more freely, and they used their privilege. The whole conversation ran on the breakfast, which one and all abused roundly. Poor things! it was the sole consolation they had. 68 Jane Eyre Miss Miller was now the only teacher in the room: a group of great girls standing about her spoke with serious and sullen gestures. I heard the name of Mr. Brocklehurst pronounced by some lips; at which Miss Miller shook her head disapprovingly; but she made no great effort to cheek the general wrath; doubtless she shared in it. A clock in the schoolroom struck nine; Miss Miller left her circle, and standing in the middle of the room, cried— 'Silence! To your seats!' Discipline prevailed: in five minutes the confused throng was resolved into order, and comparative silence quelled the Babel clamor of tongues. The upper teachers now punctually resumed their posts: but still, all seemed to wait. Ranged on benches down the sides of the room, the eighty girls sat motionless and erect; a quaint assemblage they appeared, all with plain locks combed from their faces, not a curl visible; in brown dresses, made high and surrounded by a narrow tucker about the throat, with little pockets of Holland (shaped something like a Highlander's purse) tied in front of their frocks, and destined to serve the purpose of a work- bag: all, too, wearing woolen stockings and country-made shoes, fastened with brass buckles. Above twenty of those clad in this costume were full-grown girls, or rather young women; it suited them ill, and gave an air of oddity even to the prettiest. I was still looking at them, and also at intervals examining the teachers—none of whom precisely pleased me; for the stout one was a little coarse, the dark one not a little fierce, the foreigner harsh and grotesque, and Miss Miller, poor thing! looked purple, weather- beaten, and over-worked—when, as my eye wandered from face to face, the whole school rose simultaneously, as if moved by a common spring. What was the matter? I had heard no order given: I was puzzled. Ere I had gathered my wits, the classes were again seated: but as all eyes were now turned to one point, mine followed the general direction, and encountered the personage who had received me last night. She stood at the bottom of the long room, on the hearth; for there was a fire at each end; she surveyed the two rows of girls silently and gravely. Miss Miller approaching, seemed to ask her a question, and having received her answer, went back to her place, and said aloud— 'Monitor of the first class, fetch the globes!' While the direction was being executed, the lady consulted moved slowly up the room. I suppose I have a considerable organ of veneration, for I retain yet the sense of admiring awe with which my eyes traced

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her steps. Seen now, in broad daylight, she looked tall, fair, and shapely; brown eyes with a benignant light in their irids, and a fine penciling of long lashes round, relieved the whiteness of her large front; on each of her temples her hair, of a very dark brown, was clustered in round curls, according to the fashion of those times, when neither smooth bands nor long ringlets were in vogue; her dress, also in the mode of the day, was of purple cloth, relieved by a sort of Spanish trimming of black velvet; a gold watch (watches were not so common then as now) shone at her girdle. Let the reader add, to complete the picture, refined features; a complexion, if pale, clear; and a stately air and carriage, and he will have, at least, as clearly as words can give it, a correct idea of the exterior of Miss Temple—Maria Temple, as I afterwards saw the name written in a prayer-book intrusted to me to carry to church. The superintendent of Lowood (for such was this lady) having taken her seat before a pair of globes placed on one of the tables, summoned the first class round her, and commenced giving a lesson on geography; the lower classes were called by the teachers: repetitions in history, grammar, &c., went on for an hour; writing and arithmetic succeeded, and music lessons were given by Miss Temple to some of the elder girls. The duration of each lesson was measured by the clock, which at last struck twelve.

The superintendent rose— 'I have a word to address to the pupils,' said she. The tumult of cessation from lessons was already breaking forth, but it sank at her voice. She went on— 'You had this morning a breakfast which you could not eat; you must be hungry: I have ordered that a lunch of bread and cheese shall be served to all.' The teachers looked at her with a sort of surprise. 'It is to be done on my responsibility,' she added, in an explanatory tone to them, and immediately afterwards left the room. The bread and cheese was presently brought in and distributed, to the high delight and refreshment of the whole school. The order was now given 'To the garden!' Each put Free eBooks at on a course straw bonnet, with strings of coloured calico, and a cloak of grey frieze. I was similarly equipped, and, following the stream, I made my way into the open air. The garden was a wide inclosure, surrounded with walls so high as to exclude every glimpse of prospect; a covered verandah ran down one side, and broad walks bordered a middle space divided into scores of little beds: these beds were assigned as gardens for the pupils to cultivate, and each bed had an owner. When full of flowers they would doubtless look pretty; but now, at the latter end of January, all was wintry blight and brown decay. I shuddered as I stood and looked round me: it was an inclement day for outdoor exercise; not positively rainy, but darkened by a drizzling yellow fog; all under foot was still soaking wet with the floods of yesterday. The stronger among the girls ran about and engaged in active games, but sundry pale and thin ones herded together for shelter and warmth in the verandah; and amongst these, as the dense mist penetrated to their shivering frames, I heard frequently the sound of a hollow cough. As yet I had spoken to no one, nor did anybody seem to take notice of me; I stood lonely enough: but to that feeling of isolation I was accustomed; it did not oppress me much. I leant against a pillar of the verandah, drew my grey mantle close about me, and, trying to forget the cold which nipped me without, and the unsatisfied hunger which gnawed me within, delivered myself up to the employment of watching and thinking. My reflections were too undefined and fragmentary to merit record: I hardly yet knew where I was; Gateshead and my past life seemed floated away to an immeasurable distance; the

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present was vague and strange, and of the future I could form no conjecture. I looked round the convent-like garden, and then up at the house—a large building, half of which seemed grey and old, the other half quite new. The new part, containing the schoolroom and dormitory, was lit by mullioned and latticed windows, which gave it a church-like aspect; a stone tablet over the door bore this inscription:- 'Lowood Institution.—This portion was rebuilt A.D.—, by Naomi Brocklehurst, of Brocklehurst Hall, in this county.' 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'— St. Matt. v. 16. I read these words over and over again: I felt that an explanation belonged to them, and was unable fully to penetrate their import. I was still pondering the signification of 'Institution,' and endeavouring to make out a connection between the first words and the verse of Scripture, when the sound of a cough close behind me made me turn my head. I saw a girl sitting on a stone bench near; she was bent over a book, on the perusal of which she seemed intent: from where I stood I could see the title—it was 'Rasselas;' a name that struck me as strange, and consequently attractive. In turning a leaf she happened to look up, and I said to her directly— 'Is your book interesting?' I had already formed the intention of asking her to lend it to me some day. 'I like it,' she answered, after a pause of a second or two, during which she examined me. 'What is it about?' I continued. I hardly know where I found the hardihood thus to open a conversation with a stranger; the step was contrary to my nature and habits: but I think her occupation touched a chord of sympathy somewhere; for I too liked reading, though of a frivolous and childish kind; I could not digest or comprehend the serious or substantial. 'You may look at it,' replied the girl, offering me the book. I did so; a brief examination convinced me that the contents were less taking than the title: 'Rasselas' looked dull to my trifling taste; I saw nothing about fairies, nothing about genii; no bright variety seemed spread over the closely-printed pages.

I returned it to her; she received it quietly, and without saying anything she was about to relapse into her former studious mood: again I ventured to disturb her— 'Can you tell me what the writing on that stone over the door means? What is Lowood Institution?' 'This house where you are come to live.' 'And why do they call it Institution? Is it in any way different from other schools?' 'It is partly a charity-school: you and I, and all the rest of us, are charity-children. I suppose you are an orphan: are not either your father or your mother dead?' 'Both died before I can remember.' 'Well, all the girls here have lost either one or both parents, and this is called an institution for educating orphans.' 'Do we pay no money? Do they keep us for nothing?' 'We pay, or our friends pay, fifteen pounds a year for each.' 'Then why do they call us charity-children?' 'Because fifteen pounds is not enough for board and teaching, and the deficiency is supplied by subscription.' 'Who subscribes?' 'Different benevolent-minded ladies and gentlemen in this neighborhood and in London.' 'Who was Naomi Brocklehurst?' 'The lady who built the new part of this house as that tablet records, and whose son overlooks and directs everything here.' 'Why?' 'Because he is treasurer and manager of the establishment.' 'Then this house does not belong to that tall lady who wears a watch, and who said we were to have some bread and cheese?' 'To Miss Temple? Oh, no! I wish it did: she has to answer to Mr. Brocklehurst for all she does. Mr. Brocklehurst buys all our food and all our clothes.' 'Does he live here?' 'No—two miles

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off, at a large hall.' 'Is he a good man?' 'He is a clergyman, and is said to do a great deal of good.' 'Did you say that tall lady was called Miss Temple?' 'Yes.' 'And what are the other teachers called?' 'The one with red cheeks is called Miss Smith; she attends to the work, and cuts out—for we make our own clothes, our frocks, and pelisses, and everything; the little one with black hair is Miss Scatcherd; she teaches history and grammar, and hears the second class repetitions; and the one who wears a shawl, and has a pocket-handkerchief tied to her side with a yellow ribband, is Madame Pierrot: she comes from Lisle, in France, and teaches French.' 'Do you like the teachers?' 'Well enough.' 'Do you like the little black one, and the Madame? I cannot pronounce her name as you do.' 'Miss Scatcherd is hasty—you must take care not to offend her; Madame Pierrot is not a bad sort of person.' 'But Miss Temple is the best—isn't she?' 'Miss Temple is very good and very clever; she is above the rest, because she knows far more than they do.' 'Have you been long here?' 'Two years.' 'Are you an orphan?' 'My mother is dead.' 'Are you happy here?' 'You ask rather too many questions. I have given you answers enough for the present: now I want to read.' But at that moment the summons sounded for dinner; all re-entered the house. The odour which now filled the refectory was scarcely more appetising than that which had regaled our nostrils at breakfast: the dinner was served in two huge tin-plated vessels, whence rose a strong steam redolent of rancid fat. I found the mess to consist of indifferent potatoes and strange shreds of rusty meat, mixed and cooked together. Of this preparation a tolerably abundant plateful was apportioned to each pupil. I ate what I could, and wondered within myself whether every day's fare would be like this. After dinner, we immediately adjourned to the schoolroom: lessons recommenced, and were continued till five o'clock. The only marked event of the afternoon was, that I saw the girl with whom I had conversed in the verandah dismissed in disgrace by Miss Scatcherd from a history class, and sent to stand in the middle of the large schoolroom. The punishment seemed to me in a high degree ignominious, especially for so great a girl—she looked thirteen or upwards. I expected she would show signs of great distress and shame; but to my surprise she neither wept nor blushed: composed, though grave, she stood, the central mark of all eyes. 'How can she bear it so quietly—so firmly?' I asked of myself. 'Were I in her place, it seems to me I should wish the earth to open and swallow me up. She looks as if she were thinking of something beyond her punishment—beyond her situation: of something not round her nor before her. I have heard of day-dreams—is she in a day-dream now? Her eyes are fixed on the floor, but I am sure they do not see it— her sight seems turned in, gone down into her heart: she is looking at what she can remember, I believe; not at what is really present. I wonder what sort of a girl she is—whether good or naughty.' Soon after five p.m. we had another meal, consisting of a small mug of coffee, and half-a-slice of brown bread. I devoured my bread and drank my coffee with relish; but I should have been glad of as much more—I was still hungry. Half-an-hour's recreation succeeded, then study; then the glass of water and the piece of oat-cake, prayers, and bed. Such was my first day at Lowood.

The next day commenced as before, getting up and dressing by rushlight; but this morning we were obliged to dispense with the ceremony of washing; the water in the pitchers was frozen. A change had taken place in the weather the preceding evening, and a keen north-

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east wind, whistling through the crevices of our bedroom windows all night long, had made us shiver in our beds, and turned the contents of the ewers to ice. Before the long hour and a half of prayers and Bible-reading was over, I felt ready to perish with cold. Breakfast-time came at last, and this morning the porridge was not burnt; the quality was eatable, the quantity small. How small my portion seemed! I wished it had been doubled. In the course of the day I was enrolled a member of the fourth class, and regular tasks and occupations were assigned me: hitherto, I had only been a spectator of the proceedings at Lowood; I was now to become an actor therein. At first, being little accustomed to learn by heart, the lessons appeared to me both long and difficult; the frequent change from task to task, too, bewildered me; and I was glad when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Smith put into my hands a border of muslin two yards long, together with needle, thimble, &c., and sent me to sit in a quiet corner of the schoolroom, with directions to hem the same. At that hour most of the others were sewing likewise; but one class still stood round Miss Scatcherd's chair reading, and as all was quiet, the subject of their lessons could be heard, together with the manner in which each girl acquitted herself, and the animadversions or commendations of Miss Scatcherd on the performance. It was English history: among the readers I observed my acquaintance of the verandah: at the commencement of the lesson, her place had been at the top of the class, but for some error of pronunciation, or some inattention to stops, she was suddenly sent to the very bottom. Even in that obscure position, Miss Scatcherd continued to make her an object of constant notice: she was continually addressing to her such phrases as the following: - 'Burns' (such it seems was her name: the girls here were all called by their surnames, as boys are elsewhere), 'Burns, you are standing on the side of your shoe; turn your toes out immediately.' 'Burns, you poke your chin most unpleasantly; draw it in.' 'Burns, I insist on your holding your head up; I will not have you before me in that attitude,' &c. &c. A chapter having been read through twice, the books were closed and the girls examined. The lesson had comprised part of the reign of Charles I., and there were sundry questions about tonnage and poundage and ship-money, which most of them appeared unable to answer; still, every little difficulty was solved instantly when it reached Burns: her memory seemed to have retained the substance of the whole lesson, and she was ready with answers on every point. I kept expecting that Miss Scatcherd would praise her attention; but, instead of that, she suddenly cried out— 'You dirty, disagreeable girl! you have never cleaned your nails this morning!' Burns made no answer: I wondered at her silence. 'Why,' thought I, 'does she not explain that she could neither clean her nails nor wash her face, as the water was frozen?' My attention was now called off by Miss Smith desiring me to hold a skein of thread: while she was winding it, she talked to me from time to time, asking whether I had ever been at school before, whether I could mark, stitch, knit, &c.; till she dismissed me, I could not pursue my observations on Miss Scatcherd's movements. When I returned to my seat, that lady was just delivering an order of which I did not catch the import; but Burns immediately left the class, and going into the small inner room where the books were kept, returned in half a minute, carrying in her hand a bundle of twigs tied together at one end. This ominous tool she presented to Miss Scatcherd with a respectful curtesy; then she quietly, and without being told, unloosed her pinafore, and the teacher instantly and sharply inflicted on her neck a dozen strokes with the bunch of twigs. Not a tear rose

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to Burns' eye; and, while I paused from my sewing, because my fingers quivered at this spectacle with a sentiment of unavailing and impotent anger, not a feature of her pensive face altered its ordinary expression.

'Hardened girl!' exclaimed Miss Scatcherd; 'nothing can correct you of your slatternly habits: carry the rod away.' Burns obeyed: I looked at her narrowly as she emerged from the book-closet; she was just putting back her hand- kerchief into her pocket, and the trace of a tear glistened on her thin cheek. The play-hour in the evening I thought the pleasantest fraction of the day at Lowood: the bit of bread, the draught of coffee swallowed at five o'clock had revived vitality, if it had not satisfied hunger: the long restraint of the day was slackened; the schoolroom felt warmer than in the morning—its fires being allowed to burn a little more brightly, to supply, in some measure, the place of candles, not yet introduced: the ruddy gloaming, the licensed uproar, the confusion of many voices gave one a welcome sense of liberty. On the evening of the day on which I had seen Miss Scatcherd flog her pupil, Burns, I wandered as usual among the forms and tables and laughing groups without a companion, yet not feeling lonely: when I passed the windows, I now and then lifted a blind, and looked out; it snowed fast, a drift was already forming against the lower panes; putting my ear close to the window, I could distinguish from the gleeful tumult within, the disconsolate moan of the wind outside. Probably, if I had lately left a good home and kind parents, this would have been the hour when I should most keenly have regretted the separation; that wind would then have saddened my heart; this obscure chaos would have disturbed my peace! as it was, I derived from both a strange excitement, and reckless and feverish, I wished the wind to howl more wildly, the gloom to deepen to darkness, and the confusion to rise to clamour. Jumping over forms, and creeping under tables, I made my way to one of the fire-places; there, kneeling by the high wire fender, I found Burns, absorbed, silent, abstracted from all round her by the companionship of a book, which she read by the dim glare of the embers. 'Is it still 'Rasselas'?' I asked, coming behind her. 'Yes,' she said, 'and I have just finished it.' And in five minutes more she shut it up. I was glad of this. 'Now,' thought I, 'I can perhaps get her to talk.' I sat down by her on the floor. 'What is your name besides Burns?' 'Helen.' 'Do you come a long way from here?' 'I come from a place farther north, quite on the borders of Scotland.' 'Will you ever go back?' 'I hope so; but nobody can be sure of the future.' 'You must wish to leave Lowood?' 'No! why should I? I was sent to Lowood to get an education; and it would be of no use going away until I have attained that object.' 'But that teacher, Miss Scatcherd, is so cruel to you?' 'Cruel? Not at all! She is severe: she dislikes my faults.' 'And if I were in your place I should dislike her; I should resist her. If she struck me with that rod, I should get it from her hand; I should break it under her nose.' 'Probably you would do nothing of the sort: but if you did, Mr. Brocklehurst would expel you from the school; that would be a great grief to your relations. It is far better to endure patiently a smart which nobody feels but yourself, than to commit a hasty action whose evil consequences will extend to all connected with you; and besides, the Bible bids us return good for evil.' 'But then it seems disgraceful to be flogged, and to be sent to stand in the middle of a room full of people; and you are such a great girl: I am far younger than you, and I could not bear it.' 'Yet it would be your duty to bear it, if you could not avoid it:

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it is weak and silly to say you CANNOT BEAR what it is your fate to be required to bear.' I heard her with wonder: I could not comprehend this doctrine of endurance; and still less could I understand or sympathise with the forbearance she expressed for her chastiser.

Still I felt that Helen Burns considered things by a light invisible to my eyes. I suspected she might be right and I wrong; but I would not ponder the matter deeply; like Felix, I put it off to a more convenient season. 'You say you have faults, Helen: what are they? To me you seem very good.' 'Then learn from me, not to judge by appearances: I am, as Miss Scatcherd said, slatternly; I seldom put, and never keep, things, in order; I am careless; I forget rules; I read when I should learn my lessons; I have no method; and sometimes I say, like you, I cannot BEAR to be subjected to systematic arrangements. This is all very provoking to Miss Scatcherd, who is naturally neat, punctual, and particular.' 'And cross and cruel,' I added; but Helen Burns would not admit my addition: she kept silence. 'Is Miss Temple as severe to you as Miss Scatcherd?' At the utterance of Miss Temple's name, a soft smile flitted over her grave face. 'Miss Temple is full of goodness; it pains her to be severe to any one, even the worst in the school: she sees my errors, and tells me of them gently; and, if I do anything worthy of praise, she gives me my meed liberally. One strong proof of my wretchedly defective nature is, that even her expostulations, so mild, so rational, have not influence to cure me of my faults; and even her praise, though I value it most highly, cannot stimulate me to continued care and foresight.' 'That is curious,' said I, 'it is so easy to be careful.' 'For YOU I have no doubt it is. I observed you in your class this morning, and saw you were closely attentive: your thoughts never seemed to wander while Miss Miller explained the lesson and questioned you. Now, mine continually rove away; when I should be listening to Miss Scatcherd, and collecting all she says with assiduity, often I lose the very sound of her voice; I fall into a sort of dream. Sometimes I think I am in Northumberland, and that the noises I hear round me are the bubbling of a little brook which runs through Deepden, near our house; then, when it comes to my turn to reply, I have to be awakened; and having heard nothing of what was read for listening to the visionary brook, I have no answer ready.' 'Yet how well you replied this afternoon.' 'It was mere chance; the subject on which we had been reading had interested me. This afternoon, instead of dreaming of Deepden, I was wondering how a man who wished to do right could act so unjustly and unwisely as Charles the First sometimes did; and I thought what a pity it was that, with his integrity and conscientiousness, he could see no farther than the prerogatives of the crown. If he had but been able to look to a distance, and see how what they call the spirit of the age was tending! Still, I like Charles—I respect him—I pity him, poor murdered king! Yes, his enemies were the worst: they shed blood they had no right to shed. How dared they kill him!' Helen was talking to herself now: she had forgotten I could not very well understand her—that I was ignorant, or nearly so, of the subject she discussed. I recalled her to my level. 'And when Miss Temple teaches you, do your thoughts wander then?' 'No, certainly, not often; because Miss Temple has generally something to say which is newer than my own reflections; her language is singularly agreeable to me, and the information she communicates is often just what I wished to gain.' 'Well, then, with Miss Temple you are good?' 'Yes, in a passive way: I make no effort; I follow as inclination guides me. There is no merit in such goodness.' 'A great deal: you are

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good to those who are good to you. It is all I ever desire to be. If people were always kind and obedient to those who are cruel and unjust, the wicked people would have it all their own way: they would never feel afraid, and so they would never alter, but would grow worse and worse. When we are struck at without a reason, we 86 Jane Eyre should strike back again very hard; I am sure we should— so hard as to teach the person who struck us never to do it again.' 'You will change your mind, I hope, when you grow older: as yet you are but a little untaught girl.' 'But I feel this, Helen; I must dislike those who, whatever I do to please them, persist in disliking me; I must resist those who punish me unjustly. It is as natural as that I should love those who show me affection, or submit to punishment when I feel it is deserved.' 'Heathens and savage tribes hold that doctrine, but Christians and civilised nations disown it.' 'How? I don't understand.' 'It is not violence that best overcomes hate—nor vengeance that most certainly heals injury.' 'What then?' 'Read the New Testament, and observe what Christ says, and how He acts; make His word your rule, and His conduct your example.' 'What does He say?' 'Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you.' 'Then I should love Mrs. Reed, which I cannot do; I should bless her son John, which is impossible.' In her turn, Helen Burns asked me to explain, and I proceeded forthwith to pour out, in my own way, the tale of my sufferings and resentments. Bitter and truculent when excited, I spoke as I felt, without reserve or softening.

Helen heard me patiently to the end: I expected she would then make a remark, but she said nothing. 'Well,' I asked impatiently, 'is not Mrs. Reed a hard-hearted, bad woman?' 'She has been unkind to you, no doubt; because you see, she dislikes your cast of character, as Miss Scatcherd does mine; but how minutely you remember all she has done and said to you! What a singularly deep impression her injustice seems to have made on your heart! No ill-usage so brands its record on my feelings. Would you not be happier if you tried to forget her severity, together with the passionate emotions it excited? Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world: but the time will soon come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark of the spirit will remain,—the impalpable principle of light and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature: whence it came it will return; perhaps again to be communicated to some being higher than man—perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph! Surely it will never, on the contrary, be suffered to degenerate from man to fiend? No; I cannot believe that: I hold another creed: which no one ever taught me, and which I seldom mention; but in which I delight, and to which I cling: for it extends hope to all: it makes Eternity a rest—a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed, I can so clearly distinguish between the criminal and his crime; I can so sincerely forgive the first while I abhor the last: with this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low: I live in calm, looking to the end.' Helen's head, always drooping, sank a little lower as she finished this sentence. I saw by her look she wished no longer to talk to me, but rather to converse with her own thoughts. She was not allowed much time

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for meditation: a monitor, a great rough girl, presently came up, exclaiming in a strong Cumberland accent— 'Helen Burns, if you don't go and put your drawer in order, and fold up your work this minute, I'll tell Miss Scatcherd to come and look at it!' Helen sighed as her reverie fled, and getting up, obeyed the monitor without reply as without delay.

My first quarter at Lowood seemed an age; and not the golden age either; it comprised an irksome struggle with difficulties in habituating myself to new rules and unwonted tasks. The fear of failure in these points harassed me worse than the physical hardships of my lot; though these were no trifles. During January, February, and part of March, the deep snows, and, after their melting, the almost impassable roads, prevented our stirring beyond the garden walls, except to go to church; but within these limits we had to pass an hour every day in the open air. Our clothing was insufficient to protect us from the severe cold: we had no boots, the snow got into our shoes and melted there: our ungloved hands became numbed and covered with chilblains, as were our feet: I remember well the distracting irritation I endured from this cause every evening, when my feet inflamed; and the torture of thrusting the swelled, raw, and stiff toes into my shoes in the morning. Then the scanty supply of food was distressing: with the keen appetites of growing children, we had scarcely sufficient to keep alive a delicate invalid. From this deficiency of nourishment resulted an abuse, which pressed hardly on the younger pupils: whenever the famished great girls had an opportunity, they would coax or menace the little ones out of their portion. Many a time I have shared between two claimants the precious morsel of brown bread distributed at tea-time; and after relinquishing to a third half the contents of my mug of coffee, I have swallowed the remainder with an accompaniment of secret tears, forced from me by the exigency of hunger. Sundays were dreary days in that wintry season. We had to walk two miles to Brocklebridge Church, where our patron officiated. We set out cold, we arrived at church colder: during the morning service we became almost paralysed. It was too far to return to dinner, and an allowance of cold meat and bread, in the same penurious proportion observed in our ordinary meals, was served round between the services. At the close of the afternoon service we returned by an exposed and hilly road, where the bitter winter wind, blowing over a range of snowy summits to the north, almost flayed the skin from our faces. I can remember Miss Temple walking lightly and rapidly along our drooping line, her plaid cloak, which the frosty wind fluttered, gathered close about her, and encouraging us, by precept and example, to keep up our spirits, and march forward, as she said, 'like stalwart soldiers.' The other teachers, poor things, were generally themselves too much dejected to attempt the task of cheering others. How we longed for the light and heat of a blazing fire when we got back! But, to the little ones at least, this was denied: each hearth in the schoolroom was immediately surrounded by a double row of great girls, and behind them the younger children crouched in groups, wrapping their starved arms in their pinafores. A little solace came at tea-time, in the shape of a double ration of bread—a whole, instead of a half, slice—with the delicious addition of a thin scrape of butter: it was the hebdomadal treat to which we all looked forward from Sabbath to Sabbath. I generally contrived to reserve a moiety of this bounteous repast for myself; but the remainder I was invariably obliged to part with. The Sunday evening was spent in repeating, by heart, the Church

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Catechism, and the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew; and in listening to a long sermon, read by Miss Miller, whose irrepressible yawns attested her weariness. A frequent interlude of these performances was the enactment of the part of Eutychus by some half-dozen of little girls, who, overpowered with sleep, would fall down, if not out of the third loft, yet off the fourth form, and be taken up half dead. The remedy was, to thrust them forward into the centre of the schoolroom, and oblige them to stand there till the sermon was finished. Sometimes their feet failed them, and they sank together in a heap; they were then propped up with the monitors' high stools. I have not yet alluded to the visits of Mr. Brocklehurst; and indeed that gentleman was from home during the greater part of the first month after my arrival; perhaps prolonging his stay with his friend the archdeacon: his absence was a relief to me. I need not say that I had my own reasons for dreading his coming: but come he did at last. One afternoon (I had then been three weeks at Lowood), as I was sitting with a slate in my hand, puzzling over a sum in long division, my eyes, raised in abstraction to the window, caught sight of a figure just passing: I recognised almost instinctively that gaunt outline; and when, two minutes after, all the school, teachers included, rose en masse, it was not necessary for me to look up in order to ascertain whose entrance they thus greeted. A long stride measured the schoolroom, and presently beside Miss Temple, who herself had risen, stood the same black column which had frowned on me so ominously from the hearthrug of Gateshead. I now glanced sideways at this piece of architecture. Yes, I was right: it was Mr. Brocklehurst, buttoned up in a surtout, and looking longer, narrower, and more rigid than ever. I had my own reasons for being dismayed at this apparition; too well I remembered the perfidious hints given by Mrs. Reed about my disposition & the promise pledged by Mr. Brocklehurst to apprise Miss Temple and the teachers of my vicious nature.

All along I had been dreading the fulfilment of this promise, I had been looking out daily for the 'Coming Man,' whose information respecting my past life and conversation was to brand me as a bad child for ever: now there he was. He stood at Miss Temple's side; he was speaking low in her ear: I did not doubt he was making disclosures of my villainy; and I watched her eye with painful anxiety, expecting every moment to see its dark orb turn on me a glance of repugnance and contempt. I listened too; and as I happened to be seated quite at the top of the room, I caught most of what he said: its import relieved me from immediate apprehension. 'I suppose, Miss Temple, the thread I bought at Lowton will do; it struck me that it would be just of the quality for the calico chemises, and I sorted the needles to match. You may tell Miss Smith that I forgot to make a memorandum of the darning needles, but she shall have some papers sent in next week; and she is not, on any account, to give out more than one at a time to each pupil: if they have more, they are apt to be careless and lose them. And, O ma'am! I wish the woolen stockings were better looked to! when I was here last, I went into the kitchen-garden and examined the clothes drying on the line; there was a quantity of black hose in a very bad state of repair: from the size of the holes in them I was sure they had not been well mended from time to time.' He paused. 'Your directions shall be attended to, sir,' said Miss Temple. 'And, ma'am,' he continued, 'the laundress tells me some of the girls have two clean tuckers in the week: it is too much; the rules limit them to one.' 'I think I can explain that circumstance, sir.

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Agnes and Catherine Johnstone were invited to take tea with some friends at Lowton last Thursday, and I gave them leave to put on clean tuckers for the occasion.' Mr. Brocklehurst nodded. 'Well, for once it may pass; but please not to let the circumstance occur too often. And there is another thing which surprised me; I find, in settling accounts with the housekeeper, that a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, has twice been served out to the girls during the past fortnight. How is this? I looked over the regulations, and I find no such meal as lunch mentioned. Who introduced this innovation? and by what authority?' 'I must be responsible for the circumstance, sir,' replied Miss Temple: 'the breakfast was so ill prepared that the pupils could not possibly eat it; and I dared not allow them to remain fasting till dinner-time.' 'Madam, allow me an instant. You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying. Should any little accidental disappointment of the appetite occur, such as the spoiling of a meal, the under or the over dressing of a dish, the incident ought not to be neutralized by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and obviating the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under temporary privation. A brief address on those occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity of referring to the sufferings of the primitive Christians; to the torments of martyrs; to the exhortations of our blessed Lord Himself, calling upon His disciples to take up their cross and follow Him; to His warnings that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeded out of the mouth of God; to His divine consolations, 'If ye suffer hunger or thirst for My sake, happy are ye.' Oh, madam, when you put bread and cheese, instead of burnt porridge, into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!' Mr. Brocklehurst again paused—perhaps overcome by his feelings. Miss Temple had looked down when he first began to speak to her; but she now gazed straight before her, and her face, naturally pale as marble, appeared to be assuming also the coldness and fixity of that material; especially her mouth, closed as if it would have required a sculptor's chisel to open it, and her brow settled gradually into petrified severity.

Meantime, Mr. Brocklehurst, standing on the hearth with his hands behind his back, majestically surveyed the whole school. Suddenly his eye gave a blink, as if it had met something that either dazzled or shocked its pupil; turning, he said in more rapid accents than he had hitherto used— 'Miss Temple, Miss Temple, what—WHAT is that girl with curled hair? Red hair, ma'am, curled—curled all over?' And extending his cane he pointed to the awful object, his hand shaking as he did so. 'It is Julia Severn,' replied Miss Temple, very quietly. 'Julia Severn, ma'am! And why has she, or any other, curled hair? Why, in defiance of every precept and principle of this house, does she conform to the world so openly— here in an evangelical, charitable establishment—as to wear her hair one mass of curls?' 'Julia's hair curls naturally,' returned Miss Temple, still more quietly. 'Naturally! Yes, but we are not to conform to nature; I wish these girls to be the children of Grace: and why that abundance? I have again and again intimated that I desire the hair to be arranged closely, modestly, plainly. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off entirely; I will send

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a barber to-morrow: and I see others who have far too much of the excrescence—that tall girl, tell her to turn around. Tell all the first form to rise up and direct their faces to the wall.' Miss Temple passed her handkerchief over her lips, as if to smooth away the involuntary smile that curled them; she gave the order, however, and when the first class could take in what was required of them, they obeyed. Leaning a little back on my bench, I could see the looks and grimaces with which they commented on this manoeuvre: it was a pity Mr. Brocklehurst could not see them too; he would perhaps have felt that, whatever he might do with the outside of the cup and platter, the inside was further beyond his interference than he imagined. He scrutinised the reverse of these living medals some five minutes, then pronounced sentence. These words fell like the knell of doom— 'All those top-knots must be cut off.' Miss Temple seemed to remonstrate. 'Madam,' he pursued, 'I have a Master to serve whose kingdom is not of this world: my mission is to mortify in these girls the lusts of the flesh; to teach them to clothe themselves with shame-facedness and sobriety, not with braided hair and costly apparel; and each of the young persons before us has a string of hair twisted in plaits which vanity itself might have woven; these, I repeat, must be cut off; think of the time wasted, of—' Mr. Brocklehurst was here interrupted: three other visitors, ladies, now entered the room. They ought to have come a little sooner to have heard his lecture on dress, for they were splendidly attired in velvet, silk, and furs. The two younger of the trio (fine girls of sixteen and seventeen) had grey beaver hats, then in fashion, shaded with ostrich plumes, and from under the brim of this graceful headdress fell a profusion of light tresses, elaborately curled; the elder lady was enveloped in a costly velvet shawl, trimmed with ermine, and she wore a false front of French curls. These ladies were deferentially received by Miss Temple, as Mrs. and the Misses Brocklehurst, and conducted to seats of honour at the top of the room. It seems they had come in the carriage with their reverend relative, and had been conducting a rummaging scrutiny of the room upstairs, while he transacted business with the housekeeper, questioned the laundress, and lectured the superintendent.

They now proceeded to address divers remarks and reproofs to Miss Smith, who was charged with the care of the linen and the inspection of the dormitories: but I had no time to listen to what they said; other matters called off and enchanted my attention. Hitherto, while gathering up the discourse of Mr. Brocklehurst and Miss Temple, I had not, at the same time, neglected precautions to secure my personal safety; which I thought would be effected, if I could only elude observation. To this end, I had sat well back on the form, and while seeming to be busy with my sum, had held my slate in such a manner as to conceal my face: I might have escaped notice, had not my treacherous slate somehow happened to slip from my hand, and falling with an obtrusive crash, directly drawn every eye upon me; I knew it was all over now, and, as I stooped to pick up the two fragments of slate, I rallied my forces for the worst. It came. 'A careless girl!' said Mr. Brocklehurst, and immediately after—'It is the new pupil, I perceive.' And before I could draw breath, 'I must not forget I have a word to say respecting her.' Then aloud: how loud it seemed to me! 'Let the child who broke her slate come forward!' Of my own accord I could not have stirred; I was paralysed: but the two great girls who sit on each side of me, set me on my legs and pushed me towards the dread judge, and then Miss Temple gently assisted me to his very

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feet, and I caught her whispered counsel— 'Don't be afraid, Jane, I saw it was an accident; you shall not be punished.' The kind whisper went to my heart like a dagger. 'Another minute, and she will despise me for a hypocrite,' thought I; and an impulse of fury against Reed, Brocklehurst, and Co. bounded in my pulses at the conviction. I was no Helen Burns. 'Fetch that stool,' said Mr. Brocklehurst, pointing to a very high one from which a monitor had just risen: it was brought. 'Place the child upon it.' And I was placed there, by whom I don't know: I was in no condition to note particulars; I was only aware that they had hoisted me up to the height of Mr. Brocklehurst's nose, that he was within a yard of me, and that a spread of shot orange and purple silk pelisses and a cloud of silvery plumage extended and waved below me. Mr. Brocklehurst hemmed. 'Ladies,' said he, turning to his family, 'Miss Temple, teachers, and children, you all see this girl?' Of course they did; for I felt their eyes directed like burning- glasses against my scorched skin. 'You see she is yet young; you observe she possesses the ordinary form of childhood; God has graciously given her the shape that He has given to all of us; no signal deformity points her out as a marked character. Who would think that the Evil One had already found a servant and agent in her? Yet such, I grieve to say, is the case.' A pause—in which I began to steady the palsy of my nerves, and to feel that the Rubicon was passed; and that the trial, no longer to be shirked, must be firmly sustained. 'My dear children,' pursued the black marble clergyman, with pathos, 'this is a sad, a melancholy occasion; for it becomes my duty to warn you, that this girl, who might be one of God's own lambs, is a little castaway: not a member of the true flock, but evidently an interloper and an alien. You must be on your guard against her; you must shun her example; if necessary, avoid her company, exclude her from your sports, and shut her out from your converse.

Teachers, you must watch her: keep your eyes on her movements, weigh well her words, scrutinize her actions, punish her body to save her soul: if, indeed, such salvation be possible, for (my tongue falters while I tell it) this girl, this child, the native of a Christian land, worse than many a little heathen who says its prayers to Brahma and kneels before Juggernaut—this girl is—a liar!' Now came a pause of ten minutes, during which I, by this time in perfect possession of my wits, observed all the female Brocklehursts produce their pocket-handkerchiefs and apply them to their optics, while the elderly lady swayed herself to and from , and the two younger ones whispered, 'How shocking!' Mr. Brocklehurst resumed. 'This I learned from her benefactress; from the pious and charitable lady who adopted her in her orphan state, reared her as her own daughter, and whose kindness, whose generosity the unhappy girl repaid by an ingratitude so bad, so dreadful, that at last her excellent patroness was obliged to separate her from her own young ones, fearful lest her vicious example should contaminate their purity: she has sent her here to be healed, even as the Jews of old sent their diseased to the troubled pool of Bethesda; and, teachers, superintendent, I beg of you not to allow the waters to stagnate round her.' With this sublime conclusion, Mr. Brocklehurst adjusted the top button of his surtout, muttered something to his family, who rose, bowed to Miss Temple, and then all the great people sailed in state from the room. Turning at the door, my judge said— 'Let her stand half-an-hour longer on that stool, and let no one speak to her during the remainder of the day.' There was I, then, mounted aloft; I, who had said I could not bear the shame of standing on

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my natural feet in the middle of the room, was now exposed to general view on a pedestal of infamy. What my sensations were no language can describe; but just as they all rose, stifling my breath and constricting my throat, a girl came up and passed me: in passing, she lifted her eyes. What a strange light inspired them! What an extraordinary sensation that ray sent through me! How the new feeling bore me up! It was as if a martyr, a hero, had passed a slave or victim, and imparted strength in the transit.

I mastered the rising hysteria, lifted up my head, and took a firm stand on the stool. Helen Burns asked some slight question about her work of Miss Smith, was chidden for the triviality of the inquiry, returned to her place, and smiled at me as she again went by. What a smile! I remember it now, and I know that it was the effluence of fine intellect, of true courage; it lit up her marked lineaments, her thin face, her sunken grey eye, like a reflection from the aspect of an angel. Yet at that moment Helen Burns wore on her arm 'the untidy badge;' scarcely an hour ago I had heard her condemned by Miss Scatcherd to a dinner of bread and water on the morrow because she had blotted an exercise in copying it out. Such is the imperfect nature of man! such spots are there on the disc of the clearest planet; and eyes like Miss Scatcherd's can only see those minute defects, and are blind to the full brightness of the orb. Ere the half-hour ended, five o'clock struck; school was dismissed, and all were gone into the refectory to tea. I now ventured to descend: it was deep dusk; I retired into a corner and sat down on the floor. The spell by which I had been so far supported began to dissolve; reaction took place, and soon, so overwhelming was the grief that seized me, I sank prostrate with my face to the ground. Now I wept: Helen Burns was not here; nothing sustained me; left to myself I abandoned myself, and my tears watered the boards. I had meant to be so good, and to do so much at Lowood: to make so many friends, to earn respect and win affection.

Already I had made visible progress: that very morning I had reached the head of my class; Miss Miller had praised me warmly; Miss Temple had smiled approbation; she had promised to teach me drawing, and to let me learn French, if I continued to make similar improvement two months longer: and then I was well received by my fellow-pupils; treated as an equal by those of my own age, and not molested by any; now, here I lay again crushed and trodden on; and could I ever rise more? 'Never,' I thought; and ardently I wished to die. While sobbing out this wish in broken accents, someone approached: I started up— again Helen Burns was near me; the fading fires just showed her coming up the long, vacant Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 103 room; she brought my coffee and bread. 'Come, eat something,' she said; but I put both away from me, feeling as if a drop or a crumb would have choked me in my present condition. Helen regarded me, probably with surprise: I could not now abate my agitation, though I tried hard; I continued to weep aloud. She sat down on the ground near me, embraced her knees with her arms, and rested her head upon them; in that attitude she remained silent as an Indian. I was the first who spoke— 'Helen, why do you stay with a girl whom everybody believes to be a liar?' 'Everybody, Jane? Why, there are only eighty people who have heard you called so, and the world contains hundreds of millions.' 'But what have I to do with millions? The eighty, I know, despise me.' 'Jane, you are mistaken: probably not one in the school either despises or dislikes you: many, I am sure, pity you much.' 'How can they pity me after

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what Mr. Brocklehurst has said?' 'Mr. Brocklehurst is not a god: nor is he even a great and admired man: he is little liked here; he never took steps to make himself liked. Had he treated you as an especial favourite, you would have found enemies, declared or covert, all around you; as it is, the greater number would offer you sympathy if they dared. Teachers and pupils may look coldly on you for a day or two, but friendly feelings are concealed in their hearts; and if you persevere in doing well, these feelings will ere long appear so much the more evidently for their temporary suppression. Besides, Jane'—she paused. 'Well, Helen?' said I, putting my hand into hers: she chafed my fingers gently to warm them, and went on— 'If all the world hated you, and believed you wicked, while your own conscience approved you, and absolved you from guilt, you would not be without friends.' 'No; I know I should think well of myself; but that is not enough: if others don't love me I would rather die than live—I cannot bear to be solitary and hated, Helen.

Look here; to gain some real affection from you, or Miss Temple, or any other whom I truly love, I would willingly submit to have the bone of my arm broken, or to let a bull toss me, or to stand behind a kicking horse, and let it dash its hoof at my chest—' 'Hush, Jane! you think too much of the love of human beings; you are too impulsive, too vehement; the sovereign hand that created your frame, and put life into it, has provided you with other resources than your feeble self, or than creatures feeble as you. Besides this earth, and besides the race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits: that world is round us, for it is everywhere; and those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us; and if we were dying in pain and shame, if scorn smote us on all sides, and hatred crushed us, angels see our tortures, recognize our innocence (if innocent we be: as I know you are of this charge which Mr. Brocklehurst has weakly and pompously repeated at second-hand from Mrs. Reed; for I read a sincere nature in your ardent eyes and on your clear front), and God waits only the separation of spirit from flesh to crown us with a full reward. Why, then, should we ever sink overwhelmed with distress, when life is so soon over, and death is so certain an entrance to happiness— to glory?' I was silent; Helen had calmed me; but in the tranquility she imparted there was an alloy of inexpressible sadness. I felt the impression of woe as she spoke, but I could not tell whence it came; and when, having done speaking, she breathed a little fast and coughed a short cough, I momentarily forgot my own sorrows to yield to a vague concern for her. Resting my head on Helen's shoulder, I put my arms round her waist; she drew me to her, and we reposed in silence. We had not sat long thus, when another person came in. Some heavy clouds, swept from the sky by a rising wind, had left the moon bare; and her light, streaming in through a window near, shone full both on us and on the approaching figure, which we at once recognized as Miss Temple. 'I came on purpose to find you, Jane Eyre,' said she; 'I want you in my room; and as Helen Burns is with you, she may come too.' We went; following the superintendent's guidance, we had to thread some intricate passages, and mount a staircase before we reached her apartment; it contained a good fire, and looked cheerful.

Miss Temple told Helen Burns to be seated in a low arm-chair on one side of the hearth, and herself taking another, she called me to her side. 'Is it all over?' she asked, looking down at my face. 'Have you cried your grief away?' 'I am afraid I never shall do that.' 'Why?'

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'Because I have been wrongly accused; and you, ma'am, and everybody else, will now think me wicked.' 'We shall think you what you prove yourself to be, my child. Continue to act as a good girl, and you will satisfy us.' 'Shall I, Miss Temple?' 'You will,' said she, passing her arm round me. 'And now tell me who is the lady whom Mr. Brocklehurst called your benefactress?' 'Mrs. Reed, my uncle's wife. My uncle is dead, and he left me to her care.' 'Did she not, then, adopt you of her own accord?' 'No, ma'am; she was sorry to have to do it: but my uncle, as I have often heard the servants say, got her to promise before he died that she would always keep me.' 'Well now, Jane, you know, or at least I will tell you, that when a criminal is accused, he is always allowed to speak in his own defence. You have been charged with falsehood; defend yourself to me as well as you can. Say whatever your memory suggests is true; but add nothing and exaggerate nothing.' I resolved, in the depth of my heart, that I would be most moderatemost correct; and, having reflected a few minutes in order to arrange coherently what I had to say, I told her all the story of my sad childhood. Exhausted by emotion, my language was more subdued than it generally was when it developed that sad theme; and mindful of Helen's warnings against the indulgence of resentment, I infused into the narrative far less of gall and wormwood than ordinary. Thus restrained and simplified, it sounded more credible: I felt as I went on that Miss Temple fully believed me. In the course of the tale I had mentioned Mr. Lloyd as having come to see me after the fit: for I never forgot the, to me, frightful episode of the red-room: in detailing which, my excitement was sure, in some degree, to break bounds; for nothing could soften in my recollection the spasm of agony which clutched my heart when Mrs. Reed spurned my wild supplication for pardon, and locked me a second time in the dark and haunted chamber. I had finished: Miss Temple regarded me a few minutes in silence; she then said— 'I know something of Mr. Lloyd; I shall write to him; if his reply agrees with your statement, you shall be publicly cleared from every imputation; to me, Jane, you are clear now.' She kissed me, and still keeping me at her side (where I was well contented to stand, for I derived a child's pleasure from the contemplation of her face, her dress, her one or two ornaments, her white forehead, her clustered and shining curls, and beaming dark eyes), she proceeded to address Helen Burns. 'How are you to-night, Helen? Have you coughed much to-day?' 'Not quite so much, I think, ma'am.' 'And the pain in your chest?' 'It is a little better.' Miss Temple got up, took her hand and examined her pulse; then she returned to her own seat: as she resumed it, I heard her sigh low. She was pensive a few minutes, then rousing herself, she said cheerfully— 'But you two are my visitors to-night; I must treat you as such.' She rang her bell. 'Barbara,' she said to the servant who answered it, 'I have not yet had tea; bring the tray and place cups for these two young ladies.' And a tray was soon brought. How pretty, to my eyes, did the china cups and bright teapot look, placed on the little round table near the fire! How fragrant was the steam of the beverage, and the scent of the toast! of which, however, I, to my dismay (for I was beginning to be hungry) discerned only a very small portion: Miss Temple discerned it too. 'Barbara,' said she, 'can you not bring a little more bread and butter? There is not enough for three.' Barbara went out: she returned soon— 'Madam, Mrs. Harden says she has sent up the usual quantity.'

Mrs. Harden, be it observed, was the housekeeper: a woman after Mr. Brocklehurst's own heart, made up of equal parts of whalebone and iron. 'Oh, very well!' returned Miss

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Temple; 'we must make it do, Barbara, I suppose.' And as the girl withdrew she added, smiling, 'Fortunately, I have it in my power to supply deficiencies for this once.' at Having invited Helen and me to approach the table, and placed before each of us a cup of tea with one delicious but thin morsel of toast, she got up, unlocked a drawer, and taking from it a parcel wrapped in paper, disclosed presently to our eyes a good-sized seed-cake. 'I meant to give each of you some of this to take with you,' said she, 'but as there is so little toast, you must have it now,' and she proceeded to cut slices with a generous hand. We feasted that evening as on nectar and ambrosia; and not the least delight of the entertainment was the smile of gratification with which our hostess regarded us, as we satisfied our famished appetites on the delicate fare she liberally supplied. Tea over and the tray removed, she again summoned us to the fire; we sat one on each side of her, and now a conversation followed between her and Helen, which it was indeed a privilege to be admitted to hear. Miss Temple had always something of serenity in her air, of state in her mien, of refined propriety in her language, which precluded deviation into the ardent, the excited, the eager: something which chastened the pleasure of those who looked on her and listened to her, by a controlling sense of awe; and such was my feeling now: but as to Helen Burns, I was struck with wonder. The refreshing meal, the brilliant fire, the presence and kindness of her beloved instructress, or, perhaps, more than all these, something in her own unique mind, had roused her powers within her. They woke, they kindled: first, they glowed in the bright tint of her cheek, which till this hour I had never seen but pale and bloodless; then they shone in the liquid lustre of her eyes, which had suddenly acquired a beauty more singular than that of Miss Temple's—a beauty neither of fine colour nor long eyelash, nor pencilled brow, but of meaning, of movement, of radiance. Then her soul sat on her lips, and language flowed, from what source I cannot tell. Has a girl of fourteen a heart large enough, vigorous enough, to hold the swelling spring of pure, full, fervid eloquence? Such was the characteristic of Helen's discourse on that, to me, memorable evening; her spirit seemed hastening to live within a very brief span as much as many live during a protracted existence. They conversed of things I had never heard of; of nations and times past; of countries far away; of secrets of nature discovered or guessed at: they spoke of books: how many they had read! What stores of knowledge they possessed! Then they seemed so familiar with French names and French authors: but my amazement reached its climax when Miss Temple asked Helen if she sometimes snatched a moment to recall the Latin her father had taught her, and taking a book from a shelf, bade her read and construe a page of Virgil; and Helen obeyed, my organ of veneration expanding at every sounding line. She had scarcely finished ere the bell announced bedtime! no delay could be admitted; Miss Temple embraced us both, saying, as she drew us to her heart— 'God bless you, my children!' Helen she held a little longer than me: she let her go more reluctantly; it was Helen her eye followed to the door; it was for her she a second time breathed a sad sigh; for her she wiped a tear from her cheek.

On reaching the bedroom, we heard the voice of Miss Scatcherd: she was examining drawers; she had just pulled out Helen Burns's, and when we entered Helen was greeted with a sharp reprimand, and told that to-morrow she should have half-a-dozen of untidily folded articles pinned to her shoulder. 'My things were indeed in shameful disorder,'

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murmured Helen to me, in a low voice: 'I intended to have arranged them, but I forgot.' Next morning, Miss Scatcherd wrote in conspicuous characters on a piece of pasteboard the word 'Slattern,' and bound it like a phylactery round Helen's large, mild, intelligent, and benign- looking forehead. She wore it till evening, patient, unresentful, regarding it as a deserved punishment. The moment Miss Scatcherd withdrew after afternoon school, I ran to Helen, tore it off, and thrust it into the fire: the fury of which she was incapable had been burning in my soul all day, and tears, hot and large, had continually been scalding my cheek; for the spectacle of her sad resignation gave me an intolerable pain at the heart. About a week subsequently to the incidents above narrated, Miss Temple, who had written to Mr. Lloyd, received his answer: it appeared that what he said went to corroborate my account. Miss Temple, having assembled the whole school, announced that inquiry had been made into the charges alleged against Jane Eyre, and that she was most happy to be able to pronounce her completely cleared from every imputation. The teachers then shook hands with me and kissed me, and a murmur of pleasure ran through the ranks of my companions. Thus, relieved of a grievous load, I from that hour set to work afresh, resolved to pioneer my way through every difficulty: I toiled hard, and my success was proportionate to my efforts; my memory, not naturally tenacious, improved with practice; exercise sharpened my wits; in a few weeks I was promoted to a higher class; in less than two months I was allowed to commence French and drawing. I learned the first two tenses of the verb ETRE, and sketched my first cottage (whose walls, by-the-bye, outrivalled in slope those of the leaning tower of Pisa), on the same day. That night, on going to bed, I forgot to prepare in imagination the Barmecide supper of hot roast potatoes, or white bread and new milk, with which I was wont to amuse my inward cravings: I feasted instead on the spectacle of ideal drawings, which I saw in the dark; all the work of my own hands: freely pencilled houses and trees, picturesque rocks and ruins, Cuyp-like groups of cattle, sweet paintings of butterflies hovering over unblown roses, of birds picking at ripe cherries, of wren's nests enclosing pearl-like eggs, wreathed about with young ivy sprays. I examined, too, in thought, the possibility of my ever being able to translate currently a certain little French story which Madame Pierrot had that day shown me; nor was that problem solved to my satisfaction ere I fell sweetly asleep. Well has Solomon said 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, then a stalled ox and hatred therewith.'

But the privations, or rather the hardships, of Lowood lessened. Spring drew on: she was indeed already come; the frosts of winter had ceased; its snows were melted, its cutting winds ameliorated. My wretched feet, flayed and swollen to lameness by the sharp air of January, began to heal and subside under the gentler breathings of April; the nights and mornings no longer by their Canadian temperature froze the very blood in our veins; we could now endure the play-hour passed in the garden: sometimes on a sunny day it began even to be pleasant and genial, and a greenness grew over those brown beds, which, freshening daily, suggested the thought that Hope traversed them at night, and left each morning brighter traces of her steps.

Flowers peeped out amongst the leaves; snow- drops, crocuses, purple auriculas, and golden-eyed pansies. On Thursday afternoons (half-holidays) we now took walks, and

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found still sweeter flowers opening by the wayside, under the hedges. I discovered, too, that a great pleasure, an enjoyment which the horizon only bounded, lay all outside the high and spike-guarded walls of our garden: this pleasure consisted in prospect of noble summits girdling a great hillhollow, rich in verdure and shadow; in a bright beck, full of dark stones and sparkling eddies. How different had this scene looked when I viewed it laid out beneath the iron sky Free eBooks at of winter, stiffened in frost, shrouded with snow! when mists as chill as death wandered to the impulse of east winds along those purple peaks, and rolled down 'in' and holm till they blended with the frozen fog of the beck! That beck itself was then a torrent, turbid and curbless: it tore asunder the wood, and sent a raving sound through the air, often thickened with wild rain or whirling sleet; and for the forest on its banks, THAT showed only ranks of skeletons. April advanced to May: a bright serene May it was; days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western or southern gales filled up its duration. And now vegetation matured with vigour; Lowood shook loose its tresses; it became all green, all flowery; its great elm, ash, and oak skeletons were restored to majestic life; woodland plants sprang up profusely in its recesses; unnumbered varieties of moss filled its hollows, and it made a strange ground-sunshine out of the wealth of its wild primrose plants: I have seen their pale gold gleam in overshadowed spots like scatterings of the sweetest lustre. All this I enjoyed often and fully, free, unwatched, and almost alone: for this unwonted liberty and pleasure there was a cause, to which it now becomes my task to advert. Have I not described a pleasant site for a dwelling, when I speak of it as bosomed in hill and wood, and rising from the verge of a stream? Assuredly, pleasant enough: but whether healthy or not is another question. That forest-dell, where Lowood lay, was the cradle of fog and fog- bred pestilence; which, quickening with the quickening spring, crept into the Orphan Asylum, breathed typhus through its crowded schoolroom and dormitory, and, ere May arrived, transformed the seminary into an hospital. Semi-starvation and neglected colds had predisposed most of the pupils to receive infection: forty-five out of the eighty girls lay ill at one time. Classes were broken up, rules relaxed. The few who continued well were allowed almost unlimited license; because the medical attendant insisted on the necessity of frequent exercise to keep them in health: and had it been otherwise, no one had leisure to watch or restrain them.

Miss Temple's whole attention was absorbed by the patients: she lived in the sick-room, never quitting it except to snatch a few hours' rest at night. The teachers were fully occupied with packing up and making other necessary preparations for the departure of those girls who were fortunate enough to have friends and relations able and willing to remove them from the seat of contagion. Many, already smitten, went home only to die: some died at the school, and were buried quietly and quickly, the nature of the malady forbidding delay. While disease had thus become an inhabitant of Lowood, and death its frequent visitor; while there was gloom and fear within its walls; while its rooms and passages steamed with hospital smells, the drug and the pastille striving vainly to overcome the effluvia of mortality, that bright May shone unclouded over the bold hills and beautiful woodland out of doors. Its garden, too, glowed with flowers: hollyhocks had sprung up tall as trees, lilies had opened, tulips and roses were in bloom; the borders of the little beds were gay with

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pink thrift and crimson double daisies; the sweetbriars gave out, morning and evening, their scent of spice and apples; and these fragrant treasures were all useless for most of the inmates of Lowood, except to furnish now and then a handful of herbs and blossoms to put in a coffin. But I, and the rest who continued well, enjoyed fully the beauties of the scene and season; they let us ramble in the wood, like gipsies, from morning till night; we did what we liked, went where we liked: we lived better too. Mr. Brocklehurst and his family never came near Lowood now: household matters were not scrutinised into; the cross housekeeper was gone, driven away by the fear of infection; her successor, who had been matron at the Lowton Dispensary, unused to the ways of her new abode, provided with comparative liberality. Besides, there were fewer to feed; the sick could eat little; our breakfast-basins were better filled; when there was no time to prepare a regular dinner, which often happened, she would give us a large piece of cold pie, or a thick slice of bread and cheese, and this we carried away with us to the wood, where we each chose the spot we liked best, and dined sumptuously. My favourite seat was a smooth and broad stone, rising white and dry from the very middle of the beck, and only to be got at by wading through the water; a feat I accomplished barefoot.

The stone was just broad enough to accommodate, comfortably, another girl and me, at that time my chosen comrade—one Mary Ann Wilson; a shrewd, observant personage, whose society I took pleasure in, partly because she was witty and original, and partly because she had a man- ner which set me at my ease. Some years older than I, she knew more of the world, and could tell me many things I liked to hear: with her my curiosity found gratification: to my faults also she gave ample indulgence, never imposing curb or rein on anything I said. She had a turn for narrative, I for analysis; she liked to inform, I to question; so we got on swimmingly together, deriving much entertainment, if not much improvement, from our mutual intercourse. And where, meantime, was Helen Burns? Why did I not spend these sweet days of liberty with her? Had I forgotten her? or was I so worthless as to have grown tired of her pare society? Surely the Mary Arm Wilson I have mentioned was inferior to my first acquaintance: she could only tell me amusing stories, and reciprocate any racy and pungent gossip I chose to indulge in; while, if I have spoken truth of Helen, she was qualified to give those who enjoyed the privilege of her converse a taste of far higher things. True, reader; and I knew and felt this: and though I am a defective being, with many faults and few redeeming points, yet I never tired of Helen Burns; nor ever ceased to cherish for her a sentiment of attachment, as strong, tender, and respectful as any that ever animated my heart. How could it be otherwise, when Helen, at all times and under all circumstances, evinced for me a quiet and faithful friendship, which ill-humour never soured, nor irritation never troubled? But Helen was ill at present: for some weeks she had been removed from my sight to I knew not what room upstairs. She was not, I was told, in the hospital portion of the house with the fever patients; for her complaint was consumption, not typhus: and by consumption I, in my ignorance, understood something mild, which time and care would be sure to alleviate. I was confirmed in this idea by the fact of her once or twice coming downstairs on very warm sunny afternoons, and being taken by Miss Temple into the garden; but, on these occasions, I was not allowed to go and speak to her; I only saw her from the schoolroom

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window, and then not distinctly; for she was much wrapped up, and sat at a distance under the verandah. One evening, in the beginning of June, I had stayed out very late with Mary Ann in the wood; we had, as usual, separated ourselves from the others, and had wandered far; so far that we lost our way, and had to ask it at a lonely cottage, where a man and woman lived, who looked after a herd of half-wild swine that fed on the mast in the wood. When we got back, it was after moonrise: a pony, which we knew to be the surgeon's, was standing at the garden door. Mary Ann remarked that she supposed some one must be very ill, as Mr. Bates had been sent for at that time of the evening. She went into the house; I stayed behind a few minutes to plant in my garden a handful of roots I had dug up in the forest, and which I feared would wither if I left them till the morning. This done, I lingered yet a little longer: the flowers smelt so sweet as the dew fell; it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow; the moon rose with such majesty in the grave east. I was noting these things and enjoying them as a child might, when it entered my mind as it had never done before: - 'How sad to be lying now on a sick bed, and to be in danger of dying! This world is pleasant—it would be dreary to be called from it, and to have to go who knows where?' And then my mind made its first earnest effort to comprehend what had been infused into it concerning heaven and hell; and for the first time it recoiled, baffled; and for the first time glancing behind, on each side, and before it, it saw all round an unfathomed gulf: it felt the one point where it stood—the present; all the rest was formless cloud and vacant depth; and it shuddered at the thought of tottering, and plunging amid that chaos.

While pondering this new idea, I heard the front door open; Mr. Bates came out, and with him was a nurse. After she had seen him mount his horse and depart, she was about to close the door, but I ran up to her. 'How is Helen Burns?' 'Very poorly,' was the answer. 'Is it her Mr. Bates has been to see?' 'Yes.' 'And what does he say about her?' 'He says she'll not be here long.' This phrase, uttered in my hearing yesterday, would have only conveyed the notion that she was about to be removed to Northumberland, to her own home. I should not have suspected that it meant she was dying; but I knew instantly now! It opened clear on my comprehension that Helen Burns was numbering her last days in this world, and that she was going to be taken to the region of spirits, if such region there were. I experienced a shock of horror, then a strong thrill of grief, then a desire—a necessity to see her; and I asked in what room she lay. 'She is in Miss Temple's room,' said the nurse. 'May I go up and speak to her?' 'Oh no, child! It is not likely; and now it is time for you to come in; you'll catch the fever if you stop out when the dew is falling.' The nurse closed the front door; I went in by the side entrance which led to the schoolroom: I was just in time; it was nine o'clock, and Miss Miller was calling the pupils to go to bed. It might be two hours later, probably near eleven, when I—not having been able to fall asleep, and deeming, from the perfect silence of the dormitory, that my companions were all wrapt in profound repose—rose softly, put on my frock over my night-dress, and, without shoes, crept from the apartment, and set off in quest of Miss Temple's room. It was quite at the other end of the house; but I knew my way; and the light of the unclouded summer moon, entering here and there at passage windows, enabled me to find it without difficulty. An odour of camphor and burnt vinegar warned me when I came near the fever

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room: and I passed its door quickly, fearful lest the nurse who sat up all night should hear me. I dreaded being discovered and sent back; for I MUST see Helen, I must embrace her before she died,—I must give her one last kiss, exchange with her one last word. Having descended a staircase, traversed a portion of the house below, and succeeded in opening and shutting, without noise, two doors, I reached another flight of steps; these I mounted, and then just opposite to me was Miss Temple's room. A light shone through the keyhole and from under the door; a profound stillness pervaded the vicinity. Coming near, I found the door slightly ajar; probably to admit some fresh air into the close abode of sickness. Indisposed to hesitate, and full of impatient impulses—soul and senses quivering with keen throes—I put it back and looked in. My eye sought Helen, and feared to find death. Close by Miss Temple's bed, and half covered with its white curtains, there stood a little crib. I saw the outline of a form under the clothes, but the face was hid by the hangings: the nurse I had spoken to in the garden sat in an easy-chair asleep; an unsnuffed candle burnt dimly on the table. Miss Temple was not to be seen: I knew afterwards that she had been called to a delirious patient in the fever-room. I advanced; then paused by the crib side: my hand was on the curtain, but I preferred speaking before I withdrew it. I still recoiled at the dread of seeing a corpse. 'Helen!' I whispered softly, 'are you awake?' She stirred herself, put back the curtain, and I saw her face, pale, wasted, but quite composed: she looked so little changed that my fear was instantly dissipated. 'Can it be you, Jane?' she asked, in her own gentle voice. oh!' I thought, 'she is not going to die; they are mistaken: she could not speak and look so calmly if she were.' I got on to her crib and kissed her: her forehead was cold, and her cheek both cold and thin, and so were her hand and but she smiled as of old. 'Why are you come here, Jane? It is past eleven o'clock: I heard it strike some minutes since.' 'I came to see you, Helen: I heard you were very ill, and I could not sleep till I had spoken to you.' 'You came to bid me good-bye, then: you are just in time probably.' 'Are you going somewhere, Helen? Are you going home?' 'Yes; to my long home—my last home.' 'No, no, Helen!' I stopped, distressed. While I tried to devour my tears, a fit of coughing seized Helen; it did not, however, wake the nurse; when it was over, she lay some minutes exhausted; then she whispered— 'Jane, your little feet are bare; lie down and cover yourself with my quilt.' I did so: she put her arm over me, and I nestled close to her. After a long silence, she resumed, still whispering— 'I am very happy, Jane; and when you hear that I am dead, you must be sure and not grieve: there is nothing to grieve about. We all must die one day, and the illness which is removing me is not painful; it is gentle and gradual: my mind is at rest. I leave no one to regret me much: I have only a father; and he is lately married, and will not miss me. By dying young, I shall escape great sufferings.

I had not qualities or talents to make my way very well in the world: I should have been continually at fault.' 'But where are you going to, Helen? Can you see? Do you know?' 'I believe; I have faith: I am going to God.' 'Where is God? What is God?' 'My Maker and yours, who will never destroy what He created. I rely implicitly on His power, and confide wholly in His goodness: I count the hours till that eventful one arrives which shall restore me to Him, reveal Him to me.' 'You are sure, then, Helen, that there is such a place as heaven, and that our souls can get to it when we die?' 'I am sure there is a future state; I believe God is

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good; I can resign my immortal part to Him without any misgiving. God is my father; God is my friend: I love Him; I believe He loves me.' 'And shall I see you again, Helen, when I die?' 'You will come to the same region of happiness: be received by the same mighty, universal Parent, no doubt, dear Jane.' Again I questioned, but this time only in thought. 'Where is that region? Does it exist?' And I clasped my arms closer round Helen; she seemed dearer to me than ever; I felt as if I could not let her go; I lay with my face hidden on her neck. Presently she said, in the sweetest tone— 'How comfortable I am! That last fit of coughing has tired me a little; I feel as if I could sleep: but don't leave me, Jane; I like to have you near me.' 'I'll stay with you, DEAR Helen: no one shall take me way.' 'Are you warm, darling?' 'Yes.' 'Good-night, Jane.' 'Good-night, Helen.' She kissed me, and I her, and we both soon slumbered. When I awoke it was day: an unusual movement roused me; I looked up; I was in somebody's arms; the nurse held me; she was carrying me through the passage back to the dormitory. I was not reprimanded for leaving my bed; people had something else to think about; no explanation was afforded then to my many questions; but a day or two afterwards I learned that Miss Temple, on returning to her own room at dawn, had found me laid in the little crib; my face against Helen Burns's shoulder, my arms round her neck. I was asleep, and Helen was—dead. Her grave is in Brackenridge churchyard: for fifteen years after her death it was only covered by a grassy mound; but now a grey marble tablet marks the spot, inscribed with her name, and the word 'Resurgam.

Hitherto I have recorded in detail the events of my insignificant existence: to the first ten years of my life I have given almost as many chapters. But this is not to be a regular autobiography. I am only bound to invoke Memory where I know her responses will possess some degree of interest; therefore, I now pass a space of eight years almost in silence: a few lines only are necessary to keep up the links of connection. When the typhus fever had fulfilled its mission of devastation at Lowood, it gradually disappeared from thence; but not till its virulence and the number of its victims had drawn public attention on the school. Inquiry was made into the origin of the scourge, and by degrees various facts came out which excited public indignation in a high degree. The unhealthy nature of the site; the quantity and quality of the children's food; the brackish, fetid water used in its preparation; the pupils' wretched clothing and accommodations—all these things were discovered, and the discovery produced a result mortifying to Mr. Brocklehurst, but beneficial to the institution. Several wealthy and benevolent individuals in the county subscribed largely for the erection of a more convenient building in a better situation; new regulations were made; improvements in diet and clothing introduced; the funds.

of the school were intrusted to the management of a committee. Mr. Brocklehurst, who, from his wealth and family connections, could not be overlooked, still retained the post of treasurer; but he was aided in the discharge of his duties by gentlemen of rather more enlarged and sympathising minds: his office of inspector, too, was shared by those who knew how to combine reason with strictness, comfort with economy, compassion with uprightness. The school, thus improved, became in time a truly useful and noble institution. I remained an inmate of its walls, after its regeneration, for eight years: six as pupil, and two as teacher; and in both capacities I bear my testimony to its value and importance. During these eight years my life was uniform: but not unhappy, because it was not inactive.

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I had the means of an excellent education placed within my reach; a fondness for some of my studies, and a desire to excel in all, together with a great delight in pleasing my teachers, especially such as I loved, urged me on: I availed myself fully of the advantages offered me. In time I rose to be the first girl of the first class; then I was invested with the office of teacher; which I discharged with zeal for two years: but at the end of that time I altered. Miss Temple, through all changes, had thus far continued superintendent of the seminary: to her instruction I owed the best part of my acquirements; her friendship and society had been my continual solace; she had stood me in the stead of mother, governess, and, latterly, companion. At this period she married, removed with her husband (a clergyman, an excellent man, almost worthy of such a wife) to a distant county, and consequently was lost to me. From the day she left I was no longer the same: with her was gone every settled feeling, every association that had made Lowood in some degree a home to me. I had imbibed from her something of her nature and much of her habits: more harmonious thoughts: what seemed better regulated feelings had become the inmates of my mind. I had given in allegiance to duty and order; I was quiet; I believed I was content: to the eyes of others, usually even to my own, I appeared a disciplined and subdued character. But destiny, in the shape of the Rev. Mr. Nasmyth, came between me and Miss Temple: I saw her in her travelling dress step into a post-chaise, shortly after the marriage ceremony; I watched the chaise mount the hill and disappear beyond its brow; and then retired to my own room, and there spent in solitude the greatest part of the half-holiday granted in honour of the occasion. I walked about the chamber most of the time. I imagined myself only to be regretting my loss, and thinking how to repair it; but when my reflections were concluded, and I looked up and found that the afternoon was gone, and evening far advanced, another discovery dawned on me, namely, that in the interval I had undergone a transforming process; that my mind had put off all it had borrowed of Miss Temple—or rather that she had taken with her the serene atmosphere I had been breathing in her vicinity—and that now I was left in my natural element, and beginning to feel the stirring of old emotions. It did not seem as if a prop were withdrawn, but rather as if a motive were gone: it was not the power to be tranquil which had failed me, but the reason for tranquillity was no more. My world had for some years been in Lowood: my experience had been of its rules and systems; now I remembered that the real world was wide, and that a varied field of hopes and fears, of sensations and excitements, awaited those who had courage to go forth into its expanse, to seek real knowledge of life amidst its perils. I went to my window, opened it, and looked out. There were the two wings of the building; there was the garden; there were the skirts of Lowood; there was the hilly horizon. My eye passed all other objects to rest on those most remote, the blue peaks; it was those I longed to surmount; all within their boundary of rock and heath seemed prison-ground, exile limits. I traced the white road winding round the base of one mountain, and vanishing in a gorge between two; how I longed to follow it farther! I recalled the time when I had travelled that very road in a coach; I remembered descending that hill at twilight; an age seemed to have elapsed since the day which brought me first to Lowood, and I had never quitted it since. My vacations had all been spent at school: Mrs. Reed had never sent for me to Gateshead; neither she nor any of her family had ever been to visit me. I had had no communication by letter or message with the outer world:

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school-rules, school-duties, school-habits and notions, and voices, and faces, and phrases, and costumes, and preferences, and antipathies—such was what I knew of existence. And now I felt that it was not enough; I tired of the routine of eight years in one afternoon. I desired liberty; for liberty I gasped; for liberty I uttered a prayer; it seemed scattered on the wind then faintly blowing. I abandoned it and framed a humbler supplication; for change, stimulus: that petition, too, seemed swept off into vague space: 'Then,' I cried, half desperate, 'grant me at least a new servitude!' Here a bell, ringing the hour of supper, called me downstairs. I was not free to resume the interrupted chain of my reflections till bedtime: even then a teacher who occupied the same room with me kept me from the subject to which I longed to recur, by a prolonged effusion of small talk. How I wished sleep would silence her. It seemed as if, could I but go back to the idea which had last entered my mind as I stood at the window, some inventive suggestion would rise for my relief. Miss Gryce snored at last; she was a heavy Welshwoman, and till now her habitual nasal strains had never been regarded by me in any other light than as a nuisance; tonight I hailed the first deep notes with satisfaction; I was debarrassed of interruption; my half-effaced thought instantly revived. 'A new servitude! There is something in that,' I soliloquised (mentally, be it understood; I did not talk aloud), 'I know there is, because it does not sound too sweet; it is not like such words as Liberty, Excitement, Enjoyment: delightful sounds truly; but no more than sounds for me; and so hollow and fleeting that it is mere waste of time to listen to them. But Servitude! That must be matter of fact. Any one may serve: I have served here eight years; now all I want is to serve elsewhere. Can I not get so much of my own will? Is not the thing feasible? Yes—yes—the end is not so difficult; if I had only a brain active enough to ferret out the means of attaining it.' I sat up in bed by way of arousing this said brain: it was a chilly night; I covered my shoulders with a shawl, and then I proceeded TO THINK again with all my might. 'What do I want? A new place, in a new house, amongst new faces, under new circumstances: I want this because it is of no use wanting anything better. How do people do to get a new place? They apply to friends, I suppose: I have no friends. There are many others who have no friends, who must look about for themselves and be their own helpers; and what is their resource?' I could not tell: nothing answered me; I then ordered my brain to find a response, and quickly. It worked and worked faster: I felt the pulses throb in my head and temples; but for nearly an hour it worked in chaos; and no result came of its efforts. Feverish with vain labour, I got up and took a turn in the room; undrew the curtain, noted a star or two, shivered with cold, and again crept to bed. A kind fairy, in my absence, had surely dropped the required suggestion on my pillow; for as I lay down, it came quietly and naturally to my mind.—'Those who want situations advertise; you must advertise in the—shire Herald.' 'How? I know nothing about advertising.' Replies rose smooth and prompt now:- 'You must enclose the advertisement and the money to pay for it under a cover directed to the editor of the Herald; you must put it, the first opportunity you have, into the post at Lowton; answers must be addressed to J.E., at the post-office there; you can go and inquire in about a week after you send your letter, if any are come, and act accordingly.' This scheme I went over twice, thrice; it was then digested in my mind; I had it in a clear practical form: I felt satisfied, and fell asleep. With earliest day, I was up: I had my advertisement written, enclosed, and directed before the bell rang to rouse the school; it

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ran thus:- 'A young lady accustomed to tuition' (had I not been a teacher two years?) 'is desirous of meeting with a situation in a private family where the children are under fourteen (I thought that as I was barely eighteen, it would not do to undertake the guidance of pupils nearer my own age). She is qualified to teach the usual branches of a good English education, together with French, Drawing, and Music' (in those days, reader, this now narrow catalogue of accomplishments, would have been held tolerably comprehensive). 'Address, J.E., Post-office, Lowton,—shire.' This document remained locked in my drawer all day: after tea, I asked leave of the new superintendent to go to Lowton, in order to perform some small commissions for myself and one or two of my fellow-teachers; permission was readily granted; I went. It was a walk of two miles, and the evening was wet, but the days were still long; I visited a shop or two, slipped the letter into the post-office, and came back through heavy rain, with streaming garments, but with a relieved heart.

The succeeding week seemed long: it came to an end at last, however, like all sublunary things, and once more, towards the close of a pleasant autumn day, I found myself afoot on the road to Lowton. A picturesque track it was, by the way; lying along the side of the beck and through the sweetest curves of the dale: but that day I thought more of the letters, that might or might not be awaiting me at the little burgh whither I was bound, than of the charms of lea and water. My ostensible errand on this occasion was to get measured for a pair of shoes; so I discharged that business first, and when it was done, I stepped across the clean and quiet little street from the shoemaker's to the post-office: it was kept by an old dame, who wore horn spectacles on her nose, and black mittens on her hands. 'Are there any letters for J.E.?' I asked. She peered at me over her spectacles, and then she opened a drawer and fumbled among its contents for a long time, so long that my hopes began to falter. At last, having held a document before her glasses for nearly five minutes, she presented it across the counter, accompanying the act by another inquisitive and mistrustful glance—it was for J.E. 'Is there only one?' I demanded. 'There are no more,' said she; and I put it in my pocket and turned my face homeward: I could not open it then; rules obliged me to be back by eight, and it was already halfpast seven. Various duties awaited me on my arrival. I had to sit with the girls during their hour of study; then it was my turn to read prayers; to see them to bed: afterwards I supped with the other teachers. Even when we finally retired for the night, the inevitable Miss Gryce was still my companion: we had only a short end of candle in our candlestick, and I dreaded lest she should talk till it was all burnt out; fortunately, however, the heavy supper she had eaten produced a soporific effect: she was already snoring before I had finished undressing. There still remained an inch of candle: I now took out my letter; the seal was an initial F.; I broke it; the contents were brief. 'If J.E., who advertised in the—shire Herald of last Thursday, possesses the acquirements mentioned, and if she is in a position to give satisfactory references as to character and competency, a situation can be offered her where there is but one pupil, a little girl, under ten years of age; and where the salary is thirty pounds per annum. J.E. is requested to send references, name, address, and all particulars to the direction: - 'Mrs. Fairfax, Thornfield, near Millcote, shire.' I examined the document long: the writing was old-fashioned and rather uncertain, like that of in elderly

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lady. This circumstance was satisfactory: a private fear had haunted me, that in thus acting for myself, and by my own guidance, I ran the risk of getting into some scrape; and, above all things, I wished the result of my endeavours to be respectable, proper, enregle. I now felt that an elderly lady was no bad ingredient in the business I had on hand. Mrs. Fairfax! I saw her in a black gown and widow's cap; frigid, perhaps, but not uncivil: a model of elderly English respectability. Thornfield! that, doubtless, was the name of her house: a neat orderly spot, I was sure; though I failed in my efforts to conceive a correct plan of the premises. Millcote, shire; I brushed up my recollections of the map of England, yes, I saw it; both the shire and the town. shire was seventy miles nearer London than the remote county where I now resided: that was a recommendation to me.

I longed to go where there was life and movement: Millcote was a large manufacturing town on the banks of the A-; a busy place enough, doubtless: so much the better; it would be a complete change at least. Not that my fancy was much captivated by the idea of long chimneys and clouds of smoke 'but,' I argued, 'Thornfield will, probably, be a good way from the town.' Here the socket of the candle dropped, and the wick went out. Next day new steps were to be taken; my plans could no longer be confined to my own breast; I must impart them in order to achieve their success. Having sought and obtained an audience of the superintendent during the noontide recreation, I told her I had a prospect of getting a new situation where the salary would be double what I now received (for at Lowood I only got 15 pounds per annum); and requested she would break the matter for me to Mr. Brocklehurst, or some of the committee, and ascertain whether they would permit me to mention them as references. She obligingly consented to act as mediatrix in the matter. The next day she laid the affair before Mr. Brocklehurst, who said that Mrs. Reed must be written to, as she was my natural guardian. A note was accordingly addressed to that lady, who returned for answer, that 'I might do as I pleased: she had long relinquished all interference in my affairs.' This note went the round of the committee, and at last, after what appeared to me most tedious delay, formal leave was given me to better my condition if I could; and an assurance added, that as I had always conducted myself well, both as teacher and pupil, at Lowood, a testimonial of character and capacity, signed by the inspectors of that institution, should forthwith be furnished me. This testimonial I accordingly received in about a month, forwarded a copy of it to Mrs. Fairfax, and got that lady's reply, stating that she was satisfied, and fixing that day fortnight as the period for my assuming the post of governess in her house. I now busied myself in preparations: the fortnight passed rapidly. I had not a very large wardrobe, though it was adequate to my wants; and the last day sufficed to pack my trunk,—the same I had brought with me eight years ago from Gateshead. The box was corded, the card nailed on. In half-an-hour the carrier was to call for it to take it to Lowton, whether I myself was to repair at an early hour the next morning to meet the coach. I had brushed my black stuff travellingdress, prepared my bonnet, gloves, and muff; sought in all my drawers to see that no article was left behind; and now having nothing more to do, I sat down and tried to rest. I could not; though I had been on foot all day, I could not now repose an instant; I was too much excited. A phase of my life was closing to-night, a new one opening to-morrow: impossible to slumber in the interval; I must watch feverishly while the change was being accomplished. 'Miss,' said a

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servant who met me in the lobby, where I was wandering like a troubled spirit, 'a person below wishes to see you.' 'The carrier, no doubt,' I thought, and ran downstairs without inquiry. I was passing the back-parlour or teachers' sitting-room, the door of which was half open, to go to the kitchen, when someone ran out— 'It's her, I am sure! I could have told her anywhere!' cried the individual who stopped my progress and took my hand. I looked: I saw a woman attired like a well-dressed servant, matronly, yet still young; very good-looking, with black hair and eyes, and lively complexion. 'Well, who is it?' she asked, in a voice and with a smile I half recognised; 'you've not quite forgotten me, I think, Miss Jane?' In another second I was embracing and kissing her rapturously: 'Bessie! Bessie! Bessie!' that was all I said; whereat she half laughed, half cried, and we both went into the parlour. By the fire stood a little fellow of three years old, in plaid frock and trousers. 'That is my little boy,' said Bessie directly. 'Then you are married, Bessie?' 'Yes; nearly five years since to Robert Leaven, the coachman; and I've a little girl besides Bobby there, that I've christened Jane.' 'And you don't live at Gateshead?' 'I live at the lodge: the old porter has left.' 'Well, and how do they all get on? Tell me everything about them, Bessie: but sit down first; and, Bobby, come and sit on my knee, will you?' but Bobby preferred sidling over to his mother. 'You're not grown so very tall, Miss Jane, nor so very stout,' continued Mrs. Leaven. 'I dare say they've not kept you too well at school: Miss Reed is the head and shoulders taller than you are; and Miss Georgiana would make two of you in breadth.' 'Georgiana is handsome, I suppose, Bessie?' 'Very.

She went up to London last winter with her mama, and there everybody admired her, and a young lord fell in love with her: but his relations were against the match; and—what do you think?—he and Miss Georgiana made it up to run away; but they were found out and stopped. It was Miss Reed that found them out: I believe she was envious; and now she and her sister lead a cat and dog life together; they are always quarrelling—''Well, and what of John Reed?' 'Oh, he is not doing so well as his mama could wish. He went to college, and he got—plucked, I think they call it: and then his uncles wanted him to be a barrister, and study the law: but he is such a dissipated young man, they will never make much of him, I think.' 'What does he look like?' 'He is very tall: some people call him a fine-looking young man; but he has such thick lips.' 'And Mrs. Reed?' 'Missis looks stout and well enough in the face, but I think she's not quite easy in her mind: Mr. John's conduct does not please herhe spends a deal of money.' 'Did she send you here, Bessie?' 'No, indeed: but I have long wanted to see you, and when I heard that there had been a letter from you, and that you were going to another part of the country, I thought I'd just set of, and get a look at you before you were quite out of my reach.' 'I am afraid you are disappointed in me, Bessie.' I said this laughing: I perceived that Bessie's glance, though it expressed regard, did in no shape denote admiration. 'No, Miss Jane, not exactly: you are genteel enough; you look like a lady, and it is as much as ever I expected of you: you were no beauty as a child.' I smiled at Bessie's frank answer: I felt that it was correct, but I confess I was not quite indifferent to its import: at eighteen most people wish to please, and the conviction that they have not an exterior likely to second that desire brings anything but gratification. 'I dare say you are clever, though,' continued Bessie, by way of solace. 'What can you do? Can you play on the piano?' 'A little.' There was one in the room; Bessie went and opened it,

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and then asked me to sit down and give her a tune: I played a waltz or two, and she was charmed. 'The Miss Reeds could not play as well!' said she exultingly. 'I always said you would surpass them in learning: and can you draw?' 'That is one of my paintings over the chimney-piece.' It was a landscape in water colours, of which I had made a present to the superintendent, in acknowledgment of her obliging mediation with the committee on my behalf, and which she had framed and glazed. 'Well, that is beautiful, Miss Jane! It is as fine a picture as any Miss Reed's drawing-master could paint, let alone the young ladies themselves, who could not come near it: and have you learnt French?' 'Yes, Bessie, I can both read it and speak it.' 'And you can work on muslin and canvas?' 'I can.' 'Oh, you are quite a lady, Miss Jane! I knew you would be: you will get on whether your relations notice you or not. There was something I wanted to ask you. Have you ever heard anything from your father's kinsfolk, the Eyres?' 'Never in my life.' 'Well, you know Missis always said they were poor and quite despicable: and they may be poor; but I believe they are as much gentry as the Reeds are; for one day, nearly seven years ago, a Mr. Eyre came to Gateshead and wanted to see you; Missis said you were it school fifty miles off; he seemed so much disappointed, for he could not stay: he was going on a voyage to a foreign country, and the ship was to sail from London in a day or two. He looked quite a gentleman, and I believe he was your father's brother.' Free eBooks at 'What foreign country was he going to, Bessie?' 'An island thousands of miles off, where they make wine—the butler did tell me 'Madeira?' I suggested. 'Yes, that is it—that is the very word.' 'So he went?' 'Yes; he did not stay many minutes in the house: Missis was very high with him; she called him afterwards a 'sneaking tradesman.' My Robert believes he was a winemerchant.' 'Very likely,' I returned; 'or perhaps clerk or agent to a wine- merchant.' Bessie and I conversed about old times an hour longer, and then she was obliged to leave me: I saw her again for a few minutes the next morning at Lowton, while I was waiting for the coach. We parted finally at the door of the Brocklehurst Arms there: each went her separate way; she set off for the brow of Lowood Fell to meet the conveyance which was to take her back to Gateshead, I mounted the vehicle which was to bear me to new duties and a new life in the unknown environs of Millcote.

Mary, I have been married to Mr. Rochester this morning.' The housekeeper and her husband were both of that decent phlegmatic order of people, to whom one may at any time safely communicate a remarkable piece of news without incurring the danger of having one's ears pierced by some shrill ejaculation, and subsequently stunned by a torrent of wordy wonderment. Mary did look up, and she did stare at me: the ladle with which she was basting a pair of chickens roasting at the fire, did for some three minutes hang suspended in air; and for the same space of time John's knives also had rest from the polishing process: but Mary, bending again over the roast, said only— 'Have you, Miss? Well, for sure!' A short time after she pursued—'I seed you go out with the master, but I didn't know you were gone to church to be wed;' and she basted away. John, when I turned to him, was grinning from ear to ear. 'I telled Mary how it would be,' he said: 'I knew what Mr. Edward' (John was an old servant, and had known his master when he was the cadet of the house, therefore, he often gave him his Christian name)—'I knew what Mr. Edward would do; and I was certain he would not wait long neither: and he's done right,

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for aught I know. I wish you joy, Miss!' and he politely pulled his forelock. 'Thank you, John. Mr. Rochester told me to give you and Mary this.' I put into his hand a five-pound note. Without waiting to hear more, I left the kitchen. In passing the door of that sanctum some time after, I caught the words— 'She'll happen do better for him nor ony o't' grand ladies.' And again, 'If she ben't one o' th' handsomest, she's noan faal and varry good-natured; and i' his een she's fair beautiful, onybody may see that.' I wrote to Moor House and to Cambridge immediately, to say what I had done: fully explaining also why I had thus acted. Diana and Mary approved the step unreservedly. Diana announced that she would just give me time to get over the honeymoon, and then she would come and see me. 'She had better not wait till then, Jane,' said Mr. Rochester, when I read her letter to him; 'if she does, she will be too late, for our honeymoon will shine our life long: its beams will only fade over your grave or mine.' How St. John received the news, I don't know: he never answered the letter in which I communicated it: yet six months after he wrote to me, without, however, mentioning Mr. Rochester's name or alluding to my marriage. His letter was then calm, and, though very serious, kind. He Free eBooks at has maintained a regular, though not frequent, correspondence ever since: he hopes I am happy, and trusts I am not of those who live without God in the world, and only mind earthly things. You have not quite forgotten little Adele, have you, reader? I had not; I soon asked and obtained leave of Mr. Rochester, to go and see her at the school where he had placed her. Her frantic joy at beholding me again moved me much. She looked pale and thin: she said she was not happy. I found the rules of the establishment were too strict, its course of study too severe for a child of her age: I took her home with me. I meant to become her governess once more, but I soon found this impracticable; my time and cares were now required by another—my husband needed them all. So, I sought out a school conducted on a more indulgent system, and near enough to permit of my visiting her often, and bringing her home sometimes. I took care she should never want for anything that could contribute to her comfort: she soon settled in her new abode, became very happy there, and made fair progress in her studies. As she grew up, a sound English education corrected in a great measure her French defects; and when she left school, I found in her a pleasing and obliging companion: docile, good-tempered, and well-principled. By her grateful attention to me and mine, she has long since well repaid any little kindness I ever had it in my power to offer her. My tale draws to its close: one word respecting my experience of married life, and one brief glance at the fortunes of those whose names have most frequently recurred in this narrative, and I have done. I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I hold myself supremely blest—blest beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully is he is mine. No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am: ever more absolutely bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. I know no weariness of my Edward's society: he knows none of mine, any more than we each do of the pulsation of the heart that beats in our separate bosoms; consequently, we are ever together. To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company.

We talk, I believe, all day long: to talk to each other is but a more animated and an audible thinking. All my confidence is bestowed on him, all his confidence is devoted to me; we are precisely suited in character—perfect concord is the result. Mr. Rochester continued

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blind the first two years of our union; perhaps it was that circumstance that drew us so very near—that knit us so very close: for I was then his vision, as I am still his right hand. Literally, I was (what he often called me) the apple of his eye. He saw nature—he saw books through me; and never did I weary of gazing for his behalf, and of putting into words the effect of field, tree, town, river, cloud, sunbeam—of the landscape before us; of the weather round us—and impressing by sound on his ear what light could no longer stamp on his eye. Never did I weary of reading to him; never did I weary of conducting him where he wished to go: of doing for him what he wished to be done. And there was a pleasure in my services, most Free eBooks at Planet eBook.com 689 full, most exquisite, even though sad because he claimed these services without painful shame or damping humiliation. He loved me so truly, that he knew no reluctance in profiting by my attendance: he felt I loved him so fondly, that to yield that attendance was to indulge my sweetest wishes. One morning at the end of the two years, as I was writing a letter to his dictation, he came and bent over me, and said 'Jane, have you a glittering ornament round your neck?' I had a gold watch-chain: I answered 'Yes.' 'And have you a pale blue dress on?' I had. He informed me then, that for some time he had fancied the obscurity clouding one eye was becoming less dense; and that now he was sure of it. He and I went up to London. He had the advice of an eminent oculist; and he eventually recovered the sight of that one eye. He cannot now see very distinctly: he cannot read or write much; but he can find his way without being led by the hand: the sky is no longer a blank to him—the earth no longer a void. When his first- born was put into his arms, he could see that the boy had inherited his own eyes, as they once were—large, brilliant, and black. On that occasion, he again, with a full heart, acknowledged that God had tempered judgment with mercy. My Edward and I, then, are happy: and the more so, because those we most love are happy likewise. Diana and Mary Rivers are both married: alternately, once every year, they come to see us, and we go to see them. Diana's husband is a captain in the navy, a gallant officer and a good man. Mary's is a clergyman, a college friend of her brother's, and, from his attainments and principles, worthy of the connection. Both Captain Fitzjames and Mr. Wharton love their wives, and are loved by them. As to St. John Rivers, he left England: he went to India. He entered on the path he had marked for himself; he pursues it still. A more resolute, indefatigable pioneer never wrought amidst rocks and dangers. Firm, faithful, and devoted, full of energy, and zeal, and truth, he labors for his race; he clears their painful way to improvement; he hews down like a giant the prejudices of creed and caste that encumber it. He may be stern; he may be exacting; he may be ambitious yet; but his is the sternness of the warrior Great heart, who guards his pilgrim convoy from the onslaught of Apollyon. His is the exaction of the apostle, who speaks but for Christ, when he says 'Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' His is the ambition of the high master-spirit, which aims to fill a place in the first rank of those who are redeemed from the earth—who stand without fault before the throne of God, who share the last mighty victories of the Lamb, who are called, and chosen, and faithful. St. John is unmarried: he never will marry now. Himself has hitherto sufficed to the toil, and the toil draws near its close: his glorious sun hastens to its setting. The last letter I received from him drew from my eve's human tears, and yet filled my heart with divine joy: he anticipated his sure reward, his incorruptible crown. I know

that a stranger's hand will write to me next, to say that the good and faithful servant has been called at length into the joy of his Lord. And why weep for this? No fear of death will darken St. John's last hour: his mind will be unclouded, his heart will be undaunted, his hope will be sure, his faith steadfast. His own words are a pledge of this' 'My Master,' he says, 'has forewarned me. Daily He announces more distinctly, 'Surely, I come quickly!' and hourly I more eagerly respond, 'Amen; even so come, Lord Jesus!''

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. **Why does Jane stay with Mrs. Reed?**
2. **How does Jane change over the course of the novel?**
3. **What incident happened between Jane and Mr. Rochester?**
4. **Jane was torn between two firew. Explain.**
5. **Who was John Reed?**

Conclusion

Jane stays true to herself during her quest for identity and independence. The frightening night in the Red Room causes her grow up overnight and having experienced true fear she is no longer afraid to stand up for herself against the patriarchal society. Miss Temple teaches her to repress her rage. Through the death of Helen and Bertha Jane is freed from the male ideal of female identity; the angel-in-the house and the demon. Jane‟s quest for identity and independence comes together at Marsh End. She finds her good relatives at Marsh and overcomes the injustices by the bad relatives at Gateshead. Jane finds a stable ground and overcomes the rage repressed in her unconscious. To free herself in the patriarchal society Jane meets and overcomes: oppression by the Reed family and Mr. Brocklehurst, starvation at Lowood and during her wandering before reaching Marsh End, madness in the Red Room and at Thornfield and coldness by being lonely and by the way St. John treated her. Even though she longs for love she does not let Rochester or St. John exploit her and, in the end, she finds the equal relationship she longed for.

A famous novel written by Charlotte Brontë, "Jane Eyre," shows an enormous amount of relevance to the Victorian era, while establishing the Victorian respect for high standards of decorum and moral conduct. The main character, Jane Eyre, proves by the results of her moral choices that in Victorian society, women who wanted to gain various rewards would need to obtain patience to wait for these rewards to come. Jane's firmness to refuse the offer from Mr. Rochester to become his mistress, the integrity and compassion for her family that she shows in her decision to split her inheritance with the Rivers (her cousins), and the unconditional love she feels for Mr. Rochester (that leads her back to him in the end) – all these issues exemplify the idea mentioned above.

On the day Jane is about to become Mr. Rochester's bride, she is at the apex of her hopes and dreams. Yet, as they approach the altar, she once again is thrusted toward the deepest point of despair, when the fact that Mr. Rochester already possessed a bride is ultimately exposed. Overwhelmed with emotions, Jane is torn between her passion for Mr. Rochester and her own moral conscience. She concludes that she must leave Thornfield at once. Jane confronts Mr. Rochester with her plans to leave Thornfield, and his passion quickly

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transforms into aggression. Jane, fearing Mr. Rochester would lose respect for her and not desiring to be forced to live a sinful, degraded life as his mistress, slips away from Thornfield that very night. Although the thought of leaving her beloved Mr. Rochester wrenches at her heart, her faith envelops her and pushes her onward. Leaving Thornfield with only a parcel, which she accidentally forgets in the coach, makes her constrained to begging. Jane, almost at the point of facing death, knocks on the Rivers door in order to beg for a little food and some shelter for the night. Refused by the housekeeper, Jane stands out in the rain when all of a sudden, St. John returns to the house and overrules the housekeeper's decision. Jane is provided with a room for the night and promptly falls asleep. In a few days, she recovers her full health and is offered a job by St. John. Sometime later, she learns that the Rivers are in fact her cousins and is thrilled to learn that she indeed has a family even though she has been told all her life she lacked one.

Along with the news of Jane being related to the Rivers, she is also informed that her uncle, John Eyre of Madeira, has passed away and left her a wealthy inheritance. As Jane feels heavy hearted with the word of her only uncle's death, St. John continues to inform her that John Eyre has left an inheritance of twenty thousand pounds to her. Jane's sadness quickly turns into joy as she starts shouting off ways she will be able to split her inheritance into four ways. "Five thousand pounds, each for Diana, Mary, St. John, and myself," she suggests. St. John misunderstands her excitement about her uncle's death, and Jane explains how fortunate she is to receive a family and be able to repay kindness with kindness.

Soon after the announcement of Jane's inheritance, St. John proposes the idea that Jane should marry him and travel with him as his wife and helper. Against St. John's wishes, Jane refuses to marry him but suggests that she may travel with him as his sister. She implies the thought that if she even dies in India, St. John is not going to care since he doesn't hold true feelings of love for her. Disgusted with the thought, St. John rejects her offer because of the concept of a thirty-year-old man traveling with an unmarried nineteen-year-old girl was unheard-of.

On the morning of St. John's departure, Jane announces to her cousins that she intends to leave Cambridge for at least four days so that she can ease a concern she has over a friend. Finding Thornfield crumbled to ashes, she returns to the local inn, where Mr. Rochester's old butler informs her of the previous events and the whereabouts of Mr. Rochester. Immediately, Jane begins a chase, offering her driver double rate, if he can deliver her to Ferndean before the dark. There, she is once again reunited with her beloved Mr. Rochester. Skeptical of Jane's real intentions for coming back, Mr. Rochester pushes the girl away, but strong-willed Jane replies that she is still truly and unconditionally in love with that man. Rochester apologizes for leading Jane to think that she would have been forced into a sinful marriage. What is more, he claims that he intends to lead a pure life and has established a much closer relationship with God. Ten years later, Jane tells us that her marriage is a very happy one and that they are very happy together. Two years later, Mr. Rochester gained full sight and was able to see his first child born. She also notes that she has kept in contact with the Rivers and Adele, who has even stopped by for a visit.

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In conclusion, the novel "Jane Eyre" is an appropriate example of the idea that in the Victorian era women must always be patient to receive what they most want in life. Jane's decisions to refuse Mr. Rochester's offer to become his mistress, her choice to split her inheritance with her cousins, and her unconditional love for Mr. Rochester – all these events led her to finding a real family that she has always lacked but wanted. Moreover, the main character becomes wealthy and marries the one she longed for. The novel proves the old saying – "All good things come to those who wait."

One of the reasons why the book is world-famous is that it was pretty unusual for the society of the 19th century, especially for the ladies of the time. Even though contemporary readers may have not the slightest idea of the sex of the author, the book closely associated with the feelings and thoughts that a young woman may have. And, as we all know, the famous Brontë sisters did like to discuss and portray the misfortunes and trials of growing up in a man's world.

All in all, the story of Jane Eyre represents a constant internal monologue of the main character and her reflections about the norms of social behavior, the morals of the Victorian epoch, as well as her own experiences and aspirations. Without a doubt, all the points of view and ideas of the protagonist tend to reflect the viewpoints of the author of the book, Charlotte Brontë, herself.

In general, "Jane Eyre" is a book that every person should read at some point. Taking into consideration all of the experiences that struggles that Charlotte Brontë describes in her work, the book would probably be more appreciated by an individual, who has already got through everything that the main character of the book has. The reader definitely won't want to put this literary masterpiece down due to the number of unforeseen and touching events that take place throughout the plot.

2.4 CHAPTER SUMMARY

Jane Eyre is a young orphan being raised by Mrs. Reed, her cruel, wealthy aunt. A servant named Bessie provides Jane with some of the few kindnesses she receives, telling her stories and singing songs to her. One day, as punishment for fighting with her bullying cousin John Reed, Jane's aunt imprisons Jane in the red-room, the room in which Jane's Uncle Reed died. While locked in, Jane, believing that she sees her uncle's ghost, screams and faints. She wakes to find herself in the care of Bessie and the kindly apothecary Mr. Lloyd, who suggests to Mrs. Reed that Jane be sent away to school. To Jane's delight, Mrs. Reed concurs. Once at the Lowood School, Jane finds that her life is far from idyllic. The school's headmaster is Mr. Brocklehurst, a cruel, hypocritical, and abusive man. Brocklehurst preaches a doctrine of poverty and privation to his students while using the school's funds to provide a wealthy and opulent lifestyle for his own family. At Lowood, Jane befriends a young girl named Helen Burns, whose strong, martyrlike attitude toward the school's miseries is both helpful and displeasing to Jane. A massive typhus epidemic sweeps Lowood, and Helen dies of consumption. The epidemic also results in the departure of Mr. Brocklehurst by attracting attention to the insalubrious conditions at Lowood. After a group of more sympathetic gentlemen takes Brocklehurst's place, Jane's life improves dramatically. She spends eight more years at Lowood, six as a student and two as a teacher.

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After teaching for two years, Jane yearns for new experiences. She accepts a governess position at a manor called Thornfield, where she teaches a lively French girl named Adèle. The distinguished housekeeper Mrs. Fairfax presides over the estate. Jane's employer at Thornfield is a dark, impassioned man named Rochester, with whom Jane finds herself falling secretly in love. She saves Rochester from a fire one night, which he claims was started by a drunken servant named Grace Poole. But because Grace Poole continues to work at Thornfield, Jane concludes that she has not been told the entire story. Jane sinks into despondency when Rochester brings home a beautiful but vicious woman named Blanche Ingram. Jane expects Rochester to propose to Blanche. But Rochester instead proposes to Jane, who accepts almost disbelievingly. The wedding day arrives, and as Jane and Mr. Rochester prepare to exchange their vows, the voice of Mr. Mason cries out that Rochester already has a wife. Mason introduces himself as the brother of that wife—a woman named Bertha. Mr. Mason testifies that Bertha, whom Rochester married when he was a young man in Jamaica, is still alive.

2.5 REVIEWS QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **How does Charlotte Brontë incorporate elements of the Gothic tradition into the novel?**
2. **Is Jane Eyre a likable protagonist? Why or why not.**
3. **How does Jane Eyre compare to Bertha Mason?**
4. **How does the novel comment on the position of women in Victorian society.**
5. **Considering his treatment of Bertha Mason, is Mr. Rochester a sympathetic or unsympathetic character.**

LONG ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **How does Mr. Rochester compare to St. John Rivers?**
2. **Why is Jane unable to stay with Mr. Rochester after his marriage to Bertha Mason is revealed?**
3. **What is the significance of Charlotte Brontë ending the novel with a statement from St. John Rivers?**
4. **What is the role of family in the novel?**
5. **How does the novel relate to Charlotte Brontë's personal life? he treats jane?**

2.6 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. **What are the names of the servants who care for Rochester at Ferndean?**
   a. John and Clara
   b. Reginald and Mrs. Fairfax
   c. Mrs. Fairfax and Grace Poole
   d. John and Mary

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2. Which character is in love with Rosamond?

a. St. John
b. Rochester
c. John Reed
d. Mr. Mason

3. Who sets the fire in Rochester's bedroom?

a. Jane
b. Bertha
c. Mrs. Fairfax
d. Grace Poole

4. What has just happened to Mr. Mason the first time we encounter him?

e. He has fallen from the roof.
f. He has been injured.
g. He has been poisoned.
h. He has fallen in love.

5. Which character is based on the Reverend Carus Wilson, a figure from Charlotte Brontë's childhood?

a. St. John Rivers
b. Rochester
c. Mr. Brocklehurst
d. Mr. Lloyd

6. Who writes to St. John regarding Jane's inheritance from John Eyre?

a. Mr. Briggs
b. Mr. Mason
c. Mr. Brocklehurst
d. Mrs. Reed

7. How does John Reed apparently die?

a. He falls from the roof of Thornfield.
b. He is killed in a fire.
c. He has a stroke.
d. He commits suicide.

8. Where did Rochester marry Bertha Mason?

a. Jamaica
b. Madeira
c. St. Kitts
d. Bermuda

9. Who first suggests that Jane be sent away to school?

a. Mrs. Reed
b. Mr. Brocklehurst
c. Mr. Lloyd
d. John Reed

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10. What is the nationality of Jane's pupil at Thornfield?

a. Spanish
b. German
c. Jamaican
d. French

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UNIT III

CHARLES DICKENS: DAVID COPPER FIELD

STRUCTURE

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3.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

A study of this chapter will enable you to:

- Analyze the characters in the novel.
- Analyze the structure of David Copperfield.
- Study the use of humor and pathos in the novel.
- Analyze the structure of the novel.

3.2 AUTHOR INTRODUCTION (CHARLES DICKENS)

Charles Dickens (1812 – 1870) was a Victorian author whose novels include A Christmas Carol, Oliver Twist, and Great Expectations. This short biography tells about his work and little-known aspects of his life.

The Childhood of Charles Dickens 1812 – 1824

Charles Dickens was born on February 7, 1812 in Portsmouth. The city is located in Hampshire, England and is about 70 miles southwest of London. Finances were a constant concern for the family. John and Elizabeth were an outgoing, social couple. The costs of entertaining along with the expenses of having a large family were too much for John's salary. When Charles was just four months old the family moved to a smaller home to cut costs.

Despite the family's financial struggles, young Charles dreamed of becoming a gentleman. In 1824, when he was 12, it looked like his dreams would never come true. That year, the family sent Charles to work in a blacking or shoe-polish factory. Charles was deeply marked by these experiences. He rarely spoke of that time of his life. Happily, John Dickens was able to come to an agreement with his creditors within a few months of his imprisonment. Shortly after that, he ended his son's employment at the blacking factory and enrolled him in Wellington House Academy instead. **Dickens Enters the Workforce 1827 – 1831** In May of 1827 Dickens left Wellington House Academy and entered the workforce as a law clerk at the firm of Ellis and Blackmore. His duties included keeping the petty cash fund, delivering documents, running errands and other sundry tasks. In 1829 he changed careers and became a court stenographer. To qualify for that position Dickens had to learn the Gurney system of shorthand writing. In 1831 he became a shorthand reporter with the Mirror of Parliament. The publication gave accounts of the activity in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. During this time Dickens considered becoming an actor. He was so serious about the matter that he arranged for an audition at the Lyceum Theater. However, he was ill on the day of his audition and could not go. **Marriage and Fame 1833 – 1854** In December 1833 Charles Dickens's first literary effort was published. It was a sketch or essay entitled A Dinner at Poplar Walk. Other sketches soon followed. In 1834 Dickens met Catherine Hogarth, the woman who would become his wife. They became engaged

in 1835 and were married in April of 1836. In January of 1837 the first of their ten children were born. The Pickwick Papers was the first novel of Charles Dickens. It was published in monthly installments from March of 1836 until November 1837. Charles Dickens was the author of 15 novels. He also wrote short stories, essays, articles and novellas.

In June of 1837 something happened that only occurred once in Dickens's career. He missed a deadline. He was writing two serialized novels at once, The Pickwick Papers and Oliver Twist. However in June of 1837 there was no Pickwick. There was no Oliver Twist. Instead there was a funeral. At that time, Dickens's sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth was living with Charles and Catherine. Mary was a favorite with the couple and was like a little sister to Charles. On the evening of May 6th Mary went with the couple to the St. James Theatre. Everything seemed fine. The group returned late in the evening and Mary retired for the night. Shortly after that Dickens heard a cry from Mary's room. She was ill. Despite her doctor's care Mary passed away in Dickens's arms the next day. Dickens would relive this sad incident in his life while writing The Old Curiosity Shop. He was traumatized by the death of Little Nell in that novel. Dickens wrote to a friend about Little Nell's death, "Old wounds bleed afresh when I think of this sad story." Nicholas Nickleby, the third novel of Charles Dickens, was published in installments starting in 1838. One of Dickens's goals in writing Nicholas Nickleby was to expose the ugly truth about Yorkshire boarding schools. In 1841 Charles and Catherine traveled to Scotland and Barnaby Rudge was published. Charles and Catherine traveled to America in 1842. While on tour Dickens often spoke of the need for an international copyright agreement. The lack of such an agreement enabled his books to be published in the United States without his permission and without any royalties being paid. The United States left quite an impression on Dickens, a very unfavorable impression. Dickens was horrified by slavery, appalled by the common use of spitting tobacco and indignant about his treatment by the press. His feelings came out in American Notes and later in Martin Chuzzlewit. In 1842 Catherine's sister, Georgina, came to live with the couple. Georgina helped with the children and the house. She remained part of the Dickens household until the death of her brother-in-law.

In September of 1843 Dickens visited the Field Lane Ragged School. In a letter to his friend, Miss Coutts, he described what he saw at the school: I have very seldom seen, in all the strange and dreadful things I have seen in London and elsewhere anything so shocking as the dire neglect of soul and body exhibited in these children. And although I know; and am as sure as it is possible for one to be of anything which has not happened; that in the prodigious misery and ignorance of the swarming masses of mankind in England, the seeds of its certain ruin are sown. In October of that year Dickens began work on A Christmas Carol. It was published on December 19, 1843. **A Christmas Carol** Publication of Dombey and Son began in 1846. It was Dickens's seventh novel.

1851 was a difficult year. John Dickens, the father of Charles Dickens, died in March. Catherine Dickens suffered a nervous collapse. Later Dora Dickens, the youngest daughter of Charles and Catherine, died when she was only eight months old. There were also bright

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spots in 1851. It was the year that Dickens moved into Tavistock House. It was there that he wrote Bleak House, Hard Times and Little Dorrit.

The Later Years 1856 – 1870 Dickens bought Gad's Hill Place in 1856. He would own the home for the rest of his life. In 1857 Dickens met the woman who was to be his companion until his death, Ellen Ternan. Dickens had already become disenchanted with his wife. He wrote to a friend, "Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too—and much more so." Meeting Ellen stressed the differences between the marriage Dickens had and the relationship that he wanted. Later in 1857 Charles and Catherine took separate bedrooms. In 1858 they legally separated. In 1858 Charles Dickens began giving professional readings. The readings were a combination of oratory and passionate acting. They were very popular and Dickens continued to give them throughout his life. "Charles Dickens as he appears when reading." Illustration in Harper's Weekly, December 1867. Charles Dickens founded the weekly publication All the Year Round. The first issue was printed in April of 1859. Dickens served as editor and publisher. One feature of the publication was its serialization of novels. The first novel serialized in All the Year Round was A Tale of Two Cities. Publication of Great Expectations began in 1860. It was also serialized in All the Year Round. In June of 1865 Charles Dickens had a brush with death. Dickens, Ellen Ternan and her mother were involved in the Staplehurst railway accident. The train's first seven carriages went off a bridge that was being repaired. Dickens was uninjured and helped people that were hurt in the accident. When help finally arrived and the accident scene was being evacuated Dickens remembered something. He made his way back into the wrecked train one last time to retrieve the latest installment of Our Mutual Friend, the novel he was writing at the time. It would be the last novel he ever completed. Dickens returned to America in 1867 for an extensive reading tour. In 1869 Dickens's doctor advised him against giving further public readings. The events were popular, but the strain to his system was too great. In October of 1869, at Gad's Hill Place, Dickens began work on The Mystery of Edwin Drood. He would never finish it.

Dickens arranged a farewell tour and gave his last reading in March of 1870. It is thought that the effects of the readings was one of the factors leading to his death. On June 9, 1870 Dickens died at Gad's Hill Place. Publication of Dombey and Son began in 1846. It was Dickens's seventh novel. 1851 was a difficult year. John Dickens, the father of Charles Dickens, died in March. Catherine Dickens suffered a nervous collapse. Later Dora Dickens, the youngest daughter of Charles and Catherine, died when she was only eight months old. There were also bright spots in 1851. It was the year that Dickens moved into Tavistock House. It was there that he wrote Bleak House, Hard Times and Little Dorrit.

The Later Years 1856 – 1870

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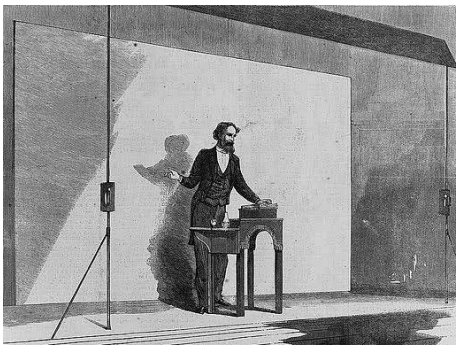
"Charles Dickens as he appears when reading." Illustration in Harper's Weekly, December 1867.



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3.3 DAVID COPPERFIELD BY CHARLES DICKENS

The novel is narrated in the voice of David Copperfield, Jr., who begins by describing the circumstances of his birth. He was born in Blunderstone Rookery, the name of his house, in Suffolk on a Friday, and he let out his first cry just as the clock struck midnight. A nurse present at his birth claimed that, because of these circumstances, David was destined to be unlucky in life and to have the gift of seeing ghosts (the latter prophecy has yet to come true). Furthermore, he was born with a caul, which his mother, Clara Copperfield, tried unsuccessfully to sell and was later auctioned off for a low five shillings.

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On the day that he was born, David's mother was surprised by a visit from David's aunt, Betsey Trotwood, known as either Miss Betsey or Miss Trotwood. She is a strong, eccentric woman who has had troubles with marriage. Miss Trotwood had been completely against the marriage of David›s father to his mother because of the enormous age difference between the two. However, she supports Clara because she wants a chance to help raise a girl, even asking if she could name her future niece Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. Miss Trotwood storms out in a huff as soon as the doctor tells her that the baby is a boy, and she disappears from David›s life for quite a while. David now discusses his earliest memories. These are the youthful shape and beauty of his mother and the stronger, larger figure of Peggotty, technically the family's maid but more like a member of their family. He turns to the happy memories of his youth: one of the three of them sitting in front of the fire in the parlor, and one of Peggotty intently listening as David reads to her from a book about crocodiles. These happy memories are interrupted by the appearance of a tall, dark, handsome man to whom David takes an immediate disliking. Although young David does not appear to understand immediately what is going on, it is clear that Clara has become romantically interested in this new stranger. Peggotty and Clara have several arguments that end in tears all around. Peggotty obviously doubts the intentions of the man. A trip that David takes with this man, Mr. Murdstone, proves that her doubts certainly have a foundation. During the trip, Mr. Murdstone and his companions speak of his "bewitching the pretty widow," and they even laugh at David's naivete. David repeats what he has heard to his mother, but she refuses to believe him,. The relationship between Clara and Mr. Murdstone grows stronger.

One day, Peggotty suggests to David that they go visit her family for a week in Yarmouth, and he eagerly agrees, although he is concerned about what his mother will do in the meantime. He quickly accepts Peggotty's obviously fake excuse that she will be staying with their neighbor, Mrs. Grayper, and the two leave. After a long, slow carriage ride, directed by a slouched-over, passive carrier, the pair are met in Yarmouth by Ham, Peggotty's nephew, who had been present as a young boy at David's funeral. He has now grown into a strong young man with a youthful face, and he takes them to the house of Peggotty's brother, who is called Mr. Peggotty. The house is actually a beached black boat that has been refurnished to serve as a home. Also living in the home are Mrs. Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty's sister-in-law, who tends to experience bouts of depression, and little Emly, Mr. Peggotty's beautiful niece, who is around David's age. Although she is shy at first, she and David very quickly fall in love with one another and spend many afternoons taking long walks on the beach and collecting shells. David learns that the fathers of both Ham and little Emly drowned at sea, as did Mrs. Grummidge's husband, and Mr. Peggotty generously took them in, although he hates to admit the generosity of his actions. David enjoys his stay immensely and has trouble parting with everyone, especially little Emly. Still, the closer he gets to Blunderstone Rookery, the more excited he is to go back home. Unfortunately, David returns to a home that has completely changed. He finds that, while he was gone, Clara and Mr. Murdstone were married. This completely changed the atmosphere of the house. Mr. Murdstone is a controlling, emotionally and mentally

abusive husband. He stresses to Clara the idea of firmness, and he makes it clear to David that if he does not act the way Mr. Murdstone expects, he will be beaten. He takes away most of Clara's authority, and any authority she has left disappears when Mr. Murdstone's sister, Jane, comes to live with them. Jane takes the house keys away from Clara, and when she tries to fight against this action, the Murdstones team up to make her look rude and ungrateful and thus reduce her to tears. After this, Clara does not fight anymore. She is no longer the fun, affectionate mother David once knew. She sneaks in hugs and loving comments only when she knows the Murdstones are not around. The Murdstones also put David through strenuous lessons, giving him massive amounts of information to memorize. His mother is his apparent tutor, but both of the Murdstones are always present during his recitations. This puts much pressure on David, leading to poor performance. One day after a particularly bad lesson, Mr. Murdstone takes David up to his room to beat him. Out of instinct, David bites him, leading to a beating more terrible than he has ever experienced. After a month of seclusion as punishment, it is decided that David should be sent to boarding school in London.

David goes by coach to Yarmouth, where he will be met by another coach to take him to London. After tasting one of Peggotty's cakes, which she sneaked to David after he had gone about half a mile from the house, the carrier, Mr. Barkis, asks David to send Peggotty the message, "Barkis is willin'." David does so. David starts the uncomfortable coach ride to London. When he arrives, he is picked up by a master of Salem House, Mr. Mell. When they arrive at the school, David finds out that he has arrived during a break and the other boys are gone. David also learns that he must wear a sign on his back that says, "Take Care of Him. He Bites." He spends the week of vacation studying with Mr. Mell, being yelled at by the gate guard (a man with a wooden leg), and wondering what the other boys will do when they see his sign when they get back. The start of the first chapter foreshadows the morose tone of the rest of the novel. According to narrative convention, it is obvious that David's life will be full of sadness and misfortune because a nurse has predicted it. At the same time, being born with a caul is a symbol of good fortune. One relevant belief is that babies born with a caul are safe from drowning, a very prevalent form of death in this novel. Cauls are also said to indicate psychic ability, although, as David mentions, he has yet to see any such thing.

In the beginning chapters, David is setting a standard of true happiness. He finds his childhood to be the time of his fondest memories, as can be seen by the beautiful scenes with him, his mother, and Peggotty sitting and laughing by the fire. David Copperfield is often read as a narrative on the pursuit of happiness; in this reading, these childhood memories can be seen as constituting the kind of true happiness David seeks to recover throughout the novel after he loses it to his mother›s marriage to the dark, controlling Mr. Murdstone. This happiness is characterized by love, family, freedom from care, comfortable leisure, and wonder (reading the book about crocodiles). It is also clear from these beginning chapters that Dickens does not think very highly of fathers, or he at least shows resentment about his own father. He portrays the family in a bright, happy way when there is no father figure present. As soon as Mr. Murdstone steps in as a stepfather, however, things become awful in Blunderstone Rookery.

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Mr. Murdstone does not represent fathers or males in general, however; Mr. Murdstone is uncharacteristically distasteful and controlling in the family. With Jane, he usurps power in the household and leaves David's own mother with practically no power or rights in the house. Murdstone's name suggests his muddy, crappy (merde) personality and his stone-cold treatment of Clara, unlike a father and husband in a truly happy family. It is no wonder that he causes stress and anxiety in David's life, and when he goes too far, no wonder that David fights back. David's severe and prolonged punishment, seclusion and then banishment to a boarding school, is another example of Mudstone's personal failures as a father figure.

Even so, Dickens suggests that there is something wrong with a society in which children who are deemed to be problems can be swept away into a boarding school and forced to wear signs warning others to beware. The warning that David "bites" is a stigma much like that of the "A" worn by the adulteress in The Scarlet Letter. Another interesting instance of foreshadowing can be found in David and Peggotty's visit to Yarmouth. It is there that readers first see the ocean and, through the stories of Ham, Little Em'ly, and Mrs. Grummidge, are introduced to drowning, a mode of death that will become prominent throughout the rest of the novel. Finally, it is important to look at how David handles the anticipation of the arrival of the other boys to Salem House. He is particularly concerned about his sign; he will need allies against teasing. David will immediately pick out Steerforth as one of the strong ones, foreshadowing the control and respect that Steerforth will command throughout the novel. David has been thrust into an unfamiliar world, and his anticipation shows that the way his first extended stay away from home develops will either give him hope or push him to a point of despair from which he may not recover.

After about a month of living alone at the boarding school, the man with the wooden stump begins cleaning the rooms of the buildings, signaling the return of the boys and teachers. Mr. Mell informs David that he is to meet Mr. Creakle, the school's headmaster, who seems intimidating. Mr. Creakle emphasizes that he is a very strict and harsh man, even hinting that he once banished his own son for challenging him. When David dares to ask if he can remove the sign before the boys return, Mr. Creakle begins to laugh madly, scaring David so much that he runs out of the room. David meets Tommy Traddles, a large, good-natured boy who finds David's sign hilarious, although not in a mean way. In fact, all of the boys, gloomy from having to return, don't even pay much attention to the sign, to David's delight. David also meets the much anticipated James Steerforth, whom he refers to as simply Steerforth. The first thing that Steerforth does is take all seven shillings that Peggotty and his mother gave David upon his departure--under the pretense of «taking care of it.» He convinces David to buy wine, biscuits, almond cakes, and fruit for the whole room. As they are eating, the boys tell David that Mr. Creakle is very brutal and will hit any boy in the school except for Steerforth--who says that he would certainly hit Mr. Creakle back if it ever happened.

School begins the next day, and Mr. Creakle's brutality is in evidence. The one good thing about the beatings is that the sign is removed from David's back, for it gets in the way of Mr. Creakle's switch. Steerforth continues to be David's idol, earning more of his respect than

even the two masters of Salem House, Mr. Sharp and Mr. Mell. David is even willing to wake up early to recite stories such as Arabian Nights to the older boy at his request. The one thing David dislikes about Steerforth is the way he treats Mr. Mell, who has been very kind to David. One day, when Mr. Creakle is gone and the boys are being particularly rowdy, Mr. Mell tells them to sit down but Steerforth defies him. Steerforth then makes fun of him for having his mother in a poor house, which was revealed to him by David, who had been told when Mr. Mell picked him up. Mr. Creakle comes in and, unsurprisingly, sides with Steerforth, resulting in Mr. Mell's departure. David feels extremely guilty about the whole exchange but gets over it quickly, trusting in Steerforth's judgment and not wanting to get on his bad side like Traddles, who stands up for Mr. Mell and earns Steerforth's disfavor in return. The only other event that stands out in David's mind from that year is his visit from Ham and Mr. Peggotty, who brought him lobsters, crab, and shellfish. When David learns he has visitors, he thinks it might be about his mother, which brings him to tears until he learns who has come. He introduces them to Steerforth, and they like him. Steerforth is acting in a very charming and heartening manner. David almost tells him about little Em'ly but is too shy, afraid that Steerforth will laugh at him.

Vacation finally comes, and David goes home. As Mr. Barkis, the carrier, is driving him back, David lets him know that he gave Peggotty the message. However, Mr. Barkis says that nothing has come of it. David arrives home to find both of the Murdstones gone and only Peggotty, his mother, and her newborn baby. They spend a happy afternoon together, sitting in front of the parlor just like old times. When David asks about what Peggotty thought of Mr. Barkis' message, she scoffs and says that she would never leave David and his mother, both of whom are relieved to hear this. The only unhappy part of the evening is when Peggotty asks about David's aunt, Miss Trotwood, and says that she would be more inclined to forgive him now that he has a baby brother. This brings Clara to tears, and she accuses Peggotty of being jealous of and rude to the Murdstones. The two make up, however, for Clara does not wish to fight. The sound of a carriage signals an end to the night.

David's stay at home becomes completely miserable, and the Murdstones, Miss Murdstone in particular, do not hide their eagerness to have him leave. Miss Murdstone even keeps a calendar and counts the days until he must return to Salem House. David knows that simply his being in the room with the Murdstones causes his mother great stress, so he tries to avoid them. This leads to them rebuking him for having a "sullen" attitude. Thus, he is forced to sit with them, afraid of even moving for fear of being reproached or even beaten. The day of his departure arrives none too soon. As he is driving away in the coach, he hears his mother call to him. He looks back and sees her holding up his baby brother, not a hair on her head even stirring. This is the last memory of her he will have. David's birthday comes soon. He is called to the parlor, and he goes eagerly, expecting a package, but instead Mrs. Creakle informs him that his mother has died. He experiences the deepest, most sincere sorrow that he has ever known. The only advantage is that he gets more respect from the boys as a result of this tragedy. He goes home for the funeral and is taken to the funeral parlor by Mr. Omer, a jolly, fat man whose family is quite happy and loving, so much so that David can only look at them in wonder. It is there that he learns that the

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baby died as well, making him despair even more. He is fitted for his mourning suit and then brought back home, where he finds Mr. Murdstone in a melancholy, almost angry mood, Miss Murdstone controlling and detached, and Peggotty, who has been staying up with his mother's body all night, absolutely distraught.

After the funeral, David gratefully finds himself completely neglected by the Murdstones and is happy to have permission to go to Yarmouth with Peggotty, who has been given a month's notice of her release by Mr. Murdstone. On the carriage ride, Mr. Barkis is constantly flirting with Peggotty, nudging her and asking if she is "pretty comfortable." After he has dropped them off, Peggotty reveals to David that she is thinking of marrying him, and David wholeheartedly approves. David is excited to see everyone, especially Little Em'ly, who has grown much more into a woman. She teases him and refuses to be as affectionate as she was before, which pains him. It is only at the end of his trip that she agrees to let him kiss her and to sit next to him in the parlor. Mr. Barkis visits every night and leaves little gifts for Peggotty. One day, they announce that they are going on a holiday together with David and Little Em'ly. On the trip they get married. The night before David leaves, he stays in the couple's house, and Peggotty informs him that she will visit him weekly and that he will always have a room in her house. David returns home to even more neglect than before. Although Peggotty does come to visit him once a week, he is never allowed to visit her. One day, Mr. Murdstone informs him that David will be sent to work for one of Mr. Murdstone's friends, Mr. Quinion, in a counting house. He will have to work for his own food and pocket money, and the Murdstones will provide for his lodging and laundry. David leaves with Mr. Quinion the next day, taking only a little piece of luggage and leaving his hometown behind.

Analysis

One thing that is very interesting to observe during David's stay at boarding school is his intense admiration of James Steerforth. Steerforth does not do anything to merit this respect; in fact, he steals David's money by tricking him into thinking that he will keep it for him, then having it spent on food for everyone. Steerforth also is cruel towards Mr. Mell, who has been the nicest to David of everyone in the school, and has such a strong personality that even Mr. Creakle apparently does not strike him. Steerforth's name suggests his ability to lead or "steer forth," particularly in terms of leading David. If it is difficult to understand why David, and even Mr. Peggotty and Ham, admire Steerforth so much, it is helpful to see the situation in terms of social status. His obviously highclass background, as well as the confidence and arrogance that Steerforth exudes, tend to awe people like David, Mr. Peggotty, and Ham. His status draws admiration. This class separation is also what somehow permits Steerforth's cruel treatment of Mr. Mell and what allows David to forgive this behavior so quickly. Another major part of these chapters emotionally is the abusive marriage of David's mother and Mr. Murdstone. Although readers may blame Clara for not protecting her son more, it is hard not to sympathize with her. Readers can now see just what Mr. Murdstone and his sister have done to the poor woman. She is no longer joyous and carefree but is instead constantly afraid and beaten down. They have convinced her that she is in need of so much change and that she is so weak that it is rude to challenge their authority and

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decisions. She resists but only weakly and out of motherly instinct; the only time that she can be affectionate with her son is when the Murdstones have left for the day. Her only true support is Peggotty, who sticks with her until the very end, acting as a mother figure and taking care of both Clara and David. That Clara is motionless in David's last memory of her is a symbol of her loss of power, autonomy, and self. As for David, he has been replaced by the new baby, and now to the Murdstones he is just in the way. Peggotty's marriage to Mr. Barkis also produces mixed feelings for David if not also for readers. Although it is good that she has found a good, loyal husband, it is easy to sense that this will not bode well for David. Her attention has shifted away from David, too. David wholeheartedly gives his blessings to Peggotty, but he knows that this now means that he will not have Peggotty there all of the time like he did before. Hope remains, and as usual, there is an advantage in the situation for David. This marriage, which will lead to the departure of Peggotty and even to a degree the death of David's mother, are spurs to David's independence, whether he is ready for it or not, and his maturation. His independence is forced upon him by his mother's death and then his assignment to Mr. Quinion. Like an adult, David must work to eat. He is not entirely on his own in this social system, however, for some of his expenses are paid by Murdstone and there is some expectation that Quinion's counting house will contribute to his development. At this point, however, it is quite evident how innocent and naive David still is. He has unquestioning admiration of Steerforth, and Dickens has done a wonderful job of presenting David's memories as those of a child. David also has much to learn about romantic relationships, not having much to go on except Peggotty's newfound love as a model of a successful relationship. His interactions with Little Em'ly are childlike. He expects everything to be the same as they were so long ago, not realizing that Little Em'ly has grown up into a young lady, albeit a somewhat spoiled one. David has to learn quickly that she is no longer the little girl she was. David may not be ready to venture into the world on his own, but he is going anyway. David begins working at Murdstone's and Grinby's warehouse washing and examining wine bottles. Three companions are working with him, two of whom go by the names of Mick Walker and Mealy Potatoes. David is very upset because they are not well-educated, and thus he has no hope of learning or becoming cultured through their influence, and he often cries because of this lack of opportunity for development. David also meets his new host, Mr. Micawber, who is not very wealthy or high in status but takes great pains to seem rich and elegant. His family consists of Mrs. Micawber, Master Micawber (age four), Miss Micawber (age three), and two baby twins. The family is visited by creditors at all hours and clearly is in financial strife. Nevertheless, they are generally cheerful. David mainly lives on bread and butter. He keeps his own bread on a special shelf in a particular cupboard in the Micawber house. Once in a while, he manages to get a small amount of meat or ale. He often receives strange looks from shop owners, being a small boy buying his meals on his own. Importantly, David is respected at Grinby's because he never complains about his situation to anyone. Even in his letters to Peggotty he never complains, earning him the nickname, «the little gent.» The Micawbers often tell David of their financial difficulties, and to help them out, upon Mrs. Micawber's request, he helps them sell some of their possessions. Soon, however,

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Mr. Micawber is arrested and thrown into jail, to be followed by his family, who move in with him. David himself moves into a little room outside of the institution. Mr. Micawber becomes very popular in the prison club, and many of the inmates love to hear his petition read, for it is written in a very ornate, grand style. When Mr. Micawber is released from jail, he decides to leave London to try to find a job elsewhere. Mrs. Micawber grows frantic at the idea of staying behind, so the whole family is to leave together. Before they leave, Mr. Micawber advises David not to overspend, for he equates overspending with misery and financial prudence with happiness.

David decides that he does not want to stay around without the Micawbers, so he decides to run away to find his Aunt Betsey. He writes to Peggotty asking where she is, and Peggotty tells him promptly and sends half a guinea. In order to preserve his high status at work, he stays on for one extra week to make up for the advanced week's worth of payment he receives, after which he leaves.

The journey has a rocky start: his money and possessions are stolen by a boy he pays to carry his things. He is forced to sell first his waistcoat for money, then his jacket. In both situations, he is taken advantage of by the store owners. He is also physically abused by some travelers. Finally, he makes it to his aunt's town and is led to her house by Janet, his aunt's maid and protégée. His arrival takes Aunt Betsey very much by surprise. She consults with her live-in companion, Mr. Dick, and then bathes and feeds him. Miss Betsey informs David the next day that she has contacted the Murdstones to see what they would like to do with him. Although his aunt does not say whether or not she will return him to them, David is terrified of having to go back to the Murdstones. Meanwhile, she sends him to check on Mr. Dick, who is writing his Memorials but has to constantly start over due to his digressions about King Charles I. David learns from Miss Betsey that Mr. Dick's brother was about to put him in an insane asylum and that she stepped in at the last minute to stop him.

The Murdstones send a letter saying that they will visit Miss Betsey, and the next day they arrive, riding all over the grass, which Miss Betsey absolutely does not allow. During their discussion, the Murdstones constantly call David the worst boy and disrespect his mother. Miss Betsey takes great offense to this, for she believes that Clara was a sweet, loving girl. She asks David if he wants to go back with them--he absolutely does not--and she agrees with Mr. Dick's advice to keep him around. She sends the Murdstones away. She renames David as Trot, short for Trotwood, and he starts his new life with her.

David and Mr. Dick become good friends, flying Mr. Dick's kite together, until one day Miss Betsey suggests that David start school in Canterbury. They go to the school and meet Mr. Wickfield, a lawyer and friend. They also meet Uriah Heep, a strange, somewhat oily character, and Agnes, Mr. Wickfield's daughter, who is about David's age and very beautiful. They decide to let David stay at Mr. Wickfield's house and attend a school in Canterbury until a better situation is arranged. Miss Betsey leaves David, giving him the advice to never be mean in anything he does, to never be cruel, and to always be true.

The subject of social class and standing comes up once again as David begins his work in the warehouse. He is extremely unhappy with his situation because he is

no longer surrounded by highly educated and cultured people like his teachers or even like Steerforth. We also see this longing for higher social status through Mr. Micawber, who David says goes to great lengths to appear high class, although he and his family are constantly in financial trouble and do not hide it from David. This warehouse portion of David's life is based on the time when Dickens himself worked in a warehouse called Warren's Blacking Factory. To Dickens, this was one of the most humiliating and miserable experiences of his life, and he always resented his parents for taking him out of school and making him work. In fact, Mr. and Mrs. Micawber may be caricatures of Dickens› own parents, for they both display traits that his parents are believed to have had. Nevertheless, the Micawbers decide to move to London, beginning the series of frequent moves that they will undertake throughout the novel. David is buffeted from one place to another by circumstances. He follows along with them at first, but soon he realizes that he needs to escape once again. Taking matters into his own hands for the first time to visit his aunt, David shows his greater independence. He remains naïve, though, losing his possessions through theft and bad deals. There are few people worthy of trust in David's world, which continues to be full of hardship and adversity.

The first ray of hope in this period came when Peggotty supported his escape to Betsey. This hope is vindicated when he is received by his aunt so hospitably. This gives readers further insight into her character and softens her, countering the harsh exit described in the first chapter. We get to know her even better after her encounter with the Murdstones, finding her to be a strong female figure, not at all intimidated by the forbidding appearance of Mrs. Murdstone and her brother. She seems trustworthy as a good protector of David. By the end of this period, Miss Betsey has proven to be a loving and independent woman. Her female empowerment is far in advance of what David has, and it should be seen as an attempt to help him that Betsey sends him off to school once again. This time, he is being sent as a good, developing young man rather than as a troublemaking biter. Readers also meet Mr. Dick in this section. The fact that Miss Betsey asks for his opinion on whether or not David should stay reveals just how much she values his thoughts, despite his brother's attempt to institutionalize him. We can certainly see the difference between the vile, conniving Mr. Murdstone and the sweet, simple Mr. Dick, who is a strong and friendly supporter of David's development, as revealed by his answer to Miss Betsey›s question: «Mr. Dick considered, hesitated, brightened, and rejoined, ‹Have him measured for a suit of clothes directly.'"we are introduced to some very important characters: Uriah Heep and Agnes Wickfield. Plenty of foreshadowing is used to hint that Uriah will play an evil role to come, with references to his "red hair" (a traditional symbol of fiery evil) and his "slimy" appearance. He hides behind a facade of humility. Agnes, on the other hand, is beautiful, quiet, and already acquainted with household chores. She is seemingly the epitome of the perfect Victorian woman. David and Mr. Wickfield go the next day to meet Dr. Strong, who is the master of David's new school. They also meet his wife, Annie, who is much younger than her husband. During the visit, Mr. Wickfield and Dr. Strong discuss a cousin of Annie's, Jack Maldon, and his new job. Dr. Strong wants him to get a job that sends him out of the country, but he offers no particular reason why. Maldon goes to have dinner with Mr. Wickfield later

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that evening and mentions that he does not find the marriage between Dr. Strong and Annie fair due to the age difference. After that, Mr. Wickfield appears disturbed and treats him civilly but very distantly. Soon after, Maldon leaves for his new job, and as they are seeing him off, David notices that he has Annie's red ribbon in his hand.

David is at first quite behind in his studies and very awkward with his fellow classmates, for it has been a long time since he has interacted with other boys in a school environment. But he soon becomes comfortable and rises to the top of his class. He also finds more and more of a liking for Agnes and her devotion to her father. He finds out that she is being educated at home so that she can stay with him all of the time. Soon, he receives an invitation from Mr. Wickfield to stay with the family permanently, which he gladly accepts. David loves everything about that home except for Uriah, who disturbs him, especially with the way he writhes about when something pleases him.

David soon finds out from Peggotty that Mr. and Miss Murdstone have sold all of the furniture from Blunderstone Rookery and have put the house up for sale. He tells this to his aunt, who visits him very often. Mr. Dick also visits very often and becomes closer not only to David, but also to the boys in the school, Mr. Wickfield, Agnes, and even Uriah. Mr. Dick tells David about a man who has been visiting Miss Betsey and scaring her to the point where she is giving him money. David does not know what to make of this, and Mr. Dick makes him promise not to tell anyone that he knows about the strange man. One day, Uriah invites David to tea with his mother, and, after hearing about how humble Uriah and his mother are and how pleased they would be to receive attention from David, he agrees. Yet, they make him very uncomfortable, asking about secrets regarding Agnes and Mr. Wickfield and their financial situation. Luckily, David sees Mr. Micawber and is able to escape. Mr. Micawber takes him to see Mrs. Micawber. They are both still in a serious financial situation, but although they cry about it, they recover quickly over a meal. The next day, David receives a letter from Mr. Micawber saying that, since they can no longer pay for their home, the couple will be leaving. David sees them riding away and hopes that they will find a release from their struggles. David then reminisces about his school years. Despite his doubts, he is able to rise to the top of his class. Along the way, he falls in love with two girls. The first, Miss Shepherd, has blonde hair and a round face. She is a student at Nettingall's establishment. The two like each other for a while and even kiss, but eventually their attractions for one another die away. David also falls in love with the elder Miss Larkins, a thirty-year-old woman with whom he dances. That crush also ends after he finds out that she has married another man. David also recounts a fist fight that he lost against a butcher who used to bully the other kids around.

After David graduates, he and his aunt have many talks to decide what career path he should follow. They cannot come up with anything, and Miss Betsey suggests that he go and visit Peggotty (whose name she dislikes immensely due to its pagan nature) so that he can go out into the world and see what professions catch his eye. David visits Agnes and Mr. Wickfield one more time before he leaves, and they see Dr. Strong and Annie for tea. During this visit, David finds out that Jack Maldon sent a letter to Dr. Strong saying that he is ill and needs to come home. Then, Annie's mother reveals that

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Maldon sent a letter to Annie saying that he wants to come home because he misses her. David mentions that he trusts Annie much less—especially compared with Agnes. David then leaves to visit Peggotty in Yarmouth. Despite all of his attempts to look honorable and respectable, he is often mocked and treated badly due to his youth. He is forced to give up the seat of honor in his coach, the waiters make fun of his youth, and the people at the inn at which he stays put him in the worst room available. Fortunately, at the inn David runs into Steerforth, whom he has not seen since Salem House, and he is immediately overwhelmed with joy. Steerforth is studying at Oxford and is very well respected. He tells the people to give David the nicer room, and, upon realizing that they are friends, the staff begins to treat David with much more respect. Steerforth insists that David come with him to visit his home and his mother. Along the way, he gives David the nickname "Daisy," to which David does not object; he accepts the name eagerly. Steerforth's house is huge and beautiful, occupied by his mother and her companion, Miss Rosa Dartle, who is Steerforth's orphaned cousin. Mrs. Steerforth constantly praises and indulges her son and is like him in many ways. Miss Dartle is also dearly loved by her cousin and Mrs. Steerforth. She has a scar on her lip that David learns was caused by Steerforth when he was young—he threw a hammer that hit her. David has a portrait of her without the scar hanging in the room where he sleeps, and for some reason this greatly disturbs him, even entering his dreams. Dr. Strong is an extremely kind, trusting person and deeply in love with his young, beautiful wife. But we begin to wonder if Dr. Strong is much too trusting for his own good when we see the character of Jack Maldon. Maldon's character does not have much depth, but we do see that he is clearly in love with Annie and is attempting to seduce her into having an affair with him. Luckily for Dr. Strong, Maldon leaves for a job. However, this is not the last that we will see of him, and Dr. Strong's trustworthiness will be called into question once more. David's love of education and learning also becomes apparent in these chapters. This is likely a reflection of Dickens' own belief in the importance of a good liberal education. Education helps a person understand the world and rise in society. David quickly rises to the top of his class despite the fact that he was behind to begin with. He even falls in love twice along the way, and this is part of his education into maturity as well. Thus, this education is portrayed as a very positive part of David's life.

On the negative side, Uriah Heep is still in the picture, continuing to irritate David with his sliminess and writhing. Foreshadowing continues to hint that Heep has some evil deeds to come. We learn even more from the tea party to which David is invited, during which Uriah and his mother ask uncomfortable questions about the Wickfields' financial situation. This hints at Heep's enormous greed and desire for wealth, which will certainly come back into play later in the novel. In addition, we see Dickens' attention to social class once more with the reintroduction of Steerforth. His characteristic arrogance is still in place, and he gives David the nickname "Daisy" to mock his naiveté. David does not quite pick up on this slight. Something else about Steerforth is noteworthy here: David is extremely bothered by the scar on Rosa Dartle's lip, which was caused by Steerforth's rage. The tale of the scar presents a whole new side of Steerforth which David had never considered. It shows

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that Steerforth is capable of being uncontrolled when angry, a trait that does not mesh with the classiness that David had associated with high social standing. This revelation is enough to give David pause, but it is not enough to separate Steerforth from David. Finally, the selling of David's childhood home, Blunderstone Rookery, by the Murdstones symbolizes the end of that part of David's life. He has been getting a good education, he now lives in a healthy atmosphere, he has loving mentors, and he has even started having more or less serious relationships. By this time he has fully separated himself from the Murdstones. Thus it is appropriate that the house be sold to symbolize the end of the troubles associated with the Murdstones.

David stays with Steerforth for another week and meets Littimer, Steerforth's servant, who carries himself with such an air of respectability and haughtiness that it takes David by surprise. Once David's visit comes to an end, he convinces Steerforth to go with him to Yarmouth to visit Peggotty. Thus, they leave Littimer behind and separate, agreeing to meet at Peggotty's house. Along the way, David stops by Mr. Omer's shop to thank him for being so kind to him many years ago after his mother died. He finds that Mr. Omer and his family are very happy, and he also learns that Little Emily is working in the shop now. Unfortunately, her desire to be a lady turned many of the girls against her, although Mr. Omer's daughters like her very much. David then goes to see Mr. Barkis and Peggotty, who does not recognize David right away but begins to cry and laugh over him as soon as she does. Mr. Barkis, afflicted with rheumatism, is very happy to see the boy as well, and he even goes to the trouble of producing some of his precious money so that Peggotty can make him a nice dinner. Steerforth joins them, and together they go over to Mr. Peggotty's house, just in time to learn that Ham and Little Em'ly are getting married. Everyone, even Mrs. Grummidge, is overjoyed. For the whole night at the house everyone, especially Steerforth, feels very exuberant. But as he and David are walking away from the house, Steerforth suddenly becomes sullen and remarks that Ham is not good enough for Emily. Yet, the mood soon passes.

During his stay, David visits all of the familiar places of his youth, including Blunderstone Rookery. Seeing these places inspires mixed feelings of sadness and happiness. He and Steerforth often go their separate ways during the day, so he does not know what Steerforth is doing much of the time. One day, he encounters Steerforth sitting in front of Mr. Peggotty's fire, upset. He wishes that he could have had a father and says he would have even preferred to be Ham than to have grown up without a father figure. He also reveals that he bought a ship which Mr. Peggotty will sail in his absence, and he named it "The Little Em'ly." David and Steerforth then meet Miss Mowcher, a small but very loud lady who cuts Steerforth's hair. They talk about Mr. Peggotty, Ham, and Little Emily, and Steerforth reveals that he thinks Little Emily can do much better and find herself a gentleman. He and David separate once more, and David heads to Peggotty's house for the evening. There, he finds Ham and Little Emily with Martha, a girl with whom Emily worked while she was at Mr. Omer's. Martha has encountered very difficult times and is asking for Emily's help. After she leaves, Emily becomes very distraught, saying that she isn't as good as she ought to be

and that she doesn't deserve Ham. David, Peggotty, and Ham comfort her, and soon she is back to normal and acting very affectionately towards her fiancé.

The next morning, David decides not to tell Steerforth the events of the previous evening, for he wants to keep Little Emily's confidence. However, as they are leaving Yarmouth, he does tell him about a letter that he received from his aunt saying that he should pursue the career of a proctor, and Steerforth agrees that it would suit him. He meets up with Miss Betsey, who insists that she will help him become a proctor despite his protests that it is too expensive. They leave for Doctors' Commons, where proctors have offices, but along the way they run into a man who David believes is a beggar. His aunt is very frightened by the man, and she orders David to stay while she goes away with the man. When she returns, David finds that she has given most of her money to him, but she asks that they never speak of the incident again. They find David a job at the offices of Spenlow and Jorkins and a nice house with a landlady named Mrs. Crupp. Although David loves his new apartments, they get very lonely for him, and soon he goes back to see Steerforth. Steerforth convinces David to host a dinner party for him and his two friends at his new apartment later that night. The four have a good time and get drunk. They go to the theater, where David runs into Agnes, who is horrified by David's very inebriated state. She makes him go home, and he wakes up the next day hung over and absolutely mortified.

David then receives a letter from Agnes asking him to visit her, which he gladly does. He apologizes for his behavior and calls Agnes his "good angel." She forgives him but warns him about socializing with Steerforth, whom she calls David's "bad angel." David does not agree to stop visiting him, but her words darken his impression of his companion. Agnes also tells him that Uriah Heep has forced her father into a partnership with him, which makes her very upset. Later that evening, David sees Tommy Traddles, his old friend from Salem House, and Uriah. Uriah attaches himself to David and invites himself to his house. Along the way he mentions his intention to marry Agnes, which disgusts David. Uriah ends up staying the night, which makes David very uncomfortable.

David's supervisor, Mr. Spenlow, invites David to his home for the weekend. David meets Mr. Spenlow's daughter there and instantly falls in love with Dora. He finds her almost ethereal in nature and has fallen for her even before he has spoken to her. David also is surprised to see Miss Murdstone, whom Mr. Spenlow hired to be Dora's companion after her mother died. Miss Murdstone pulls David aside and asks that they set aside their previous difficulties, and David agrees. After going on a walk with Dora and her dog Jip, David falls more deeply in love with her. He feels dismal every succeeding weekend on which he has no invitation to go to Mr. Spenlow's house. Mrs. Crupp sees this pattern and realizes that he has fallen in love. She advises him to go out and to think of other things.

David then decides to go visit his old schoolmate Tommy Traddles, who is studying for the bar to become a lawyer. Traddles has a fiancée waiting for him to get a job and make money for their marriage; he currently only has a few chairs and a table. As they are talking, Traddles reveals that his downstairs neighbors are none other than Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, who at that moment knock on his door and find David there. The Micawbers

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are financially unstable once again, but they are still happy, and Mrs. Micawber is pregnant once more.

David invites the three of them to come over to his house for a dinner party. Although Mrs. Crupp refuses to cook at first, they eventually sit down to a nice, happy meal. Littimer interrupts the meal and asks if David knows where Steerforth has gone. David replies that he does not and, after the meal, Littimer leaves. As his guests are leaving, David warns Traddles not to loan the Micawbers any money or even his name. Tommy replies that he already has done so and that Mr. Micawber has already taken care of it. However, Mr. Micawber later gives David a letter saying that he has not taken care of it yet.

Steerforth arrives just after everyone has left. He tells David that he has been sailing outside of Yarmouth. He replies with disgust when David tells him that Tommy was there, which David finds offensive. David soon forgets about this issue because Steerforth gives him a letter from Peggotty saying that Mr. Barkis is dying. David decides that he will visit them, but Steerforth convinces him to go to his home first. David spends the day with Mrs. Steerforth and Miss Dartle, who seems to believe that he is the reason for Steerforth's long absence. Miss Dartle is disturbed to learn that David had not seen Steerforth until the previous night. She also begins to worry that Steerforth and his mother will start fighting which, due to their similar stubbornness, would lead to a huge ordeal. However, Mrs. Steerforth says that she and her son would never fight because they are too devoted to one another. Finally, David takes his leave of the family. Steerforth makes him promise that if anything happens, he will always remember Steerforth at his best. David's last vision of him is his sleeping figure, and the adult David writes that he wishes he could have kept Steerforth that way forever to prevent the following events from happening.

When David first arrives at Yarmouth, he visits Mr. Omer once more, who tells him that Little Emily has not been herself lately. She seems very unsettled, as though she wants something more. He also mentions that Martha, Emily's friend, has gone missing. David then goes to Peggotty's house, where he encounters Mr. Peggotty and Emily in the kitchen, both very distraught. Mr. Peggotty claims that Mr. Barkis will die with the receding tide. Just as David goes to see him, Mr. Barkis exclaims, "Barkis is willin'!" With that, he fulfills Mr. Peggotty's prediction and dies with the ebbing tide.

David stays to help Peggotty settle the affairs of her husband, and he finds that the man's hoarding paid off for his wife. She has a large inheritance. Ham arrives alone, although he was expected to arrive with Little Em'ly. Ham tells everyone that Little Em'ly has run away, leaving a letter begging everyone to forget her. The letter also professes her love for her uncle and claims that she will not come back unless the man she has run away with makes her a lady. Ham then tells David, upon his request, that it was Steerforth who ran away with her. Ham repeatedly says, however, that he does not blame David for the affair. Mr. Peggotty then swears that he will go out, find Little Em'ly, and bring her back.

The next morning, Ham asks David to take care of Mr. Peggotty, who is still shaken up by the whole situation. Shortly before David and Mr. Peggotty set off to find her, David has an encounter with Miss Mowcher, who is extremely remorseful. She believes that she set off

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the whole chain of events leading to Emily's disappearance, for she delivered a letter from Steerforth to the girl, thinking it was from David. She repeats that she is very sorry but hopes that David will not trust her any less than he would trust a normal-sized woman. She then climbs down from the stove from which she was speaking to David and leaves. David says that his opinion of her has greatly changed.

Mr. Peggotty suggests that they go first to see Mrs. Steerforth, and David agrees. Mrs. Steerforth rants on and on that the whole situation is Little Emily's fault--and Mr. Peggotty's as well, for raising her. Miss Dartle also blames David because he introduced Emily and Steerforth. Mr. Peggotty then decides to go off alone to find Emily, and he tells David that if David should find her first, he should tell her that he loves her and has forgiven her. This whole time, David has continued to miss Dora dearly, especially walking through her neighborhood. But he will not dare to visit her. He takes Peggotty to Doctors' Commons to settle her affairs at the office of Mr. Spenlow. There, they run into Mr. Murdstone, who is getting his new marriage license. Peggotty shouts at him, accusing him of causing the death of David's mother, and it takes much of David's efforts to restrain her. As they are leaving, Mr. Spenlow invites David to Dora's birthday party. David is very excited and happy to see Dora at the party, but another man is paying special attention to her. David makes every effort not to appear jealous. Dora's friend, Miss Mills, reconciles David and Dora, and soon they are secretly engaged. As an adult, David muses, this was the happiest he has ever been, and now seeing a ring on his own daughter's finger similar to the ring he gave Dora brings back painful memories. David immediately writes to Agnes upon his engagement. The memory of her beautiful eyes and calm demeanor soothes him to the point of tears.

He is soon cheered up by a surprise visit from Traddles, who tells him more about his fiancée, Sophie. Sophie is the fourth of ten children and is the main caregiver of the family. Traddles also tells David that the Micawbers are in financial difficulties once more, to the point that Mr. Micawber had to change his name to Mortimer. Traddles asks Peggotty to buy the Micawbers' coffee table and flower pot from the pawn shop so that Mr. Micawber is not overcharged when going back for it. However, Traddles also swears not to loan any more money to the Micawbers, for he is now devoted to his fiancée and to supporting her. When they arrive home from the pawn shop, they find Miss Betsey at the door with all of her things. She is very nice to Peggotty, whom she calls Barkis, but she reveals to David that she has lost everything due to poor business decisions.

Upon hearing the news, David's first emotion, although he knows it is selfish, is sadness. David feels sad because he is now poor and will not be able to provide Dora with everything she wants. Moreover, his aunt does not approve of his devotion to her, telling him that this particular romance is pointless. After a sleepless night during which he mulls over his aunt's criticisms of Dora, David goes to Mr. Spenlow and tries to cancel his apprenticeship. Mr. Spenlow, however, will not refund any of the money that Miss Betsey paid to allow David to start. On the way back home, David runs into Agnes, who has heard of Miss Betsey's troubles and comforts him. She also tells him that Uriah and his mother have moved in with her and Mr. Wickfield and that the house has been miserable because of it. She suggests that David get a job as a secretary for Dr. Strong, who is looking for someone to help with his

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dictionary. Mr. Wickfield and Uriah then go over to David's household, where Uriah is poorly received and even scolded by Miss Betsey.

David goes the next day to see Dr. Strong about the position. Along the way, he decides that he will use this time to prove to Dora that he is willing to work hard and take care of her. He dreams of having earned a beautiful house for Dora and Jip to play in. Dr. Strong happily receives David and is excited to have help with the dictionary. David works hard but enjoys it because he feels that he is proving himself worthy of Dora. Mr. Dick also wants to help with Miss Betsey's financial situation, so he begins to work copying legal documents for Traddles. One day, Jack Maldon arrives at Dr. Strong's house and asks if he can take Annie to the opera. Dr. Strong encourages her to go, and she agrees, despite the fact that she obviously does not want to. Meanwhile, David receives a letter from Mr. Micawber saying that he is going to move once more. David and Traddles have dinner with the Micawbers, who reveal that Mr. Micawber is going to work for Uriah--which both companions find very unsettling. All this time, Dora has no idea of David's dreadful financial state, so he goes to Miss Mills' home to let her know. At first, she does not believe him when he says that he is ruined. When she finally comes around, she begins crying, for she obviously does not want to live poor. She becomes even more hysterical at the thought that she might have to keep house. David feels awful for making her cry so much. Miss Mills manages to comfort her but makes clear to David that he cannot expect Dora to be able to handle these things. He then has tea with Dora, and they play the guitar together before he has to leave for work, despite Dora's pleas that he not do so. David is content at this point, working hard for Dora and having debates with Mr. Dick. However, Mr. Spenlow soon uncovers his affair with Dora (with help from Miss Murdstone) and forbids David from seeing her again. David refuses and leaves. Later, he finds out that Mr. Spenlow has died in a coach accident. Dora will not see him, for she thinks it is disrespectful to her father's memory. David's only connection to her is now through Miss Mills, who reads him her diary entries about Dora.

To get his mind off of Dora, David's aunt sends him to check on her house in Dover. He then goes to Canterbury to visit the Wickfields, where he discovers that Mr. Micawber has moved in. David senses, from a strained conversation that the two of them have, that something has changed between them. Nevertheless, he is happy to see Agnes and talk to her about his situation, and she advises him to write to Dora's aunts to ask permission to see her. They are unable to speak alone after that because of Mrs. Heep's constant presence. David later finds out from Uriah that he had his mother follow them; Uriah loves Agnes and plans to marry her. Uriah pronounces his love that night, after he has gotten Mr. Wickfield extremely drunk. The latter grows angry and begins shouting at Uriah, while Uriah warns him not to threaten him because he knows his secret. This whole time, he is also constantly proclaiming his humbleness. The next day David leaves, after a heartfelt goodbye with Agnes and a much more uncomfortable one with Uriah. David writes the letter to Dora's aunts and hopes for the best. One night he runs into Mr. Peggotty, who tells him that he has been searching for Emily all across continental Europe. He has come close to finding her several times, and she has written three letters to the house in Yarmouth, in which she included money.

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David also learns that Ham continues to work hard but is deeply wounded by the whole affair. While Mr. Peggotty is talking, David sees someone listening at the door, but the figure leaves before he can talk to her. Mr. Peggotty then continues his journey, vowing to search for his niece until he drops dead.

David finally receives a reply from Dora's aunts, who agree to meet with him to discuss his relationship with Dora. David brings Traddles along to help him convince the aunts to let him see Dora again. They are successful. After some lecturing, Dora's aunts, Clarissa and Lavinia, agree to let David see Dora at dinner every Sunday at 3:00--and at tea, but no more than twice a week. These arrangements make David very happy. She is very opposed to meeting Traddles or even Miss Betsey, although eventually she comes around. The only thing that displeases David is the way that Dora's aunts treat her like a doll, similar to the way that she treats Jip. He even finds himself treating her that way sometimes. She does not want to discuss such things with him because she knows he will get upset. Likewise, to prevent her from getting upset, he does not say anything and continues to play and sing with her.

The older David starts the next chapter by proclaiming that he has worked all of his life to try to do everything well, and there is no fulfillment on this earth without perseverance--talent and opportunity are not enough. He then describes a visit from the Wickfields to Dr. Strong's house. Unfortunately, Uriah accompanies them, which the younger David does not like at all. However, he is very happy to see that Dora takes a liking to Agnes. Dora even wonders how David could have fallen in love with her, having grown up with a lady as good as Agnes. Agnes, meanwhile, reassures David that everything at the Wickfield home has remained the same and that she will never marry Uriah.

As David is about to retire to bed, he is pulled into Dr. Strong's study by Uriah, who is already there with Dr. Strong and Mr. Wickfield. Uriah makes them tell the doctor about their suspicions concerning Annie and Jack Maldon. Dr. Strong refuses to believe them and leaves after a good deal of tension. David strikes Uriah for doing such an awful thing, but instead of striking him back, Uriah forgives him, something which incenses David even more. He also receives a letter from Mrs. Micawber, saying that that her husband has become a greedy, evil man and is no longer the jovial person he used to be. The older David now remembers his wedding to Dora. His memories are very beautiful, recollecting the beauty of his wife and the happy, loving presence of friends and family. He even remembers Dora using a cookbook that he gave her to teach Jip tricks. He remembers the tricks as rather adorable, too. Although Dora is a very bad housekeeper and David is no better, the two of them are happy. They have their domestic struggles, especially with the maids, who often rob them. Dora tries to be a good wife by trying to make dinner and trying to balance their finances, although she loses focus not long into these tasks. She hates to annoy David but is very devoted to him, even staying up late to watch him write. She wishes that she could have stayed with Agnes for a year before they married so that she could have learned from her. Despite his wife's faults, however, David is happy as long as Dora is happy. Upon her request, he begins to think of her as his "child-wife," and even Miss Betsey becomes devoted to her and does anything she can to make her happy.

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Meanwhile, the marriage of Annie and Dr. Strong remains turbulent. The only person who appreciates this is Annie's mother, Mrs. Markelham, whom Miss Betsey and David refer to as the "Old Soldier." Dr. Strong has been sending Annie out frequently to plays and other activities, and he often sends Mrs. Markelham along for company. But Annie is not enjoying these things, knowing that Dr. Strong doubts her fidelity. One night, Mr. Dick asks David if he is weak in intelligence. He is happy when David says yes, for he believes that because of this, he can reconcile Dr. Strong and Annie. That is, Mr. Dick thinks that more intelligent friends would not be able to do so because they are too polite. Mr. Dick brings Annie to Dr. Strong, and she proclaims her faithfulness to him in front of David, Miss Betsey, and Mrs. Markelham, who is the only one who does not seem touched by the display. Miss Betsey kisses Mr. Dick and calls him a good man for his actions. Annie's emotional display both pleases and troubles David, but he cannot explain why.

As David is walking past the Steerforth residence one afternoon, he is summoned to speak with Miss Dartle. She is extremely cruel to him and constantly wishes death upon Little Em'ly. It turns out that she has information about Emily, which is related to David through Littimer. Littimer describes how she was admired in all of the countries to which Steerforth brought her, and Littimer states that she mastered all of the languages quite easily. As the story goes, however, Steerforth grew tired of her and left her in Naples, and she was furious when she found out he had left her. Also, she became even more hysterical when Littimer proposed to her, and soon she escaped from the house. As David is leaving, he speaks to Mrs. Steerforth, who actually is quite kind to him. David then goes to find Mr. Peggotty. He tells Mr. Peggotty about the information he has acquired. Mr. Peggotty feels as though Little Em'ly is alive but too ashamed to return home. He suggests this because she did not leave entirely of her own accord. He and Mr. Peggotty decide that they will recruit Emily's friend Martha to help find her. They find Martha in a crowded area and follow her out, waiting to talk to her in a more private place.

David and Mr. Peggotty realize that Martha is about to drown herself, and they stop her from doing so just in time. She is miserable. She chides herself for having such an awful heart. Mr. Peggotty's soothing words eventually calm her down, however, and she agrees to help them find Emily and hopes that she can be good for her friend this time. They follow her for a little while as she searches but then decide to part, leaving Martha to search one way as they search another.

David returns home fairly late to find the door open. He hears his aunt in the garden talking to a man, the same man who bothered her before. He is obviously trying to get money out of her. He does not leave until Miss Betsey has broken out into indignant tears. David glares at him as he leaves. He asks his aunt if she wants him to talk to the man. Surprisingly, his aunt confides in him that the man is actually her husband. Her husband is not dead after all, and he continues to extort money from her. She then tells him not to tell anyone about this revelation.

As for David, his domestic life has not improved by this point. Dora has refused to learn how to keep the house better. When he tries to change this quality of hers, she gets upset and refuses to listen to him. Thus, in order to keep her happy, David stops trying to change

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her. He believes for a while that perhaps a baby will make her more mature and want to be a good housewife. Unfortunately, after she becomes pregnant the pregnancy does not last, and soon afterward, Dora becomes ill. She is still beautiful and happy, but she can no longer walk or use her legs.

David receives a letter from Mr. Micawber describing the poor situation that he and his wife are in this time. The letter begs David to meet with him to discuss the situation. Traddles, it turns out, has received a similar letter from Mrs. Micawber. The two meet with Mr. Micawber, and they soon find out that he has experienced additional financial ruin attributed to Uriah Heep, who apparently cheated him in a business deal. The recollection of this fact produces such a passion in Mr. Micawber that David is afraid he will die of such strong emotions. But Mr. Micawber eventually composes himself and asks that David and his aunt meet him and his wife the following week.

Soon it has been several months since Mr. Peggotty's and David's encounter with Martha. Mr. Peggotty mentions that Martha came to him not long ago and told him not to leave London under any circumstances, although she did not say why. One evening, Martha runs to fetch David and Mr. Peggotty. Mr. Peggotty is not home, so she leaves a note. She then brings David to an apartment complex in a bad neighborhood and leads her up to Emily's room. However, Miss Dartle is already there. She abuses Emily, mocking her and spitting words at her with strong hate and passion. David does not intervene, however, because he wants to let Mr. Peggotty do that. Mr. Peggotty eventually comes and takes Emily back to his home.

The cruelty of Miss Dartle, both at the beginning and at the end of this section, is astonishing. She is taking her rage out on David and Emily while still refusing to acknowledge that her cousin Steerforth was probably the most to blame. Her cruelty is mirrored in Steerforth, who had no problems abandoning the girl whom he had convinced to run away with him. Emily, according to Littimer, apparently was becoming a lady, learning to communicate easily and being admired wherever she went, although it is not clear how trustworthy Littimer's account is, given his feelings in the matter. Mrs. Steerforth, in contrast to Miss Dartle, has finally begun to accept that Steerforth is not the perfect son that she imagined him to be.

The direction of the novel appears to be changing in this section. David and Mr. Peggotty find Martha, and Emily is found not long afterward. Indeed, the ability of David and Mr. Peggotty to find Martha and save her from the brink of death foreshadows their discovery of Emily and their ability to pull Emily back from the edge of emotional despair. Sure enough, they rescue her from the raging clutches of Miss Dartle. Who alerted her so that she managed to beat David to her hideout?

Readers finally see a weak side of Miss Betsey when David finds her conversing with a stranger in the garden. This man, her ex-husband, causes her to break down in tears. This is the first real sign of weakness that we have seen in this woman. Moreover, it is revealed that she has endured extortion from him for a long time. By now, however, Dickens has made Miss Betsey so beloved that we might see her ability to keep this secret as a matter of strength. Still, her husband's manipulation is strongly repulsive, and we are led to want

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to see justice for her against her husband. Miss Betsey was doing fine on her own. She has no need for a man in her life, and the man who is in her life, usually at arm's length, makes her life much worse instead of better.

This relationship provides a strong contrast to the feelings that David and Dora had at the beginning, but we see the stresses in this marriage and wonder how much longer it can last. Although David is still in love with Dora, he is starting to wish that she had better domestic skills, or at least that she would try. The pregnancy is an immature shot at getting her to mature. Its actual failure is a symbol of the relationship's failure. Moreover, it foreshadows Dora's imminent demise and, sure enough, her health begins to rapidly deteriorate. The expected betrayal by Uriah Heep has once more put the Micawbers in danger. Hopefully it finally has brought Mr. Micawber to his senses. Uriah certainly has crossed a line at this point, presuming that Mr. Micawber's account is true. In the case of the Strongs, Uriah had only come close to but had not actually ruined the marriage. In the case of the Micawbers, however, he had actually ruined them. David's promise to bring his aunt to meet with the Micawbers is a sign that better people are getting ready to fight back, now that Uriah has gone too far. This is yet another sign that the direction of the novel is turning toward resolution. Mr. Peggotty visits David and Miss Betsey to tell them Little Em'ly's story. Apparently she escaped from Littimer in a delirium but was rescued and nursed back to health by a woman whose husband was a sailor. Mr. Peggotty gets very overcome when talking about this woman, feeling so grateful to her for helping Emily. Little Em'ly then continued traveling through France and England. She remained afraid, however, that her family would turn her away. Thus, she never made it to Yarmouth but turned around and ended up in London.

Mr. Peggotty reveals that he has decided to take Little Em'ly to Australia, where she can start over without anybody knowing her. He and David go to Yarmouth to say goodbye to Ham. While he is there, David visits Mr. Omer, who is becoming more and more ill but remains quite jovial and happy. Ham asks David to tell Emily that he loves her and that he is sorry to have scared her away with his powerful feelings for her. Mrs. Grummidge decides to go with Mr. Peggotty and Little Em'ly, and she makes the trip back to London happily, much unlike her former, depressed self. Mr. Micawber, Agnes, David, Traddles, and Miss Betsey all meet at an inn, preparing to confront Uriah Heep about his crimes. They go to his home, where Mr. Micawber reads a long list of all of the crimes he has committed. These include forcing Mr. Wickfield into business deals when he was not capable of making them, forging signatures, fudging numbers in accounts, and so on. As Mr. Micawber is reading this list, Uriah finally abandons his humble demeanor and begins insulting everyone, especially David, saying that David always acted proud and conceited toward Uriah. Uriah's lack of power in the present situation, combined with his mother's pleas for him to "be 'umble," finally force Uriah to comply with their demands to get their property back. Miss Betsey also reveals that Uriah caused her own financial ruin, and she gets her property back as well. With the issue of Uriah Heep now settled, Mr. and Mrs. Micawber reconcile. They decide to go to Australia after fixing their relationship with Mrs. Micawber's family. The older David again lingers on his memories, recalling the circumstances of his child-

wife's death. He recalls how he and Dora used to talk about what they would do when she got better and all of the places from their time of courtship that they would revisit. Sadly, however, one day Dora asks to see Agnes. She reveals to David that she knows that she will not get better. He refuses to say it himself, but he knows that it is true. The last time he speaks to Dora, she tells him that she was too young to marry him but that she loves him very much for loving her the way he has. Agnes finally goes up to be with Dora while David sits downstairs with Jip, who is whining to go upstairs. Suddenly, Jip dies at David's feet, and soon after, Agnes comes down to let him know that Dora has passed away as well.

David moves past the sorrowful memories with difficulty. He goes on to recount the meeting of Miss Betsey, Agnes, and Traddles in Canterbury. Traddles discovers that he can regain all of Miss Betsey's property as well as Mr. Wickfield's money, and Agnes decides to rent the house and open a school to keep her and her father financially stable. David, meanwhile, decides that he will go abroad after his wife's death, but before he leaves, Miss Betsey takes him to a hospital and a funeral. She reveals that her husband, who has been dragging money out of her, has finall died and will no longer be a problem. Thus, David can leave the country with peace of mind on this issue. Before he leaves, David travels to Yarmouth to deliver a letter from Little Em'ly to Ham. He cannot find Ham at his house, and he begins to feel very uneasy at Ham's absence. As he was entering the town, a storm rolled in. Soon a ship in the distance is wrecked. All of the sailors appear to be dead except one in a red cap, who is waving for help. Ham comes out of nowhere and ties a rope around his own waist, insisting that he go out and try to save the man. He almost succeeds, but a large wave comes crashing down on him and kills him before he can reach the sailor. As David is mourning Ham's loss, a fisherman calls him out to the shore once more, where he sees the body of Steerforth lying in the same position that he had slept in during his days at Salem House.

Little Emily finally finds peace after her long trial, and now she is heading to Australia where she can start over. She has faced her troubles and gotten over them with the help of her family, and now she is ready to move on. An interesting detail in her story is the fact that she was nursed back to health by the wife of a sailor. This calls to mind the sea, which has taken away many lives and will take more. The sea, in a sense, is giving her another chance. Meanwhile, the situation with Uriah finally comes to a head. When confronted by everyone whom he has defrauded, Uriah shows his true colors. He drops his humility act and begins cursing everybody until he finally realizes that he has no power anymore, for nobody believes him any longer. The power of the assembled group has overcome his individual manipulative power, and in a sense the community has restored justice. The whole situation ends well, and everyone gets what is rightfully theirs.

The Micawbers, finally having a chance to escape their misery, expect to fix their problems in England, both financially and with Mrs. Micawber's family. They will head for Australia, which suggests an entirely new life and identity, hopefully one that is successful. In being made whole again, they can fully return to reality, yet they would rather leave England behind and start over more fully.

When Dora finally passes away, of course the scene is profoundly sad. In her final encounter with David, she finally seems to grow out of her childish frame of mind, admitting that she

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was too young to marry him. The prospect of death makes people mature quickly. In a rather bald moment of parallelism, Jip dies at the same moment as Dora. This is more than a melodramatic coincidence, because Jip's death symbolizes the death of Dora's free spirit as well as her body.

In addition, Jip's death reminds us of the deep heartache involved in the death of a best friend or family member. The memory of Dora's death is very difficult for the older David, which reveals how much he still loved her in spite of everything. Indeed, David's grief at the time remains strong and eventually drives him out of the country. He too needs a change of scene. Another death of a spouse is noted in this section, but it has a completely different feel, and the spouse reacts very differently. Miss Betsey's ex-husband has died, but he was already dead to her and had been a particular thorn in her side. She survived the persecution and financial difficulties that he caused her, and having done so, she is now truly a free woman. Among all the characters who find themselves alone or unencumbered, Miss Betsey's freedom is probably the most satisfying. Her story is a triumphant endorsement of the strength of women, who do not necessarily need men in order to be happy and successful.

There are still more deaths in this section, which emphasize other themes. The death of Steerforth calls into question the role of the sea as a mystical force, seemingly with the power to give life and, especially, to take away lives. In terms of poetic justice, Dickens chooses to have Steerforth die perhaps as punishment for his haughtiness or his stealing away of Emily. In addition, the eerie position of his body reminds David of his promise to only remember Steerforth at his best. As for Ham, his death might also be a kind of poetic justice; Dickens might be killing him off because he has attempted to interfere with what the novel needs to be done. Ham's death might also be a result of his willingness to risk his life because he might see little left to live for himself, considering the extent of the emotional damage inflicted on him by the elopement of his fiancée. David goes to Steerforth's house to let Mrs. Steerforth know of her son's fate. The poor woman is now handicapped and spends her days lying in her son's old room. She never recovers from the shock of David's news. Miss Dartle lashes out at her just as she did with Little Em'ly. She claims that Mrs. Steerforth raised her son to be the cruel, insensitive boy that he was and, therefore, has no right to be sad at his death. Miss Dartle is hysterical at this point, declaring how much she loved poor Steerforth. David takes his leave of the house, followed only by Mrs. Steerforth's sad moans. All of the people who are headed to Australia meet one last time with those who are staying behind. David does not tell Mr. Peggotty or Emily about the deaths of Steerforth and Ham but pretends that everything is well. Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, reunited with their children, hope for success in the new land. Before the boat departs, David asks about Martha, and Mr. Peggotty reveals that she is going with them to Australia. The boat sails away, and David watches Mr. Peggotty, with Emily by his side, moving gradually out of sight.

David finally leaves, too, and travels around continental Europe, eventually settling in Switzerland. For the first time, his true sorrow regarding the deaths of Steerforth, Ham, and Dora hit him, and he is in a constant state of misery. His only bright spot is Agnes, and he recalls how much he loves her. He finds himself very weak in comparison to her

and does not believe that he is worthy of her. In fact, he opines that she will never be his. David returns to London in autumn and first goes to visit Traddles, who has married his fiancée at last. Although he is not a famous lawyer quite yet, he is very happy in his current situation. David also runs into Mr. Chillip from his youth, who mentions that he is now living next door to Mr. and Miss Murdstone, who have already driven Mr. Murdstone's second wife to death. David then returns to Miss Betsey's home, where Mr. Dick and Peggotty live as well. He asks about Agnes and if she is seeing anyone, and his aunt replies that she only has one true love--but will not say who it is. The next day, David goes to visit Agnes. He sees that Mr. Wickfield has been nursed back to health and that his house is calm and peaceful once more. David confides his true feelings to Agnes, but these declarations seem to disturb her. David and Traddles later receive invitations from Mr. Creakle, the former master of Salem House and current prison magistrate, to visit the prison in which he works. The first inmate they encounter is Uriah Heep, who was thrown in jail for trying to cheat the Bank of England. Uriah actually is happy with his stay in prison and says that it has worked so well in changing him that he wishes everyone could go to prison for correction. They also encounter Littimer, who attempted robbery but was caught, surprisingly, by Miss Mowcher.

Agnes and David remain very close, but David is constantly tormented by the knowledge that she truly loves someone else. When he finally confronts her, she breaks down, and he realizes that he is the person whom she loves. The two get married very quickly and have three children. They are visited by Mr. Peggotty, who informs them that everyone in Australia is doing well. Mr. Micawber is even a magistrate. After this visit, however, they never see Mr. Peggotty again.

The last chapter of the novel is a summary of the present time, giving news about all the characters as David is penning the novel. Miss Betsey, Peggotty, and Mr. Dick all live with him, old but still doing well. Mr. Dick continues to work on his Memorials. Dr. Strong and Annie are happily married, as are Traddles and his wife. Traddles is now a successful lawyer. Mrs. Steerforth and Miss Dartle still fight all the time. Finally, David and Agnes are very happily married, with David very loyal and devoted to the woman who has been his source of strength for almost his entire life. Upon the death of Steerforth, we see a final breakdown of all of those who have represented the highest class of society. Mrs. Steerforth is consumed by shock, and Miss Dartle is consumed by her rage, again throwing the responsibility at everybody but her beloved cousin. We have seen a big difference in how the upper class Steerforths and the lower class Peggottys have handled loss. This is Dickens' lesson that those of the upper class are not necessarily better off, morally or emotionally, then those of a lower class.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. **What is a short summary of David Copperfield?**
2. **What is the moral lesson of David Copperfield by Charles Dickens?**
3. **What is the main theme of David Copperfield?**

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4. **In David Copperfield, why does David Copperfield decide to run away to Miss Betsey, and how does this choice affect the course of his life?**
5. **Who were the women who looked after David?**

The scene in which the Peggottys, Martha, and the Micawbers depart for Australia is an interesting one, again invoking the sea as a vehicle for change. This time the characters are being borne off to another world, where they all will have a second chance at living their lives. Australia is emblematic of freedom, a wild place very far away. In a way, these characters are receiving life or being reborn.

Although it takes a few more years, David finally recognizes his love for Agnes, who finally admits that he is the one she loves. Thus, David finally reaches the happiness he has been striving for during just about his entire life. This is the positive side of poetic justice. Indeed, in the end, all of the characters receive their just rewards. Uriah, for example, ends up in jail but is happy with the moral changes that being there has made in him. His victims have already been made whole. Littimer, Steerforth's arrogant servant, also has been prosecuted for stealing after being caught by none other than Miss Mowcher, who now gets to be a hero. On the negative side, Mrs. Steerforth and Miss Dartle constantly make one another miserable.

Other good characters are rewarded, as well. Traddles, for example, marries his fiancée and earns a successful career. Miss Betsey, Peggotty, and Mr. Dick get peaceful lives with the ones they love, and David and Agnes marry. Mr. Peggotty, Emily, and the Micawbers have made the most out of their lives in Australia. It is the happiest ending that Dickens could produce. There has been much sadness and anxiety in this novel, but Dickens has made everything right in the end. The memories of pain, even if they do not seem strong in the others, remain strong in the older David as he writes, despite his happiness with his new family. David tells a story that seems very reliable, pain and all. In writing, he has purged himself of some of the sorrow he has experienced in his life; his memoir is complete. Perhaps Dickens benefited in a similar way.

3.4 CHAPTER SUMMARY

Charles Dickens' David Copperfield relates the story of a young boy›s growth and development into maturity. It is written from the point of view of the mature adult who recounts his own obstacles and the obstacles of those around him and how it all shaped his life and his beliefs. The story starts with an account of the birth and childhood of David Copperfield at his home, Blunderstone Rookery. He was born six months after the death of his father and under circumstances which one of the nurses claimed would cause him to lead an unlucky life. He is raised by his mother Clara and his nurse Peggotty, who give him a happy childhood. He remembers his mother as carefree and recalls the relaxed atmosphere that the three of them had together. He frequently says that this is one of the happiest times in his life.

Everything changes once his mother meets the dark but handsome Mr. Murdstone. Peggotty immediately takes a disliking to him and often fights with Clara about him, but Clara refuses to heed her advice. Peggotty and David visit Yarmouth, Peggotty's hometown, for a week, which is when David first meets Mr. Barkis, the

carrier driver, Mr. Peggotty, Peggotty's brother, Ham, and Little Emly. When David and Peggotty return, however, his mother and Mr. Murdstone have been married, and their former life disappears forever. Mr. Murdstone is a very controlling man who forces the principle of firmness on Clara with the help of his sister, Miss Murdstone. After David bites Mr. Murdstone while being beaten by him, David is sent away to Salem House, a boarding school for boys. There he meets Steerforth, a handsome, cultured boy whom he admires dearly, and Traddles, an overweight but jovial and kind-hearted boy. He learns a lot at the school and has one more good day with his mother, but he soon receives the bad news that his mother has passed away. He returns home for the funeral and never goes back to Salem House. Peggotty is fired by Mr. Murdstone and marries Mr. Barkis, and although she writes to David and sees him from time to time, she can no longer be there for him the way she was before. David is constantly neglected before he is finally sent away to London to work in one of Mr. Murdstone's warehouses, which he does not like at all, despite the respect he earns. He does get to meet the Micawbers, a kind yet financially troubled family. They are eventually forced to move away to evade all of their debts, and once they move, David decides to leave as well and to find his aunt, Miss Betsey, who abandoned him and his mother at his birth because he was not a girl. After a difficult journey, he finds the home of his aunt in Dover, and after a rude encounter with the Murdstones, she decides to let him stay, along with her other houseguest, Mr. Dick. David begins attending school in Canterbury and does well, He quickly rises to the top of his class. He lives with family friends Mr. Wickfield and his daughter, Agnes. Agnes is around David's age and will continue to be a significant influence in David's life. He also meets Uriah Heep, Mr. Wickfield's servant to whom David takes an immediate disliking, Dr. Strong, the master of his school, and Dr. Strong's wife Annie.

3.5 REVIEW QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **What can David do after his mother's death?**
2. **David lost his mother twice. Explain.**
3. **How do Mr. Micawber and David Copperfield meet again ? Describe the meeting.**
4. **How important is the role of the father in the novel? Is David affected by the absence of his father in his life? If so, how? If not, how does he manage to overcome this?**
5. **Mr. Micawber's character has intrigued many literary analysts over the years, especially due to the fact that he was easily relatable to many during Dickens' time. Why is this so, and what lessons can be learned from this character?**

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LONG ANSWER TYIE QUESTIONS

1. **How does Dickens challenge the accepted views of women during his time to promote the idea of the empowered female?**
2. **Does Dickens equate high social class with low moral character and vice versa? Does he equate low social class with unhappiness? Explain with examples from the text.**
3. **What role does Australia play in the novel?**
4. **Although David is narrating his story as an adult, his memories, as he says, are similar to those of a child. Why does Dickens choose to narrate the story in this way, and how does it affect the way in which it is told?**
5. **There are many references to the sea throughout the novel; what significance do these references have?**

3.6 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. **What is the name of David's house?**
   a. Limestone Aviary.
   b. Salem House.
   c. Blunderstone Rookery.
   d. Yarmouth Boathouse.

2. **What does the sign that David is forced to wear during his stay at boarding school say?**
   a. "Beware, I Bite."
   b. "Beware of dog"
   c. "Violent boy/Take care of him."
   d. "Take care of him. He Bites"

3. **Which of the following is NOT a characteristic of David's birth?**
   a. Everyone thought that he would be a Girl.
   b. He began crying right at the stroke of midnight.
   c. He was born on a Friday.
   d. He was born with a caul.

4. **What trait does Mr. Murdstone stress to Clara constantly?**
   a. Firmness.
   b. Cruelty.
   c. Submission.
   d. Forgiveness.

5. **Why did Miss Betsey storm out on the night that David was born?**
   a. She was offended by a comment made by David's mother.
   b. She found the Doctor to be very rude and insulting.
   c. She was upset that David turned out to be a boy.
   d. She was shocked by the young age of Her brother widow.

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6. David's earliest memory is of what?

a. His Home.
b. His Aunt, Miss Trotwood.
c. Peggotty and his mother.
d. His Father.

7. During his first stay in Yarmouth, David stays where?

a. A Hotel.
b. A Boat.
c. A Cabin.
d. A Large House.

8. Where does Mr. Mell's mother live?

a. In a Mansion.
b. In a Secluded House.
c. In a Poorhouse.
d. In a boat.

9. What does Dora ask David to call her?

a. Simple-Wife.
b. Child -wife.
c. Young- Wife.
d. Little-Wife.

10. Which of the following does NOT die at sea?

a. Mr. Barkis.
b. Ham.
c. Little Emly Father.
d. Steerforth.

♦♦♦♦♦

UNIT IV

GEORGE ELIOT: ADAM BEDE

STRUCTURE

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4.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

- This **lesson** introduces **students** to **George Eliot's** posthumous **novel Adam Bede**.
- Analyze the characters in the novel.
- Study the use of humor and pathos in the novel.
- Analyze the structure of the novel.

4.2 AUTHOR INTRODUCTION (GEORGE ELIOT)

Eliot was born Mary Ann Evans (sometimes written as Marian) in Nuneaton, Warwickshire, England, in 1819. Her father, Robert Evans, was an estate manager for a nearby baronet, and her mother, Christiana, was the daughter of the local mill owner. Robert had been married previously, with two children (a son, also named Robert, and a daughter, Fanny), and Eliot had four full-blooded siblings as well: an older sister, Christiana (known as Chrissey), an older brother, Isaac, and twin younger brothers who died in infancy. Unusually for a girl of her era and social station, Eliot received a relatively robust education in her early life. She wasn't considered beautiful, but she did have a strong appetite for learning, and those two things combined led her father to believe that her best chances in life would lie in education, not marriage. From ages five to sixteen, Eliot attended a series of boarding schools for girls, predominantly schools with strong religious overtones (although the specifics of those religious teachings varied). Despite this schooling, her learning was largely self-taught, in great part thanks to her father's estate management role allowing her access to the estate's great library. As a result, her writing developed heavy influences from classical literature, as well as from her own observations of socioeconomic stratification. When Eliot was sixteen, her mother Christiana died, so Eliot returned home to take over the housekeeping role in her family, leaving her education behind except for continued correspondence with one of her teachers, Maria Lewis. For the next five years, she remained largely at home caring for her family, until 1841, when her brother Isaac married, and he and his wife took over the family home. At that point, she and her father moved Foleshill, a town near the city of Coventry.

Joining New Society: The move to Coventry opened new doors for Eliot, both socially and academically. She came into contact with a much more liberal, less religious social circle, including such luminaries as Ralph Waldo Emerson and Harriet Martineau, thanks to her friends, Charles and Cara Bray. Known as the "Rosehill Circle," named after the Brays' home, this group of creatives and thinkers espoused rather radical, often agnostic ideas, which opened Eliot's eyes to new ways of thinking that her highly religious education had not touched on. Her questioning of her faith led to a minor rift between her and her father, who threatened to throw her out of the house, but she

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quietly carried out superficial religious duties while continuing her new education. Eliot did return once more to formal education, becoming one of the first graduates of Bedford College, but otherwise largely stuck to keeping house for her father. He died in 1849, when Eliot was thirty. She traveled to Switzerland with the Brays, then stayed there alone for a time, reading and spending time in the countryside. Eventually, she returned to London in 1850, where she was determined to make a career as a writer.

This love rectangle forms the character basis for one of the greatest English novels of all time. Upon its release in 1859, Adam Bede was immediately lauded as a seminal work for its depiction of English country life at the turn of the nineteenth century, garnering the praise of Charles Dickens. Eliot's deft mixing of the fictional with the real has made Adam Bede a timeless classic.

4.3 ADAM BEDE BY GEORGE ELIOT

On June 18, 1799, there are five workmen in the carpenter's shop of Mr. Jonathan Burge in the village of Hayslope. The tallest worker, Adam Bede, is singing. He is a fine, large man with Celtic blood. His brother, Seth, has a different aspect. He looks more shy and less robust. Seth says that he has finished the door that he is working on, and the rest laugh at him because he has forgotten the panels. They joke about hanging the door in the shop as a joke, but Adam persuades them to stop making fun of his brother. Wiry Ben jokes that Seth was absent-minded in finishing the door because he was dreaming about a female Methodist preacher. Seth invites Ben to come and see the preacher for himself so that he can get religion. Adam reveals that he is not so keen on women being allowed to preach, and he disputes Ben›s suggestion that Parson Irwine will be upset at him for attending a Methodist meeting. Adam objects to Methodist philosophy, saying that it is too inward-looking; God put his spirit into the worker to build the tabernacle, and there is holiness in mills and aqueducts as well as in a church. Ben teases Seth once again about the unfinished doors, and Seth concedes that he has a good joke. Ben says that it is better that he does not bristle at every joke like his brother does. The clock strikes six, and all of the men prepare to go except Adam, who is indignant that the men give up work so quickly, as though they do not enjoy it. Seth says that he will be home late after the preaching, especially since he will see Dinah Morris home if she will allow it. Adam leaves the workshop with his dog Gyp and passes a nearby house, where an old woman named Dolly invites him in to dinner, saying that Miss Mary is there and that Mister Burge will be there soon as well. Adam declines and walks on. An elderly horseman turns around to look at Adam, but Adam does not see him. At a quarter to seven, the village of Hayslope shows unusual signs of excitement. Mr. Casson, the landlord of the town inn, stands at the entrance to his property. Although his face looks quite healthy, he is enormously fat. The horseman who stopped to look at Adam pulls up at the door on his horse. Mr. Casson explains that the town is busy because a female Methodist is about to preach on the green. Their parson lives in the next town. The stranger expresses surprise that there are Methodists in such a rural area, and Mr. Casson explains that there are really only two: Will Maskery and Seth Bede. Mr. Casson explains that he is the butler to Squire Donnithorne, and now his grandson, Captain Donnithorne, lives on their property called Donnithorne Chase.

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The stranger mentions seeing Adam Bede, who he says would be good for helping to "lick the French." Mr. Casson says that he is extremely strong and is popular with the gentry. The stranger rides to the green, where he is interested in the beauty of the landscape and the crowd of curious townpeople who are staring at the green but who are careful not to enter onto it so that they are not mistaken for Methodists. A group of men are gathered around the blacksmith's shop, where the blacksmith, Chad Cranage, laughs at his own jokes. Mr. Joshua Rann, called "Old Joshway" by his neighbors, stands silently with disapproval. The women are more curious, and they draw closer to the green. Bessy Cranage, the blacksmith's busty daughter, wonders why the Methodists make such funny faces. She is known locally as "Chad's Bess." She also wears fake-garnet earrings, of which Methodists disapprove. "Timothy's Bess" is the wife of Sandy Jim, who has two children. Her little boy goes by "Timothy's Bess's Ben," and he struggles against being held back from inspecting the Methodists. Mr. Casson says that Seth is wasting his time trying to court the female preacher, because she is too high-class for him, being the niece of the Poysers. As Dinah approaches, the stranger is surprised by her unselfconsciousness, and the other townsmen are surprised by her prettiness. Dinah gives a prayer, and then she talks about hearing Jesus's prayer to preach to the poor at a Methodist revival when she was a young girl--she decided then that this is what she should do. She assures her listeners that although they are poor, the poor were Jesus's main beneficiaries during his lifetime, and they will continue to benefit after they die. The stranger notes that Dinah, unlike other "Ranters," does not preach by shouting and gesturing, but simply by modulating her voice to her changing emotions. Chad's Bess is made vaguely uncomfortable by the preaching, knowing that she could be considered a "bad girl" for having loose morals. Dinah beseeches Chad's Bess to think of God rather than of earrings, and the girl, in a fit, throws her earrings off. As the service ends, the horseman rides away to the sound of Methodist hymns.

As Seth walks Dinah home, he wants to talk to her about their relationship, but he feels discouraged because she seems too holy to need a husband. She tells him that she has made up her mind to go back to Snowfield on Monday, although she would prefer not to leave, especially since she is worried about Hetty Sorrel, in whom Adam is interested. Seth again asks Dinah to marry him, arguing that the Bible says that this is natural; furthermore, he would be the only man in the world likely to leave her free to continue preaching. Dinah thanks him but says that the Bible also calls upon each man to walk as he will, and she has been called upon to be a minister rather than to have any joys or sorrows of her own. Seth says that he will have to pray to bear it--and his faith must be weak, because he cannot imagine life without her. Dinah counsels him not to follow her to Snowfield. Seth cries as he walks home, and Eliot observes that he is only twenty-three and that to love as he loves Dinah is almost like a religious feeling, because he feels that she is better than he is. Eliot writes that at this time, Methodism was still a rural, grassroots movement, rather than being associated with low-hanging churches and a hypocritical middle class (as it is at the time during which she has written the novel). Seth and Dinah are still somewhat unthinking in their religious understanding: they believe in modern miracles, open the Bible at random for advice, and often misread and misquote the Bible. Even so, we read, they are still worth the reader's sympathy.

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Adam makes his way home, where his mother, Lisbeth Bede, is waiting at the door. Eliot observes that there is sadness in family resemblances because we are forced to see faces very like our own as they utter sentiments that we do not agree with. After learning that his father has gone to Treddles without finishing work on a coffin, Adam grows angry and goes into the workshop to do it himself, while his mother entreats him to have dinner. Adam is very upset that his father has promised to do work but has not completed it, and he threatens to go away, which makes his mother cry. She says that his father was not so bad before he took to drinking. His mother gets up and calls to Adam's dog Gyp, intending to feed him extra food because she cannot feed her son, and Adam encourages him to go with her. Adam works off some of his anger and tells his mother to go to bed, with his native dialect deepening when he is kind to his mother. Seth comes home at ten and goes to help Adam, who asks him what is the matter. Seth will not tell him, and Lisbeth worries to Seth that Adam might leave, but Seth reassures her that he will not. Lisbeth complains that he has his heart set on Hetty Sorrel, though he could have had Mary Burge, who is much richer. She reproaches Seth for praying too much and for giving away all of his earnings. She says that Seth over-interprets the Bible, while Adam always says "God helps them that help themselves." As Adam works, he imagines how awful it will be when his mother reproaches his father when he returns tomorrow morning; the cycle will continue. He remembers that when his father, Thias Bede, was younger Adam used to be proud to learn carpentry from him. When his father began to drink when Adam was eighteen, however, Adam ran away once, returning in two days because he was worried about his family. His mother has been haunted by this memory ever since. Someone taps at the door, and Gyp howls. When he sees that there is no one there, Adam cannot help feeling a little superstitious. But the morning comes without incident. The two boys carry the coffin to Broxton, and Adam suggests that they look for their father. They find him drowned in a stream. Adam runs home to tell his mother. Looking at his dead father, Adam pities him even though he had been so hard on Adam. The rain was also strong at Broxton Parsonage, where Mr. Irwine has been playing chess with his mother. The home is pleasant but not opulent. The vicar wears a powdered wig, and his mother is elegant, wearing a number of rings. She has just won the chess game. The vicar's sister, Anne, is an invalid. Mr. Rann comes to tell the vicar about the happenings in Hayslope. He warns the vicar that the Methodists are likely to get the upper hand in the town if he is not careful, although he does not want to advise him too much because that would mean "getting above his station." Mr. Rann says that Dinah is about to leave, but he is more worried about Will Maskery, who has no skill as a preacher, yet who insults the townspeople. The vicar says to leave well enough alone; since Maskery has found religion, he has become more responsible, stopped beating his wife, and stopped drinking. Arthur Donnithorne (Captain Donnithorne) bursts on the scene. He is a well-dressed, handsome young man. Mr. Rann finally comes out with the news that This Bede has been found dead. Adam asks the vicar if his father can be buried by the White Thorn because of a dream that his mother had. The vicar agrees.

Captain Donnithorne says that he respects Adam greatly and would like to have him manage the woods on his estate, but for some reason his grandfather dislikes him.

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He has also seen Dinah and was quite stuck by her appearance. The vicar says that he would like to see her. The Captain's arm is in a sling, explaining why he is not with his regiment, but he expects to return in August. The vicar's mother, Mrs. Irwine, says that she would never have been godmother to the Captain except that when he was a baby he took after his mother's side. The Captain has brought Mrs. Irwine a few books including Lyrical Ballads. The vicar visits his invalid sister upstairs. Eliot remarks that aristocratic families thought that it was a pity that such a magnificent mother should have such insignificant girls, while the townspeople think that they are good at medicine and call them "the gentlefolks." It is thought that the vicar would have taken a wife if he had not needed to take care of his mother and two spinster sisters. Eliot says that the vicar has no particular religious fervor, although he is a good man. The vicar sets off with Mr. Rann. Neither the door nor the gate of the Hall farm has been opened in a great many years, and the inside contains rags and a big wooden doll with no nose. It used to be the home of a squire, but it is now reduced to a working farm. Mrs. Poyser keeps the kitchen spotless and the surfaces polished, and her niece, Hetty Sorrel, often looks at her reflection in these surfaces. Mrs. Poyser is ironing and scolding the maid, Hetty is making butter, and Dinah is sewing. A young, fair-haired child named Totty is ironing miniature rags. Mrs. Poyser says that Dinah looks like her mother's other sister, Judith, who brought her up after she was orphaned. She says that if Dinah marries she will give her a dowry. She is alarmed by the sight of the vicar and the Captain approaching, afraid that they have come to speak to Dinah about her preaching and that she will be thrown out of her house. But the men claim that they have come only to speak to her husband. The Captain compliments her farm and says that if he ever married and settled down, he would love to settle down on this farm. Mrs. Poyser hurriedly explains the farm's demerits, afraid that she will be kicked off of the land where she is a tenant. The Captain asks to see the dairy, and Mrs. Poyser takes him in. Hetty blushes when the Captain talks to her, and he is captivated by her kitten-like charm. The activity of butter-churning is perfectly suited to showing off her well-shaped arms. He invites the women to a dance on the 30th of June and asks for two dances from Hetty. Mrs. Poyser thinks that it will be much easier to be a tenant of the Captain than of his grandfather, because he is so good-natured that everyone will get new fences and good returns.

The Captain gets Hetty alone by sending her mother off to look for Totty. The Captain asks Hetty if she ever goes out walking. Hetty says that she sometimes walks to see Mrs. Pomfret, the lady's maid, who is teaching her to mend lace. She adds that she is going to tea with Mrs. Pomfret next afternoon. Mrs. Poyser returns with Totty, and the Captain asks her if she has a pocket. Totty lifts up her dress to show him that she has one but that it is empty. The Captain gives her five sixpence and returns to find the vicar. The vicar converses with Dinah about her hometown of Snowfield, which has changed since a new mill was built there, which brought in more residents. Dinah says that she is a member of the Society (of Methodists), which does not prohibit women from preaching. The first time that she preached was in Hetton-Deeps, a mining town without a preacher or minister. Mr. Irwine feels that it would be useless to try to convince her not to preach, since it would be like telling a tree not to grow in its own shape. He asks

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her if she ever feels self-conscious knowing that so many young men are looking at her while she preaches, and Dinah says that she does not think that the men are aware of her appearance. She adds that Moses did not notice the burning bush but instead the brightness of God shining out of it. The vicar tells Dinah that Thias Bede has died. She starts to fold up her work to see if she can be of any assistance to Seth's mother. The Captain returns briefly, and the men leave. Dinah explains that the vicar was quite pleasant to her, and she tells the news about Thias Bede. Mrs. Poyser says that it is a good riddance to the Bede family, because he almost ruined them. Hetty does not look seriously affected when she hears the news. An interesting aspect of the author's description of the main character is her characterization of him as having "Celtic blood." While this might refer to Welsh or Scottish or Irish descent, by including this detail, Eliot signals to her audience that Adam might tend towards the poetic or towards the violent, both common stereotypes of the Celts at the time that she was writing this novel. Adam Bede and his brother, Seth, although they work at the same trade, are set up as opposites in many ways, especially with their divergent opinions about religion. Religion is first brought up by Wiry Ben, who paraphrases Matthew 11:9, saying, "What come ye out for to see? A prophetess? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophetess- an uncommon pretty young woman." Adam rebukes Ben for taking the Bible lightly in referring to a pretty young Methodist preacher in their town, showing that he is indeed a religious man. Yet, he follows this rebuke by extolling modern progress and technology, rather than the inward-looking practices of the Methodists. He mentions Arkwright's mills in particular, referring to the spinning frame which Sir Richard Arkwright (1732-92) invented. In some ways like Adam, Arkwright was a self-taught mechanic who, after working all day, at night studied the mathematics that was needed for his inventions.

The view of the Methodist meeting on the Green is filtered through the eyes of the horseman, who has the advantages of being an outsider to the community and having some previous knowledge of Methodism. Given his ability to compare Dinah to other Methodist preachers, whom he has seen thump the Bible, mock holiness, or rant, the reader realizes that this is not the first Methodist meeting that he has attended. The reference to "licking the French" sets the novel in the time of the Napoleonic Wars, which began in February 1793. The French fought against the self-proclaimed emperor, Napoleon, to try to prevent his imperialistic sweep through Europe. It is possible that the horseman is a recruiter for the British Army. In her sermon, Dinah mentions the founding father of Methodism, John Wesley, as her inspiration. Methodism is a denomination of Christianity founded in Britain in the eighteenth century that emphasized the idea that anyone can be saved. Along with his younger brother Charles, John Wesley launched a religious movement known for its open-air revivals. The preachers at these revivals were often so animated that they were accused of fanaticism. In this essay, for the first time, the voice of the narrator comes forth in first-person. The narrator seems to overlap enough with Eliot herself that this Classic Note will refer to the narrator as Eliot, even though the narrator does not necessarily represent Eliot's views precisely.

Eliot's strong voice in the novel is an acknowledgment of the fact that she is writing a new type of novel. Her heroes are not handsome horsemen, and her heroines do not

languish in fancy dresses. Rather, Adam Bede is the beginning of a great tradition of social realism in novels. Eliot advocates strongly for this new type of novel, arguing that "we can hardly think Dinah and Seth beneath our sympathy." In essay, the night that Adam spends alone making the coffin involves elements of the gothic. First, when the rapping on the door first occurs, Gyp howls instead of barking as usual. Second, Eliot is careful to point out that Adam is uneasy and imagines a number of supernatural occurrences when he does not find anyone at the door. Eliot describes superstition as an unavoidable part of Adam's peasant nature. Although this may seem condescending, it is justified when Adam and Seth find their father dead the next morning--although it is as yet unclear what connection the two events might have. Although Adam Bede is quite clearly a novel, it also contains more direct commentary on human nature in general than is common in most fiction. This means that, at times, it reads rather more like a treatise than like a novel. This is another sign of Eliot's own views coming through. For example, when Adam stays up all night, he feels a great deal of resentment towards his father, and he thinks rather bitterly that the man will be a "thorn in his side" for many years to come. But when he finds his father dead, Eliot observes that "when death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity." By generalizing in this statement, Eliot indicates that a certain way of feeling not only applies to Adam but also to most humans. This is a successful way of convincing readers that a story about the working class can have implications for, or shed light on, their own lives as well. In essay, the vicar's powdered wig is a signal of old age and conservatism in his society. Eliot is careful to describe his place in the community precisely. He is well liked, but he has no burning immediate concern about the souls of his parishioners. He cannot, or will not, work himself up into an emotional state in the manner of some of the most famous Methodist preachers. By characterizing him in this way, Eliot demonstrates that there is a space left in the community for the role of leading some of the more thoughtful, religious townspeople. The scene between the vicar, his mother, and Mr. Rann has some qualities of a farce. Mr. Rann delays telling the most important news as a result of his eagerness to talk about what is most important to him. Mr. Rann wastes a great deal of time ranting and raving about the fact that a Methodist has insulted him by calling him irreligious, and he forgets to inform the vicar that a death has just occurred in his vicarage. As in a traditional farce, the characters are exaggerated according to stereotypes: the rigid, class-conscious matron; the jolly, accommodating vicar; the bumbling rustic, eager to show off his own holiness or intelligence to persons of higher position. essay shows some interesting similarities among members of the Poyser family. It draws a familial relationship between Dinah and Hetty of which the reader was not previously aware. Their relationship is not one of blood; Hetty is Mr. Poyser's niece, while Dinah is Mrs. Poyser's niece. The two girls, both love interests of the respective Bede brothers, act as foils for one another. Dinah is serious and unromantic, while Hetty is flighty and beautiful, using the surfaces that her aunt has polished to admire her own reflection.

Mrs. Poyser's nervousness at seeing the grandson of her landlord approach reflects on her position in the social hierarchy. In late eighteenth-century England, the social hierarchy was quite rigid, and everyone from the poorest farmer to the richest aristocrat knew his place

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in the pecking order. The Poysers have been viewed in previous chapters as quite high-class given their large farm. It has even been suggested that a marriage between Dinah and Seth would not quite be acceptable given the difference in social status. Problems of love and marriage across socioeconomic boundaries constitute a common theme among early female novelists, including Jane Austen and the Bronte sisters, who influenced George Eliot. Essay begins a flirtation between the Captain and Hetty. The story of a beautiful milk-maid seduced by a squire dates back to the days of Chaucer, and Eliot updates it by making the unequal nature of the interest clear from the very start. It is obvious that the seduction will succeed if the Captain wants it to, not only because he is young and attractive, but also because he is coming from such a position of power over the Poyser family. It is in his power not only to invite the family to a ball, but also to evict them from his land if he so desires. That this unequal distribution of power might affect his relationship with Hetty is demonstrated by the unquestioning acquiescence of Totty to the Captain's questions. When he asks her if she has a pocket, she "immediately and with great gravity lifted up her frock and showed a tiny pink pocket." Totty's action has a distinctly sexual undertone of obedience, and it may foreshadow Hetty's future actions. In Esaay the narrator's visible interjections become less visible. It is possible that Eliot is willing to generalize expansively about human nature, but she wants to keep her feelings about religion to herself. Critiquing religious thought and practice can be dangerous, but perhaps she is choosing to let the reader see for himself what is going on in Methodism and how it affects the rural poor. Eliot does not come down in favor of Methodism, but she gives it a very respectable and persuasive voice in the character of Dinah, which impresses even the local vicar. Although she only makes a brief appearance in this chapter, the reader must begin to wonder if Hetty is a suitable match for Adam. She is flirtatious and flighty in the previous chapters, which is forgivable in a pretty, young girl. But she now is thoughtless and uncaring to hear that Adam's father has died, which is somewhat shocking. Hetty has been extremely flattered by the Captain's attentions. She knows that many men like to look at her including Adam Bede, whom she finds quite manly, she also knows that her father would like her to marry Adam. Although Hetty did not like it when his attentions to her slipped, she is not in love with him-especially because he cannot provide her with any luxuries. She is aware that the Captain went to great trouble to see her, but she does not even conceive of marrying him. She is in awe of him and finds him "as dazzling as an Olympian God." On the way home, the Captain confesses to the vicar that he finds Hetty attractive, but the vicar responds that the Captain should not give her airs because he therefore will spoil her for an honest man like Adam. The Captain says that Adam would make a better match with Mary Burge, because then he could take over her father's business. The vicar tells the Captain to look at Mary less, because then he will want her less.

At five, Lisbeth comes downstairs with the key to the room where her husband lies dead. She performs small offices for him such as mending his shroud, thinking with a peasant's superstition that he is somehow still conscious before he is buried. She always assumed that she would die before her husband, since she is older, so she buries him under a tree that she has dreamed about being buried under herself. Seth wants to prepare her a cup of tea, which is a luxury that she seldom allows herself, but Lisbeth laments her husband,

saying that she would rather follow him in death than have a cup of tea. Lisbeth gets up to look for Adam, but Seth says that he is asleep in the workshop and that she should not wake him. She goes into the shop just to have a look at him, but Gyp wakes him up by barking. Adam was dreaming about the day›s events and adding Hetty into the picture. Lisbeth complains of her fear that Adam will marry, worrying that then she would become useless. Adam does not soothe her by saying that he will not marry, so she follows him around the house. When he goes back upstairs, she cries in the kitchen. Dinah enters, and Lisbeth thinks that she might be an angel, but she sees Dinah›s rough hands and realizes that Dinah is a working woman.

When Lisbeth finds out that Dinah is a Methodist, she is worried that Dinah will rejoice in the suffering. Dinah explains that she does not want to make light of Lisbeth's suffering but to help her bear it, and Lisbeth replies that she is welcome to stay for tea. Seth is so happy that Dinah is in the house that he has to reproach himself, because it is almost as if he were rejoicing that his father has died. Dinah remembers that she was very sad when her aunt died, and Lisbeth asks if she is an orphan. Dinah sees that her voice soothes the lady, so she tells her life story. As she does so, she cleans up the kitchen, thinking that a sense of order will help Lisbeth feel better. Lisbeth notes that she cleans well, adding that she would like Dinah for a daughter. She invites Dinah to stay the night so they can talk for a while longer. She agrees to clean her face and make herself tidy. Dinah wakes up at half past four and goes downstairs quietly, joined by Gyp. Adam has also woken up and gone to the workshop to pick out the wood for his father's coffin. Adam hears a light footstep on the stairs and imagines that it might be Hetty. Dinah greets him, Adam looks at her closely for the first time, and she feels self-conscious under his gaze. Gyp appears friendly to Dinah, and she says that she likes dogs. Seth and his mother come downstairs, and they have breakfast together as Dinah serves them. Lisbeth says that Dinah has made the porridge well. Dinah says that she can stay for one more night, but after that she has to go back to Snowfield, where the people have harder lives and need her more. Lisbeth asks her sons to make their father's coffin, saying that the noise will not bother her; no one else could make the coffin as well. She says that she wants Adam to make it, not Seth. Dinah says goodbye to Seth, adding that she will be in his house when he gets home from work, but she will have to go home soon after that. He says that he will walk her home, maybe for the last time. Adam says that he cannot blame his brother for loving her, and Seth is relieved that his secret has been found out so that he does not have to tell it. Adam thinks that it is a mystery that strong men like his brother and himself can be made weak by a woman.

Captain Donnithorne resolves to go to Eagledale to fish for a week. His character is such that he gets into predicaments but always resolves to let the burden fall solely on his own shoulders. Eliot writes that he is a "nice" young gentleman, but that one should not question the actions of such men too deeply when, for example, one is rich enough to pay to keep a woman after he has ruined her. He goes into his stables and notices with irritation that his grandfather does not spend enough on the horses to make them truly splendid. He takes pleasure in seeing his horse, Meg, however, until the stableman informs him that she has been made lame by the kick of another horse. He makes new

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plans, now to see Gawaine for lunch, so that he will be out of the house when Hetty visits his housekeeper. He changes his mind, however, and dashes back on his horse to see if Hetty is still around. He decides to loll in a tree grove that she will be sure to walk through, reading Dr. Moore›s Zeluco. Hetty comes along the path, they both blush, and the Captain begins to walk with her. He asks her why she is learning mending from his housekeeper, and Hetty replies that she would like to be a lady's maid. The Captain asks if sometimes her gardener comes to walk her back, and Hetty says that she does not like the old man. She begins to cry. The Captain puts his arm around her, and they have a loving moment until she drops her basket. After she retrieves all of the yarn, he says that he should probably let her go and then hurries away, confusing her. He hurries back to the Hermitage, knowing that he is falling in love with her and feeling angry for letting himself see her again. He resolves not to see her again, but then he decides that he must meet her once again, if only to explain his conduct earlier. The Captain dresses for dinner. Hetty wonders fearfully whether the Captain will meet her again on her way home. The housekeeper notices her beauty and worries for her, thinking that a sensible man would not take her on either as a servant or as a wife. Hetty walks home, delighting in the expectation of meeting the Captain not only because she finds him attractive, but also because of what he could give her in the future. She begins to cry when she thinks that he is not there. When the Captain sees her, he forgets his resolve to behave coldly. He asks her if something has frightened her, and then, before he knows what he is doing, he puts his arms around her and kisses her. The Captain leaves her quickly, very upset with himself. He thinks that the trees in the grove hold some sort of evil sway over him. He reminds himself that flirting with Hetty is not as uncomplicated as flirting with someone of his own class. The Captain tries to think of a way to regain control over his own actions as he always has done before, and he decides to go confess to the vicar, with whom he has a close relationship.

Lisbeth watches Seth leave with Dinah and then admits that she is sorry to see Dinah go. She wishes that Dinah would marry Seth, although she can see that Dinah does not really care for Seth since she is moving so far away. Adam says that she will fall in love with Seth eventually, and Lisbeth notes that he always sticks up for his brother. Seth and Dinah part just as Hetty is coming up the lane. Hetty likes Dinah as much as she can like another woman, although she does not understand her. Dinah is always quick to put in a good word for her to her aunt, or to take care of Totty for her. Dinah says that she has enjoyed visiting the Bedes and seeing their good relationship with their mother, noting that Adam has worked hard for his family. Mr. Poyser meets them at the gate. He is a great combination of gentleness in family life and competitiveness as a famer. He asks after the Bedes, and Dinah explains the situation. Mrs. Poyser is trying to get Totty to go to sleep as the older Mr. Martin Poyser looks on, and she scolds the girls for being so late. She tells Hetty that she can eat supper in the pantry, but Hetty says that she is not hungry. Upon Mrs. Poyser's asking, Dinah says that Lisbeth, although she does not generally like having young women around, got used to her presence quite easily. Hetty says that she will take Totty to bed, but Totty slaps her away. Mrs. Poyser asks Dinah if she can take her, which she does quite easily and without protest from Totty. Hetty is quite unconcerned

at this event. Everyone goes to bed, and Mr. Poyser gently scolds Hetty once again, saying that her aunt was worried when she was so late.Hetty and Dinah sleep in two rooms adjoining each other which have no blinds to shut out the moonlight. Hetty is quite upset with her mirror for having so many spots on it; to get a good view of herself she must press her knees against some uncomfortable brass handles. She lights two candles, takes out a smaller, hand-held mirror, and lets down her hair to brush it. She knows that she is prettier than the other young ladies around, especially the ones who have visited the Chase (the Captain's property). She puts large glass earrings on and throws a shawl around herself, but she feels vexed because her hands are coarse with work. She imagines that the Captain must want to marry her, because why else would he kiss her in that way? The doctor's assistant married the doctor's niece in secret, and then when everyone found out about it there was no use in being angry. Thus, she imagines that her own marriage must happen in the same way. She is so excited that she gets up in a hurry, and the small mirror crashes to the floor.

Eliot observes that her figure is quite lovable in its innocence, and even though she is not wise, it is plain to see that she will love her children very much because she is almost a child herself. Adam feels this way about her, as does the Captain. Eliot notes that nature is tricky in this way, because it makes us believe that a girl with beautiful, long eyelashes is good, which she may or may not be. Eliot compares Hetty to a rootless plant that would be quite happy to be resettled into a new life and to forget the old one completely. She does not care much for her younger cousins as it is, and she takes no pleasure from tending to the hens, except that she can buy ribbons for herself out of the proceeds. The housemaid, who is quite ugly, possesses a much more maternal nature than Hetty. Mrs. Poyser has noted this cold-heartedness in the beautiful Hetty and feels troubled by it. Hetty is afraid of her aunt, so she always bolts the door when she struts around in this fashion, which is just as well, because someone now taps on her door. Hetty blows out the candles and throws off the scarf. Dinah knocks again, because she heard something fall in Hetty's room, began thinking about the self-absorption of the girl, and decided that Hetty needed guidance. She tries to tell Hetty that if she is ever in need, she can find her cousin Dinah available, but Hetty misunderstands her. She thinks that Dinah is predicting that something bad will happen to her soon, and she begins to cry. Dinah mistakes her tears for a religious reaction and, pleased, she goes back to her room to pray.The Captain sets out to see the vicar early in the morning, so that he can discuss the affair of Hetty with him over breakfast. He knows that the vicar takes his breakfast alone. He runs into Adam Bede along the way, and he makes Adam very happy by shaking his hand. Adam taught the Captain some carpentry when he was a boy, which made him love the older man very much. He, too, advises Adam to enter into a partnership with Mr. Burge, but Adam makes it clear that he wants nothing to do with Mary Burge. They part ways.When the Captain arrives at the vicar's house, he finds it harder than he thought it would be to bring up the subject of Hetty. He resolves to do it, however, especially because he performed his last resolution (not to go looking for Hetty in the woods) so poorly. When he turns the conversation to the question of love, the vicar asks him directly if he is infatuated with someone. The Captain denies it, and soon the possibility to talk about Hetty passes;

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the breakfast is over.Although the narrator's opinions are not so evident in Chapter Nine, Eliot implicitly endorses some of the precepts of Methodism by showing Hetty's vanity in a negative light. All that she desires are material goods, and she prefers the Captain to Adam not because he is smarter or better-looking, but because he can provide her with these goods. This preference fits with her seeming vapidity in earlier chapters. The reader has not yet seen her interact with Adam, but it is becoming increasingly hard to believe that she is a good match for him. This essay also connects the visual sense with attraction in a way that was common in the Victorian period. Sight was considered more of a masculine trait, while touch and smell were considered more feminine. This idea might help explain the vicar's logic in recommending that the Captain avoid looking at the object of his affections.In Essay, it is perhaps even more remarkable that Dinah is able to give spiritual guidance to one old lady in her own home than to preach to an entire village, because she now is in a personal setting that can hardly benefit from the stamp of authenticity given by an established audience. It is, therefore, a testament to her character that she is able to gain the trust of the old lady so quickly. This point is especially striking given Lisbeth's immediate mistrust of anyone who is Methodist. Adam's dream uses the literary device of foreshadowing to indicate a conflict that he believes to be beginning in his life. His dream superimposes the image of Hetty onto his everyday affairs, indicating that he would like to marry her. Yet, she always is quickly followed in his dream by the image of his mother, who seems to disapprove of her. This potential conflict is confirmed in his waking life, when his mother does indeed bemoan the idea that he might get married.

Essay foreshadows a number of possible avenues that the novel could follow. Dinah takes on the role of helping Lisbeth quite easily, making the porridge and cleaning the house to her satisfaction. This is in contradiction to the statement that Lisbeth has made on a number of occasions that her happiness and usefulness would be over if one of the boys brought another woman into the house by marrying. Eliot foreshadows the fact that Dinah could make a peaceful and harmonious addition to the Bede family, but this point raises the question of which Bede brother she might marry. Until this point, a reader could have assumed that Seth and Dinah are the right match because of their shared religion. But Adam seems to affect Dinah in a way that Seth cannot, and he expresses his interest in her, although the narrator claims that beholding her is like looking at moonlight after dreaming about sunlight. Essay gives an unusual amount of depth to the usual tale of the squire seducing the milkmaid. Normally, the squire is careless if not evil, and he normally is aware of the power of his position over the milkmaid and is willing to take advantage of it. In this chapter, however, the fundamentally "nice" young man struggles with his conscience, aware of the fact that he could ruin Hetty's reputation or make her miserable.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. **What is the story of Adam Bede?**
2. **What is main theme of Adam Bede?**
3. **Why does Eliot title Her novel Adam Bede?**
4. **Who is the hero of the novel Adam Bede?**
5. **How does Adam Bede end?**

Still, his choice of reading while he waits for Hetty on the path is a subtle hint that his resolve to remain virtuous may not win out. Zeluco (1786) is a novel by Dr. John Moore about a rich Italian seducer. Despite his aspiration to have sound morals concerning Hetty, it is more than probable that the Captain will give in to temptation. In Essay, the Captain has a superstition regarding the fault of his actions--that the fault rests on the attractive grove of woods, rather than on himself. His idea is consistent with that of a spoiled aristocrat in that he looks to place responsibility on others before himself. Yet, superstition is a characteristic that Eliot has specifically identified with the peasantry (she notes that it is the peasant-like part of Adam's personality that causes him to be superstitious, rather than the artisan-like part). In any case, the Captain's lack of control over his actions should be cause for serious concern to Hetty, who is too wrapped up in her dreams of luxury to notice that she could be ruining her reputation. Eliot's main literary device for describing human nature is the extended metaphor. In Chapter Fourteen, she does not merely write that Hetty is much less intelligent than, or has a hard time comprehending her cousin Hetty, but she figuratively compares them to two different types of birds. "Hetty looked at [Dinah] in much the same way as one might imagine a little perching bird that could only flutter from bough to bough, to look at the swoop of the swallow, or the mounting of the lark." The purpose of this extended metaphor is not only to clarify the difference between the two women, but also to attach their relationship to the descriptions of the British countryside that often serve as preludes to the action in Adam Bede. The detail at the end of the chapter about Totty's preference for Dinah over Hetty once again shows the superiority of the slightly less traditionally attractive niece. The fact that Hetty does not feel offended by this preference shows her insensitivity. It also shows the extent to which she is preoccupied with her memories of the Captain. In Essay, Eliot ironically describes Hetty's discomfort in using her old looking glass, writing that "devout worshippers never allow inconveniences to prevent them from performing their religious rites, and Hetty this evening was more bent on her peculiar form of worship than usual." The idea of the female toilette as a pagan, pseudo-religious rite is not unique to Eliot. She perhaps borrowed it from Alexander Pope's mock-epic poem "The Rape of the Lock." Pope's poem describes the assault on a woman's lock of hair as tantamount to a rape, and the poem criticizes as almost irreligious the heroine Belinda's self-absorption. The dichotomy separating Dinah and Hetty into two opposite poles is reinforced in this chapter. When Dinah enters into Hetty's room, the two are compared as opposites: Hetty has a rosy face, while Dinah's is pale; Hetty wears showy glass earrings and green stays, while Dinah wears a simple white nightdress. The difference between the two girls, however, is heightened to a misunderstanding at the end of this chapter.

In Essay, the Captain has two strong male role models that could keep him on the straight and narrow path in life, but he is impeded from telling either man about Hetty. Adam, on the one hand, is much beloved by the Captain, but the Captain rightly judges that he has iron resolution, so it would be useless for him to seek advice about how to control his own resolution. In addition he knows that, as a young man, Adam may be a rival in the case of Hetty. Nevertheless, there should be no impediment to his telling the vicar about his predicament. Their relationship is balanced by the fact that the vicar behaves paternally towards him,

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while acknowledging that he is at the mercy of the younger man because he is richer. The Captain is impeded from telling the vicar about Hetty because, since he has mentioned her on a previous occasion, he is worried that the vicar will think that he is more in love with Hetty than he actually is. Also, he wants the vicar to think well of him, and he seems worried that the vicar might think less of him if he knows about the attraction to the rather silly Hetty. Eliot anticipates that her reader will be shocked by the dullness of the vicar, perhaps hoping that the vicar would be given a fine sermon to offer. She reminds the reader that her goal, however, is a faithful reprint of life as it actually is. Eliot does not want to represent people as more clearly good and evil than is the norm in real life. She admires the Dutch painters who are realists more than those who paint angels. She believes in beauty of form, but she also thinks that realism has its own type of beauty and that there are so few true heroes and heroines in the world that it would be a waste of time to devote too much written material to them.

Besides, it does not matter so much that the vicar is sound in terms of his doctrine (as Mr. Ryde will be) as that he is loved (as Mr. Ryde will not be). So the vicar is better, although he is not a very good preacher. Eliot observes that heroes are often not what they are built up to be.Mrs. Poyser criticizes Hetty for being late to Thias Bede's funeral, but she then sees how pretty she looks in her Sunday dress. The Poysers set off with Hetty, Totty, and their nine- and seven-year-old boys, Marty and Tommy. The grandfather stands by, and Mrs. Poyser remarks that the elderly are like babies, content with merely watching. As they walk to church, Mrs. Poyser comments on the quality of the cows, and Mr. Poyser delights in her knowledge and experience. They speculate about which side of the family Totty will look like, and then Mrs. Poyser says that if Dinah got some color in her cheeks and did not wear a Methodist's cap, people would think her as pretty as Hetty. But she cannot understand why her niece will not eat more and will not stop giving her money away. Mr. Poyser says that he dislikes Methodists; only tradespeople turn Methodist, never farmers.Mrs. Poyser notices that the boys are lagging behind, but she forgives them after Marty says that he has found a speckled turkey's nest. Mr. Poyser notices the fine weather and almost wishes that he could harvest his hay, but he knows that it is a Sabbath day. At the funeral the townspeople talk as much about local affairs as about the man to be buried. Hetty is crushed to see that the Captain is absent from the church, although she overhears that he is away at Eagledale, fishing.As Adam walks along the farming lanes to work at a country house about three miles away, he hears the joyful sounds of the hay makers, which seem from a distance to be a part of the natural world. People work better to song, Eliot writes, though they do not move as smoothly as birds. Meanwhile, Jonathan Burge has gone ahead on horseback.Adam also enjoys the charming weather as he walks and thinks; "it was summer morning in his heart, and he saw Hetty in the sunshine." He remembers that when he touched her hand a day ago outside the church, there was a new melancholy kindness in her face. Although she was melancholy for other reasons, to him this is a sign that she has felt sympathy with his family trouble--and that marriage is now a better prospect. Besides, Adam feels confident in his future success and ability to maintain a family, perhaps in just a year. Still, he realizes that there will be obstacles including other suitors and his mother, and she must love him if she is going to wait for him to be successful.

Adam enjoys thinking about his future until he realizes how much work is ahead. He is building a house before he has set the foundation. Moreover, he needs to become more sympathetic about human weakness and error in order to share and understand the human suffering that moderates one's goals. Clearly, he does not yet have enough money, and he needs to make serious plans for success, such as adding a little business with Seth in making furniture. The extra money would help him raise himself up. Adam starts calculating what would be done, and he again turns to dreams and hopes.Adam nears the work site and feels the energy of the laborers. He supervises and works with the laborers with the splendid energy of industry. The laborers do not know much beyond their physical reality, while Adam knows some things "over and above the secrets of his handicraft." He has been learning well in night school, can write fairly well, and has read a few books in addition to the entire Bible, including John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Benjamin Franklin›s Poor Richard›s Almanac. He also tends to remain busy with calculations and extra carpentry. He has «strong conscience and ... strong sense, ... blended susceptibility and self-command.» He is an honest workman with some of the virtues of the true gentleman. Adam wears his Sunday clothes the Monday after, and Lisbeth is upset because she guesses correctly that he is dressed up to visit Hetty. When he reaches the Poysers' farm, Mrs. Poyser asks him to go out where Hetty is picking currants with Totty and to fetch Totty in, because she is probably eating too many currants. Adam walks out and, when Hetty hears him approach, she imagines that it might be the Captain. She blushes deeply. Adam mistakes this blushing as her first sign of love for him. On the way back to the house, Hetty questions Adam about how far Eagledale is, and she is pleased to learn that the Captain could come back quickly if he wanted to. Adam is happy that she is asking him questions, and he picks a rose to give to her. She puts it in her hair. This displeases him slightly, knowing that Hetty's vanity could irritate his mother, and the flower in her hair reminds him slightly of the accessories of a prostitute. He mentions that Dinah looks very nice without adornment, and Hetty takes the flower out of her hair. Hetty puts on Dinah's Methodist cap when she gets back to the farm. Adam thinks that she looks nice, but Mrs. Poyser scolds her for making fun of Dinah, who has only just left. Her uncle makes her take off the cap.

Adam lightens the mood at dinner by complimenting the homemade ale, and then he goes to fix the family's broken spinning wheel. Adam discusses his plans of setting up his own business and designing a movable kitchen cupboard which he would sell. He leaves to go to night school, saying that he only stays up late to work extra, not to eat and drink extra. After he leaves, Hetty's family comments that she should try to catch him as a husband, because one day she might ride in her own cart. But Hetty thinks that this would be a miserable fate given her new aspirations.

Adam reaches Bartle Massey's house thirty minutes later, just in time to catch the end of night school. The schoolmaster was helping Bill learn to read. The man has a double motivation to get up to speed--his cousin can read, as can a young boy who works in his stonecutter's shop. Another beginner is a bricklayer, previously notorious, now Methodist, who wants to learn to read so that he can better understand religion. The third beginner is a dyer who wants to improve his business.

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The schoolmaster is less patient with sixteen-year-olds who are not learning their sums well. The lesson finishes, and Adam helps the schoolmaster clean up. He checks on the two pups of his dog, Vixen. The two men have a supper of bread, cheese, and ale. Bartle says that he likes the Poysers, but that there are too many women there, and he argues that a man can keep his house as comfortably as a woman can. He is better at baking and the like because he knows to measure the ingredients and has figured out that the hotter the oven, the shorter the time to bake. It is a mystery whether Bartle has ever been married, because previous to living in Hayslope he lived in the South. Bartle says that he has some news for Adam, namely that the Squire has had a stroke. Bartle thinks that if he dies, Adam is likely to be appointed steward of the forest. Adam says that the Squire is not likely to hire him in any case because he made an intricate screen for Miss Lydia once, and the Squire begrudged him the price that he asked for it and told Lydia to pay less. Adam then made a present of it, because to be paid less would imply that he had asked an unreasonable amount. The Squire sent him the money afterward, but he hated him thereafter.

Eliot steps back to explain why she has chosen the subject matter that she has. This chapter could be referred to as meta-literary, because it does not advance the plot at all but instead airs the author's literary theories.

The style of writing that Eliot supports is a sort of working-class realism. The most famous line in the novel is in this chapter: "And I would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, in which we get up early in the morning to do our daily work." Eliot holds that literary integrity stems from an exact replication of real life. The Dutch masters whose paintings she so appreciates almost undoubtedly mean people including Rembrandt and Van Eyck, who took peasants as their subjects.

In Essay, it is interesting that Eliot often puts her comments on human nature in the mouths of various characters, considering that she has already given herself a strong narrative voice in the novel. The characters who most often seem to hold Eliot's points of view are the female characters, especially Mrs. Poyser, whose commentary on old age seems to come straight from the author. This can be chalked up to the fact that while Adam Bede is a novel, it is also a treatise on both literary style and human nature.

In Essay, Eliot gives Adam a healthy variety of virtues. On the one hand he is a strong and noble laborer, sure of his craft, able to imagine perfection, able to give advice to others. On the other hand he has the moral strength of an honest artisan who makes the most of his potential each day, almost to the awe of those who can appreciate his hardworking character.

Moreover, Adam has risen above the virtue of the simple worker. He has advanced himself through schooling and through reading good books. He can think thoughts that the average laborer cannot think. Even so, during his three-mile walk, he chooses to think dreamily about the future and how he will be able to become a success in order to be worthy of marrying Hetty, rather than about the ideas he might have found in the writings of Bunyan or Franklin. Also, it is not clear that these virtues are given merely from Adam's

own perspective of self-esteem rather than from the narrator's honest assessment of his character.

Eliot observes that often men mistake the signs that a woman is in love with someone else as the signs that she is in love with him. While she claims to be a realist, opinions such as these occasionally cause Eliot to come off as more of a cynic. She also writes that Adam has no way of knowing this general truth because he has not had the opportunity to read many novels and see how women act when they are in love. This is an unsubtle self-promotion of her own work, in that she claims that her novel is not only entertaining but also educational.

The theme of costuming arises in this chapter, with Hetty's quick switch from wearing a flower behind her ear to wearing Dinah's Methodist cap. She makes the switch when she sees that Adam is displeased with her vanity; although she is not in love with him, she cannot bear to lose the attentions of any man. As transgressive as wearing a flower in her hair is, being reminiscent of prostitution, wearing Dinah's cap as mere adornment is even more transgressive because it has definite religious implications.

A lot of Eliot's novel is taken up with sorting the young Bedes and the relatives of the Poysers into various possible matches. Dinah could marry Seth or possibly Adam; Hetty could marry Adam or possibly the Captain. Chapter Twenty-One, therefore, pulls short the notion that such alliances are necessary or even advisable. By showing a bachelor whose home functions at least as well or better than that of a married man, Eliot hints at the possibility that none of the matches might work out in the end.

But even her depiction of a happy unmarried man has some flaws. First, there is the possibility that Bartle was married at some point in his life before, leaving the question of whether it is more likely to reach a happy bachelorhood only after having been married. Second, he is now in possession of a family of his own, whether he likes it or not. His female dog has given birth to pups, and because he calls her a "woman," he does have some elements of a family after all.

The Captain's birthday is at the end of July. Hetty prepares herself in her room, looking at a lovely pair of garnet and pearl earrings that the Captain has given her, which she knows she cannot wear yet. She wears a locket with locks of hair in it hidden in her bosom. Everyone walks towards the Chase, where the great party is to be held. The oldest people all come in a wagon together. The great house was from the time of Queen Anne, but it was attached to the remnant of an old Abbey at one end. Hetty is sad that she has not seen Arthur (the Captain) yet.

The Captain, preparing for dinner, thanks the vicar for his advice: only giving his tenants dinner and doing it earlier in the day, so that his house will not become a riot scene. He says that since Adam is handing out the alcohol, the party will not get out of hand. The Captain confides in the vicar that his grandfather has come around to having Adam manage the estate, although the Captain says that he still does not get along with his grandfather. Adam will dine with the large tenants, and the Captain will announce his new position at dinner. Adam is called to dine with the large tenants and feels uncomfortable leaving his family downstairs, but Seth encourages him to go. He walks up with Bartle. There was a small

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argument about who was to sit at the top of the table, because the butler felt strongly that the elder Mr. Poyser should. Bartle settles the matter with a joke: the broadest should sit at the head and the second-broadest at the foot. Thus, Mr. Poyser (the younger) gets the head and Mr. Casson gets the foot. This has put Adam next to Mr. Casson, who thinks that he is too uppity. He asks if it is the first time that Adam has dined at this table. Adam says yes and that he hopes that it is agreeable to the others at the table. A few people say that of course it is. Adam is pleased, anyway, with his seat, because he can see Hetty. Hetty is preoccupied with scolding Totty for putting her feet up on the bench because she might get dust marks on her dress. Adam cannot see the cause of her vexation, but he thinks that she looks sweet, although the moment of anger would not have looked very good on someone less pretty. Mary Burge sees Adam looking at Hetty and is glad that he has seen her out of humor because he might like her less. Hetty, knowing that Mary Burge and Adam are both looking at her, looks up at Adam and smiles brightly. Everyone stands when Arthur enters, and he enjoys the sign of respect. Mr. Poyser makes a short speech thanking Arthur and calls for a toast to his health. The Captain feels only a small twinge of conscience for having feelings for Mr. Poyser's daughter and for acting on them. The Captain thanks his tenants for teaching him so much about farming and hopes that when he is in control, he can make their lives better. Arthur also proposes a toast to his grandfather, and the tenants are forced to drink it. The Captain also praises Adam, announces him as the new manager of the woods, and proposes a toast to him and the vicar together. The vicar makes a speech, saying that the townspeople's high hopes for the Captain as a landlord will certainly be fulfilled, and that Adam is worthy of his honor. The Captain toasts Adam by saying, "may he live to have sons as faithful and clever as himself!" Adam feels moved and says that he is taken by surprise by the public tribute. He makes a small speech saying that the townspeople must not be wrong if they have such a high opinion of him, though he has only done his duty. He says that rather than thanking the Captain now, he will try to do so in a lifetime of work for him. Some of the women think that this is a proud speech, but the men like it because it is straightforward. Arthur says hello to Mrs. Poyser and compliments her on her husband›s speech. She says that it was good, especially because men are usually so tongue-tied. He cannot greet Hetty specially, and she feels neglected. He seems as far away «as the hero of a great procession is separated from a small outsider in the crowd. The official dancing does not begin until eight, but there is plenty of music around for the eager. There are contests including races and greased-pole-climbing, the prizes for which are handed out by the vicar's mother, who presides from under a marquee. The Captain talks to his godmother, who encourages him to get married--but to someone handsome and sensible. She asks who the young man helping his mother is, and the Captain says that he is Seth Bede, who may be sad because his father died in such a terrible way, although he has also heard that he was turned down by Dinah. Mrs. Irwine bows to Mrs. Poyser and asks who Hetty is. She says that it is a pity that she will be spoiled on a farmer husband who would not know the difference between her and a coarser woman, but the vicar says that the farmers do know the difference. Chad's Bess approaches the marquee, having just won the women›s race. Her love of finery

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is similar to Hetty›s, and she thinks that the prize will be a nice piece of clothing, but it is a staid flannel dress. Chad›s Bess goes under a tree and cries. She is approached by a cousin, an older woman also named Bess, who tells her not to make a fool of herself and asks her if she can have some of the material to make clothes for her boys, and Chad›s Bess gives it all to her. Wiry Ben decides to dance a hornpipe, accompanied by Joshua Rann on the fiddle, although Adam Bede tells him not to make a fool of himself. Despite the fact that many laugh at his dance, the Captain cries "Bravo!" and Mr. Poyser admires the dancing. Mrs. Poyser says that Wiry Ben must be quite light in his brain to be able to dance so well. The ball is held in the grand entrance room to the Chase. Lisbeth Bede objects to Adam being invited to the dancing because it causes him to leave his family, but when Adam says that he could apologize to the Captain and explain that his mother did not want him to attend, she says that he should go after all. Seth is happy to leave the party because all of the women in their finery remind him too strongly of Dinah, who never wears any ornaments at all. He finds the Poyser party, and Mr. Poyser encourages him to dance with Hetty. Adam, who had thought that he was not going to dance, engages her for the fourth dance, and he takes out Mary Burge for the first. The old Squire makes the rounds of the hall to say hello to his tenants, all of whom hate him. The Captain leads out Mrs. Poyser for the first dance, while Miss Lydia leads out Mr. Poyser. When he takes her to dance, Arthur squeezes Hetty's hand, which makes her pale with emotion. He imagines that she will look this way again when he breaks it off for good. Adam thinks that Hetty looks more serious and beautiful than ever and imagines marrying her. He goes to talk to her and collects the sleeping Totty from her arms. Totty wakes up and lashes out her arms, breaking the brown beads around Hetty's neck and popping the golden locket out of her dress. Adam picks it up from the floor, sees the two locks of hair, and becomes confused. As he dances with Hetty he realizes that they must have been given by some other, established, rich lover. He runs from the dance. As he walks home, he surmises that there could be nobody in her life whom he has not known about, so he concludes that she bought it with her own money and was ashamed of her vanity. Meanwhile, As Arthur dances with Hetty, he arranges to meet with her again. Two, the Captain's behavior towards his tenants is interestingly old-fashioned. He seems to take an almost feudal responsibility for them, a fact enhanced by the setting of the tenants' dinner in a room in the old Abbey. The Captain in no way questions the established social order of his society, but he wants to be--and to appear--as benevolent a master as possible. He is constantly concerned about his image in the eyes of his tenants, and he uses a possible dip in their feelings toward him as a reason that he should not continue to see Hetty (although the gift of the earrings makes it clear that he has not managed to keep this resolution). The new position for Adam shakes up the established order of the book in the same way that his father's death did. It makes him somewhat more able to marry Hetty. This new development not only frees him economically, but also it increases his social status, bringing him level with large tenants like the Poysers.

Adam's humility is highlighted at the beginning of the chapter, showing that he does not want to be elevated above his family. One moral center in this novel concerns family values, and the fact that Adam does not want to move upward socially

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without bringing the rest of his family with him is an extremely positive quality in the context of the novel. Eliot has already remarked, however, that if Hetty were invited to make a great social leap, she would do so without a backward glance. Two of Hetty's most negative characteristics are highlighted at the end of this chapter. Her vanity, the most obvious of her sins, is irritated when Totty innocently does something that might spoil Hetty's careful toilette. Her groundless flirtation is also emphasized here; she smiles winningly at Adam not because she loves him, but because she knows that a competitor is watching. She wants to retain her hold over Adam even if she does not want him for herself. all of the people in the village put on a good, happy, and unanimous face, while they are divided by social barriers and generally feel conflicted about their own troubles. The Captain is worried that if others learn about his relationship with Hetty, they will think less of him. Hetty is worried that he does not love her anymore. Adam is worried that he is letting down his family by moving to a new social sphere. There are several other worries here. What Eliot is trying to demonstrate is that, unlike natural events, social events can lend themselves to theatricality, leading people to play their expected roles instead of interacting and responding as they might do in a more natural way. The speeches of the men are weighed and judged, and despite the fact that all of the villagers know that Adam means well, some still judge his speech negatively. Rather than use the narrator to comment, Eliot brings in Mrs. Irwine as an outsider who rather impartially surveys the community. The result of this outsider perspective is a more even distribution of praise where praise is deserved. For example, she notices Seth Bede's particularity, though he is usually overshadowed by his more charismatic older brother. The short episode of Chad's Bess's disappointment is almost more like a fable than a novel. Chad's Bess is persuaded to do something that she knows she should not be doing--heating herself up too much by racing--in pursuit of some sort of finery as a prize. She is quite disappointed when she ends up with a prize that is not to her taste. This fable might do well to instruct Hetty, who is carrying on a relationship that she knows she should not in pursuit of luxury and finery herself. Chad's Bess's disappointment may foreshadow her own. Formal dancing is used in Chapter Twenty-Six in a similar way compared with dancing in Victorian fiction. That is, it is a proxy for, or a prelude to, sexual relations. Certain rules regulate the way that balls, even those as informal as the country dance, are held. Men must ask women to dance, and people may survey their possible prizes with all of the leisure of someone shopping for vegetables in a market. Men must not dance too often with the same partner, or else it will be expected that he has serious designs on her and may even be ready to marry her. For this reason, neither Adam nor the Captain dances with Hetty more than once. The fact that Adam sees the locket, which is obviously so fine as to be a gift from the Captain, suggests that Hetty's secret cannot remain a secret for very much longer. Even though she tries to hide the signs of her love, and though she is fairly successful at making others believe that her emotions are linked to men other than the Captain, she ultimately will be unsuccessful at hiding such a big secret. In the middle of August, Adam performs twice as much work as before. He has begun his work on the Captain's estate, but he also has remained with Mr. Burge until Mr. Burge can find a replacement. His hopes about Hetty are high, because she has behaved

more nicely than usual to him after the ball. One evening she goes to Treddleston to buy some things, so Adam is quite surprised to see her walking home out of her way near the Chase, but she explains that she wanted to remain outside a little longer. He walks her home, and she invites him in for a conversation with her family. He arrives at the Chase Farm late one evening and is occupied with making plans for a new farmhouse until late, so he decides to walk home by cutting through the grove. He thinks about Arthur's good qualities, which he enjoys partly because he has not read widely enough--so Adam must choose his heroes from among the people he knows. He stops to contemplate a beautiful beech at the turnoff to the Hermitage, and he sees Arthur kissing Hetty. Gyp barks, the couple see him, and Hetty hurries off. Arthur, who has had too much wine to drink, confronts Adam, red-faced. Adam understands the locket, everything, in a flash. Arthur tries to pass off the kiss as a casual encounter, but Adam says that he knows that it is not the first time. Adam calls him a scoundrel and will not let the point pass, saying that he has loved Hetty for many years and that Arthur is doing him a disservice by making love to her. Arthur has never been criticized before and does not like the feeling of it. They get in a fistfight. Adam is stronger, and he knocks Arthur to the ground. Adam waits in vain for Arthur to rise. He looks at Arthur›s face and sees no sign of life. Adam feels the vanity of his own rage in that it has not solved anything or changed the past. After a few minutes, Arthur sits up and says that he fainted. Adam tends to him, putting water on his forehead. They walk to the Hermitage to get Arthur some brandy so that he can stand the walk home. It is a surprise to Adam that the Hermitage has become so well equipped as a hideaway for Arthur. Arthur revives himself by drinking brandy with water. Adam apologizes for perhaps being too hasty, especially because Arthur had no way of knowing about Adam's secret feelings for Hetty. Arthur wants to shake hands and say no more about the matter, but Adam will not agree to do so unless Arthur ends his relationship with Hetty. Arthur says that he is leaving on Saturday, which should be enough, but Adam insists that he must write a specific letter. Adam says that he will deliver the letter himself, and Arthur somewhat reluctantly agrees to have him pick it up the next day at five. Arthur promises that he will never see Hetty again. Arthur wakes up in the morning and decides to go for a ride on his horse. He hates to witness pain. Once he gave a gardener his favorite pencil case because he kicked over the man's supper of broth. If Arthur could gain back Adam's self-confidence with gifts, then he would try to do so, but he knows that he cannot. He also feels bad for Hetty, who, upon learning that he was going away, asked if she could come as his wife. He resolves to make everything up to her with future benefits. He takes a ride on his horse to try to ascertain whether he should write the letter after all, because in his room he is having the mad thought of carrying her away. Once on horseback, he decides to write it after all. When Adam arrives at five, the butler gives him a letter addressed to Adam. He opens it, and enclosed is a letter to Hetty. Arthur wrote that this is what Adam wanted, and he has left to Adam the decision whether to give the letter to Hetty or not. Adam hesitates. He decides to feel out what sort of state of mind Hetty is in before giving her the letter. The next Sunday Adam joins the Poysers on their way to church with the letter in his pocket. He hopes to find a moment to talk to Hetty alone. After church, Adam asks to

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speak to her alone. Hetty is relieved, because she knows that Adam must have seen her kiss the Captain and feels sure that they would not have talked about it, but has been afraid that he would tell her aunt and uncle.

Hetty and Adam walk out alone that night, and Adam remembers having his hopes raised in this very garden. Adam says that he must be worried, because he has seen her being courted by a man who will never marry her. She says that he does not really know that she loves Arthur and is being trifled with. Adam says that he does know, otherwise she would not let him kiss her, and she is indeed letting herself be played with. Angrily, Hetty says that she knows that the Captain is serious about her. Adam realizes that he must give her the letter. He does, saying that he has not read it, and Hetty gains some hope again that it might not contain what he thinks. They go back into the house, Adam swinging Totty up onto his shoulders, and Hetty has no time to read the letter alone yet. Adam tries to carry the conversation with her aunt and uncle, and he is surprised at the amount of self-control that Hetty shows. As he leaves, he squeezes her hand, trying to tell her that she can always take refuge in his love. Adam reflects that she is spoiled for normal men like himself now that she has had an affair with a gentleman. He thinks that he does not have much happiness in his life. Adam runs into Seth on the way home and asks if he has heard from Dinah recently. Adam apologizes for being a bit short with him lately. Seth replies that everything is always all right between brothers. He adds that Dinah has written him a letter that he would like Adam to read. The letter is full of greetings for their mother, and it brings the news that she is moving to Leeds to preach. Adam says that she would be a great match for Seth, and it is almost like hearing her speak to read the letter. Adam says that the match would work out well and is convenient because their mother likes her so much. Adam does not reply. Hetty reads the letter from Arthur in her bedchamber. It is not easy for her to read the fancy handwriting, although Arthur has tried to write plainly. He says that he loves her and will always remember their love, but it would have been better had they not had it in the first place. He says that even if he married her, she would end up very unhappy, and that she would be happiest marrying someone of her own station. He says that if she ever has any misfortunes, he will try to help her in any way that he can. He tells her not to write him back unless she is in true distress, because they must try to forget about one another. Hetty cries, thinking Arthur cruel to write and cruel not to marry her. The candle goes out, and she throws herself on her bed without undressing. She wakes up at dawn, remembers her misery, reads the letter again, and fingers the trinkets that Arthur has given her. She thinks miserably that she must hide her sadness from her family. She at first thinks of running away, but that seems too difficult, so she plans on becoming a lady's maid. She asks her uncle for permission, but he says that farming is better for her health and that she is more likely to find a husband that way. The elder Mr. Poyser says that Hetty takes after her good-for-nothing mother. Mr. Poyser hints that she could marry Adam Bede, and Hetty begins to cry. After she goes to her room, the Poysers conclude that even the maid has more family feeling than she does. Hetty, in her room, considers why she should not marry Adam--after all, she does want a change in her life. Mr. Casson sees the stranger in top-boots ride by again. He says good morning to ascertain the man›s accent, and he says that it is foreign and cannot compare to his own

refined accent. Bartle makes fun of him, saying that despite the fact that he has worked with gentlefolks, his accent is still terrible. The old Squire visits the Poysers, a rare event. He looks at the dairy and says that he has a new tenant coming in who would like more space for his farm. He proposes a trade of some of the Poysers' farmland for some more dairy land and the exclusive right to sell butter, cream, and cheese to his family. Mrs. Poyser says that she will not consent to do more dairy work. The old Squire offers to have his servants help her with the fetching and carrying, but she refuses, saying that they would only make trouble with the girls. The old Squire changes tactics and threatens not to renew their lease in a year when it is up, because he is sure that Thurtle, his new tenant, would be happy to enlarge his farm. Despite the fact that the Squire addresses himself to Mr. Poyser, Mrs. Poyser continues to answer, following the Squire out the door as she tells him that few tenants would live with no repairs as she and Mr. Poyser have done, and she adds that everyone in the village hates him. He will do little to save his soul if he does not help his tenants. All of the Squire's own servants listen, grinning. Mr. Poyser is both worried and amused by his wife's outspokenness. She says that she could not have continued bottling it up inside of her for the rest of her life. He says that she will not be so happy when they have to move at Michaelmas when their rent is up, but Mrs. Poyser says that a lot could happen before then. Mr. Poyser says that they would be like a plant that left their roots behind them if they moved. They would never be able to thrive again.The barley crop is in, and it is already Michaelmas. Mr. Thurle did not come to the Chase, so the old Squire was obliged to find a steward. The whole town knows that this is because Mrs. Poyser refused to be put upon. Mrs. Irwine approves highly, and she wishes that she were rich enough to give the lady a pension. Hetty's attitude toward her work improves, and she does not complain when her aunt puts a stop to her lessons at the Chase. Adam begins to be hopeful because she looks happy when she sees him. Eliot observes that it is not the weakness in Adam that is attracted to Hetty, but rather his strength. It is no more shameful to be attracted to a beautiful woman than to be moved by beautiful music. The appearance of a change in Hetty's affections has made Adam more inclined to be less hard on Arthur. It looks like Adam's fortunes are on the upswing in every way now that Mr. Burge, despairing of ever having Adam as a son-in-law, has made him his partner anyway because he is irreplaceable. Now his prospects allow him to marry very soon and perhaps to build a house away from his mother's. His mother might be reconciled to this circumstance if Seth married Dinah. He is excited to tell the Poysers the news. On the second of November, Mrs. Poyser does not go to church because she has a serious cold. Mr. Poyser decides to keep her company. Adam walks Hetty home from church and tells her that he has been made partners with Mr. Burge. Hetty thinks that this goes together with him marrying Mary Burge, and that Adam is doing so because of what he saw between her and Arthur. She starts to cry, thinking of Arthur, and Adam hopefully thinks that she is crying because she is jealous that he will probably marry Mary Burge. Adam sweeps all caution away and asks her to marry him. She does not speak, but she presses her cheek against his. She agrees that he may tell her uncle and aunt. Adam and Hetty tell the aunt and uncle, who agree to help with some furniture and a dowry. Adam kisses Hetty goodnight, and there is some discussion of what house he will move to. Mr. Poyser worries that he will be turned out of his own house, but Mrs. Poyser says that the Captain will come home and make

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everything all right with the Squire. It is a busy time for Adam, but one that he enjoys, because it takes him closer to March, when he will at last be married to Hetty. It was decided that Adam and Hetty should live with Lisbeth and Seth, as Hetty had agreed. Also, Seth comes back from visiting Dinah and says that her mind is not turned toward marrying at all. Adam worries that Hetty looks unhappy sometimes, but she assures him that she is not-she is only tired because she has to do more work now that her aunt has a cold. Hetty goes to buy something in Treddleston and takes the long way home so that nobody will see her unhappy face. She sees a cold lake and considers jumping into it, but she worries that those left behind might guess the reason for an action as desperate as this. She had trusted that something would come to save her from her misery, but her marriage is almost upon her and nothing has come to the rescue. When she gets home she sees a letter from Dinah congratulating her on her engagement. Her uncle encourages her to pick up Dinah from Snowfield, but Hetty argues that it is too far off. She thinks for a bit, however, and decides to undertake the journey so that instead of seeing Dinah she can throw herself at Arthur's mercy at Windsor. Matters come to a head in Chapter Twenty-Seven when Adam finds out Arthur's and Hetty's secret. Moreover, despite the fact that they are isolated in the woods, class differences come to bear on the friendship between Arthur and Adam once again. When Arthur at first refuses to fight Adam, Adam worries that Arthur thinks that he does not have to pay for the wrong that he has done to Adam because he is of a nobler rank. When the two men do fight, the fact that Adam is a laborer gives him the decisive advantage in strength against Arthur, against whom he is in other respects well-matched. Class would also become an issue if, as Adam suspects, Arthur dies. To kill any man would be a large problem in their small community, but to kill the only heir of his landlord would be a crisis for Adam Bede. There is a decided role reversal in terms of class structure in Chapter Twenty-Eight. In previous parts of the book, Adam was all too glad to shake Arthur's hand, especially because the Captain did not deign to shake the hands of his other tenants. Now, however, Adam is in the moral right in this chapter, and he thus is in a position to refuse his social superior's condescension. Eliot illustrates her contention that even in their society, it is not the social hierarchy but the moral hierarchy that matters after all. Arthur is sufficiently penitent to realize that he has made a particularly damaging mistake, so he will agree to whatever Adam asks him to do as a result of the mistake, despite the fact that the social order dictates that it is he who should be telling Adam what to do, not the other way around. Eliot uses the common literary device of a misplaced or misdirected letter. This device is famous in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet and has long roots in literature. In Shakespeare›s play, both lovers die because of the crucial misplacement of a letter. It is not a good sign, therefore, that Adam is second-guessing whether he should deliver the letter or not. When a communication goes awry, terrible results can ensue. Arthur's character is looking still less appealing in this chapter. He cannot face reproaches to himself comfortably. He tries to place some of the blame on Adam, and he ends up placing the burden of whether to hurt Hetty by giving her the letter or not also squarely on Adam's shoulders. This is unfair because it puts two of Adam's best characteristics in opposition to one another: his love of truth, and his desire to protect those whom he loves. The Bede boys need not think only of whether a potential marriage partner is within their socio-

economic reach, but also they must consider who will fit well in their existing family. While class plays a role in social acceptance, it is important that their future wives will get along with their mother in more fundamental ways, because they all will live in the same house together.

Hetty is the only character in the novel who does not seem to be old enough or perceptive enough to understand the obvious workings of the class structure in her society. In Chapter Thirty-One, she thinks that Arthur is being cruel in refusing to marry her, rather than pragmatic. She is also not wise enough to know that whatever choices she will make now will continue to affect her for a very long time. She is desperately unhappy, so she wants a change quickly, but she does not understand that a choice to run away, to become a lady's maid, or to marry Adam will have far-reaching, perhaps lifelong, effects. Mrs. Poyser has been planning her diatribe against the old Squire for a long time, but she has never been able to muster the courage to tell him what she thinks until this very moment. She is incensed by his arbitrary use of his powers over the family, and she is sufficiently angry to cross class lines in venting this anger. Eliot engages an interesting point of view about privacy in this novel. Adam Bede focuses so much on the community that it does not seem that any feeling or action can remain private for very long. Hetty's locket bursts out of her dress, where she tried to keep it secret, just as the words burst out of Mrs. Poyser's mouth. Mrs. Poyser thinks that it is unhealthy to avoid giving vent to her feelings. This strong community and lack of privacy has also been reflected in Adam's assumption that Hetty could have no lover he did not know about because she scarcely ever leaves the farm and because he knows all of her acquaintances. Adam's life, which has been rather hard throughout the course of the novel, finally begins to look easier. Eliot interposes her own voice yet again in defense of Adam's sentimentality in continuing to love Hetty despite what she has done in the past. Eliot claims that it is a positive feature of Adam's personality that he can be played upon by Hetty's delicate beauty; this virtue seems to correspond to Adam's artistic, rather than his peasant qualities. Recall that Eliot distinguished such qualities in a previous chapter. The fact that Hetty's outer beauty does not correspond to her inner beauty is something that Eliot seems to propose that Adam has no way of knowing, although one ought to be able to infer moral beauty from one's external words and actions. Adam's inability to see Hetty's flaws clearly is likely to give him great trouble in the future. Essay contains a great deal of dramatic irony, a literary device in which readers have more knowledge about a situation than the characters themselves and can appreciate seeing the drama play itself out. Adam is extremely happy with his engagement, little knowing, as the reader does, that he is completely misinterpreting Hetty's feelings. His misunderstanding seems to work out for the best however, because it emboldens Adam to ask Hetty to marry him, something that the entire novel has led up to. Hetty's suicidal thoughts at the pond, in Chapter Thirty-Five, recall the suicidal attempt of another famous literary heroine from the 18th century: Richardson's Pamela. In Richardson's novel, he depicts the struggles of a virtuous servant girl to fend off the sexual attempts of her handsome gentleman master. The aristocrat kidnaps the young girl, shutting her up in a country estate. Rather than give in to his advances, the young heroine attempts to drown herself in a small pond on the estate, but her religious convictions

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are too strong to allow her to do so. It is the knowledge of this suicide attempt which reforms the master, making him repent of his advances to her. Eventually the two marry and are quite happy, despite their difference in class. Henry Fielding published a satirical response to Pamela (1740), called Shamela (1741). Purportedly told from Pamela›s own point of view, it is the tale of how a sexually voracious servant girl entraps her master by acting innocent. The episode of the suicide is a cleverly engineered prank on Shamela's part, designed to make her master think that she has religious sentiments. Hetty's suicidal attempts lie strangely between these two extremes. Unlike Pamela, she has not fended off the sexual attempts of her social superior with the greatest of success. As will be shown by her later contemplation of suicide, it is not religious sentiments that keep her from taking the plunge. Still, she is not at the extreme of Shamela; she has no sexual relationship with other members of the small town, and she does not think that a mock suicide on her part would bring Arthur running back to her side. Hetty is terrified at the beginning of her journey, because the coachman jokes with her about the beau whom she is traveling to find, and she assumes that he actually knows about her affairs. She is alarmed further when she finds out how much the trip will actually cost. She tells everyone that she is looking for her brother. She can no longer afford coaches, so she travels on foot, waiting for a cart to give her a lift. She stops to cry, then gets up and walks on. A round-faced man allows her to ride in his cart to Leicester, and a friendly person writes down the names of the stops on the way to Windsor for her. She goes to Stratford-on-Avon instead of Stratford by mistake. She takes a coach to Windsor. The landlord of a pub sees how forlorn she looks when she alights, so he takes her to his wife, who gives her some supper. After eating, Hetty asks the landlord where she can find the address that Arthur has given her. He says that the house is shut up and that the soldiers have gone to Ireland. Hetty faints away. The landlord's wife says that it is plain what kind of business this is, since she is a pretty, young country girl.

Hetty is too ill for the rest of the day to realize just how bad her predicament is. The next morning, she realizes that she is friendless and that all of her money is gone. She yearns to be back at home, where everything is familiar. She decides to try to sell the jewelry that Arthur has given her. But now that all of her money is gone, she cannot bear the thought of going back to Hayslope in shame. She remembers Dinah's offer to help her in case of an emergency, and she decides to consider this option if her renewed plan to commit suicide fails. She asks the landlord and his wife for help selling her jewelry, and they worry that a jeweler will give her too little, thinking that she has stolen it. They offer to keep the jewels for Hetty, giving her an advance of three guineas. If she does not write to them in two months to get them back, they will sell them. Hetty accepts this "deal," which is to her decided disadvantage. Hetty returns the way that she came, hoping to find a nice field to commit suicide in. She feels no religious compunction about contemplating this choice. She eventually finds a dark pool and stays overnight contemplating it, but she cannot bring herself to do the deed. She sleeps overnight in a hotel. A farmer wakens her and gives her directions to the nearest village. She makes up her mind to find Dinah. The ten days after Hetty leaves pass quietly at the farm, but after two weeks, everyone starts to worry. Adam decides to set out on Sunday to find her and to bring her home on Monday.

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Seth walks with Adam for the first two miles, saying that he will probably be a bachelor and fuss over Adam's children. Adam is so happy with thinking about Hetty that he feels almost reverent. He reaches Snowfield and finds the cottage where Dinah has lodged with an elderly couple. The old woman tells Adam that Dinah has gone on to Leeds. He is even more alarmed when she tells him that she has not seen Hetty. He inquires where the coach lets off, but nobody has seen Dinah and nothing has happened to the coach. Adam feels agonized by the thought that Dinah has realized that Hetty cannot love him. He wonders if Arthur has perhaps lured her away to Ireland. Adam tracks down the coachman who joked with Hetty, and the coachman tells him about the joke that did not make her laugh. Adam thinks that he will not betray her secret when he goes back to town in case she returns, but he might even follow Arthur to Ireland to see if he lured her there. It never occurs to him that Hetty would travel unbidden to Windsor, knowing as he does that Arthur is not there anymore. Adam returns home and lets himself into the workshop. Seth comes down and sees his brother looking terrible. He sobs and tells Seth that Hetty has run away. He keeps Hetty's secret, saying that she has probably run away because she could not reconcile herself to the thought of marriage. He goes to tell the Poysers and is relieved to see Mr. Poyser out for a walk as well. He tells her that he cannot figure out what Hetty did after taking the coach to Stoniton. Mr. Poyser apologizes, saying that she is not good enough to marry Adam. He says that she has probably gone after a place as a lady's maid. Adam asks Seth to explain to everyone that he has had to go on a journey quite suddenly, and he sets off to speak to Mr. Irwin. As he shows Adam in, the butler says that a strange person, who has just left, came for some unknown reason. When Adam sees Mr. Irwine, he looks distressed and has a letter open in front of him. Adam tells him the news about Hetty. When Adam says that he may have some idea about where and to whom Hetty has gone, Mr. Irwin's face looks almost eager. Adam tells him the whole history, as he understands it, between Hetty and Arthur. Mr. Irwine feels guilty remembering that Arthur seemed to be trying to confess something to him at that breakfast. He regrets that he will have to inflict more sorrow on Adam, but he tells him that Hetty is at Stoniton and has been arrested for the murder of her child. The stranger who just left is the constable who arrested her. Adam says that any wrongdoing must be Arthur's, because he was the one who taught her to deceive. Adam resolves to find Arthur, drag him back, and make him see Hetty in misery. Mr. Irwine urges him to stay to see what can be done for Hetty. They set off together to see her immediately. Mr. Irwine returns home from Stoniton that night. His butler tells him that the old Squire is dead. Mrs. Irwine rejoices that Arthur is returning, but the vicar can only groan. Adam has taken a room near the prison, convinced that Hetty is innocent. Mr. Irwine thinks that it is a hard fate that he must tell the town about the misdeeds of a boy whom he loves like a son. He tells the Poysers, who feel that it is an irreversible stain on their honor. Mr. Poyser says that he will give whatever money to lawyers that he must, but he refuses to see her again. He adds that they must move towns because of the shame. They want to send for Dinah, but nobody knows the address of the woman with whom she is staying in Leeds. The family decides to send for Seth, who will certainly know her name. Lisbeth also is wishing for Dinah's presence. Seth tells the Poysers the address to the best of his ability. By nightfall, the whole town knows the news. Bartle Massey comes to shake Mr. Poyser's hand for a few minutes, then goes to speak to

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Mr. Irwine about how Adam is doing. The vicar says that things look bad for Hetty, who denies even having had a child in the face of the strong evidence that she has had one. Bartle says that he does not care whether the woman is hanged or not, but he only cares about Adam. Mr. Irwine worries that he will violently confront Arthur. Bartle offers to go look after Adam in Stoniton and will tell Adam's family that he is doing so. On the way out, he tells his female dog that if she does anything disgraceful, he will disown her. Adam and Bartle share a room in Stoniton, and Adam looks terrible. Mr. Irwine arrives and says that Hetty is still refusing to see anyone. Arthur has still not returned. Although Mr. Irwine warns him against acting rashly, Adam says that he would prefer to commit a crime that he would be punished for rather than to stand by and let Hetty be punished for something. Mr. Irwine says that the punishment for evil has far-reaching consequences, so any evil he does to Arthur will be felt by the whole community. He should not do anything prompted by a feeling of vengeance. Adam asks if Dinah has come yet, and it seems that she has not. Adam wishes that she would come and speak to Hetty. Adam hopes that Hetty will consent to see him on the morning of her trial, so that she will give up this seeming hardness towards her jailors. Bartle comes back from the beginning of the trial with nothing decisive to report. He says that Hetty's lawyer is good, which is fitting because he has been paid a lot. There are many well-dressed women in the courtroom who stare at Hetty and whisper. Hetty did not speak when asked to plead guilty or not guilty, so her counsel pleaded not guilty for her. Mr. Poyser could barely speak when he was called as a witness, and Mr. Irwine tried to take care of him and accompanied him out of the courthouse. Adam asks if anyone has been there with Hetty, and Bartle says no. Adam decides to come back with the schoolmaster to the courteous. Adam comes into the court and takes his place beside Hetty. He looks at her and wonders why people say that she is so changed. She looks hardened, but otherwise she is the same person to him. A middle-aged woman is in the witness box. Her name is Sarah Stone, and she keeps a small shop which Hetty mistook for a public house when she came to ask for lodging. Stone took the young woman in for the night anyway. That night, a baby was born, and the woman dressed it in some baby clothes. When Sarah left the house to fetch a friend to look after Hetty, Hetty left with her baby. Adam imagines that she must have loved her baby because she had taken it; it must have died naturally. Hetty shows no emotion while she speaks, but then she starts when she hears the voice of the next witness, John Olding, a laborer who lives two miles out of Stoniton. He saw Hetty in a field looking pale. After he walked away he heard a strange cry. When he went back to investigate, he found a little baby's hand sticking out. He found the whole dead baby and went to tell the constable. When they went back to the haystack together, they found Hetty there with a big piece of bread on her lap.

Adam concludes that she is guilty. He barely listens to Mr. Irwine's testimony about her good upbringing, with which he tries to get some mercy for her. Mr. Irwine does not try to prove that she is innocent. The jury finds her guilty, and as the judge sentences her to be hanged, she falls into a fainting fit. Adam does not run to her quickly enough to pick her up, and she is carried out of the room. Arthur is not very grieved at hearing the news of his grandfather's death. He plans to show his tenants what a fine man he is--and Aunt Lydia would continue to live with him until he got married--but that event seems far in the

future. He is not worried about Hetty, having received news that Adam is to marry her, which he is quite happy about. He assumed that she had felt less about him than he had for her, and he is slightly worried about seeing her again. He resolves to do as much for Adam as he can. When he arrives at home, Arthur is not surprised to see all of the servants looking terribly sad. Aunt Lydia is the only person in the house who does not know of Hetty's fate. Arthur goes to his own room and is surprised to see an urgent letter from Mr. Irwine. The minute he reads the news, Arthur hurries to Stoniton. An elderly gentleman is standing outside the door to the prison when Dinah asks him if she can get in. The man says that he remembers her, and she asks if he is the man who stayed on horseback throughout her preaching in Hayslope. He says that he is and that he is a magistrate who can gain Dinah's access to Hetty. His name is Colonel Townley. He also tells Dinah where Adam is lodging. Dinah embraces Hetty and says that she has come to her in her trouble. They sit on the straw pallet together, holding hands. Dinah admits that she cannot save her from the death coming on Monday. Dinah says that she will stay with her to the end, and she mentions the presence of God. Hetty asks Dinah to help her because she cannot feel anything; she has gone hard. Dinah prays to God that Hetty will feel religion. Hetty finally admits to what she did. She says that she buried the baby, hoping that someone would find it, but she came back to the spot because she still heard it crying. She tried to leave the baby so that she could go back to the farm and never tell anyone why she had run away. She wanted to watch to see if anyone would come and find the baby, but she was scared when the man saw her, so she ran away. She heard it crying all night, and when she went back to the place in the morning she did not know whether to be scared or happy to think that she still heard it crying. Hetty asks if God can take away the sound of the crying in the woods. They pray together, Dinah comes to visit Adam. He thanks her for coming, and Bartle Massey seems transfixed by her face. She says that Hetty wants to ask Adam's forgiveness. It should be done today, since she will be executed tomorrow. Adam says that there is still time for a pardon, but that he will come tomorrow morning if he can find the strength. Adam and Bartle stay up the whole night. Adam cries that she is being executed on the very day that they were supposed to be married. Adam goes to the cell for a last goodbye, because there is no pardon. After Hetty asks his forgiveness, he sobs that he forgave her long ago. They kiss goodbye. Hetty asks him to tell Arthur that she has tried to forgive him as well. Adam goes back to his room. The whole town has heard of Dinah Morris, the Methodist woman who got Hetty to confess. Thus, there is as much eagerness among the multitude to see Dinah as to see the condemned woman. The crowd shouts in a sudden excitement. The rider who appears is Arthur Donnithorne, who is holding in his hand a hard-won release from death. The next day at evening, prompted by the same memory, both Adam Bede and Arthur Donnithorne walk toward the grove where they had their previous encounter. The old Squire was buried that morning. Adam decided to wind up work with Mr. Burge and move wherever the Poysers chose to move, bound up as they are in a mutual sorrow. He pauses at the beech that marked the departure into his adulthood, and he thinks for a moment about the Arthur whom he used to love, but who is dead to him now. Adam starts when he sees Arthur, in full mourning, with visible signs of sorrow. Arthur says that he is glad to see Adam and asks him to listen patiently to what he has to say. He says that he is going away to join the army, partially so that no one else

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will leave Hayslope on his account. Adam severely tells him that no present sacrifice could make up for bygone errors. The Captain begs him to stay, if only because it will incline the Poysers to stay, and Adam is at last moved, thinking that he sees signs of the old Arthur he used to love. Arthur says that if Adam ever did anything that he bitterly repented of in his life, he would understand how hard it is. Adam slowly forgives him, saying that he was too hard on his father and then repented of it when he died. They shake hands. Arthur then is compelled to make a full confession, and he says that had he known that Adam loved Hetty, he might never have done what he did; it might have saved them all. He feels terrible that he could not get Hetty a full pardon, and he worries that she might die when she is transported. He says that Dinah will stay with her until she leaves, and that he loves Dinah for doing this. He takes off his chain and watch for Adam to give to Dinah, saying that he knows that she has no use for such things, but that he would like to think of her having it. As soon as Adam leaves, Arthur goes to the trash can in the Hermitage and takes out Hetty's pink silk neckerchief. Anyone reading the novel at the time that it was published would have understood the delicate position of Hetty in traveling alone. As uncommon as it was for unmarried women to travel long distances alone at that time, it was even more scandalous at the time period in which Eliot sets the novel. Young women who traveled unprotected on the road risked the ruin of their reputations, assault, or even being pressed into service as a prostitute by older women who would gain their confidence by giving them some kind of help. To make matters worse, in Chapter Thirty-Seven, Hetty's sale of her jewelry shows a pitiful combination of basic worldliness and naÃ¯vetÃ©. She has the minimum savvy to realize that her ornaments are of some value, but as an unprotected young girl, she cannot receive their full value because she does not know how to go about selling them. She is glad just to get the bad deal that the landlord offers, because it means that she can avoid going to a shop where a jeweler might ask her uncomfortable, probing questions. Hetty›s main concern at this point seems to be to try to get away from people who know anything about her as fast as possible, and she regrets the fact that she has told the landlord the name of the man whom she was looking for. This anxiety to cover her tracks illustrates that Hetty knows that she is doing something quite dangerous and wrong. It also suggests that she might realize that someone might try to find her by trailing her. Therefore, she tries to leave behind as few clues as possible. The first small crisis was the relationship between Hetty and Arthur. The prelude to its resolution occurred when Adam found out about it. The crisis of Hetty running away is a greater one, however, and it remains to be seen how Adam's knowledge of this situation will help as it did in the other situation. Adam's guesses about his fiancé where abouts and her possible thoughts reveal once again how little he knows about her. He assumes that she has also heard that Arthur was sent to Ireland. More importantly, he assumes that Hetty would never travel so far without a specific invitation from Arthur. Angrily, Adam assumes that Arthur inveigled away his bride-to-be, an assumption that the reader knows to be far from the truth. Hetty's offstage infanticide is the crisis point that serves as the crux of the novel. Up to this point, we might have wondered where Hetty could possibly turn after her various disappointments and humiliations. There are very few references to her possibly being pregnant, so the fact will have escaped most readers' attention by Chapter Thirty-Nine. The sudden accusation of infanticide will surprise many. The one concrete reference to

her condition is when the landlady's eyes "presently returned to her figure, which in her hurried dressing on her journey she had taken no pains to conceal; moreover, the stranger's eye detects what the familiar unsuspecting eye leaves unnoticed." Read backwards, this is a clear indication that Hetty is pregnant, but in the regular course of the narrative, it could just as easily have been read as her being careless in showing more of her figure than was advisable on her trip. In Essay, despite the fact that Methodists have been reviled in the novel for their religion, Dinah is the first person who the people tend to turn to in times of trouble. Part of this choice has to do with the fact that they find Dinah immensely personally appealing, and they know that to gain part or all of her attention, they need only tell her of their great trouble. She enjoys sacrifice, so she sometimes only attends to her neighbors or family if their need is very great. Bartle's threat to his female dog foreshadows the harsh judgment that will come upon Hetty. Women who committed misdeeds of a sexual nature in that period were utterly ruined, since sexual chastity was the primary source of a woman's honor. No one thinks to reproach Arthur in this situation, because it has been assumed that sexual activity is something for men to pursue and women to defend against. In Essay, for the first time at this late stage in the novel, Mr. Irwine acts as a spiritual advisor. His advice is sound: to seek revenge is useless and hurtful to the community. Wrongs tend to multiply; he compares wrongs to the air that men share by breathing in and out. Adam's (at least temporary) agreement to do no bodily harm to Arthur demonstrates that he does hold some religious principles, despite the fact that he is not as devout as the Methodists portrayed in the novel. This activity also relieves a plot tension. Given that Hetty's kiss with Arthur ultimately led to her trial, the reader must have also wondered about the results of Adam's initial knocking down of Arthur. In Essay, due to the great stress that has been put upon him, Adam is behaving somewhat erratically. He goes to the trouble and expense of moving to Stoniton for the duration of the trial, but until this point he has not even seen or tried to speak to Hetty. It is strange that he has not attended the first portion of the trial, if not to comfort Hetty, at least to sate his curiosity about the proceedings and the question of her guilt. The effect that Eliot creates by Bartle telling the story of the beginning of the trial heightens the drama. Adam has to pull the information out of him, wanting him to describe the action in minute detail. Bartle believes that it is Adam's duty to come to the courthouse, and he throws out subtle hints in his description of the scene that this is what Adam should do. In Essay, the narrative of Hetty's murder of her child is horrifying. This chapter reads almost like a sensationalist news article telling a gruesome tale. Elements of the gothic, which were also used in the chapter about the night before Thias died, are more fully realized in this chapter. Even the wording of the testimony is inclined to make the event sound more gruesome, if possible, than it is. When John Olding says that the first thing that he found when he went back to investigate was a baby hand, the crowd gasps. They, along with the reader, imagine a chopped off, disembodied hand. This is not the case, however, because when Olding continues, it becomes clear that the hand is still attached to the body of the baby, which is partially buried. Adam's unsuccessful action at the end of the trial epitomizes his relationship with Hetty. Even after Hetty has committed the worst crime imaginable, Adam is willing to stay at her side, supporting her. Still, he cannot control Hetty's desire to do wayward things, and they cannot change the past. Thus, when she falls, she must fall

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unsupported by Adam-as painful as that may feel to him. Arthur's optimistic return home in Chapter Forty-Four is another example of Eliot's use of dramatic irony. The reader knows the news that awaits him, waiting for the other shoe to drop. Arthur, by meandering around his house, seems to prolong this process even more. His servants, knowing more than their master, are in a state similar to that of the reader, following Arthur around his home and reminding him that he has letters to read. Arthur looks shocked when he hears the news, but what he plans to do upon reaching Stoniton remains unclear.

The scene of Hetty's confession in Chapter Forty-Five is perhaps the most Gothic in the entire book. The women are in a hostile environment, a prison so damp and dark that they can barely see one another's face. Hetty's experience, like Adam's impressions on the night that his father died, has a supernatural tinge transmitted through noises. It is impossible that Hetty could have heard her buried infant crying from such a distance when she buried it. It is instead the sound of her guilt that creates the crying sound in her ears, Hetty asks God to take from her the sound of the crying; she seems to be literally haunted by her dead child. Hetty's confession also contains distinct undertones of the moral novels that some of Eliot's predecessors wrote. The confessions of former sinners, often former prostitutes (their language could pass the censors but still be semi-pornographic), constituted a common genre of fiction in the 18th and 19th centuries. They formed a tragic counterpart to the comedies of manners. Through such tales, women learned how to behave or not to behave. In Essay, Adam has refused to visit Hetty until he has seen that no pardon is likely to come. Only then does he make his final goodbyes. Hetty seems to be completely dependent on Dinah now, and Hetty can hardly seem to stand without her help. Bartle's approval of Dinah is surprising in that he is a confirmed misogynist, but it is unsurprising in that Eliot portrays Dinah as separate from, and perhaps above, other women. A crowd gathering to watch the execution of a criminal was a common occurrence in early England. Especially in such a small, rural area, a hanging was an uncommon event. Even in larger towns and cities, it was quite normal to treat a hanging as a social gathering. Women would bring their knitting and often their children, who would watch and learn their lessons. Charles Dickens ironically describes these scenes in London and Paris in A Tale of Two Cities. Here, in Chapter Forty-Seven, the crowd adds drama to the Hollywood moment when Arthur arrives with his pardon, shouting with surprise as he rides up on horseback. The meeting between Arthur and Adam in Chapter Forty-Eight shows that their fraternal bond is stronger than the love that either of them had for Hetty. Perhaps it is easier for them to make up and shake hands, but for whatever reason, they decide to drop their enmity for one another. The resolution of their argument has an important effect on the community at large, because Arthur proceeds to convince Adam to stay in Hayslope, which has a ripple effect on the others, who have thought that they should move away because Hetty has shamed them. Eighteen months after Adam and Arthur part, in 1801, Mrs. Poyser milks the cows and speaks with Dinah. Both are wearing black dresses. Mrs. Poyser is trying to convince her not to go back to Snowfield. She argues that some of the people in Hayslope whom Dinah helped to find religion will go back to sin; Chad's Bess will go back to wearing finery. Dinah admits that she is leaving to avoid personal temptations, not purely to help others. Adam comes

to the house carrying Totty. He asks Dinah to stay with his mother, who is ailing. Mr. Poyser comes in, they all have tea, and Mrs. Poyser announces the news that Dinah is leaving again. Dinah flushes, and Adam says that he thought that she had come to stay for good this time. Adam defends her, saying that whatever she has decided is right, which makes Dinah cry and leave the table. When Totty brings her downstairs after Adam has spoken to the Poysers about his businesses, she is ready with her bonnet. Totty informs her mother that when she went upstairs Dinah was crying and praying "ever so." Dinah and Adam leave together. Adam does not ask to take her arm, since he has never seen her walk arm in arm with Seth and thus assumes that it is disagreeable to her. Adam wonders aloud that she cannot make the Poysers' home her permanent home--with no interest of his own, merely thinking of his brother. He tells Dinah that he still wishes that she would marry his brother, to which she makes no answer. Dinah asks if he has heard from Arthur, and Adam says that despite the coming peace he has decided to stay in the army. Seth runs into the two of them and sees that there is a look of emotion on Dinah's face, but none on Adam's. When Lisbeth sees her, she asks her why she has been crying. Adam, who has not yet gotten over his unhappiness fully, works at some figures while Seth reads a book. Dinah gets up early the next morning to clean the house, as does Seth. As she dusts, she looks longingly at Adam's papers and asks Seth if Adam is bothered when people dust among them. Adam himself answers that he becomes very wrathful if they are not returned to the same place. Dinah blushes deeply, and Adam thinks that she is displeased by him. He asks her if something is the matter, and she says no. He says that he really thinks very highly of her and does not want her to misunderstand what he said yesterday about being happy that she was going. Lisbeth begs her not to go, saying that perhaps Seth was not good enough for her, but Adam could be made to like her if she stops for a little while longer. After she leaves, Lisbeth complains to Seth that she would not have gone if Adam were more fond of her. Seth asks if she has said anything about the matter, but Lisbeth says that she can tell. Seth says that she should not tell Adam, because it will only make him uneasy if he does not feel the same way. On Sunday morning, Seth goes to hear a preacher, and Lisbeth is left alone with Adam. Adam reads the Bible, and his mother remarks that an angel in the illustration looks like Dinah. Adam says that this is so, but Dinah is prettier. Lisbeth asks Adam why he does not marry her and says that he should ask her. Lisbeth says that she is sure that Dinah loves him. Adam goes out walking in the fields and wonders if Seth would be hurt. He does not think that he would be, because he has never been jealous that Lisbeth loves him better. He meets Seth as he is coming home from Dinah's preaching. Seth tells Adam that there was a naughty boy who ceased to be bad once he heard Dinah's voice, then went up on the platform and pulled at her until she took him onto her lap for the rest of the prayer. The boy's mother cried to see it. Seth gives his consent to Adam regarding asking Dinah to marry him, after he guesses that this is what he means to do. Adam goes over to the Poysers' farm. Dinah blushes in surprise at seeing him. She says that she hopes that Adam's mother is well. He says that he loves her with his heart and soul. She turns white with a painful joy, but then he says that they must part anyway. He asks her if she feels for him as if he is more than a brother. She says that she does but that she is afraid that this feeling might draw her away from ministering to others. Adam asks her what could be more holy than their mutual feelings, adding that he

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will not stand in the way of her good work. Dinah says that she must go away for the time being, so that her duty might become clearer to her. They go out to take a walk together, arm in arm. The Poysers see them together on their way back from church--and guess the truth. After overhearing his parents' conversation, Timmy runs up to Dinah and says that his mother told him that she will never marry anyone unless he is a Methodist and a cripple. Mr. Poyser says that he could forgive Adam for missing church if he could convince Dinah to stay. He says that they both must come to the Harvest supper on Wednesday. On Wednesday, Adam returns home from work, hoping that he can fix a time to visit Dinah in Snowfield. Upon reaching the Poysers' home, he is alarmed that Dinah is not there. She has left already. Mr. Poyser watches half-witted Tom Saft enjoy his beef dinner with great amusement. Tom seems like something of a jester around the farm. Besides him, Mr. Poyser considers that he has the best servants and farmhands around. After the dinner, they all sing a song together. They drink a good quantity of ale as they do so. The conversation turns to politics, and Adam says that the French are not all so weak as everyone else thinks--otherwise Lord Nelson would have no honor in beating them. Bartle asks Adam why he was not at church, and when he finds out that it has to do with Dinah, he reproaches him. Though he was very taken with Dinah, Bartle argues that all women are the same. He gets into a heated argument with Mrs. Poyser over the point, which is interrupted by some awful singing by the servants. Adam and Bartle agree to leave together. Adam understands Dinah's reasons for leaving--her feelings towards him were getting too strong. Adam writes her a letter, but he burns it and decides to go to Snowfield himself. On the way along the same road that he once walked to try to find Hetty, Adam understands that his love for Dinah is deeper and better. He rides where the people whose house she lives in have told him she is preaching, then waits for over an hour on a hill. As she mounts the hill, she stops to look back over the village. Adam calls out to her, and she comes to embrace him. She says that it is God's will that they must marry, because she lives a divided existence without him. A little more than a month later, Adam and Dinah are married. It is a community-wide event. For once, Dinah does not wear black. She wears a gray dress in the Quaker style. There is a small tinge of sadness in Adam's great joy, which Dinah recognizes but does not begrudge him. consents to attend the wedding, although with great protest against weddings in general.On the way home, Mr. Irwine says that it will be a bit of good news to write to Arthur.

Epilogue

Near the end of June in 1807, Dinah comes out of the yard that used to belong to Mr. Burge and which is now Adam's. She calls to Lisbeth, age four, who runs to her mother. Seth exits the house with his nephew Addy, age 2, riding on his shoulders. They walk down the road to meet Adam, who is returning from his first meeting with Arthur in a long time. Hetty died on her way back to the village some years before. Adam looks affected and says that Arthur looks much worse after the fever, though he still smiles like he did when he was a boy. Dinah regrets that she has never seen him smile, but Adam says that she will tomorrow, since he has invited Arthur to come and see her. He was pleased to hear that she still uses his watch--and said that he would probably turn Methodist as soon as he heard her speak. Adam told him that she does not preach any more because the Methodists

have prohibited it. Seth says that this is a pity and that they should have left to join the Wesleyans. But Adam says that the new rule is wise because some of the other women did more harm than good with their preaching. Adam says that Arthur is also going to the Poysers' home with Mr. Irwine. During Adam's visit to the Poyser farm, what Eliot has been foreshadowing for a number of chapters now becomes obvious: Dinah is in love with Adam. This is quite interesting given that Dinah said to Seth and repeated on a number of other occasions that her religious work prevents her from having a marriage and family of her own. So, either she has changed her mind about the stringency with which she wishes to attend to her religious beliefs, or perhaps she has found a way to make them compatible with marriage. Dinah is still struggling with her own balance between the idea of being in love and maintaining her commitment to her religion. When she says that she is leaving her aunt's house to avoid temptation, it is quite clear that this temptation is Adam. By phrasing her attraction toward him as a "temptation," Dinah implies not only that she respects him and wishes to have a family with him, but also that she has lustful thoughts about him-something that must be quite unsettling for such a religious woman. In Essay, the scene in which Adam and Dinah walk home together feels painful to read in that Adam is unintentionally hurting Dinah. Adam is blissfully unaware of Dinah's feelings toward him, and he does not realize how indelicate it is to raise the issue of her feelings for his brother. At this point in the novel, it is difficult to see how there could be a comic resolution, because it seems that even if Adam were to become agreeable to a relationship with Dinah, his brother's feelings would stand in the way.

In Essay, Lisbeth takes on the role of the wise fool. She has done nothing but interfere for the entire novel-making Adam feel guilty for the good fortune that he has enjoyed, and nagging her two boys incessantly. She finally shows a sign of usefulness to the plot by saying what at this point is clear to everyone but Adam. She is painfully blunt with Dinah, begging her to stay in case her presence could convince Adam to fall in love with her. Seth's lack of jealousy is almost unbelievable. In the end, he embodies a figure that is almost more religious than Dinah in that he puts others' happiness entirely before his own. When Adam asks Dinah to marry him in the next chapter, she begins to behave like a woman rather than a religious figure for the first time in the novel. Like Hetty, she blushes and dreams at the thought of the man she loves. Unlike Hetty, though, Dinah controls her desires, thinking that they will be detrimental to her religious practice. By this point in the novel, Eliot's readers are likely to sympathize deeply with Adam, whose courtship of Dinah is more realistic and acceptable in some ways than his infatuation with Hetty was. This makes Dinah's refusal to accept him seem unreasonable and too ascetic and self-denying, another implicit criticism of the Methodist lifestyle which, in other parts of the novel, Eliot seems to be on the edge of endorsing. In Essay, the scene of the Harvest dinner at the Poysers' farm recalls the scene of Arthur's birthday party at his estate. Both are decidedly pastoral in tone. The pastoral mode in literature celebrates the common man by giving him a veneer of cleanliness and outdoorsiness. The rougher characters are portrayed as clowns or buffoons, as Wiry Ben was when he danced at the Captain›s birthday celebration. Here, the rougher servants of the family are exaggerated as comic, even down to the «half-witted» Tom Saft. In Essay, in which Adam follows Dinah to Leeds, is heavily moralistic.

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Aware that her novel is drawing to a close, Eliot takes care to reiterate the values that she has tried to impart in her long work. To contemporary readers, her manner may seem heavy-handed. She reinforces the fact that her work focuses on the common man by having Dinah return from preaching to the working class in a newly industrial city. She reinvokes the pastoral backdrop by having the two meets on a beautiful rural hill in order to exchange their loving vows. Most of all (though it is somewhat reductionistic to make the claim) she seems to assert a Christian humanism (if not a secular humanism) over Dinah's earlier ascetic Christianity, now that Dinah is deciding to start a family. What is more, with the denomination's new rules against women preachers, Dinah is excluded from the full religious life she once had. The structure of the novel is built around the marriage between Dinah and Adam. Eliot mixes comedy with tragedy by having most of the novel describe Hetty's tragic flaw (her vanity) and her subsequent downfall. Like the comedy of manners in predecessors like Jane Austen, Eliot has her novel end in a marriage that is advantageous to both parties. Therefore the novel seems to qualify as a comedy. Unlike Austen's characters, however, Adam and Dinah remain on the fringe of poverty and have a very modest wedding. The epilogue is suggestive of Eliot's idea of an ideal society. It also functions, as was the fashion in Victorian novels, to tie up all of the loose ends and reveal what the characters do later in life. Having repudiated Christianity at an early age, Eliot seems to have chosen family values and the connections between man and nature as her subject. The comedy began with two possible pairs, but the numbers shifted with Hetty's exile and death. Three people--two men and a woman--is an awkward number with which to end a comedy, but Eliot tries to manage the impossibility of a double marriage by writing of Seth's non-jealous forgiveness of his brother. This unrealistic state of emotions has been identified as one of the few weaknesses in a magnificently constructed plot.

4.4 CHAPTER SUMMARY

Adam Bede follows four characters in the rural village of Hayslope in 1799. It opens with the Bede brothers, Adam and Seth, at work in a carpentry shop. The other men tease Seth about his Methodism and the fact that he is in love with Dinah, the Methodist preacher. Dinah preaches in Hayslope that night and captivates even her skeptical audience. Seth walks her home and asks her to marry him for the second time, but she refuses, saying that it will interfere with her preaching. Adam returns home to his mother, who is worried that his father is not yet home because he has promised to make a coffin for the next day. Thias Bede used to be an honorable man who taught his sons carpentry, but he has become a drunk in the last few years. Angry with his father, Adam stays up the whole night to complete the work on the coffin. He hears a strange rapping on the door, but nobody is there. Captain Arthur Donnithorne visits his mentor, the vicar, and tells him about Dinah's preaching. They travel together to visit the Poyser farm so that the vicar can meet Dinah. At the Poysers' farm, Mrs. Poyser's niece, Dinah, and Mr. Poyser's niece are living with their aunt and uncle. Captain Arthur Donnithorne, whose aristocratic grandfather is the Poysers' landlord, asks to see Mrs. Poyser's dairy, while Dinah impresses the vicar by explaining to him why she feels called to preach. In the dairy, Arthur flirts with Hetty and ascertains that she walks alone to his estate to learn lace-making from his housekeeper. In the morning, Adam sets out to the village pub to find his father, but he finds him face-

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down, drowned in a stream. The news of the Bedes' misfortune spreads fast around the village, and Dinah visits Lisbeth Bede to comfort her. Despite the fact that she does not usually like Methodists--or any young women who she suspects could take her place in her sons› affections--Lisbeth takes to Dinah. She stays overnight with the Bedes to help Lisbeth. Arthur intercepts Hetty in the woods on her way to his estate. He flirts with her and kisses her. After she goes home, he decides that it is not a good idea to lead her on, and he resolves not to see her in the future. That night, Hetty dreams of marrying Arthur, becoming a gentlewoman, and owning beautiful women. Dinah surprises and frightens her by knocking on her door and saying that if she is ever in trouble, she should come to Dinah. There is a well-attended burial service in the parish for Thias Bede. Adam visits the Poysers afterward to continue his well-established courtship of Hetty. Hetty's uncle and aunt both approve highly of the match, but Adam is frustrated because he cannot tell whether Hetty loves him or not. After this visit, he attends night-school, where he is learning mathematics to improve his skill at carpentry. Bartle Massey, the schoolmaster, tells him that he would be better off to stay a bachelor. When Adam says that whatever she chooses will be right, she begins to cry. He brings her home to his mother, who is ill and wanted to see Dinah again. Dinah blushes every time that Adam talks to her, and Seth and Lisbeth see that she is in love with him. Lisbeth informs her son, who, after asking his brother's permission, asks her to marry him. She refuses, saying that her first priority is religion. She leaves for Leeds to preach. After she has been gone for a few days, Adam follows her to where she is preaching. He meets her on a hill, and she admits that she has been listening to her heart and what God is trying to tell her--and that it is to marry him. The two marry, and the epilogue depicts them living happily with their entire family, including two children.

4.5 REVIEW QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **Are Hetty and Dinah polar opposites, or do they have some characteristics in common?**
2. **What are Adam Bede's virtues and vices? What would make him ideal?**
3. **Analyze the scene of the great party at the Chase. In what way is Arthur a modern landlord? A feudal one?**
4. **Examine the presence of Methodism in this novel. What might you infer about Eliot's opinions about the denomination and of religion in general? Which characters seem to agree or disagree?**
5. **To what extent does the novel serve as a treatise on human nature? For example, does it teach about how people tend to behave when they are in love, jealous, lost, and so on, or should we read every character as fully idiosyncratic?**

LONG ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **Analyze the relevance of British class structure in the novel. Does Arthur abuse his powers as an aristocrat? Which members of the working class**

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seem to be acting out of place in the heirarchy? Do the events of the novel seem to reward or punish those who make good use of the hierarchy or who break out of it?

2. **Why does Eliot use the personal pronoun "I" in this novel? Does she ever express her own opinion through any of the other characters? How does the narrative itself suggest Eliot's opinions?**
3. **Eliot writes: "I would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, in which we get up early in the morning to do our daily work." Her novel proposed a new type of literature that examined the common people rather than heroes. Does she abide by her own rule? Which of her characters does she tend to glorify?**
4. **Vanity is important to several characters in the novel, although the Methodists in the novel particularly condemn it. Is vanity part of Hetty's tragedy? How does it help or hurt the various characters who are sometimes guided by it?**
5. **Bartle Massey suggests a vision of family life alternative to marriage. Is his idea of a bachelor household feasible? Is it attractive to Adam or anyone else? Is it related to Dinah's choice (until the end) to remain unmarried herself?**

4.6 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. **What is Adam Bede's profession?**
   a. Wheelmaker
   b. Carpenter
   c. Aristocrat
   d. Dairy Farmer
2. **Who is the old Squire's heir?**
   a. Arthur Donni throne
   b. Seth Bede
   c. Adam Bede
   d. The Vicar
3. **What is Adam's mother's name?**
   a. Anne
   b. Lisbeth
   c. Dinah
   d. Hetty
4. **Who is a Methodist preacher?**
   a. Adam
   b. Dinah
   c. The Vicar
   d. Seth
5. **What is the piece of work that Thias has forgotten to work on?**
   a. A Coffin
   b. A House

c. A Table
d. A Door

6. Who is most affected by Dinah's speech?

a. The Vicar
b. Chad's Bess
c. Hetty
d. Adam

7. What does the stranger say that Adam looks good for?

a. Beating the French
b. Carrying a Coffin
c. Working
d. Marrying Young

8. Adam Bede is in love with

a. Hetty
b. Mary Burge
c. Dinah
d. Mrs. Poysor

9. Seth Bede is in love with

a. Hetty
b. Lisbeth
c. Dinah
d. Mary Burge

10. Adam's dog is named

a. Avixen
b. Juno
c. Gyp
d. Sam

♦♦♦♦♦

UNIT V

JANE AUSTEN: EMMA

STRUCTURE

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5.1 LEARNING OBJECTIVE

- This **lesson** introduces **students** to **Jane Austen** posthumous **Emma**.
- Analyze the characters in the novel
- Study the use of humor and pathos in the novel
- Analyze the structure of the novel

5.2 AUTHOR INTRODUCTION (JANE AUSTEN)

Austen is best known as a consummate novelist of manners. The author of six novels, Austen depicted a small slice of English life during the Regency period, a time marked by the Napoleonic Wars, the early growth of the English Empire, and an economic and industrial revolution that was countered by a cultural emphasis on all things proper, elegant, genteel, and truly "English." Austen captured this moment in great detail, focusing narrowly on the lives of the landed gentry in rural England and—more particularly—the little triumphs and defeats faced by the young women attempting to secure their future survival through respectable marriage. In such works as Pride and Prejudice (1813), Emma (1816), and Mansfield Park (1814), Austen employed wit, irony, and shrewd observation to advance the literary status of the women's novel and to address the social and political concerns of nineteenth-century men and women. The daughter of the Reverend George Austen and Cassandra Leigh Austen, Jane Austen was born December 16, 1775. She was the seventh of eight children and the youngest of two daughters in the middle-class family, then living at Steventon Rectory in Hampshire, England. As the parson's daughter, Austen mixed frequently and easily with the landed gentry of rural England. Among the Austens's neighbors was Madam Lefroy, wife to a parson and sister to an aristocratic squire fond of books. Lefroy, who wrote and published poetry, took a special interest in Austen's education, and encouraged her intellectual development. At home, Reverend Austen entertained the family by reading literature aloud and guided Austen in choosing books from his large library and local circulating libraries, while James Austen, Austen's eldest brother, directed the family in amateur theatricals. Between 1783 and 1786, Austen received formal schooling, first at a boarding school at Oxford, then at the Abbey School in Reading. Around the age of twelve, Austen began writing children's stories. She stayed at Steventon until 1801, reading, writing, and participating in the Hampshire social rounds of balls, visits, and trips to Bath. Austen never married, but in 1795 fell in love with Thomas Langlois Lefroy, the nephew of her mentor Madam Lefroy. Madam Lefroy, however, disapproved of the match, thinking Thomas would lose his inheritance if he married the penniless daughter of a clergyman, and sent her nephew away. During these last years at Steventon, Austen began several early drafts of her mature works. She wrote her first novel in 1796 and 1797; "First Impressions" was sufficiently polished that her father attempted to publish it, but it was turned down. She would eventually revise it as Pride and Prejudice. Her next attempt was a novel she titled "Susan," and though she was able to sell it to a publisher in 1803, it was never published in its initial form. She eventually revised it further, and the book was published posthumously as Northanger Abbey (1818). Austen's authorial efforts were interrupted by a series of tragedies: in 1804

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Madam Lefroy, who had remained her close friend, died in a riding accident, and in 1805 her father died, leaving Austen, her sister, and her mother with no means of support. They became dependent on her brothers, who jointly maintained the women in Bath until 1806, when Frank, a naval officer, invited them to live at his home in Southampton. In 1809, they moved to Chawton Cottage, on her brother Edward's estate in Kent. There, Austen worked on Sense and Sensibility, finally succeeding in getting her first novel published in 1811. During the first several decades after Austen published her novels, her work received little commentary. After the 1870 publication of her nephew's Memoir of Jane Austen, however, interest in her works increased. James Austen-Leigh's Memoir inaugurated a worshipful, nostalgic brand of Austen criticism. Adoring critics praised Austen's characteristic authorial traits, especially the elegance of her prose, but offered no thorough critical analysis of her works. Subsequent studies of Austen therefore reacted strongly to counter this tendency, emphasizing the technical flaws in the novels and dismissing what scholars considered the narrow, trivial world about which she wrote. A pronounced move toward a more balanced, objective mode of criticism came in 1939 with Mary Lascelles's focused attention on the technical and thematic aspects of Austen's work. With the advent of feminist criticism, critics again reexamined Austen's novels. Margaret Kirkham portrays Austen as a proto-feminist who purposefully argued in her novels against the social, political, and economic limitations placed on women by patriarchal English society. Susan Fraiman differs in her assessment of Austen's treatment of women's issues. She notes that although Austen's heroines are often witty and independent, offering an observer's perspective on women's inferior position in society, by the end of the works the heroines are reincorporated back into patriarchal society, no longer free agents and independent thinkers but wives subsumed by their husbands' households. Political and feminist scholarship on Austen's novels was further invigorated by the rise of postcolonial criticism. Moira Ferguson contends that Austen's novels offer a reformist critique of imperialism and finds a close link between the reformist impulse and women's status in English society.

5.3 EMMY BY JANE AUSTEN

The first chapter introduces the novel's title character and protagonist, Emma Woodhouse, a twenty-one year old heiress and the youngest of two daughters. Emma's mother died long ago, leaving Emma to be brought up by Miss Taylor, a governess who "fell little short of a mother in affection." However, at the novel's beginning Miss Taylor has just married Mr. Weston, leaving Emma contemplative and lonely. After the wedding, Emma is alone playing backgammon with her father, a hypochondriac who tends to overindulge his daughter. They are joined by Mr. George Knightley, a wealthy neighbor whose brother had married Emma's elder sister. They discuss Miss Weston's marriage and confirm that Emma will miss her friend. Only Mr. Woodhouse pities Miss Taylor, absurdly thinking that she must be unhappy to be married and thus separated from the Woodhouse household. Emma tries to take credit for the marriage, claiming that she matched Miss Taylor and Mr. Weston. Within the first few paragraphs of the book, Austen gives the reader a clear sense of Emma's character. While she is "handsome, clever and rich," she is also spoiled and self-centered, less concerned with Miss Taylor's new happiness than

her own loss of a companion. Austen also identifies the main problem of the book and the arc of Emma's development: Emma must learn to be a better person with greater respect for others. Mr. Woodhouse is presented as partially to blame for Emma's self-absorbed nature: his constant complaints and focus on what he perceives to be his numerous burdens has given him a narrow view of the world that Emma has come to share. Here we find a view of Emma's world. It is one of leisure, in which she spends time drawing, visiting with friends, or playing games, but more importantly, Emma's world is static and orderly. There is little change in her life, and what changes occur, in this case the marriage of Miss Taylor, greatly disturb her. When Emma desires change (as when she suggests that Mr. Elton should be married), it is to set things in greater order. Emma's viewpoint predominates the novel, and Austen gives her perspective on nearly every event, but it is not the only perspective. The novel is told from the third person, which gives Austen the ability to critique Emma's own behavior. The character Mr. Knightley serves this same purpose, acting as the voice of sound judgment in the novel and pointing out where Emma is faulty in thought or action. This chapter clearly juxtaposes Mr. Knightley with Mr. Woodhouse, with Mr. Knightley representing a sensible view of the world in contrast to Mr. Woodhouse's unduly occupation with his own feeling and comforts. This chapter begins with the background of Mr. Weston, who was first married to a Miss Churchill during his youth. Miss Churchill was of a higher social status and lived a life beyond what the couple could afford, a fact that contributed to their unhappy marriage. She died only a few years after their marriage but left a child to be raised by Mr. Weston. Lacking the financial stability to care for a child, Mr. Weston sent the boy to be raised by his late wife's relative. The child, now grown and having adopted the name of those who raised him (Frank Churchill), keeps in contact with Mr. Weston and is considered a curiosity to those in Highbury. An important consideration in Emma and, Jane Austen's novels in general, is social status, particularly when it concerns marriage. Part of the reason that Mr. Weston's first marriage failed is that he married a woman who was accustomed to a different life style. Although the marriage benefited Mr. Weston socially, he suffered from his wife's inability to lower herself to his level. The story also details some peculiar aspects of marriage and courtship during the time period: in this case, Miss Churchill's parents took offense to her choice of partner and promptly cut her off without any inheritance. This severe decision foreshadows some of the problems that Frank Churchill will encounter from his family when he decides to marry, especially if he chooses a woman who is not deemed to be his equal. Another recurring theme in the novel is the relationship between profession and social status. Mr. Weston is below only the Woodhouses and Mr. Knightley in terms of social rank in Highbury, but this was not always the case. Mr. Weston had to climb the social hierarchy, moving from the military up to trade and then finally establishing himself as the owner of an estate. Other than the nobility, the highest members of British society were people who had owned property and did not have an actual profession. Working, whether as a clergyman or governess or merchant, denotes a lower social rank. This chapter introduces a number of minor characters, including the impoverished Mrs. Bates and her daughter, Miss Bates; Mr. Elton, a local clergyman; Mrs. Goddard, the mistress of a boarding school; and most importantly Harriet Smith, a young girl whom Emma takes under her wing. Emma takes it upon herself to improve Harriet, starting

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with an adjustment of her choice of acquaintances, specifically the Martin family. The best and worst of Emma Woodhouse is revealed in her attempts to improve Harriet Smith. She has good intentions toward Harriet and genuinely wishes to help the young lady by introducing her into society and finding her a suitor, but Emma is also meddlesome and condescending. She assumes that she is the most appropriate person to "improve" her friend and has no qualms in persuading Harriet to go against her personal feelings. Emma immediately assumes that the Martins are inappropriate friends for Harriet, solely based on their social status and common upbringing. Mr. Knightley, however, thinks very highly of the family, despite their profession. The chapter also clarifies the social hierarchy of Highbury society. The Woodhouses, the Westons and Mr. Knightley are at the top, since they own the largest estates. Below them in status is Mr. Elton, who is important in Highbury not because of wealth but because of his position as the vicar. Mrs. Bates, as the widow of the former vicar, also retains some status, though she has little money. At the lowest rung of society are single women such as Harriet Smith and Miss Bates. Miss Bates takes part in social functions because of her mother, but Harriet is only allowed among the better persons of Highbury because of her connection to Emma. Parentage is crucial for determining a character's social status, and Harriet does not know who her parents are. Emma assumes that Harriet's father must be a gentleman, and, because of her own social status, she can determine who is included. Emma introduces Harriet Smith into her social circle, using her as a companion to replace Mrs. Weston. Harriet is unable to tell Emma anything about her parents as Mrs. Goddard given her little information, but Emma is easily persuaded that Harriet's father was, in fact, a gentleman. Emma grows increasingly concerned about Harriet's connection to the Martin family when she discovers that Robert Martin, the son, may have romantic interest in Harriet. In conversation with Harriet, Emma attempts to belittle Robert Martin as uneducated, not handsome, and too young to marry. After Emma briefly meets Mr. Martin, she promptly informs Harriet that he is plain and clownish. She encourages Harriet to compare Robert to better men such as Mr. Weston or Mr. Elton and privately wonders if Mr. Elton might be a more appropriate match. After all, although he does not have low social connections, he does not have a family who would object to Harriet's doubtful birth.

Harriet Smith reveals herself to be the perfect case for Emma: she impressionable and naïve and dotes upon Emma. She serves as a replacement for Mrs. Weston as a companion, but unlike Mrs. Weston, she does criticize Emma or attempt to improve her in any way. Instead, she flatters Emma in every way. Significantly, it is because of Harriet's dissimilarities from Mrs. Weston that Emma selects her to be a friend. Since she cannot find a suitable replacement for Mrs. Weston, she decides to find a different sort of relationship. Instead of finding another teacher, Emma finds a student of her own. The reason that Emma gives to dissuade Harriet Smith from a romance with Robert Martin is significant. He lacks proper manners, with his "awkward look," "abrupt manner" and "uncouthness of a voice." She does this through contrast: Robert Martin lacks the grace and breeding of Mr. Knightley, Mr. Weston, and Mr. Elton. But for Emma, "manners" actually mean status. She disapproves of Robert Martin before she has even met him, simply because he is not a gentleman. Emma's judgmental decision about Robert Martin brings

up a recurring theme in the book: the relationship between status and manners. She emphasizes the fact that Mr. Knightley and Mr. Elton have manners that befit their social situation. Each place in society has manners that are proper to it: behavior that might be acceptable to a woman such as Emma might not be appropriate for a woman such as Harriet Smith. Mr. Knightley and Mrs. Weston discuss Emma's new friendship with Harriet Smith. Mrs. Weston approves of the friendship, believing that it will be beneficial to both. Mr. Knightley, on the other hand, believes that Harriet will do nothing to stimulate Emma on an intellectual level. More over, Harriet will do nothing but flatter her, something with which Emma is already well-acquainted. Mrs. Weston's position as a governess was ideal preparation, Mr. Knightley argues, because it trained her to think of others and often submit her own will. Still, he praises Emma for her beauty when Mrs. Weston presses him. More than any other character in the novel, Mr. Knightley expressed the author's views on each character. While other characters are overwhelmed by social status and wealth, Mr. Knightley is able to recognize personality traits and the truth of each character. In this chapter, Mr. Knightley takes the opportunity to point out Emma's flaws, an action that he will repeat consistently throughout the novel. Not only does this criticism contrast sharply with the way that Emma is treated by everyone else in the novel, but it suggests that Mr. Knightley may have deeper feelings for Emma. He is greatly concerned with Emma's behavior and worries that she has been misguided by those around her. Therefore, when Mr. Knightley tells Mrs. Weston that Harriet Smith is not an appropriate friend for Emma, this must be taken as foreshadowing. The harm in the friendship is that Harriet will flatter Emma and indulge her worst qualities, while Emma will teach Harriet to be so refined that she will not fit among her true social equals. Again, status is significant: Harriet, given her suspicious birth and upbringing, must know her lower place in society. A friendship with the woman at the center of Highbury society will only be confusing and even damaging. Mr. Knightley makes an important comment about how Emma prepared Mrs. Weston for marriage by making her submit to another's wishes. This highlights the role of a wife in marriage as completely subservient to the husband and indicates how exceptional Emma is in her circumstances. Emma, because of her fortune and status, has the power of a married man and must submit to no one's wishes. If she did marry, she would have to give up a great deal of her independence. Emma starts working to develop a romantic match between Mr. Elton and Harriet. She speaks to Mr. Elton about Harriet Smith, but for every compliment he gives Harriet, Mr. Elton gives Emma the credit. Emma decides to draw a portrait of Harriet Smith for Mr. Elton, even though he seems more interested in having a picture by Emma Woodhouse than of Harriet Smith. When Emma completes the picture of Harriet Smith, Mr. Weston and Mr. Knightley note how Emma has improved Harriet's appearance, giving her better features and making her taller. Mr. Elton gallantly offers to take the picture to London so that it can be framed. This chapter rests on situational irony. Harriet Smith is interested in Mr. Elton, but Mr. Elton is interested in Emma, the woman who is attempting to set up the two. It also creates a number of ambiguities. Mr. Elton gladly accepts the portrait, but is not clear whether or not he cherishes it for the subject (Harriet) or the artist (Emma). Certain qualities in both Emma and Harriet Smith allow this delusion to continue. Emma has idealized both Harriet and Mr. Elton in her attempts to play matchmaker, and she cannot presume that her plans

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would ever go awry. Harriet, in turn, is so trusting that she cannot see the signals that Mr. Elton gives. At this point it is unclear whether or not Mr. Elton is aware of the circumstances, but that point is critical. He does know that he is in their company for the purpose of courtship. But, if he knows that Emma intends him for Harriet and not herself, then he is deliberately and cruelly manipulating Harriet Smith. The chapter also reinforces the life of leisure that Emma Woodhouse lives. She spends her days working on a portrait of Harriet Smith. Yet also interesting is that the others also have a similar life of leisure, even though Harriet does not have Emma's resources, and Mr. Elton actually has a career. Austen never shows Mr. Elton actually at work or considering his duties at the parish. Mr. Martin sends letter to Harriet in which he proposes marriage. Although Emma admits that the letter is better than she expected, she still speaks ill of the letter to Harriet (claiming that one of his sisters must have written it). Emma ultimately dissuades Harriet from accepting the proposal, claiming that a woman should always say no if there is even the slightest doubt. Harriet is disappointed to reject Mr. Martin, but she cedes to Emma's wishes. Emma encourages her to rid herself of thoughts of Mr. Martin and instead think of Mr. Elton getting her portrait framed in London. Emma continues to disparage Robert Martin because of his lack of manners, but considering evidence to the contrary (his well-written letter), she still reinforces the idea that he is uncouth to Harriet. The idea that one of his sisters wrote the letter is absurd (in Austen's England, it is highly unlikely that a woman of the Martin's status would receive an education greater than her brother), and Emma promoting the idea is borderline malicious. Emma's interest is not in Robert Martin's manners, but his status. The chapter also reinforces the dynamics of Emma's relationship with Harriet Smith. Harriet depends on Emma for all of her opinions and decisions and cannot decide whether or not to marry Robert Martin without first getting Emma's approval. They have a friendship, but it is not one between equals. It is particularly important that Harriet Smith asks Emma for her opinion even though Harriet obviously has her own concrete opinion on the matter. She may have some doubt but is clearly disappointed when Emma advises her to reject Robert Martin. Still, Harriet does not have the strength to go against Emma's opinion. Harriet sleeps at Hartfield that night, as she now does frequently. Mr. Knightley, speaking alone with Emma, credits her with improving Harriet by curing her of her schoolgirl temperament. When Mr. Knightley tells Emma that he suspects that Mr. Martin will propose soon, Emma proudly informs him that Harriet has already rejected Mr. Martin's marriage proposal. Mr. Knightley is furious, thinking that Harriet is a simpleton for refusing. He claims that Mr. Martin is Harriet's superior, for while he is settled, she is a foolish girl with dubious origins. Angered by Mr. Knightley's reproof, Emma argues for Harriet's superiority and touts the belief that Harriet's parents must be gentility. She also alludes to a possible match between Harriet and Mr. Elton, an idea that Mr. Knightley swiftly dismisses. The revelation that Harriet is a constant guest at Hartfield strikes a discordant note. It indicates that Harriet may think of herself as a resident of Hartfield, which would obviously accord her greater status than she deserves. Mr. Knightley prediction seems to be coming true: Harriet is beginning to perceive herself as a member of high society. For Mr. Knightley, the best of example of this is that Harriet turned down Robert Martin. When he thinks that Harriet will marry Robert Martin, he gives Emma credit for improving Harriet. This is the first compliment that he gives

to Harriet Smith, but he soon retracts it when he hears of her rejection. Moreover, since Mr. Knightley serves as Austen's voice of reason in the novel, it is clear that, because of Emma, Harriet has made a mistake. Again, class is the primary consideration for marriage. Because Harriet does not know her parentage, she is unlikely to marry well, and she must rely on a husband to ensure her a place in society. Emma's great fault is making Harriet Smith believe that she can expect a man of higher status than she can actually claim. Thisties in with Emma's matchmaking plans for Mr. Elton, who is, if not as high as the Woodhouses or Mr. Knightley, nevertheless much higher than Harriet Smith. Mr. Knightley thinks that Mr. Martin is a good match for Harriet because he is close to her rank but is also a rational and reliable man who makes a decent living. Significantly, when Mr. Knightley and Emma discuss Harriet's possibilities for marriage, they specifically do not mention love. For the characters in novel, the primary consideration is marrying for status and for security, not for any great romantic considerations. Mr. Knightley feels that Harriet should marry Robert Martin because he would provide for her and give her an acceptable (if somewhat low) place. He also mentions that Mr. Elton, in contrast, will want to marry someone who will ensure his place in society: he wants a woman who will bring him respectability through her status and financial security through her dowry. This gives some explanation for his interest in Emma. He may want to marry her for her money and not for love. Mr. Elton gives Emma a poem that she assumes is intended for Harriet. When the riddle is deciphered, it is clearly a love poem, which convinces Emma of Mr. Elton's intentions toward Harriet. She continues to advise Harriet on romantic matters, specifically telling her to not betray her feelings to Mr. Elton. Mr. Woodhouse tells Emma and Harriet that Isabella (Emma›s sister) and her family will be coming to Hartfield soon. Once again Mr. Elton makes a romantic overture that is directed to an ambiguous source. The poem he writes is intended for Harriet Smith's collection, yet he first shows it to Emma. The poem itself is equally confusing; the answer to the riddle is "courtship," yet the object of said courtship is described as a witty, intelligent, and beautiful woman, a description that even Emma cannot relate to Harriet. Manners provide some obstacle to resolving the situation. Since nothing can be openly declared, both Emma and Harriet must rely on the subtle clues that Mr. Elton gives. He can write a private riddle with the solution 'courtship,' but he cannot discuss the actual topic with either woman. Games and riddles dominate this chapter of the novel, apt metaphors for Mr. Elton's courtship tactics. The title of the poem is "Charade," and its solution is romance. And in this situation Mr. Elton is deliberately engaged in a charade. He now seems quite aware of Emma's intentions and plays along with them to remain close to Emma. He uses a number of means (pronouns with an ambiguous meaning, conditional clauses that indicate his intentions without expressly saying them) to obscure the situation. His actions are certainly deliberate. The chapter also reinforces the idea that the friendship between Emma and Harriet Smith does neither much good. Austen notes that Emma has done little reading since she became close with Harriet, and that all of their attempts to improve their minds ended with no effect. Furthermore, she gives another reminder that Harriet is intellectually inferior to Emma when they attempt to solve the riddle. Harriet gives only absurd answers, while Emma easily guesses the answer. Emma and Harriet make a charitable visit to a poor family outside Highbury. She tells Harriet that she never wishes to marry because she would

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have to find someone superior to herself first. She reminds Harriet that, even unmarried, she would never be as pathetic as Miss Bates, for it is a lack of money that makes celibacy contemptible and Emma would still have her fortune. In conversation, Harriet brings up Miss Bates' niece, Jane Fairfax, who Emma dislikes because she is so highly praised. Emma continues to contrive a romance between Harriet and Mr. Elton. The reason that Emma is unmarried becomes clear in this chapter. As a highly independent woman who will never need to marry, she resolves only to marry for love and only to marry when she finds someone superior, a condition that, considering Emma's own vanity, is unlikely to be fully satisfied. Marriage entails a sacrifice: Emma would lose her authority and have to submit to a husband. As a single woman with a fortune, however, she has the power to do whatever she chooses. This chapter also returns to Austen's distinctions between marriage for love and marriage for status. It is only the very few such as Emma Woodhouse who can marry for love, while status and security must be the overriding concern for women such as Harriet Smith. Austen also contrasts the reputations of Emma Woodhouse and Miss Bates, both of whom are single but are differentiated by fortune. In addition to providing a contrast to Emma's comfortable life, the characters of Mrs. Bates and Miss Bates serve as comic relief in the novel. Miss Bates chatters on incessantly about any topic, while Mrs. Bates' hearing difficulties result in aggravating situations. Yet, Austen also makes it clear that these women deserve pity and compassion, and that is the sole reason why Emma frequently visits the Bates family. It is certainly not, as Emma makes clear, out of any particular regard for the two women. The introduction of the character Jane Fairfax gives some dimension to Emma's vanity. With the exception of money, Jane is presented as Emma's equal in terms of beauty, wit, intelligence, and talent. Emma is unsettled by this competition, and her automatic dislike of Jane is no doubt linked to some jealousy on her part. Mr. John and Mrs. Isabella Knightley visit her father and sister at Hartfield. They discuss Frank Churchill, noting that he has not yet visited the Westons since they have been married. When discussing the Westons, Mr. John Knightley reminds Emma that she is not a wife, and says that few think highly of the Churchill family. Emma dislikes her brother-in-law and wishes to contradict him, thinking that his comments reflect badly on Mr. Weston. Yet, she holds her tongue for the sake of her sister and keeping the peace. John Knightley's pointed remark about Emma's marital status is yet another reminder that Emma has more power as a single woman than a married one. While Emma often seems petty and self-centered in her dealings with Harriet Smith and Mr. Knightley, here she reveals herself to be more honorable, letting her brother-in-law's rude comments about Mr. Weston's social activities pass in order to keep the peace. She behaves with propriety. This interaction also confirms Austen's use of manners to define the value of each character. The first descriptions of Mr. John Knightley and his wife mention their manners. While Isabella's manners are acceptable, her husband's are too reserved to be pleasing, and he is too judgmental towards other's behavior. He criticizes Frank Churchill for qualities without possibly knowing whether he possesses these negative qualities. This chapter also returns to the story of Frank Churchill, foreshadowing that he will soon play an important place in the novel. The fact that he has not yet visited his father since his marriage is presented as an affront to propriety. However, since there is every indication that he has proper manners, there must be a reason that why he has not visited

Highbury. Emma decides that Mr. George Knightley must dine with them upon his brother›s visit, as a means for reconciliation over their argument about Harriet and Mr. Martin. Although Emma has no plans to concede the argument, she wishes to restore their friendship. Isabella mentions Jane Fairfax in conversation, claiming that only she could be as accomplished and superior as Emma, a more suitable companion than Harriet Smith. Despite Emma's numerous faults, she has a near-faultless sense of politeness and decorum. She will not admit that she was wrong concerning Harriet Smith and Robert Martin, but her stubbornness is not enough to stand in the way of her friendship with Mr. Knightley.

Interestingly, Austen points out that Emma is not as worldly as she would like to believe. While Isabella and her husband travel a great deal, Emma admits that she has never even seen the ocean. Her father never travels, which is to be expected considering his anxiety over his health, but it is peculiar that Emma never leaves Highbury, when there are numerous instances when other characters do travel often. Perhaps Emma never leaves Highbury because there is no need: she has everything she desires there. This chapter is also significant for the mention of Jane Fairfax, whose talents and bearing make her a continual aggravation to Emma. Austen contrasts the ideal Jane Fairfax, who would be Emma's intellectual match, with Harriet Smith, who will only flatter Emma. Significantly, only Mr. Woodhouse, who refuses to think badly of his daughter under any circumstances, thinks that Harriet is a perfect friend for Emma. Mr. Weston invites members of Highbury society to dine with his family at Randalls on Christmas Eve. Although Harriet Smith is invited, she cannot attend because of a cold. Despite Emma's reluctance, Mr. Elton still resolves to attend. Mr. Woodhouse also attends the party, despite inclement weather that would usually force his absence still, he remains unpleasant and anxious. Emma is displeased that Mr. Elton seems unaffected by Harriet's absence; she is also taken aback by his overly familiar manner in addressing her. Mr. John Knightley comments to Emma how Mr. Elton seems infatuated with her. Emma finally realizes that Mr. Elton has no interest in Harriet Smith and is instead infatuated with Emma herself. Like his brother, Mr. John Knightley serves to shatter Emma's delusions, but in his manner he differs sharply. While Mr. Knightley has impeccable taste and manners, Emma's brother-in-law abrupt and direct. When Emma realizes that Mr. Elton is interested in her, her opinion of him worsens considerably. She begins to realize his flaws, most importantly that he is too eager to please when it concerns women. During her visit with the Westons, Mr. Elton continually attempts to be near Emma, who still hopes that she can fix the situation in Harriet's favor. Emma hears more about Frank Churchill and begins to wonder about the possibility of a match between them. Of all the men that she knows, Frank seems to suit her the best in terms of age, character, and condition. At the Weston's Christmas Eve party, Emma suffers from her two companions. Mr. Elton is too eager to please, while Mr. John Knightley is completely unwilling to do so. Despite her growing dislike for Mr. Elton, she remains civil to him, still holding some hope that she can fix the situation. Yet again, Emma demonstrates her best trait and bears every slight or inconvenience without making a mistake in etiquette. This is the first part of the novel in which Emma actually considers marriage for herself. It is significant that even Emma, who can presumably marry anyone

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she wants, thinks of marriage in practical terms. Her considerations are age, character, and condition, essentially, the same status considerations that other women must take into account. At no point does Austen mention love. It is even more striking that Emma decides that Frank Churchill would be a suitable husband before even meeting him. She already knows what she needs to know—his age, his status, and his familial connections—and other information is secondary.Frank Churchill's story echoes that of his late mother. The Churchill family exerted great control and influence over their daughter, cutting her off when she disobeyed their wishes by marrying Mr. Weston. Similarly, Frank Churchill's aunt (who raised him) is very demanding, and seems to prevent him from visiting his father. Some bitterness remains from Mr. Weston's first marriage, and thus the Churchill family wishes to keep Frank away from him when at all possible. Mr. Elton asks Emma about Harriet Smith's illness, but it seems as if he were more concerned that Emma might possibly fall sick. By the end of the visit with the Westons, Mr. Woodhouse is in an ill temper. It has started to snow, and Mr. Woodhouse fears that they will be unable to leave Randalls. The snow, however, subsidesm and carriages are brought to take the guests home. Emma finds herself in the same carriage as Mr. Elton, who professes his love for her. When Emma brings up Harriet Smith, he disparages her for her low social status and reminds Emma that he only spent time with Harriet when Emma was near and claims that Emma gave him encouragement. Emma is appalled by this revelation and promptly rejects Mr. Elton. This chapter contains some sharp insights into the social life in Austen's England. A light snow is enough to keep the guests of the Westons from possibly leaving, and to walk in such weather, as Isabella suggests that she could do, is unthinkable. Travel, even between two relatively close estates, can be arduous if conditions are not perfect. Mr. Elton reveals himself to be far less sympathetic than before. When he contrives to be in the same carriage with Emma, he arranges a very private encounter with her outside of normally accepted social space. This is the first instance in the novel in which Emma is alone with a man (whenever Mr. Knightley visits, her father is always nearby), and the enclosed space of the carriage heightens the intimacy of the encounter. His protestations to Emma show that he deliberately feigned an interest in Harriet to be close to Emma, and his quick dismissal of Harriet as not of his rank shows a petty snobbery. However, his quick dismissal of Harriet Smith for her status recalls similar objections that Emma herself made in regards to Harriet and Robert Martin. What Emma finds acceptable behavior for Harriet, she finds unacceptable for Mr. Elton. This turn of events is a perfect ironic retribution for Emma's earlier actions. The concern for status and breeding that Emma used as a weapon for Harriet Smith against Robert Martin she now finds used against her. The next day, Emma is miserable that she was so deceived by Mr. Elton that she failed to recognize his true motives. She realizes that the situation is entirely her fault because she tried to meddle in Harriet's and Mr. Elton's affairs. Mr. Knightley, despite the inclement weather, visits Hartfield that Christmas day. Emma is upset about Mr. Elton's behavior towards her for several reasons. The first and most obvious reason is that it humiliates Harriet, and Emma has the burden of telling Harriet that Mr. Elton never had the slightest interest in her. The second relates to Mr. Elton's motives for pursuing Emma. Among Emma's objections to Mr. Elton is the fact that his devotion to her is largely fiscal. He so desperately wants to move up in society and perceives marriage to Emma as the

ideal opportunity. Emma is also insulted that a person of Mr. Elton's social status would consider himself fit for her. This demonstrates some arrogance, for Mr. Elton is too low for Emma but good enough for her close friend. She dismisses Mr. Elton because he does not come from a reputable family, the same reason that he rejects Harriet Smith. Also, the qualities that Emma finds objectionable in Mr. Elton he is "proud, assuming, conceited; very full of his own claims" are the very qualities that she instills in Harriet. Still, even Austen makes some distinction between what Mr. Elton does and what Emma attempts to do for Harriet. Mr. Elton uses Harriet's attentions to get to Emma and behaves with no sense of polite manners (as when he expresses his feelings in the carriage). Emma, Harriet and Mr. Elton may have the same reasons for pursuing and rejecting suitors, but the two women behave with tact, while Mr. Elton is manipulative and rude. Yet another reason why Emma is upset is that her plans go awry. Emma wishes everything to be orderly, and in this situation nothing has gone as she planned. Nevertheless, she shows some newfound signs of maturity. She accepts the blame for the situation and realizes that she erred. She also concedes that both Mr. Knightley and his brother were correct in their appraisal of the situation. Mr. and Mrs. John Knightley soon leave Highbury, as does Mr. Elton, who, to Emma's great relief, travels to Bath. Emma resolves to tell Harriet Smith about Mr. Elton's behavior. Harriet bears the news well, blaming nobody. Emma realizes that Harriet is superior to her in some ways because she is artless and sincere in her emotions. She also discovers that Harriet was more resolutely in love with Mr. Elton than she had foreseen. In this chapter, Jane Austen contrasts Emma and Harriet in a different manner than she has at early points in the novel. The earlier distinction between the two is that, while Emma has fortune, wit and talents, Harriet is gullible and foolish. Yet in this situation, Austen makes clear that Harriet Smith is unspoiled and has a sincere and pure heart. This relates back to Mr. Knightley›s earlier warnings about Emma›s influence on Harriet. Might Emma cause Harriet to lose those qualities that make her, in some small way, Emma›s equal? The contrast between Emma and Harriet causes Emma to question her own value. This is not a minor point: for the first time Emma begins to realize that she may lack some quality. It is also notable that Mr. Elton leaves Highbury so soon after Emma rejects him. There are a number of possible motives for this, including embarrassment. However, his claim that he will visit friends during his absence leads back to an earlier comment by Mr. Knightley, who suspected that Mr. Elton already had a romantic attachment to a young lady who lived elsewhere. The purpose of the trip may be to secure that relationship. The Westons are disappointed that Frank Churchill has not come to Highbury, and once again postponed his visit once. Mr. Knightley suspects that the Churchills are to blame for Frank's absence, but notes that Frank is nevertheless a grown, independent man who can do as he wishes. He feels that Frank Churchill is more interested in leisure activities. Emma argues with Mr. Knightley, by asserting that going against the Churchills' wishes would be impractical. Emma defends Frank Churchill at nearly every opportunity, while Mr. Knightley predicts that Frank Churchill will turn out to be insufferable. Without having met Frank Churchill, Emma has already decided that he is a wonderful person. When she quarrels with Mr. Knightley about Frank, she automatically assumes that Frank has good intentions and is perfectly honorable. Mr. Knightley, in contrast, suspects Frank Churchill to be lazy and dishonorable. Since Mr. Knightley tends to echo Austen's own views and

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predict character flaws, his objections must raise some doubt about Frank Churchill. Whatever influence that the Churchills have on Frank, he is still a grown man and can make decisions for himself; the Churchills can only do so much to prevent him from visiting his father. Once again, the issues of social status and decorum are important considerations. Mr. Knightley assumes that one of the Churchills' great mistakes with Frank is making him believe that he is above his actual connections: he is too proud, luxurious, and selfish for his status in society. Frank Churchill therefore joins Harriet Smith and Mr. Elton as characters chastised for not knowing their proper place in society. In addition, Mr. Knightley claims that Frank Churchill may lead a disreputable life dedicated only to the pursuit of pleasure. In other words, he does not behave with the sense of honor and decency that a man of his situation should. Emma and Harriet call upon Mrs. and Miss Bates. Miss Bates speaks incessantly and pointlessly, but Emma behaves with exemplary manners, even asking about Jane Fairfax when Miss Bates mentions her. Miss Bates received a letter from Jane, who intends to visit next week. She will be sent by the Campbells, who paid for her education. Emma begins to suspect that Jane Fairfax might be involved with a married man with Mr. Dixon. Emma's mistakes with regard to Harriet Smith have led her to greater self-examination. For the first time, Emma begins to consider her own faults and attempts to improve them. When she visits the Bates, this is an attempt to correct one of these faults: she acknowledges that she is negligent towards Mrs. and Miss Bates, who depend on the compassion of the higher members of Highbury society. Once again, it is Mr. Knightley who has pointed out this flaw in Emma. He is certainly the only one who has both the status and temperament to challenge her. Miss Bates resembles Harriet Smith in a number of respects. Both are limited in wit and imagination and have positions at the fringes of society. However, with her grating, incessant chatter, Miss Bates is primarily comic relief. Whatever pity Austen has for Miss Bates is abstract and relates only to her social status: one should pity Miss Bates because she is a spinster with little income, not because of any intrinsic qualities. Harriet Smith, in contrast, is a more rounded character with greater shadings. Austen grants her some dignity, as when Emma remarks about how Harriet is superior for her sincerity. Once again, the mention of Jane Fairfax reminds the readers of Emma's vanity. To satisfy Emma's jealousy towards Jane, she invents the idea that Jane may be involved with some illicit affair with a married man. This is not a well-supported notion, but it does instill the idea that Jane Fairfax may be involved in some secretive arrangement. This chapter tells the story of Jane Fairfax, the granddaughter of Mrs. Bates, whose mother died when Jane was a small child. Jane was brought up by the Campbells, for Colonel Campbell had served in the army with Jane's late father, and the young girl had been well educated on his behalf. Emma is sorry to have Jane Fairfax visit, although her dislike is truly unfounded. When Jane visits, Emma is polite to her, despite her jealousy, and she even gains some minor information about Frank Churchill from Jane, who has met him. Jane Fairfax is an exemplar of the self-made woman, whose high regard in society comes not from her familial connections but from her talents and charm. Except for status, she equals Emma in every respect, and it is Emma's competitive nature that causes her to dislike Jane, assuming negative qualities where none may actually exist. Yet in their respective fates, Emma and Jane Fairfax differ considerably. Because of her lack of fortune,

Jane Fairfax must enter a profession as a governess, a condition that requires her to sacrifice all of the pleasures of her life, while Emma will retain her life of leisure and luxury under all but the most extreme circumstances. One of the major functions that Jane Fairfax serves in the novel is as a juxtaposition against the other characters. Although equal to Emma in all regards, she lacks status. This serves as a reminder that it is not Emma's sharp intelligence or talents that ultimately make her the head of Highbury society, but instead her family and fortune. And while her lack of a solid familial standing gives her a similar status to Harriet Smith, Jane Fairfax is poised, talented and refined. It is she who deserves to marry higher in society and to be Emma's closest companion, yet Emma's inability to be anything less than the center of attention makes this impossible. Also notable are the parallels between Jane Fairfax and Frank Churchill, which Austen reinforces when Jane says that she has met the elusive Frank. Both are somewhat mysterious visitors connected to Highbury society through familial connections, but were raised outside of it by more elite families after their mothers had died. They share the ambiguity of belonging to one social group by birth but residing within a higher one by breeding. Mr. Knightley compliments Emma on how well she treated Jane Fairfax when they dined together. As Mr. Knightley tells Emma that he has news for her, Miss Bates and Jane Fairfax interrupt them. Jane thanks Emma for the hind-quarter of pork that she had sent to her, and tells Emma that Mr. Elton is to be married to a Miss Hawkins from Bath. Emma assumes that Mr. Elton's acquaintance with Miss Hawkins must not be very long. Later, Harriet comes to Highbury in the rain, with news that she saw Robert Martin and his sister while shopping at the Highbury linen shop. They were polite to each other, but Harriet was extremely embarrassed. Emma is relieved that Harriet has little opportunity for contact with the Martins. This chapter continues to develop the contrast between Mr. Woodhouse and Mr. Knightley in terms of their interactions with Emma. While the former has an incredibly idealized picture of Emma, even going as far as to praise her for deep kindness towards Jane Fairfax, the latter is realistic and perceptive. Although he compliments Emma for treating Jane Fairfax kindly when they dined together, he indicates that he is aware of Emma's true jealousy towards Jane Fairfax. Yet again, Emma has demonstrated great tact and manners toward a person she dislikes.

In this chapter, both of Harriet Smith's prospective suitors return to some prominence in the plot, and each one makes Harriet ill at ease. Mr. Elton's imminent marriage to Miss Hawkins demonstrates the true reason for his vacation from Highbury and confirms what Mr. Knightley had suspected was true. He did have a prospective marriage possibility elsewhere, and immediately set upon this prospect once he realized that he could not have Emma. Harriet must now realize how badly Mr. Elton treated her and how badly she treated Robert Martin, yet there is a crucial difference. The supposedly coarse Martins remain kind and cordial, honorable where Mr. Elton is cruel and deceptive. Nevertheless, despite how kind the Martins remain to Harriet Smith, Emma has not moved past her prejudice against them and is relieved that they are unlikely to have much contact with Harriet. Not a week after Miss Augusta Hawkins' name had been mentioned among Highbury, she had already been revealed to be handsome, elegant, accomplished and highly amicable, although Emma notes that she has no truly respectable family connections. Mr.

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Elton returns to Highbury with renewed spirits as he is to be married shortly. Harriet's spirits worsen upon Mr. Elton's return, although she has now resumed contact with Elizabeth Martin. Emma suggests that Harriet visit the Martins out of considerations for propriety. Wealth is the primary motive for Mr. Elton's marriage to Miss Hawkins. She has a fortune that she brings to the marriage, but certainly not the social status that Emma has. It is here that Austen makes the distinction between wealth and status. Miss Hawkins is certainly wealthy, but the source of this wealth is important. Her family's fortune comes from the somewhat disreputable trade industry, not from the ownership of property, which is the source of the income for the Woodhouses and Mr. Knightley. For the first time, Emma assents to Harriet's contact with the Martins. It is significant that Harriet is so dependent upon Emma for her decisions, virtually unable to decide anything without first checking with her friend. In addition, Harriet's preoccupation with Mr. Elton borders on obsession. She has a limited attention span. If she does not think or speak about Mr. Elton, the subject is Mr. Martin. This may be part of the reason that Emma suggests that Harriet visit the Martins, if only to give her an opportunity to think of something other than Mr. Elton. An additional concern, as always, is propriety. Whatever embarrassment there may be between Harriet and the Martin family, she must be kind and civil to them. Harriet gives Emma the details of her visit with the Martins. Fatigued by the business of Harriet, the Martins, and Mr. Elton, Emma visits the Westons. Frank Churchill, a very good looking man, finally arrives in Highbury, and Emma immediately likes him, for he is quite charming and well spoken. Emma, Mr. Woodhouse and the Westons socialize with Frank Churchill, and Emma is pleased by the beginning of this acquaintance. Through Harriet's long tale of her visit with Robert Martin, Austen gives some insight into Harriet's limited imagination. The mere sight of a trunk that will be delivered to Mr. Elton disturbs poor Harriet and ruins her visit to the Martins. This reaches past mere shame and mourning over her unsuccessful courtship with Mr. Elton and absolves Emma of some blame for her pain. Emma may have attempted to design a romance between Harriet and Mr. Elton, but it is now Harriet's duty to let go of her obsessive pain. Frank Churchill's final arrival at Highbury reveals little substantial information about the young man, who still remains a mystery. More significant is that, despite this lack of any more tangible information, Emma is quite pleased with Frank. She knows that she will like Frank at first sight, when he has had no opportunity to exhibit any personal qualities, positive or negative, and she takes every minor shading to his personality as an example of his excellence, just as she earlier idealized Harriet Smith and Mr. Elton when she had designs for them.

Although the two plotlines have no apparent connection, Austen continues to tie together Jane Fairfax and Frank Churchill. Since there is little reason for the two plotlines to connect with one another, this must be taken as foreshadowing for later developments between the two characters.Frank Churchill and Mrs. Weston visit Emma, who decides that Mr. Knightley must have been wrong about him. When visiting the Crown Inn and seeing its ballroom, Frank suggests to Emma that she, with her resources, should hold dances there. Surprisingly, Frank disparages Jane Fairfax to Emma, who defends her. While they shop for gloves at Ford's, Frank tells Emma more about Jane Fairfax and how she is destined to be a teacher. He even mentions Mr. Dixon. Emma finds Frank to be more

moderate and warmer than she expected, and less a spoiled child of fortune. Frank Churchill reveals himself to be more complicated than Emma originally imagined in this chapter, more interested in his family and Highbury society and also more intelligent and engaging. This seems to confirm suspicions that Frank Churchill was kept from Highbury through his aunt's influence. Yet one must take into account perspective: these positive shadings to his character are taken from Emma's eyes and not those of a more objective or authoritative source such as Mr. Knightley. Emma seems to take every detail of Frank's personality to be a credit to him; even when he makes a catty comment, it is about the one person with whom Emma competes. This seems to echo Mr. Elton's earlier manipulation of Emma. Frank Churchill flatters her vanity, but in a more subtle way, by disparaging the one person for whom Emma holds any jealousy. Also, Frank Churchill's comments seem to presume a knowledge of Jane Fairfax that goes beyond mild acquaintance. Earlier comments connecting the two indicated that they had met each other only briefly, but Frank Churchill knows a considerable deal about Jane Fairfax, even the gossip about Mr. Dixon. This foreshadows later developments: what does Frank know about Jane Fairfax, and how does he know it? Emma's good opinion of Frank Churchill is shaken when she hears that he has gone to London simply to get a haircut. The Coles, a family of low origin involved in trade, invite the better families of Highbury to dine with them. Although Emma thinks that this is an affront to her high place in society she should decide her social circle and not have it decided for her she accepts the invitation. Frank Churchill's trip to London for a haircut reveals a suspicious arrogance—travel is difficult, and to go to London simply for a haircut is an immense waste of time and resources—but Emma thinks only slightly less of him for it. She has made up her mind that she would like him, and perhaps marry him, far before she actually met him, and vain, indulgent actions such as this are downplayed or ignored. This resembles how she ignored Mr. Elton's faults until it was too late. However, in this situation it is Emma herself, not Harriet Smith, who risks humiliation and heartbreak. Austen, however, gives a more negative appraisal, noting that his actions show "vanity, extravagance, love of change, restlessness of temper." The Coles' party indicates how social life in Highbury is stratified. The Cole family may be wealthy, but they are involved in trade and thus should not presume to set the terms under which they interact with the higher members of their society (the Woodhouses, Mr. Knightley, the Westons). The chapter also returns to the idea that different segments of society have different forms of acceptable behavior: Emma is at its peak, and thus must consider how she treats others leaving the Coles' party early would be an embarrassment to them. The Coles, in contrast, should know that they cannot presume to set social functions for their superiors and must wait for the Woodhouses, Westons and Mr. Knightley to reach out to them. Frank Churchill returns from London, unashamed of what he had done. At the Coles' party, Mrs. Cole tells how Jane Fairfax received a new piano from an unknown source. Frank Churchill is obviously amused by the story, and Emma tells him her suspicions that it is a gift from Mrs. Dixon. He suggests to Emma that Mr. Dixon has fallen in love with her, and that is why she chose to come to Highbury instead of accompanying the Campbells to Ireland. He also tells how Mr. Dixon saved Jane Fairfax's life when she nearly fell overboard during a water party. In passing, Frank notes that Mr. Knightley must have provided a carriage to transport Jane Fairfax and Miss Bates to the party. Emma wonders if this

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indicates Mr. Knightley's partiality for Jane and becomes upset when she considers that he might marry her. She speaks with Mr. Knightley to assuage her fears, and he disparages Frank Churchill for showing off his own voice by singing at the party. Frank Churchill's sense of etiquette is crucial in this chapter. He realizes that people think that his journey for a haircut was a foolish choice, and, although he is shows no sense of shame about his actions, he is able to downplay this fault as neither something to be gloried in nor something to be ashamed of. The greater fault of Frank Churchill is not his foolishness, but his constant need for attention. As Mr. Knightley points out, Frank Churchill revels in showing off his singing voice at the Coles' party. This chapter also features another instance in which Frank mentions Jane Fairfax to Emma. After suggesting that Jane may be involved with Mr. Dixon, he suggests that Mr. Knightley may have an interest in her. This is obvious manipulation, for Frank wants to suggest that any man is interested in Jane Fairfax except for him. His insults and rumors, always delivered with a self-regarding smile, are obviously sincere and are clearly meant to indulge Emma. He feeds her information about Jane Fairfax that is ambiguous yet likely disparaging, playing into Emma's tendency to gossip. Austen uses jealousy as a primary motivation for her characters' actions and realizations. Emma shows an inclination toward Mr. Knightley for the first time when she believes that he might marry Jane Fairfax. Her argument is that he must remain single so that her nephew will inherit Donwell Abbey, but her intense feelings on the matter suggest that she might have other motivations. In turn, Mr. Knightley appears quite jealous of Frank Churchill for his attentions to Emma. He is preoccupied with Frank Churchill's vanity and self-absorption and points out these qualities to Emma at every opportunity. Harriet Smith visits Emma and tells her that she suspects Robert Martin to be involved with Anne Cox. They shop at Ford's together, and Emma sees Mrs. Weston and Frank Churchill going to visit Miss Bates. While Emma and Harriet continue to shop, Miss Bates invites them to hear Jane Fairfax play at her new piano. Just as jealousy over Jane Fairfax and Frank Churchill, respectively, seem to motivate romantic feelings in Emma and Mr. Knightley, Harriet Smith's suspicions about Anne Cox cause a rekindling of her worry over Robert Martin and whether or not she made the right decision. Frank Churchill is deliberately ambiguous toward Emma when she meets him on his way to Mrs. Bates' home. He wavers between shopping with Emma and visiting with the Bates family, but chooses to go with his stepmother to Mrs. Bates' home. His words favor spending time with Emma, but his actions favor visiting with Mrs. Bates. Since Jane Fairfax is staying with Mrs. Bates, this decision proves an obvious choice between the two. There are other indications that Frank Churchill might match well with Jane Fairfax. Both are musical (he sings and she is a pianist). At the Bates' home, Emma listens to Jane play. Mr. Knightley stops by the Bates' while Emma and Frank are there, but because of the numerous visitors he promises to call another time. Miss Bates thanks Mr. Knightley for sending them his store of apples. At the Bates home, Jane Fairfax is the obvious center of attention. When Emma arrives, Frank Churchill is helping her fix her new piano so that she may play. Mr. Knightley arrives to call on Mrs. and Miss Bates, and by extension, Jane Fairfax. Austen is deliberately ambiguous about Jane Fairfax's courtship possibilities. The actions of both Frank Churchill and Mr. Knightley indicate a possible romantic interest in her, but Frank disguises any possible interest by showing such great attention to Emma, while Mr.

Knightley behaves with such dignity that no action can be perceived as outwardly romantic. The main subtlety in the chapter is that Mr. Knightley's behavior is consistent throughout the novel. It seems more likely that he would treat Jane Fairfax kindly without having an ulterior motive, since he has such a high regard for decency and benevolence. Frank Churchill, who so enjoyed dancing at the Cole's party, plans another one for Highbury. Although initially planned for Randalls, the lack of acceptable space for dancing leads him to plan it instead for the Crown Inn. This chapter demonstrates the planning that goes into the various social events that occur throughout Austen's novels. Everyone's tastes and opinions must be considered, even—to a lesser degree—Miss Bates. There are deep considerations about who to invite and why, how comfortable each person will be, whether or not a location is suitable to all. This is what occupies most of the time of the elites in Highbury such as Emma and the Westons. Frank Churchill differs from the other men of Highbury, as this chapter makes clear. He has no profession, like Mr. Elton, and he does not behave with the authority or reserve that Mr. Knightley or Mr. Weston show. His major concern is pleasure, the very reason why he organizes a dance for Highbury. Austen shows this through the contrast between what Emma focuses on while planning the party and what Frank Churchill considers. While Emma wants to please everybody, Frank, who obsesses over whether or not there will be enough room to dance, thinks more about ensuring that he enjoys himself at the ball. A letter arrives from Mr. Churchill to urge his nephew's instant return due to Mrs. Churchill's sudden illness. This ruins the preparations for the ball, and they must postpone the event. When Frank leaves, Emma is certain that he almost tells her that he loved her. She convinces herself that she is in love.Mrs. Churchill exhibits a great influence on her nephew, essentially ordering him home when she feels unwell. There is little sense that Mrs. Churchill's actions are informed by actual health concerns. She becomes most ill and most in need of her family's company when she wishes to exert control on Frank Churchill. There is a moment before he leaves in which Frank Churchill nearly breaks down his consistent air of insincerity. He speaks of his warm regard for Hartfield and shows a genuine wish to reveal some honest or true emotion. It is this moment in which Emma believes that Frank Churchill may be in love with her. However, whether or not Frank is interested in Emma or someone else entirely is still unclear. When Frank is prepared to admit to something, it is soon after he mentions a visit he made to see Miss Bates, in which he implies that he spoke to Jane Fairfax. This is perhaps the best evidence that Frank Churchill does not intend to manipulate Emma into believing that he loves her, but that his attention to her stems instead from his naturally social demeanor. There is a sincerity of emotion here that is never present in Mr. Elton. Despite Frank Churchill's faults, in this matter, his purpose is not to deceive. Nevertheless, Emma finds herself believing that Frank might love her and convinces herself that she might be in love with him. Emma, who has previously thought of romance only in practical terms, finds herself considering actual love. However, she has no concrete idea what love actually entails. She lists as examples of her love listlessness, weariness, and stupidity, indicating a passing fancy or crush and not substantial emotion. Furthermore, this doubt is inconsistent with Emma's normal behavior. She usually holds firm to her emotions to the point of stubbornness as she did with Harriet Smith and the fact that she is unsure whether or not she is in love is a good indication that she is not. Emma has no doubt that

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she is in love but wonders how much she can actually love Frank Churchill if she is no less happy during his absence. She realizes that she is not in love to her vow never to marry or quit her father. Emma starts to wonder if Frank might instead be a good match for Harriet. Emma scolds Harriet for worrying about Mr. Elton, claiming that it is a constant reminder of her mistake. She asks Harriet to speak less of Mr. Elton for her own sake, and Harriet apologies for being ungrateful.

After Emma has opened herself to the idea of falling in love with Frank Churchill (and not simply marrying him as a pragmatic move), she realizes that she does not truly love him. Her realization shows a practical reasoning and introspection previously uncharacteristic of Emma. Still, although she does not love Frank Churchill, she still enjoys his attention. It bolsters her own very high self-regard to know that a man such as Frank is so attentive to her. However, Emma continues to make the same errors that caused her so much aggravation earlier in the book. She has not learned the lesson of Mr. Elton and fancies the idea of making a match between Frank Churchill and Harriet. She knows the dangers of such thinking and actions but is inordinately tempted. What Emma does realize with regard to Harriet Smith is how unfortunately obsessive she can be with regards to Mr. Elton. This vexes Emma for a number of reasons. It is a reminder of Emma's mistake in judgment, and, in talking about Mr. Elton, Harriet does not serve her primary purpose to Emma. Harriet is useful by flattering Emma, and, in this situation, she annoys. The situation is only remedied when Harriet apologizes and resumes her role as the obedient, dutiful friend. Emma first sees the new Mrs. Elton at church, but she cannot be in the vicinity of the Eltons without recollecting Mr. Elton's bad behavior and Emma's meddling. Emma finds that Mrs. Elton has no elegance and maintains that Harriet would have been a better wife for Mr. Elton because of her higher social connections. When Emma meets with Mrs. Elton, she compares Hartfield to Maple Grove, where her brother resides, and is quite presumptuous, calling Mrs. Weston surprisingly ladylike considering her former occupation. She even calls Mr. Knightley the much less formal "Knightley." In Augusta Hawkins, Mr. Elton has found a perfect match: a woman as vapid and socially conscious as he is. The new Mrs. Elton drops names, constantly offers her own superiority, and treats the members of Highbury society with much less respect than normally accorded. The woman is self-important, ignorant, and ill-bred, with none of the talents that could redeem her as they did Jane Fairfax. As bad as the new Mrs. Elton's manners are, they are made worse by her position in society. Her snobbery and comparisons of Hartfield to Maple Grove are made worse by the fact that her connections in Maple Grove are wealthy but lower class. This perpetuates the theme that social class determines proper manners; Mrs. Elton does not know her proper rank in society. Calling Mr. Knightley by his last name is a particular affront to propriety, for it presumes equality and intimacy between the two, neither of which is the case. Even Emma and her father speak of their close friend as Mr. Knightley, despite their long acquaintance and equal social status. Assuming that the character names reflect Emma's point of view, there are only a few times when a less formal name is used: between close friends of the same age, between siblings or by an adult to a child, or with regard to an unmarried woman. Mrs. Elton, offended by the little encouragement given by Emma, become cold and distant to her. Her manners, and those

of Mr. Elton, also become more unpleasant toward Harriet. Mrs. Elton does, however, take a great fancy to Jane Fairfax, a fact which causes Emma to pity Jane for the first time. Jane refuses an invitation to join the Campbells, and Emma suspects that she has some ulterior motive. Mrs. Weston predicts that Mr. Knightley has spent so much time occupied with the idea of not being in love with Jane Fairfax that he will probably end in marrying her. Emma is quite decisive about whom she likes and dislikes, and once she decides that she dislikes Mrs. Elton, there is little chance that she will substantially alter this opinion. In only one respect does her low opinion of Mrs. Elton change: it becomes worse. Once again status plays a consideration. Emma dislikes Mrs. Elton because she presumes herself to be higher in society than she actually is, believing that her connections at Maple Grove make her quite respectable. Yet part of this dislike stems from Mrs. Elton's apparent mutual dislike of Emma.

While Emma is invariably polite to Mrs. Elton, as she is to nearly all, the bitterness between the two women indicates that manners can only obscure so much. Despite Emma's outward propriety, Mrs. Elton can sense that Emma dislikes her and the victim of her animosity is none other than poor Harriet Smith. Although Mrs. Elton cannot openly scorn Emma, she can openly treat the lowly Harriet Smith with contempt. However, the polite feud between Emma and Mrs. Elton does serve to show that Emma herself has harmed others socially. It is Mr. Knightley who reminds Emma that Jane Fairfax has become friends with Mrs. Elton primarily because only Mrs. Elton pays attention to Jane. This implies that Jane Fairfax is somewhat of an outcast in society, likely because Emma has made this the case. Just as Mrs. Elton certainly sensed Emma's dislike of her, others in Highbury society likely realize that Emma dislikes Jane Fairfax and follow her lead. Jane Fairfax is a victim because of Emma's envy. Emma decides to have a party for the Eltons at Hartfield to hide her contempt for the couple. Besides the Eltons, Emma invites Mr. Knightley, the Westons, and Jane Fairfax. During the party, they discuss Jane's trip to the post office and her handwriting. Mr. Knightley makes another disparaging comment about Frank Churchill, claiming his writing is like a woman's, while Emma wonders what letters Jane might receive. Are they sent by Mr. Dixon, or the Campbells, or another person altogether? Although it is obvious to all that Emma dislikes Mrs. Elton, she is forced to invite the Eltons to dinner at Hartfield for reasons of propriety. There may be subtle signs and indications of animosity between the two women, but Emma cannot allow such a public statement of dislike. Propriety takes precedence over true feelings and emotions. In light of Mr. Knightley's earlier comment about how others have snubbed Jane Fairfax, Emma attempts to remedy the situation. Her invitation to Jane, unlike inviting Mrs. Elton, is genuine and sincere. She invites Jane Fairfax as a way to right her earlier wrongs, but she is also interested in unraveling the mystery of Jane and Mr. Dixon. She still suspects that Jane is somehow involved with Mr. Dixon, even though she has no real evidence. All of the real evidence points to Frank Churchill instead. (This chapter also reinforces Mr. Knightley's dislike of Frank Churchill, which goes beyond the objections that he states). This suggests a different motive for Emma's interest in Jane Fairfax. It is now less jealousy and more an idle curiosity. Jane is hiding some important information. What that entails will soon be more clear to Emma. During the later part of the party, Jane mentions that

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she must become a governess, which she compares to the slave trade. Mr. Weston arrives at the party after a day of business in London and gives Mrs. Weston a letter from Frank Churchill, who is returning to Highbury since his aunt's health improved. This chapter reveals the likely fate of Jane Fairfax since she is not from a wealthy family, although raised by one, she must go into a profession as a governess. This is a sharp step down the social ladder. As raised by the Campbells, she was part of the elite and lived as Emma does now. While Emma is an heiress who will be at the center of society even if she remains single, Jane Fairfax, despite her equal talents, must depend on a good marriage (the solution Mrs. Weston found to increase her status in society) or else she will be forced into a demeaning life as a spinster, much like her aunt, Miss Bates. The comparison between the governess trade and the slave trade highlights this injustice. The chapter also indicates that Frank Churchill will soon return to Highbury. His aunt's health was not the reason for his absence, as Mr. Weston indicates. It was rather her need to exert control over Frank and demand his loyalty. Now that she has flexed her authority over Frank, he is temporarily free to return to Highbury. This is an additional reminder that Frank Churchill is not able to act without considering his aunt's demands. This may explain whatever reluctance he has to admit his feelings or emotions with regards to Emma or anyone else.

Mr. Weston discusses Frank Churchill and his aunt with Mrs. Elton and reveals more about the Churchill family. They are proud people and, while his pride is harmless, her pride manifests as arrogance and insolence, even though she has no great familial connections. Mr. John Knightley leaves his sons, Henry and John, to stay with Emma, although he worries that they will be a burden to her, considering her increasing social life. He notes that Emma has been more social in the past six months and spends time with more different people. Mr. Knightley suggests that the children stay with him instead, but Emma reminds him that he has as many social functions as she does, for they attend the same ones, and that she is never absent from her estate. Just as Mr. John Knightley serves as the voice of things that one cannot properly say in Emma, Mrs. Elton serves as the voice for questions that normally would be too rude to ask. Through her persistent questioning about Frank Churchill, we learn more about the ill feelings that Mr. Weston has toward the Churchill family. Mrs. Elton even makes the comparison between Mrs. Suckling (her low-born relative in Maple Grove) and Mrs. Churchill, which is apt considering they are both somewhat low-born but exert influence through 'new' money. Mr. John Knightley indicates that Emma cares too much for social functions and amusements. Although this fits with his dour character, it nevertheless wounds Emma's pride, for her brother-in-law has suggested that her social activity takes precedence over her family. Mr. Knightley made a similar criticism about Frank Churchill, which foreshadows his later concerns about Frank Churchill's influence over Emma. Emma's attachment to Frank Churchill has subsided, but she is now concerned that he is in love with her. When Frank returns, he and his aunt and uncle decide to stay a house nine miles away from Mr. Weston. He begins preparations for a ball at the Crown Inn, and Emma is surprised that he only visits her once in ten days. Emma's concern for Frank Churchill distresses her because she believes that he must be in love with her even though she does not share his feelings. The likelihood that he is in love with her is slim, considering his lack of attention to her

in the two months since he left Highbury, but she still worries. When he does arrive, she is convinced that he is no longer infatuated with her if he ever was but this does not worry her. If her belief that Frank Churchill must love her indicates some vanity and self-delusion, her reaction to his apparent indifference to her shows some improvement. She does not feel slighted to have less attention. Frank Churchill behaves oddly towards Emma at the ball at the Crown Inn. During the first dance, Emma and Frank dance second to Mr. Weston and Mrs. Elton, and Mrs. Elton is completely gratified by this. Emma wishes that she could like Frank better than she actually does. When Mrs. Weston encourages Mr. Elton to dance with Harriet, he blatantly refuses, much to Harriet's humiliation. To recover Harriet's dignity, Mr. Knightley asks her to dance. After the ball, Mr. Knightley tells Emma that the Eltons' intention was to wound both Emma and Harriet. They cannot forgive her for wanting Harriet to marry Mr. Elton.Although Emma enjoys Frank Churchill's company and his attention during the Crown Inn ball, this is the extent of her feelings. The only regret she feels is that she cannot feel more towards him. The two can now be completely comfortable with each other's company. Nevertheless, all is not right with Frank Churchill. He is in an uncharacteristically bad mood during the ball, yet the reason remains as yet unclear. The Eltons' actions in this chapter continue to develop the theme of propriety and the difference between overt behavior and subtle signals. Mr. Elton does not do anything outwardly rude toward Harriet, but it is clear that he intends to snub and humiliate her. The Eltons hide behind the façade of propriety, but their behavior is anything but well-mannered. It is important that Harriet is the victim of the snub rather than Emma because she is an easy target. They can snub the socially inferior Harriet with few consequences, but a similar snub against Emma could not be tolerated.

In rescuing Harriet Smith from humiliation, Mr. Knightley is the paragon of behavior for Emma. For the first time he exhibits a change of behavior toward Harriet: he admits her positive qualities and takes pity on her situation. This is not the only change in Mr. Knightley: his feelings toward Emma become more clear. He dismisses the idea that Emma and he are like siblings, giving greater indication of possible romantic feelings. Frank Churchill and Harriet arrive at Hartfield the day after the ball. The night before, when Harriet was walking home, a party of gypsies approached Harriet and her companions and chased them. Harriet was assaulted by a group of them and was saved by Frank Churchill, who was on his way to return a pair of scissors to Mrs. Bates. Emma still wonders if Harriet and Frank Churchill might make a good couple but vows not to meddle. Soon the news of Frank's heroism is known throughout Highbury. The story that Harriet Smith tells about Frank Churchill is a reminder that there are less reputable elements outside of the genteel estates of Hartfield and Randalls. The story is told from Harriet's point of view, therefore one can assume that some of the details of her assault have been exaggerated (she was accosted mainly by children, who could hardly prove too great a threat). Also notable is that Frank Churchill's destination is Mrs. Bates' home. It seems odd that, immediately after the ball, he would want to visit merely to borrow a pair of scissors. This seems like a feeble excuse for his visit and yet more evidence that he has a secret liaison with Jane Fairfax. Harriet visits Emma several days later to make a confession. She has a parcel with items that remindher of Mr. Elton, including a small box with a court plaster

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that was used to cover a small cut that Mr. Elton had. Harriet claims that she is now done obsessing over Mr. Elton and vows never to marry, for the person she prefers is too great her superior. Emma gives Harriet some hope that she might be able to marry this unnamed man. Harriet Smith shows her more absurd and immature side in this scene, revealing a childish obsession with Mr. Elton. The remnants that she keeps as mementos are foolish trifles: a bit of a bandage, a small pencil, and such. This makes it quite clear that Harriet does not have very good judgment, an appraisal that causes some concern when she vows never to marry. Considering Harriet's lowly rank, vowing never to marry is as foolish a choice as keeping a bandage as a memento. In this declaration, Harriet continues to mirror and emulate Emma, vowing never to marry just as Emma did. Yet while Emma refuses to marry because she feels that she could never find someone who would measure up to her, Harriet refuses to marry because she feels she will never measure up to the unnamed man she adores. Harriet and Emma are deliberately ambiguous about the object of Harriet's affection. The two only establish that the man saved her the night of the Crown Inn ball and is someone of high rank, so much so that it is unlikely that the match would ever be successfully made. Emma assumes that Harriet is referring to Frank Churchill, who rescued her from the gypsies, but both of these characteristics also apply to another respectable man of Highbury who showed kindness to Harriet Smith. Mr. Knightley only grows to dislike Frank Churchill more, as he suspects double-dealing in Frank's pursuit of Emma. It seemed indisputable that Emma was the object of his affections, but Mr. Knightley suspects that he had an interest in Jane Fairfax the whole time. Over tea at Hartfield, Emma, Frank, Harriet and Jane play word games in which they must guess words. The word that Frank gives Jane to guess is "Dixon," which greatly annoys Jane, who promptly quits the game. Mr. Knightley tells Emma about his suspicions about Frank and Jane, but she thinks that there is no romance between them. Mr. Knightley is irritated by the entire situation. Even though Emma is convinced that Frank Churchill has no romantic interest in her, Mr. Knightley is concerned that he is still pretending to have an feelings for her. He believes that Frank and Jane are having an affair and, as Mr. Knightley has been consistently correct in judging others' actions, this suspicion is almost significant evidence of the affair. Where he errs is in the idea that Frank Churchill will harm Emma through the deception. Emma is perfectly clear that she does not love Frank, but Mr. Knightley still feels threatened by him. This continues to build the possibility that Mr. Knightley is interested in Emma. His greatest care in this situation is that Emma does not get hurt. Still, although Emma will not be hurt by Frank Churchill, his behavior is still inappropriately deceptive. He does have a manipulative nature, but does not direct it towards Emma. During the game, Frank teases and taunts Jane Fairfax to the point that she must leave the game. The purpose of Frank Churchill's games seems to push Jane Fairfax into losing her sense of reserve and to reveal her true emotions. This scene parallels the earlier incident in which Mr. Elton uses the riddle "charade" to declare his feelings to Emma via Harriet Smith. Emma finds herself yet again in the middle of a romantic game in which true feelings and emotions cannot properly be conveyed. Mrs. Elton plans a picnic, and Mr. Knightley offers Donwell Abbey as the location. She presumes to make all of the invitations herself, even though it takes place at his estate, but Mr. Knightley tells her that only one woman can invite anyone to Donwell Abbey, and that is the future Mrs. Knightley, whoever she may turn out to be.

During the picnic, Emma sees Mr. Knightley and Harriet together, which she finds odd. Jane Fairfax leaves early while Frank Churchill arrives late, primarily due to delays from Mrs. Churchill. Frank is not in a good mood during the party and, while talking with Emma, claims that he is not at all a fortunate person and that he wishes to leave England. He turns down Emma's invitation to a picnic at Box Hill the next day, but finally relents. Mrs. Elton receives a long-awaited comeuppance in this chapter when her presumptions and breaks of etiquette reach an unreasonable level. Her great mistake is to demand the power to invite whomever she pleases to Donwell Abbey, a power that only Mr. Knightley may have. Mr. Knightley's reproach of Mrs. Elton contains an interesting comment. When he says that only the future Mrs. Knightley may invite whomever she chooses to his estate, he gives the first indication that he is interested in marriage. The automatic assumption before this point was that Mr. Knightley had resigned himself to remaining a bachelor. It now seems more and more likely that Jane Fairfax will suffer the indignation of becoming a governess, and even worse, she may owe her position to Mrs. Elton's intervention. This chapter bolsters the suspicions that Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax are involved, considering the strange circumstances of his late arrival and her early departure both are unhappy during their separate visits to the picnic at Donwell Abbey. Also, Harriet spending time with Mr. Knightley is a notable change in events. This is a reminder of Harriet's earlier claim that she was in love with a man of great status. Harriet has shown no interest in Frank Churchill, so it must be assumed that Emma was mistaken and Harriet has developed feelings for Mr. Knightley. The next day, the party goes to Box Hill for a picnic. Frank Churchill is still in a bad mood, but his mood improves when he concentrates only on amusing Emma. The party is listless, so Frank proposes a little game: everyone must say one thing very clever to Emma, or else two things moderately clever, or three things dull. When Miss Bates begins to chatter on incessantly, Emma puts her down harshly, telling her that she is limited to only three dull things. Later on, Emma, Jane and Frank discuss marriage. Jane speaks about how quick marriages can be salvaged, while Frank tells Emma to choose a wife for him and mold her (in her own image). Emma returns to the idea of Frank and Harriet. Afterwards, Mr. Knightley scolds Emma for treating Miss Bates so rudely, telling her that Miss Bates deserves her compassion and not her scorn. Although Miss Bates previously acted only as comic relief in Emma, she serves a greater purpose in this chapter. No matter how absurd, chattering or boorish she may be, even Miss Bates deserves to be treated with some dignity. Her low situation makes her deserving of even kinder treatment, which makes Emma's sharp remark particularly cruel. As Mr. Knightley reminds Emma, she made a great mistake when she puts down Miss Bates. As one of the highest members of Highbury society, Emma has a duty to treat those of lesser rank with kindness and to take pity on those such as Miss Bates. This is a turning point in Emma's behavior. Although she has thought ill of a number of Highbury residents before (the Eltons, Jane Fairfax), this is the first time that Emma has not behaved politely to one of them. This parallels the events of Chapter Forty-two, in which Mr. Knightley acts as the voice of propriety and good manners in terms of Mrs. Elton. He upbraids Emma just as decisively, but there is a genuine warmth to his criticism. When he speaks to Emma about her mistake, he points out how admired and warmly considered Emma is. His wish is to improve Emma and not to put her in her place, as he did Mrs.

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Elton. Ashamed of what she has done, Emma visits Miss Bates to apologize for her behavior at Box Hill, but she is not home. Emma waits for her with Mrs. Bates. Miss Bates does arrive and tells Emma that Jane was crying and writing letters to Colonel Campbell and Mrs. Dixon. She will be going to be the governess for Mrs. Smallridge of Maple Grove, thanks to Mrs. Elton, and will be paid well, according to Miss Bates. She also learns that Frank Churchill has suddenly left, since the Churchills requested that he return home. Emma is appropriately ashamed of her behavior, and her attempts to remedy her situation with Miss Bates are sincere and commendable. But Austen spends little time on Emma's newfound modesty, instead switching to news of Jane Fairfax. It is confirmed that Jane must enter a profession as a governess, a job that she earlier compared to the slave trade, and now she is in ill health. Despite Miss Bates' protests that she will be happy as a governess, Jane Fairfax is quite upset by this turn of events. Emma explicitly contrasts her fate with that of Mrs. Churchill. Jane Fairfax is a gracious, talented woman who must take a subservient position merely because of status, while Mrs. Churchill is a demanding, cruel woman who is important in society. There is now some explanation for Frank Churchill's recent bad mood. Mrs. Churchill yet again demands that Frank Churchill return home. There is more evidence that the fates of Jane Fairfax and Frank Churchill are connected. Both suffer depression almost simultaneously, and both are set to leave Highbury around the same time. When Emma returns home, she finds that Mr. Knightley and Harriet have arrived. He tells Emma that he is going to London to spend time with John and Isabella,and is touched to learn that Emma has gone to see Miss Bates. He takes her hand and is about to kiss it, yet suddenly lets it go. The following day, there is news that Mrs. Churchill has died. Emma now realizes that there is no obstacle between Frank and Harriet. She also learns that Jane Fairfax is now in ill health, likely depressed that she must go to Maple Grove. In this chapter, Emma is determined to set right her previous ill will toward Jane Fairfax. She strenuously attempts to visit her and wish her better health. Not only does she think well of Jane, she now wishes to do something about it. Emma acts with a newfound modesty. She is even embarrassed when her devoted but delusional father compliments her for kindness toward Miss Bates. Mr. Knightley's romantic attentions toward Emma become more overt in this chapter, although he remains reluctant. He takes her hand when he senses her embarrassment over the false praise, a subtle physical gesture that represents a shift from verbal expressions of emotion that predominate the novel. He is at the verge of expressing his love for Emma but still hesitates. The death of Mrs. Churchill is a truly unexpected event in the novel, for whatever illness she earlier claimed seemed to be a false pretense for getting Frank Churchill to be near her. Still, the major obstacle for Frank Churchill is now removed. He no longer is prevented from declaring his love for anyone. Yet despite the overwhelming evidence that he must be in love with Jane Fairfax, Emma persists in believing that he could love Harriet Smith.

Mr. Weston urgently requests Emma›s presence at Randalls, for Mrs. Weston has important news. When Emma arrives, Mrs. Weston looks quite disturbed. She has news that Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax have been secretly engaged. Emma tells Mrs. Weston honestly that she was once interested in Frank, but that interest subsided. Still, she criticizes Frank for pretending to show affection for her when he was engaged to Jane, particularly when

Jane was present. Whether or not Frank Churchill was wrong in devoting his attention to Emma and hiding his engagement to Jane Fairfax is up for debate. As Emma points out, he came to Highbury with professions of openness and simplicity but instead duped everyone. Still, it was evident from his first introduction that Frank harbored some secret and was deliberately deceptive. And although he gave the appearance that he had an interest in Emma, she realized almost immediately that this was not the case and that his interest was more out of vanity and their shared sociability. Also, Mrs. Churchill made it impossible for him to make his romance public without retribution. The one unqualified positive circumstance of the engagement is that Jane Fairfax will no longer have to become a governess. While Frank does have his faults, he will certainly improve Jane Fairfax's situation, while her impeccable manners will improve his sometimes-disreputable behavior. The parallels between Frank Churchill and his father are striking. Both men were constrained in their actions by the Churchill family, and both found happiness with an educated and respectable governess whose status they improve. Emma realizes that Harriet might be upset by the turn of events, for this is the second time that Emma has suggested that someone might be interested in the poor woman. Emma is angry with Frank Churchill for the deception but is at least relieved that Jane will not sink into an insignificant life. When Emma sees Harriet, Mr. Weston has already told her about Frank Churchill. Harriet denies that she ever had an interest in Frank Churchill, instead, Harriet has been fixated on Mr. Knightley. (When she earlier spoke to Emma about her feelings, she mentioned that the man in question saved her. While Emma assumed she meant Frank's actions with the gypsies, in fact she meant Mr. Knightley's kind behavior at the Crown Inn ball after she had been slighted). Emma finally realizes that nobody should marry Mr. Knightley but Emma herself, and that she has lead Harriet to believe that Mr. Knightley could be in love with her. Emma realizes that she has made Harriet believe that her claims are greater than they actually are; she has made the humble Harriet now vain. Mr. Knightley's words to Emma, "you have been no friend to Harriet Smith," prove prophetic in this chapter, as Emma herself realizes. She believes that she has yet again misled Harriet Smith into expecting the wrong romantic attachment. Nevertheless, Mr. Knightley's warning was not prophetic in the manner that Emma imagines. Emma did not damage Harriet Smith by setting her up for another heartbreak. Rather, Emma's great fault is that she made Harriet believe that she could aspire to an unreasonable social status. Emma realizes that part of her vanity is the belief that she knows the secrets of everybody else's feelings. She has been proven consistently wrong on this account because she views the world as she would like it to be. She assumed that Mr. Elton loved Harriet because she wanted it to be so. As her own feelings for Frank Churchill grew, she was convinced that he loved her; as they waned, she believed that his did as well. Jealousy once again motivates romance in this novel: it takes Frank Churchill to make Mr. Knightley show greater affection toward Emma, and now it is Harriet Smith who makes Emma realize that she loves Mr. Knightley. The great horror of the possible match between Mr. Knightley and Harriet Smith is that, from his actions, Emma believes it to be possible. But, the match must be prevented, for it would cause Mr. Knightley constant difficulties and expose him to intense mockery.

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Class once again enters into discussions of marriage. Even if Mr. Knightley does love Harriet Smith, Emma cannot imagine the marriage taking place. Whatever love the two of them have would be fraught with such difficulties that there is virtually no possibility of success. Emma gives up hope that Mr. Knightley is in love with her. Even if he were, she would still not be able to marry him because of her father's need for constant attention. Mrs. Weston tells Emma that Jane Fairfax regrets being involved in a suspicious private engagement and wishes that she had handled the situation with greater decorum. Emma feels disheartened and alone, since the pregnant Mrs. Weston will soon be preoccupied with her child and Frank Churchill will no longer visit frequently. Emma Woodhouse has thus far been completely satisfied with the condition of her life. In her mind she has everything that she desires: fortune, status, and a comfortable social circle. Yet in this chapter she realizes that an integral part of her happiness depends on Mr. Knightley›s affections. Although they have no romantic attachment as of yet, it is important to Emma that she is the most important woman in his life. Realizing that she might lose this position to Harriet Smith makes Emma aware how deeply she cares for him. This helps to explain why no attachment between Emma and Mr. Knightley has been formed earlier. Both already realized that they were the most important person in the other›s life. The discussion between Mrs. Weston and Emma concerning Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax brings up the important point that the two must certainly be in love with one another. Both endured a great deal of pain during their secret engagement and risked their reputation among society by deceiving their friends and family. As Emma states, "her affection must have overpowered her judgment." Yet love cannot entirely excuse deception; both Jane and Frank behaved improperly. Since all turned out well for the two of them they hurt nobody during their deception and will be properly married soon Austen's major point is that their behavior was wrong for reasons of manners. Even without any negative consequences, the deception was wrong as a breach of decorum. At this point in the novel, Emma is alone, outside the social interactions of her friends. Everyone else has already married (the Westons) or plans to (Frank and Jane). She may always have her wealth and status, but Emma still may risk loneliness by clinging to her self-absorption. This isolation will not come from becoming a social pariah but will instead occur if she remains immature and vain among responsible adults with greater responsibilities to consider. Mr. Knightley stops by Hartfield to see Emma, and they discuss Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax. He fears that Jane will be miserable with a man as intolerable as Frank Churchill but hopes that she will improve him. Mr. Knightley admits that he envies Frank in one respect. Emma fears that he will mention Harriet, but Mr. Knightley then professes his love for Emma. The two are now reassured of their love for one another. The final decision on Frank Churchill's actions comes when Emma discusses his engagement with Mr. Knightley. While Mr. Knightley has always held a low opinion of Frank Churchill out of jealousy for his apparent affection for Emma, he now realizes how he underrated him. Mr. Knightley serves as the final judge of character in the novel, and, when he comes to forgive Frank Churchill this is a cue from Austen that Frank, for all of his faults, should not be considered disreputable. Once again, manners and etiquette obscure the true emotions and cause dangerous mixed signals. The great propriety that Emma shows in dealing with Frank Churchill makes it unclear what feelings she may have. Mr. Knightley from

this concluded that she might be in love with Frank. It is necessary to discern what each character does or does not feel under the heavy veil of polite behavior. In believing that Emma might love Frank, Mr. Knightley made his one major error. Mr. Knightley professes love in a measured and utterly dignified manner that is very different from the fawning adoration that Mr. Elton showered upon Emma in the carriage ride. When he and Emma declare their love for one another, it is occasion for relief, rather than for abundant joy. Austen suggests that a match between the two was inevitable as they are the two highest members of Highbury society. Moreover, Mr. Knightley's criticisms of her were merely preparation for making her a suitable wife. Emma now has two obstacles to a marriage with Mr. Knightley: her father and Harriet Smith. Emma cannot marry Mr. Knightley while her father lives, for any marriage would greatly inconvenience him. Moreover, she does not know how to break the news to Harriet. She attempts to get Harriet invited to stay with Isabella in London, where she could be distracted. Frank Churchill writes a letter to Mrs. Weston, which expresses regret for his deception and clarifies some of his behavior. He writes that Emma is a young woman unlikely ever to be attached, for she is so complete in herself, and that he was often tempted to let her know about Jane. This chapter serves mostly to clarify earlier inconsistencies in Frank Churchill's behavior, as well as imminent obstacles that Emma and Mr. Knightley must face. The letter from Frank Churchill also solves some of the plot's mysteries: he was the one who sent the piano to Jane Fairfax, and he ordered it when he was in London ostensibly getting his hair cut. When he left Emma to return to the Churchills and seemed to be on the verge of admitting something, he was considering telling her the secret of his engagement. Finally, when Jane Fairfax was miserable and ready to accept the job as a governess, it was because she was so ashamed of her secretive behavior she broke off the engagement. The letter also once again returns to the issue of manners and unspoken emotions. Frank Churchill's assumptions contrast directly with Mr. Knightley's. While Mr. Knightley assumed that Emma believed herself to be the object of Frank Churchill's affections, Frank Churchill assumed that Emma realized that Frank and Jane were secretly in love. Because Emma's great propriety left so much unspoken, both men made equally invalid assumptions about what she believed.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS

1. **What are the feminist issues or ideas in Jane Austen's Emma?**
2. **What is Emma's role in Harriet's visit with the Martins? What are the sources of Emma's misgivings?**
3. **Emma is, like all great heroes; the victim of her own delusions. Comment and illustrate.**
4. **Who are the major characters in Emma?**
5. **What is implied by word 'recovering' in below part and why is this ironic?**

Mr. Knightley and Emma discuss Frank Churchill's letter come to the same conclusion: Frank Churchill did not behave well, but he was partially justified, especially since there has been no final harm. They also onsider the various options to deal with Emma's father. Mr. Knightley suggests moving him to Donwell Abbey with Emma, but Emma is concerned

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that it will cause the old man great discomfort. Finally they decide that Mr. Knightley will move to Hartfield instead. This chapter makes very clear that Mr. Woodhouse is more than just a harmless curmudgeon who takes pleasure in his complaints. He is an intractable obstacle for Emma, too concerned with his own comfort to allow his own daughter to marry. In this manner he parallels Mrs. Churchill: both characters use appearances of frailty and ill health to demand obedience from children they raised. Austen also returns to the theme that Emma Woodhouse has the societal power of a man, rather than a single young woman. In this way, the relationship between Emma and Mr. Knightley reverses traditional gender roles. Mr. Knightley is the one who makes sacrifices and must modify his customs and behavior. It is he who must give up his home to move elsewhere upon marriage.

The considerations that the two of them make about their marriage reinforce the social dynamic in Highbury. A marriage between Mr. Knightley and Emma affects more than just those two. It affects Mr. Woodhouse, who might lose the daughter who cares for him. It affects Isabella's son, Henry, who now might lose his place as the inheritor of Donwell Abbey if Emma and Mr. Knightley produce an heir. This particular situation also affects Harriet Smith, who once again must bear the pain of rejection from a man who is too socially superior for her to rightfully consider. Harriet finally learns about Emma and Mr. Knightley and bears the news well enough. Emma visits the Bates in order to see Jane Fairfax. Mrs. Elton is also there and tells Emma that she knows the good news about her and Mr. Knightley. Emma learns that Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax will marry soon, after an appropriate period of mourning for Mrs. Churchill. With Harriet gone from Highbury, Emma is free to enjoy Mr. Knightley's presence. This chapter emphasizes the inappropriateness of Emma's friendship with Harriet Smith. Harriet is a burden to Emma with her consistent heartbreaks and fragile nature, but in this case she bears the news about Mr. Knightley well. Austen gives the sense that Harriet's disappointment is necessary and even appropriate in order to force her to settle on a man who has an equal status. Unlike her situation with Mr. Elton, Harriet is entirely to blame for any pain she has suffered because of her feelings for Mr. Knightley. Since Mr. Knightley did not mislead her, Harriet's belief that he might love her is entirely a product of her developing vanity. The chapter also reinforces the earlier theme that marriage does not simply affect the prospective husband and wife. Just as Emma and Mr. Knightley have to think about others' desires and emotions, Jane Fairfax and Frank Churchill must show the proper respect to others. Marrying so soon after Mrs. Churchill died would be an affront to her memory, since it would indicate how the ill-tempered old woman prevented Frank from doing as he pleased. Mrs. Weston gives birth to a little girl, Anna, and begins discussing the possibility of marrying her to one of Isabella's sons. Emma and Mr. Knightley publicly share the news of their engagement. Mr. Woodhouse dislikes the idea of Emma marrying Mr. Knightley because it would force him to change his habits. Still, he inevitably assents to the marriage, and Emma hopes that time and reassurance will inevitably soften the old man. Emma tells Mr. Knightley that she cannot call him by his first name but promises to call him George after they are married. Austen explores the dynamics of marriage and courtship in this chapter with the reminder that elite parents immediately plan for their

child's marriage. Just barely after she has been delivered, Anna Weston already seems a possible match for Henry Knightley. Also, the birth of Anna Weston gives additional light on the role of the governess. Emma notes that Miss Weston will be performing essentially the same job for her daughter that she did when she taught Emma at Hartfield. Other details of the formality of courtship emerge. To Emma, her fiancé will be Mr. Knightley until they marry, and only then will she call him George. She still considers it improper to use his first name, even though they are engaged. Also, there is proper etiquette for revealing news of the marriage that Emma and Mr. Knightley must follow. Mr. Woodhouse, the most difficult case, must know almost immediately, and it is also proper form to tell the Westons. However, there are few members of Highbury society who can be ignored; it would even be impolite not to tell Jane Fairfax and Miss Bates the news. Harriet Smith is to be married to Robert Martin. Emma is somewhat disappointed by Harriet's decision, as Mr. Knightley suspects, but he reminds her that Harriet will be happy and secure. When Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax visit Highbury, Emma realizes that Mr. Knightley was the most suitable choice for her. This chapter concludes Harriet Smith's romantic pursuits, as she agrees to marry the man whom she was originally meant to marry. She has given up the pretensions that Emma instilled in her and finally accepted her devoted suitor. This emphasizes the negative effect that Emma had on the young woman. If not for Emma's interventions, Harriet would have married Robert Martin sooner and been immediately content. By taking Harriet under her wing and giving her a sense of vanity, Emma postponed Harriet's happiness with a succession of heartbreaks. It is important to note how Emma has changed in this chapter. She is a bit disappointed by Harriet's engagement, for she still harbors some wish that Harriet could find a more highborn husband, but comes to realize that Harriet's connections are worse than Robert Martin's and that Harriet can only benefit from the match. Emma has come to agree with Mr. Knightley's earlier view that Harriet's marriage to Robert Martin is the most sensible choice. The similarity between Emma Woodhouse and Frank Churchill becomes more evident in this chapter. Both require spouses who will bring out their best qualities while subduing their worst. Frank Churchill and Emma indulge each other's vanity and immaturity, but with the influence of Jane Fairfax and Mr. Knightley, respectively, Frank and Emma become more sensible and decent persons. It becomes clear that they would ultimately have been unsuitable for one another. In the novel, the relationships that work best are those in which the spouses complement each other but do not necessarily resemble one another Mr. and Mrs. Elton share a vulgar attention to social status and an utter lack of consideration for others' feelings. But Jane Fairfax counters Frank's insubstantial character with a reserved demeanor, Robert Martin is sensible where Harriet Smith is foolish and gullible, and Mr. Knightley is perceptive where Emma misjudges situations. Harriet writes to Emma about Robert Martin and admits that she was silly to consider Mr. Knightley. Harriet has learned the truth about her parents: her father was a respectable tradesman who could provide for her stay at Mrs. Goddard's school. Emma meets Robert Martin and becomes convinced that Harriet will be happy with him. Harriet marries Robert Martin, Frank Churchill marries Jane Fairfax, and later, after Mr. Woodhouse is placated, Emma marries Mr. Knightley. Everything is set right in this chapter: Harriet becomes a respectable member of society when she learns of her family connections and finds happiness with

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Robert Martin. She is, as Emma had hoped, from a decent family and can now enter society without any undue suspicion. Not surprisingly, Mr. Woodhouse becomes supportive of his daughter's marriage when he realizes that it will benefit his own comfort. He agrees to the marriage after a string of robberies because he thinks that Mr. Knightley's presence at Hartfield will keep him safe. Emma herself finally fulfills Austen's expectations and is married to Mr. Knightley. Upon her marriage, she is set to leave Highbury for a vacation to the ocean, the first instance in the novel in which she leaves her home. If Emma has conceded some of her independence to Mr. Knightley and allowed herself to be less than the center of attention, she has opened herself to new experiences and the possibility of a life in which things remain acceptably beyond her control,

5.4 CHAPTER SUMMARY

Like all of Jane Austen's novels, Emma is a novel of courtship and social manners. The majority of the book focuses on the question of marriage: who will marry whom and for what reasons will they marry: love, practicality, or necessity? At the center of the narration is the title character, Emma Woodhouse, a heiress who lives with her widowed father at their estate, Hartfield. Noted for her beauty and cleverness, Emma is somewhat wasted in the small village of Highbury but takes a great deal of pride in her matchmaking skills. Unique among other women her age, she has no particular need to marry: she is in the unique situation of not needing a husband to supply her fortune.

At the beginning of the novel, Emma's governess, Miss Taylor, has just married Mr. Weston, a wealthy man who owns Randalls, a nearby estate. Without Miss Taylor as a companion, Emma feels suddenly lonely and decides to adopt the orphan Harriet Smith as a protègè. Harriet lives at a nearby boarding school and knows nothing of her parents. Emma concludes that Harriet's father must have been a gentleman and advises the innocent Harriet in virtually all things, including her choice of society. She suggests that Harriet does not spend any more time with the Martins, a local family of farmers whose son, Robert, has paid Harriet much attention. Instead, Emma plans to play matchmaker for Harriet and Mr. Elton, the vicar of the church in Highbury. The friendship between Emma and Harriet does little good for either of them, a fact which Mr. Knightley, a neighbor and old friend, immediately notices. Harriet indulges Emma's worst qualities, giving her opportunity to meddle and serving only to flatter her. Emma in turn fills Harriet Smith with grand pretensions that do not suit her low situation in society. When Robert Martin proposes to Harriet, she rejects him based on Emma›s advice, thinking that he is too common. Mr. Knightley criticizes Emma›s matchmaking because he views Robert Martin to be superior to Harriet; while he is respectable, she is from uncertain origins. Emma›s sister, Isabella, and her husband, Mr. John Knightley, visit Highbury, and Emma uses their visit as an opportunity to reconcile with Mr. Knightley after their argument over Harriet. Yet, she still believes that Mr. Elton is a far more suitable prospect than Robert Martin. At first Emma seems to have some success in her attempts to bring Harriet and Mr. Elton together. The three spend a good deal of leisure time together, and he seems receptive to all of Emma's suggestions. When Harriet is unable to attend the Weston's' party on Christmas Eve, however, Mr. Elton focuses all of his attention solely

on Emma. When they travel home by carriage from the party, Mr. Elton professes his adoration for Emma and dismisses the idea that he would ever marry Harriet Smith. Mr. Elton intends to move up in society and is interested in Emma primarily for her social status and wealth. Emma promptly rejects Mr. Elton, who is highly offended and promptly leaves Highbury for a stay in Bath. The engagement had to remain a secret because of his aunt's disapproval and threat to disown him if he made a bad match. Frank Churchill's flirtatious behavior toward Emma is revealed to be nothing more than a ruse meant to divert attention from his feelings for Jane. When Emma attempts to break the bad news of Frank Churchill's engagement to Harriet, Emma learns that Harriet is actually in love with Mr. Knightley, who "rescued" her at the Crown Inn ball. With Harriet's revelation, Emma realizes that she is in love with Mr. Knightley herself. Emma concludes that, not only has been put her friend in the position of yet another heartbreak, but she has done Harriet a great disservice by making her think that she could aspire to such heights of society. Mr. Knightley soon professes his love for Emma, and they plan to marry. Yet there are two obstacles: first, if Emma were to marry, she would have to leave her father, who would not be able to bear the separation; second, she must break the news to Harriet. Mr. Knightley decides to move in to Hartfield after their marriage to allay Mr. Woodhouse's fears of being left alone. Harriet takes the news about Mr. Knightley well and soon after reunites with Robert Martin. The novel concludes with three marriages: Robert Martin and Harriet, Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax, and finally, Mr. Knightley and Emma.

5.5 REVIEW QUESTIONS

SHORT ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **Is Emma a likable character? Why or why not?**
2. **What role does Mr. Knightley play in the novel?**
3. **Compare and contrast the characters of Emma and Jane Fairfax. How are they similar? How are they different?**
4. **Describe the different marriages that are portrayed in the novel. How do they support (or not) Jane Austen's view of courtship and marriage?**
5. **How is Emma unique as an Austen heroine?**

LONG ANSWER TYPE QUESTIONS

1. **Over the course of the novel, Emma has several epiphanies about herself and her behavior. Which one is the most significant to the narrative and why?**
2. **Compare and contrast the characters of Mr. Knightley and Frank Churchill. How are they similar? How are they different?**
3. **What role does the narrator play in the novel, especially in terms of Emma's characterization?**
4. **How does the novel portray the issue of class in British society? What conclusions does it ultimately make?**
5. **Describe Emma's relationship with Harriet Smith. How does Emma's interactions with Harriet reveal Emma's own failings as a character?**

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5.6 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. In what year was "Emma" published?
- a. 1815
- b. 1811
- c. 1805
- d. 1790

2. Who was Emma's governess?
- a. Mrs. Boston
- b. Miss Bates
- c. Miss Smith
- d. Miss Fairfax

3. What is the name of Emma's sister?
- a. Anne
- b. Harriet
- c. Isabella
- d. Jane

4. What is the name of the Woodhouse estate?
- a. Hartfield
- b. Pemberley
- c. Brunswick
- d. High bury

5. What skill does Emma pride herself on the most?
- a. Sewing
- b. Drawing
- c. Riding
- d. M

6. What is Mr. Knightley's connection to the Woodhouse family?
- a. His brother married Emma's Sister
- b. He is Emma Cousin
- c. His Sister married Emma's brother
- d. He is Mr. Woodhouse illogitimate son

7. Which of the following terms does Austen NOT use to describe Emma?
- a. Modest
- b. Rich
- c. Clever
- d. Handsome

8. What event occurs immediately before the book begins?
- a. The Marriage of Miss Taylor and Mr. Weston
- b. The Marriage of Jane Fairfax and Mr. Knightley
- c. The Marriage of Harriet Smith and Mr. Weston
- d. The Marriage of Isabella Woodhouse and Mr. Knightley

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9. What is the name of Mr. Knightley's estate?

a. Brunswick
b. Hartfield
c. Fairfax
d. Donwell Abbey

10. Who is the only character to openly find fault in Emma?

a. Mr. Knightley
b. Miss Fairfax
c. Miss Smith
d. Mr. Woodhouse

♦♦♦♦♦

ANSWER KEY

UNIT I

Question	Answer	Question	Answer
1.	a.	6.	b.
2.	b.	7.	a.
3.	c.	8.	c.
4.	a.	9.	a.
5.	a.	10.	d.

UNIT II

Question	Answer	Question	Answer
1.	d.	6.	a.
2.	a.	7.	d.
3.	b.	8.	a.
4.	b.	9.	c.
5.	c.	10.	d.

UNIT III

Question	Answer	Question	Answer
1.	c.	6.	c.
2.	d.	7.	b.
3.	a.	8.	c.
4.	a.	9.	b.
5.	c.	10.	a.

UNIT IV

Question	Answer	Question	Answer
1.	b.	6.	b.
2.	a.	7.	a.
3.	b.	8.	a.
4.	b.	9.	c.
5.	a.	10.	c.

UNIT V

Question	Answer	Question	Answer
1.	a.	6.	a.
2.	a.	7.	a.
3.	c.	8.	a.
4.	a.	9.	d.
5.	d.	10	a.

Suggestive Reading

Books

- History of English Literature by Legouis and Cazamian.
- The Spectator Essays: Introduction and Notes by John Morrison.
- Lamb, Charles. Essays of Elia. Chennai: Macmillan. 2004
- For printed text: "Bacon's Essays" – Wyatt & Collins
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- "Glossary of Literary Terms" – M.H. Abrams
- "Introduction to the Study of Literature" – W.H. Hudson
- "The English Essay and Essayists" – Hugh Walker
- "Life of Bacon" – J. Nicol
- For printed full text: " Bacon's Essays" – Aldis Wright
- For printed full text: "Bacon's Essays" – Wyatt & Collins

Web Resources

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- http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Joseph_Addison

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- Coverley Papers from The Spectator by T. Singh
- http://www.ajdrake.com/teachers/teaching/guides/theory/cr100_arnold.htm
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