

世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

Charlotte Brontë

JANE EYRE
简·爱



世界图书出版公司

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作者简介

夏洛蒂·勃朗特(Charlotte Brontë 1816—1855)是英国十九世纪小说家。她出生在英格兰北部约克郡一个名叫索顿的小镇里。四岁时随父母迁居约克郡西部另一小镇哈沃斯。夏洛蒂的父亲帕特利克·勃朗特先生是爱尔兰人,母亲玛丽亚·布兰威尔则来自英格兰南方康沃尔的一个富商之家。她有两个姐姐、一个弟弟和两个妹妹。来到哈沃斯不久,母亲和两个姐姐先后去世,父亲请来姨母照料家务和他们兄妹四人。夏洛蒂承担起了家庭长女的责任,和她的弟妹们度过了短促的一生。后来弟弟布兰威尔早逝,她和两个妹妹,艾米和安妮则成为享誉世界的十九世纪女作家,人称“勃朗特三姊妹”。

她的父亲是哈沃斯教区的牧师,教区和周围发生的一切都是家庭谈论的中心话题,姨妈和老仆人们则给孩子们带来英格兰南部和约克郡古老的传说和神奇故事;在他们室后是一望无际的约克郡荒原,夏洛特和她的妹妹常常到荒原和附近的峡谷去散步。严酷的生活环境,没有母爱的生活及丰富多彩的社会与大自然都给了她们无穷的灵感和创作源泉,也培养了她们坚强自立性格。

作为一个穷牧师的长女,夏洛特深知只有学得知识,才能谋得职业。她想开办学校,为此她曾两次出外求学,并担任地位无异于仆人的家庭教师,然而她的努力都没有成功,带回的只是痛苦的记忆和心灵的伤害。于是她把自己的感情注入艰苦的文学创作之中。

1846年,她和两个妹妹用笔名自费出版了一部诗集,以艾米莉的诗为主,当时并不成功。1847年10月,夏洛特的《简

·爱》出版，立即引起轰动。12月，艾米莉的《呼啸山庄》和安妮的《艾格尼丝·格雷》也得以出版。不幸的是第二年，即1848年，她的弟弟布兰韦尔病故。不久，艾米莉和安妮也相继因肺病去世。在孤独和悲痛中，夏洛蒂继续写作。她于1865年婚后数月因怀孕期间染病去世，年仅38岁。

夏洛蒂·布朗特的代表作《简·爱》是她的自传小说，因为她本身孤寂悲惨的生活和她小说中的女主人公非常相似。

在《简·爱》中，夏洛蒂选择了既适合于主题又适合她的艺术理论叙述视角——第一人称。故事完全通过女主角简·爱的视线叙述。这种艺术手法使夏洛蒂能够以强烈的感染力将读者带进女主人公的思想与感情世界。

《简·爱》中诗一般的语言和紧张的情节，标志着浪漫主义成年期的新发展，正象简·爱给英国小说带来了新型的妇女形象——富于激情的智慧妇女一样。《简·爱》这部书始终吸引着读者，并深受广大读者喜爱。

在她短促的一生中，夏洛蒂还发表了《雪莱》(1847)、《维莱特》(1853)两部小说，并写出了《爱玛》的一部分。这些作品虽不像《简·爱》那样轰动世界，然而也算得上英国文学史上的不朽之作。

夏洛蒂·布朗特的浪漫主义色彩和现实主义风格几乎影响了整个十九世纪的女小说家的写作。从而也确立了她在英国、乃至世界文学史上的地位。

故事梗概

简·爱是孤儿。自幼父母双亡，被寄养在盖茨海德庄园他舅舅家里，过着凄苦的生活。她的舅父去世以后，她倍受舅母的虐待和侮辱。有一次，表兄无故把她打倒在地，当她还手时，其舅母气极败坏，把她关进舅父去世时所住的那间阴暗冰冷的房间里。简在极度恐惧中，昏了过去。随后，大病一场。

此后，舅母对简越来越感到厌恶。于是，她就安排简进了罗伍德慈善学校。当时简只有十一岁。她携带着自己的小箱子，孤零零地离开了舅父家里。

在罗伍德学校，简同样受到冷遇与欺辱。然而，她学习刻苦，懂礼貌，也极富有同情心。所以，老师和同学们都很喜欢她，尤其是受到女教师坦普尔小姐的关怀和教育。六年学习结束时，她由于优异的学习成绩和良好的表现，被留校当了教师。两年之后，她决定离开罗伍德，便登广告寻找家庭教师的工作。后来，桑费尔德庄园的女管家费尔法克斯夫人雇佣了她。

她应聘来到桑费尔德庄园，发现只有一个女学生，是庄园主人罗切斯特先生的被监护人。

在庄园里，简发现罗切斯特先生虽然脾气暴躁，态度变化无常，说话也不太礼貌，但他却常常郁郁寡欢，内心无限孤独。他常常找简说话，并表扬他的女学生的进步。由此简对他渐渐产生了好感。

后来，简发现桑费尔庄园常发生一些离奇古怪的事情：夜间常听到可怕的笑声、惨叫声；罗切斯特先生的房间也半夜起火。而罗切斯特先生对所发生的一切则保持沉默。

一天，罗切斯特先生带着一群客人来到庄园。其中有一位

时髦的小姐。简发现罗切斯特似乎正在追求这位小姐。看到他们俩亲热的交往，简感到非常痛苦。因为此时她意识到自己对主人已经产生的深深的依恋之情。

此后，简因料理她舅母的丧事而离开庄园，返回后她感到这里非常亲切。因为对孤苦无依的她来说，这里似乎已是自己的家。

一天晚上，她因主人要结婚，而自己必须永远离开这里而无限悲伤。她正徘徊在花园树下，主人罗切斯特却向她表白了爱情，问她是否愿意嫁给他。简这才投入恋人的怀抱。在欣慰与幸福中，简憧憬着未来。然而，在教堂举行婚礼时，却发生了意外：有人告发新郎在十五年前业已结婚。他的疯妻被锁在庄园顶楼。因此，在原先的婚约解除之前，他不得再与别的女人结婚。简遭此巨变，又不愿意做罗切斯特的情妇，当夜便毅然离去。后在饥寒交迫之中，被牧师圣·约翰及其姊妹收留，当了一名小学教师。

一天夜间，圣·约翰突然带来了一个消息：简·爱的叔父去世了，因而她得到了大笔遗产。同时她又弄清了圣·约翰原来是她的表兄。于是，简·爱将叔父遗产分为四份，与表兄和两个表妹平分。

不久，圣·约翰决定去印度传教，要求简作他的妻子，一同前往。然而，由于她不能忘情于罗切斯特先生，她毅然拒绝了约翰的求婚。一天晚上，简似乎听见罗切斯特先生对她的呼唤。第二天，她立刻乘马车回到桑费尔德。然而，她看到的却是一片焦黑的废墟。原来是疯女人放火烧屋，罗切斯特为救疯妻，不幸双目失明，疯妻也葬身火窟。罗切斯特现在孤独地住在几英里外的一个农场里。得知这一巨变后，简立即赶往农场。在那里她见到了罗切斯特，向他表白了爱情。他们终于幸福地结合了。两年后，罗切斯特先生一只眼睛重获光明。当他把第一个孩子抱在怀里时，他亲眼看到了他们幸福爱情的结晶。

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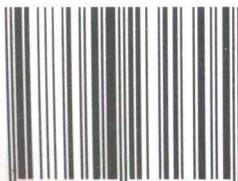


內容簡介

女主人公简·爱，自幼丧失父母，被寄养在舅母家，受尽了百般羞辱和虐待。在她仅十岁时，就被送到一所慈善机构——罗沃德学校。毕业后，她离开了那里，应聘到桑菲尔德庄园当家庭教师。不久与这里的主人罗切斯特先生相爱。在教堂举行结婚仪式时，简·爱得知罗切斯特早有妻室——一直被囚禁在庄园一间阁楼里的疯女人。简·爱便在夜间逃离庄园。她身无分文，晕倒街头，偶被表兄约翰先生及其妹搭救。约翰向简求婚，然而简仍在爱着罗切斯特，强烈的爱驱使她重又回到桑菲尔德，却发现庄园已是一片焦黑的废墟，罗切斯特也因在大火中受伤而双目失明。然而，她毅然和他结了婚，使他重新获得幸福。

Jane Eyre, the main character, is an orphan who is passed into the care of Mrs. Reed, the wife of her mother's brother. After years of neglect and abuse, she is sent to a boarding school at a tender age of ten, where she received good education under severe conditions. After her graduation, she gets a position as a governess at Thornfield where she falls in love with her employer, Mr. Edward Rochester. At their wedding ceremony, Jane gets to know that Rochester has a wife, a raving maniac locked in the house. In shock and grief, Jane leaves Thornfield quietly. Penniless and starving, she is saved and befriended by St. John Rivers and his two sisters, who turn out to be her cousins. St. John admires Jane and asks her to be his wife and assistant in his religious service. Feeling that she still cherishes a deep love for Rochester, who seems calling her in her dream, Jane refuses his proposal and returns to Thornfield, only to find it a blackened ruin. Mr. Rochester is blinded when he tries to rescue his mad wife, who sets the house on fire. Jane goes to him at once and there they get married.

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CHAPTER 1

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 somber, and a rain so penetrating, that further outdoor 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 quarreling nor crying) looked perfectly 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 cavilers 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 small 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 closed, 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 separat-

ing 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 storm-beat 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 letter-press 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 Lindenness, 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 concenter the multiplied rigors 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 quiet 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 evenings, when she chanced to be in good humor; 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 older 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 in to the rain— bad animal!"

"It is well I dress 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."

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 overapplication 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 on 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 is 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 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, etc. Also I had drawn parallels in silence, which I never thought thus to have declared aloud.

"What! what!" he cried. "Did you 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 sufferings; 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.

CHAPTER 2

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' 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 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 singsong 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 spare 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 color, 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 kitchens; 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 bedroom—the spell which kept it so lonely in spite of its grandeur.

Mr. Reed had 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 up out of lone, ferny dells in moors, and appearing before the eyes of belated travelers. 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 vigor; 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 anyone’s favor? 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