

**Chapter 1 : SparkNotes: Complete Text of Jane Eyre: Chapter 19**

*LitCharts assigns a color and icon to each theme in Jane Eyre, which you can use to track the themes throughout the work. Fyfe, Paul. "Jane Eyre Chapter " LitCharts. LitCharts LLC, 22 Jul Web. 2 Nov Fyfe, Paul. "Jane Eyre Chapter " LitCharts. LitCharts LLC, 22 Jul Web. 2 Nov.*

The library looked tranquil enough as I entered it, and the Sibyl-- if Sibyl she were--was seated snugly enough in an easy-chair at the chimney-corner. She had on a red cloak and a black bonnet: An extinguished candle stood on the table; she was bending over the fire, and seemed reading in a little black book, like a prayer-book, by the light of the blaze: I stood on the rug and warmed my hands, which were rather cold with sitting at a distance from the drawing-room fire. I felt now as composed as ever I did in my life: She shut her book and slowly looked up; her hat-brim partially shaded her face, yet I could see, as she raised it, that it was a strange one. It looked all brown and black: I expected it of you; I heard it in your step as you crossed the threshold. Having indulged a while in this sedative, she raised her bent body, took the pipe from her lips, and while gazing steadily at the fire, said very deliberately--"You are cold; you are sick; and you are silly. You are cold, because you are alone: You are sick; because the best of feelings, the highest and the sweetest given to man, keeps far away from you. You are silly, because, suffer as you may, you will not beckon it to approach, nor will you stir one step to meet it where it waits you. If you knew it, you are peculiarly situated: The materials are all prepared; there only wants a movement to combine them. Chance laid them somewhat apart; let them be once approached and bliss results. I never could guess a riddle in my life. She ached her face to the palm, and pored over it without touching it. Destiny is not written there. Kneel, and lift up your head. She stirred the fire, so that a ripple of light broke from the disturbed coal: The utmost I hope is, to save money enough out of my earnings to set up a school some day in a little house rented by myself. Well, perhaps I have: Poole--" I started to my feet when I heard the name. But, as I was saying: Have you no present interest in any of the company who occupy the sofas and chairs before you? Is there not one face you study? They generally run on the same theme-- courtship; and promise to end in the same catastrophe--marriage. When a lady, young and full of life and health, charming with beauty and endowed with the gifts of rank and fortune, sits and smiles in the eyes of a gentleman you--" "I what? I have scarcely interchanged a syllable with one of them; and as to thinking well of them, I consider some respectable, and stately, and middle-aged, and others young, dashing, handsome, and lively: You have not exchanged a syllable with one of them? Will you say that of the master of the house! A most ingenious quibble! He went to Millcote this morning, and will be back here to-night or to-morrow: Rochester has to do with the theme you had introduced. Rochester has a right to enjoy the society of his guests. Rochester has been favoured with the most lively and the most continuous? One unexpected sentence came from her lips after another, till I got involved in a web of mystification; and wondered what unseen spirit had been sitting for weeks by my heart watching its workings and taking record of every pulse. Rochester has sat by the hour, his ear inclined to the fascinating lips that took such delight in their task of communicating; and Mr. Rochester was so willing to receive and looked so grateful for the pastime given him; you have noticed this? I cannot remember detecting gratitude in his face. You have analysed, then. And what did you detect, if not gratitude? I came here to inquire, not to confess. Is it known that Mr. Rochester is to be married? He must love such a handsome, noble, witty, accomplished lady; and probably she loves him, or, if not his person, at least his purse. I know she considers the Rochester estate eligible to the last degree; though God pardon me! I told her something on that point about an hour ago which made her look wondrous grave: I would advise her blackaviced suitor to look out: I came to hear my own; and you have told me nothing of it. Chance has meted you a measure of happiness: I knew it before I came here this evening. She has laid it carefully on one side for you. I saw her do it. It depends on yourself to stretch out your hand, and take it up: Kneel again on the rug. She did not stoop towards me, but only gazed, leaning back in her chair. She began muttering, - "The flame flickers in the eye; the eye shines like dew; it looks soft and full of feeling; it smiles at my jargon: It turns from me; it will not suffer further scrutiny; it seems to deny, by a mocking glance, the truth of the discoveries I have already made,--to disown the charge both of sensibility and chagrin: The eye is

favourable. Mobile and flexible, it was never intended to be compressed in the eternal silence of solitude: That feature too is propitious. I need not sell my soul to buy bliss. I have an inward treasure born with me, which can keep me alive if all extraneous delights should be withheld, or offered only at a price I cannot afford to give. The passions may rage furiously, like true heathens, as they are; and the desires may imagine all sorts of vain things: Strong wind, earthquake-shock, and fire may pass by: I have formed my plans--right plans I deem them--and in them I have attended to the claims of conscience, the counsels of reason. I know how soon youth would fade and bloom perish, if, in the cup of bliss offered, but one dreg of shame, or one flavour of remorse were detected; and I do not want sacrifice, sorrow, dissolution--such is not my taste. I wish to foster, not to blight--to earn gratitude, not to wring tears of blood--no, nor of brine: I think I rave in a kind of exquisite delirium. I should wish now to protract this moment ad infinitum; but I dare not. So far I have governed myself thoroughly. I have acted as I inwardly swore I would act; but further might try me beyond my strength. Did I wake or sleep? Had I been dreaming? Did I dream still? I got up, but did not go. I looked; I stirred the fire, and I looked again: The flame illuminated her hand stretched out: It was no more the withered limb of old than my own; it was a rounded supple member, with smooth fingers, symmetrically turned; a broad ring flashed on the little finger, and stooping forward, I looked at it, and saw a gem I had seen a hundred times before. Again I looked at the face; which was no longer turned from me--on the contrary, the bonnet was doffed, the bandage displaced, the head advanced. Rochester stepped out of his disguise. In short, I believe you have been trying to draw me out--or in; you have been talking nonsense to make me talk nonsense. It is scarcely fair, sir. If, on reflection, I find I have fallen into no great absurdity, I shall try to forgive you; but it was not right. It was a comfort; but, indeed, I had been on my guard almost from the beginning of the interview. Something of masquerade I suspected. I knew gipsies and fortune-tellers did not express themselves as this seeming old woman had expressed herself; besides I had noted her feigned voice, her anxiety to conceal her features. But my mind had been running on Grace Poole--that living enigma, that mystery of mysteries, as I considered her. I had never thought of Mr. What does that grave smile signify? I have your permission to retire now, I suppose? Oh, are you aware, Mr. Rochester, that a stranger has arrived here since you left this morning? I expected no one; is he gone? Did he give his name? Rochester was standing near me; he had taken my hand, as if to lead me to a chair. As I spoke he gave my wrist a convulsive grip; the smile on his lips froze: Holding my hand in both his own, he chafed it; gazing on me, at the same time, with the most troubled and dreary look.

### Chapter 2 : Jane Eyre; Chapter 19 by Sydney Brockie on Prezi

*Chapter 19 CHAPTER XIX. The library looked tranquil enough as I entered it, and the Sibyl--if Sibyl she were--was seated snugly enough in an easy-chair at the.*

Jane enters the room and tells the gypsy that she can tell her fortune, but that she has no faith. They talk for a while, and the gypsy tells Jane that she knows that she sits with the rest of the party every night, and asks if she studies one person more than the others. Jane says that she looks at them all. The gypsy tells Jane that it is hard to tell her fortune, as one trait contradicts another. Their talk continues, until the gypsy gets closer to the fire and Jane realizes that it is Rochester. Jane is surprised and tries to remember if she had said anything absurd. She feels that she had not, and Rochester says that she had been very careful and correct. He wants to know what the others had said about him. Jane tells him, and then mentions that Mr. Rochester asks Jane what she would do if all of his friends suddenly turned on him, and she says that she would not leave, but would stay and comfort him. He tells her to go and get him a glass of wine and for her to lead Mason to him. Later, after she had been in bed awhile, she hears Rochester lead Mason to a room. In the middle of the night Jane hears a shrill cry from the end of the hall. She hears someone running and the noise stopping, but soon all of the guests are awake and wondering what is going on. Rochester returns from the end of the hall and tells everyone that one of the servants had had a bad dream. All go back to bed except Jane, who dresses and waits in case she should be called. A while later there is a tap at the door and Rochester asks her to come with a sponge and some smelling salts. He takes her to Mason, whose arm is bleeding, and tells her to stay with him, wipe his blood, and use the smelling salts to keep him awake while he runs for the surgeon. He warns each of them not to talk to the other at all. It seems like a long time, and Jane is scared that someone will come out of the third story for them, but finally Rochester returns. Mason says that she had bit him, and Rochester says that he had told him to be careful and not to see her alone. The surgeon patches up Mason and they leave Thornfield. Jane and Rochester are then walking out to get some fresh air until the others awaken. Jane wonders to Rochester why he keeps Grace Poole there, as she thinks it is she that causes the trouble. He tells Jane not to worry about her. Rochester asks Jane to suppose hypothetically that there is a boy who causes a capital error, the results of which had been bad, and that he takes unusual measures to rid himself of the error. When the boy meets a new friend, is he justified in overleaping this obstacle? The guests start rising, and Jane and Rochester leave the garden in different directions.

### Chapter 3 : Jane Eyre Chapter 19 Summary & Analysis from LitCharts | The creators of SparkNotes

*Summary: Chapter 19 Jane goes in to the library to have her fortune read, and after overcoming her skepticism, she finds herself entranced by the old woman's speech. The gypsy woman seems to know a great deal about Jane and tells her that she is very close to happiness.*

Chapter 1 The novel opens on a dreary November afternoon at Gateshead, the home of the wealthy Reed family. Reed, has forbidden her niece to play with her cousins Eliza, Georgiana, and the bullying John. John then hurls a book at the young girl, pushing her to the end of her patience. Jane finally erupts, and the two cousins fight. Once locked in the room, Jane catches a glimpse of her ghastly figure in the mirror, and, shocked by her meager presence, she begins to reflect on the events that have led her to such a state. Jane cries out in terror, but her aunt believes that she is just trying to escape her punishment, and she ignores her pleas. Jane faints in exhaustion and fear. Chapter 3 When she wakes, Jane finds herself in her own bedroom, in the care of Mr. Jane remains in bed the following day, and Bessie sings her a song. Jane is cautiously excited at the possibility of leaving Gateshead. Soon after her own reflections on the past in the red-room, Jane learns more of her history when she overhears a conversation between Bessie and Miss Abbott. I will never call you aunt again as long as I live. I will never come to visit 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. Brocklehurst, the stern-faced man who runs the school. Brocklehurst abrasively questions Jane about religion, and he reacts with indignation when she declares that she finds the psalms uninteresting. Brocklehurst that the girl also has a propensity for lying, a piece of information that Mr. Reed, for once, seems to concede defeat. Shortly thereafter, Bessie tells Jane that she prefers her to the Reed children. Before Jane leaves for school, Bessie tells her stories and sings her lovely songs. These books depicted remote, desolate landscapes, crumbling ruins, and supernatural events, all of which were designed to create a sense of psychological suspense and horror.

**Chapter 4 : Jane Eyre Chapter 18 Summary & Analysis from LitCharts | The creators of SparkNotes**

*Provided to YouTube by Bookwire Chapter 19 - Jane Eyre Â· Charlotte Brontë« Jane Eyre â„— OregonPpublishing Released on: Artist: Charlotte Brontë«.*

Chapter 17 Rochester has been gone for a week, and Jane is dismayed to learn that he may choose to depart for continental Europe without returning to Thornfield—according to Mrs. Fairfax, he could be gone for more than a year. A week later, however, Mrs. Fairfax receives word that Rochester will arrive in three days with a large group of guests. While she waits, Jane continues to be amazed by the apparently normal relations the strange, self-isolated Grace Poole enjoys with the rest of the staff. Rochester arrives at last, accompanied by a party of elegant and aristocratic guests. Jane is forced to join the group but spends the evening watching them from a window seat. Jane tries to leave the party, but Rochester stops her. He grudgingly allows her to go when he sees the tears brimming in her eyes. As they part, Rochester nearly lets slip more than he intends.

Chapter 18 The guests stay at Thornfield for several days. Rochester and Blanche compete as a team at charades. From watching their interaction, Jane believes that they will be married soon though they do not seem to love one another. Blanche would be marrying Rochester for his wealth, and he for her beauty and her social position. One day, a strange man named Mr. Mason arrives at Thornfield. Jane dislikes him at once because of his vacant eyes and his slowness, but she learns from him that Rochester once lived in the West Indies, as he himself has done. Blanche Ingram goes first, and when she returns from her talk with the gypsy woman she looks keenly disappointed. The gypsy woman seems to know a great deal about Jane and tells her that she is very close to happiness. Jane reproaches Rochester for tricking her and remembers thinking that Grace Poole might have been the gypsy. When Rochester learns that Mr. Mason has arrived, he looks troubled.

Chapter 20 The same night, Jane is startled by a sudden cry for help. She hurries into the hallway, where Rochester assures everyone that a servant has merely had a nightmare. He tells her that he can use her help and asks whether she is afraid of blood. He leads her to the third story of the house and shows her Mr. Mason, who has been stabbed in the arm. Rochester asks Jane to stanch the wound and then leaves, ordering Mason and Jane not to speak to one another. He gives some of it to Mason, saying that it will give him heart for an hour. Rochester—who obviously has been describing his own situation—asks Jane to reassure him that marrying Blanche would bring him salvation. He then hurries away before she has a chance to answer.

Chapter 21 Jane has heard that it is a bad omen to dream of children, and now she has dreams on seven consecutive nights involving babies. She learns that her cousin John Reed has committed suicide, and that her aunt, Mrs. Reed, has suffered a stroke and is nearing death. Jane goes to Gateshead, where she is reunited with Bessie. She also sees her cousins Eliza and Georgiana. Eliza is plain and plans to enter a convent, while Georgiana is as beautiful as ever. Jane tries to patch things up with Mrs. He declares that he wishes to adopt Jane and bequeath her his fortune. The letter is three years old; out of malice, Mrs. Reed did not forward it to Jane when she received it. Reed refuses, and, at midnight, she dies.

**Chapter 5 : Jane Eyre Chapters 19 by Hannah Pierce on Prezi**

*Despite Jane's protests to the contrary, the gypsy woman tells Jane she is cold, sick, and silly. Jane, she foretells, is very close to happiness; if Jane made a movement toward it, bliss would result.*

Chapters 17â€”21 Chapter 19 The library looked tranquil enough as I entered it, and the Sibylâ€”if Sibyl she wereâ€”was seated snugly enough in an easy-chair at the chimney-corner. She had on a red cloak and a black bonnet: An extinguished candle stood on the table; she was bending over the fire, and seemed reading in a little black book, like a prayer-book, by the light of the blaze: I stood on the rug and warmed my hands, which were rather cold with sitting at a distance from the drawing-room fire. I felt now as composed as ever I did in my life: She shut her book and slowly looked up; her hat-brim partially shaded her face, yet I could see, as she raised it, that it was a strange one. It looked all brown and black: I expected it of you; I heard it in your step as you crossed the threshold. Having indulged a while in this sedative, she raised her bent body, took the pipe from her lips, and while gazing steadily at the fire, said very deliberatelyâ€”"You are cold; you are sick; and you are silly. You are cold, because you are alone: You are sick; because the best of feelings, the highest and the sweetest given to man, keeps far away from you. You are silly, because, suffer as you may, you will not beckon it to approach, nor will you stir one step to meet it where it waits you. If you knew it, you are peculiarly situated: The materials are all prepared; there only wants a movement to combine them. Chance laid them somewhat apart; let them be once approached and bliss results. I never could guess a riddle in my life. She ached her face to the palm, and pored over it without touching it. Destiny is not written there. Kneel, and lift up your head. She stirred the fire, so that a ripple of light broke from the disturbed coal: The utmost I hope is, to save money enough out of my earnings to set up a school some day in a little house rented by myself. Well, perhaps I have: Poole â€”" I started to my feet when I heard the name. But, as I was saying: Have you no present interest in any of the company who occupy the sofas and chairs before you? Is there not one face you study? They generally run on the same themeâ€”courtship; and promise to end in the same catastropheâ€”marriage. When a lady, young and full of life and health, charming with beauty and endowed with the gifts of rank and fortune, sits and smiles in the eyes of a gentleman youâ€”" "I what? I have scarcely interchanged a syllable with one of them; and as to thinking well of them, I consider some respectable, and stately, and middle-aged, and others young, dashing, handsome, and lively: You have not exchanged a syllable with one of them? Will you say that of the master of the house! A most ingenious quibble! He went to Millcote this morning, and will be back here to-night or to-morrow: Rochester has to do with the theme you had introduced. Rochester has a right to enjoy the society of his guests. Rochester has been favoured with the most lively and the most continuous? One unexpected sentence came from her lips after another, till I got involved in a web of mystification; and wondered what unseen spirit had been sitting for weeks by my heart watching its workings and taking record of every pulse. Rochester has sat by the hour, his ear inclined to the fascinating lips that took such delight in their task of communicating; and Mr. Rochester was so willing to receive and looked so grateful for the pastime given him; you have noticed this? I cannot remember detecting gratitude in his face. You have analysed, then. And what did you detect, if not gratitude? I came here to inquire, not to confess. Is it known that Mr. Rochester is to be married? He must love such a handsome, noble, witty, accomplished lady; and probably she loves him, or, if not his person, at least his purse. I know she considers the Rochester estate eligible to the last degree; though God pardon me! I told her something on that point about an hour ago which made her look wondrous grave: I would advise her blackaviced suitor to look out: I came to hear my own; and you have told me nothing of it. Chance has meted you a measure of happiness: I knew it before I came here this evening. She has laid it carefully on one side for you. I saw her do it. It depends on yourself to stretch out your hand, and take it up: Kneel again on the rug. She did not stoop towards me, but only gazed, leaning back in her chair. She began muttering, - "The flame flickers in the eye; the eye shines like dew; it looks soft and full of feeling; it smiles at my jargon: It turns from me; it will not suffer further scrutiny; it seems to deny, by a mocking glance, the truth of the discoveries I have already made,â€”to disown the charge both of sensibility and chagrin: The eye is favourable. Mobile and flexible, it

was never intended to be compressed in the eternal silence of solitude: That feature too is propitious. I need not sell my soul to buy bliss. I have an inward treasure born with me, which can keep me alive if all extraneous delights should be withheld, or offered only at a price I cannot afford to give. The passions may rage furiously, like true heathens, as they are; and the desires may imagine all sorts of vain things: Strong wind, earthquake-shock, and fire may pass by: I have formed my plansâ€”right plans I deem themâ€”and in them I have attended to the claims of conscience, the counsels of reason. I know how soon youth would fade and bloom perish, if, in the cup of bliss offered, but one dreg of shame, or one flavour of remorse were detected; and I do not want sacrifice, sorrow, dissolutionâ€”such is not my taste. I wish to foster, not to blightâ€”to earn gratitude, not to wring tears of bloodâ€”no, nor of brine: I think I rave in a kind of exquisite delirium. I should wish now to protract this moment ad infinitum; but I dare not. So far I have governed myself thoroughly. I have acted as I inwardly swore I would act; but further might try me beyond my strength. Did I wake or sleep? Had I been dreaming? Did I dream still? I got up, but did not go. I looked; I stirred the fire, and I looked again: The flame illuminated her hand stretched out: It was no more the withered limb of old than my own; it was a rounded supple member, with smooth fingers, symmetrically turned; a broad ring flashed on the little finger, and stooping forward, I looked at it, and saw a gem I had seen a hundred times before. Again I looked at the face; which was no longer turned from meâ€”on the contrary, the bonnet was doffed, the bandage displaced, the head advanced. Rochester stepped out of his disguise. In short, I believe you have been trying to draw me outâ€”or in; you have been talking nonsense to make me talk nonsense. It is scarcely fair, sir. If, on reflection, I find I have fallen into no great absurdity, I shall try to forgive you; but it was not right. It was a comfort; but, indeed, I had been on my guard almost from the beginning of the interview. Something of masquerade I suspected. I knew gipsies and fortune-tellers did not express themselves as this seeming old woman had expressed herself; besides I had noted her feigned voice, her anxiety to conceal her features. But my mind had been running on Grace Pooleâ€”that living enigma, that mystery of mysteries, as I considered her. I had never thought of Mr. What does that grave smile signify? I have your permission to retire now, I suppose? Oh, are you aware, Mr. Rochester, that a stranger has arrived here since you left this morning? I expected no one; is he gone? Did he give his name? Rochester was standing near me; he had taken my hand, as if to lead me to a chair. As I spoke he gave my wrist a convulsive grip; the smile on his lips froze: Holding my hand in both his own, he chafed it; gazing on me, at the same time, with the most troubled and dreary look.

**Chapter 6 : Jane Eyre Chapters Summary and Analysis - calendrierdelascience.com**

*As is the case with most chapters in Jane Eyre, chapter 19 produces as many mysteries as it solves. We learn that the gypsy is actually Mr. Rochester and are consequently left to wonder why he.*

Jane is both fearful and excited to see Mr. Rochester the morning after the fire. To her surprise, the morning passes as usual. None of the servants seem suspicious of Mr. Jane is especially surprised to see Grace Poole acting as if nothing happened. Soon, Jane finds out that Mr. Rochester is not home, having journeyed to attend a party at the Leas. She is disappointed to hear that he will probably not return for a week and even more disheartened to hear that at the party he will be in the company of the beautiful Miss Blanche Ingram. Feeling foolish for having ever thought Mr. Rochester could be interested in her, Jane sketches two portraits. One is a faithful portrayal of her own plain face, and the other is a drawing of what she imagines the beautiful Miss Ingram to look like. She tells herself that in the future, whenever she starts to believe that Mr. Rochester holds her in special regard, she will look at the two portraits and remember her insignificance to him. Rochester has been gone ten days with no word, Jane is upset to hear Mrs. A few days later, however, Mrs. Fairfax receives word that Mr. Rochester will be returning in three days and expects to be accompanied by several of the people staying with the Leas. Several temporary staff members are hired from the village to aid in the preparations of the house. During the flurry of activity, Jane overhears Leah and the charwoman mention that Grace Poole makes much more money than the other servants and that there are not many who would be able to do her job. Confused, Jane tries to hear more, but the conversation is cut off when Leah spots her. Rochester summons them downstairs to make an appearance. Jane sits quietly in the window seat, remaining at a distance as the group members entertain themselves. Rochester appears, she cannot help but steal a glance at him and struggles to suppress the surge of emotion she feels in his presence. Jane observes that Blanche Ingram is indeed very beautiful, although she and her mother, Mrs. Ingram, show great disdain toward Jane. Uncomfortable, Jane takes the first opportunity to slip away but is stopped in the hallway by Mr. Seeing that she is upset, he allows her to retire for the night but not before demanding that she make a similar appearance every evening. The guests remain at Thornfield for several days. One evening, Jane watches Mr. Rochester and Miss Ingram play charades together and suspects that they will soon marry. Their match is all the more painful for Jane when she realizes that Mr. Rochester does not truly care for Miss Ingram, nor she for him. Jane admits that had Miss Ingram been kind and able to successfully charm Mr. Rochester, she would feel extremely jealous. As it is, Jane only feels sorrow that Mr. Rochester is marrying for connections rather than love. One day, a stranger called Mr. Mason arrives while Mr. Claiming that he is an old acquaintance of Mr. When Blanche returns from having her fortune told, she is in a noticeably bad mood. Jane enters the library, where the gypsy woman is sitting. Unlike the other ladies, Jane is very skeptical of the woman and suspects her to be a trickster. The woman tells Jane that she is close to happiness if she will only reach out and take it. Drawing closer, she realizes that the gypsy woman is really Mr. Rochester in disguise and calls him on his deception. Jane is secretly relieved that she did not say anything too revealing during their conversation. She mentions the arrival of Mr. Mason and is shocked by Mr. He mysteriously tells Jane that the presence of Mr. In these chapters, we see Jane finally acknowledge her love for Mr. Despite her ever-growing feelings, these chapters introduce several obstacles to Mr. Miss Blanche Ingram is the most obvious of these obstacles. A beautiful and well-connected person, she is considered a suitable and likely match for Mr. Blanche is beautiful but shallow and often cruel, while Jane is plain but intelligent and kind. Through their characters, we see yet again the theme that outer beauty often masks an inner ugliness. Rochester could never return her love. However, we see that though she clearly wishes to believe otherwise, Jane has not remained unaffected by the social expectations of the time. She feels in many ways inferior to Miss Ingram, even after realizing that Blanche possesses no real intelligence or strength of character. Rochester continually seeks out her company, even while entertaining his guests. At one point, he has to stop himself from accidentally referring to Jane with a term of endearment: When he is upset by Mr. Rochester plans to marry, demonstrating that she is perhaps more bound by convention than she realizes. Amid the development of the romance plot, a Gothic mystery is

also taking shape. The conversation Jane overhears about Grace Poole confirms that there is something taking place at Thornfield that is being deliberately kept secret from her. She cannot understand why Mr. Rochester would not dismiss someone who seemingly attempted to murder him in such a brutal fashion. Though Grace shows no outward signs of guilt, Jane continues to be incredibly suspicious of her. The arrival of a mysterious stranger, Mr. Mason, who claims to be an old acquaintance of Mr. His queries about whether the guests appear to have heard something strange and about what Jane would do if everyone turned on him suggest that Mr. Mason is in possession of a terrible secret about Mr.

**Chapter 7 : Jane Eyre by Charlotte Bronte: Chapter 19 (continued) - The Literature Page**

*For educational purposes. Narrated by Juliet Stevenson.*

Though Jane feels contempt for Blanche, she accepts that he is marrying Blanche not out of love, but "for family, perhaps political reasons; because her rank and connections suited him" p. She excuses him--and Blanche--in vague terms "for acting in conformity to ideas and principles instilled in them, doubtless, from their childhood. All their class held these principles" p. Does her excuse come out of her judgment or her feelings? Is her excusing Rochester an example of her love for him overcoming her judgment? Jane admits, I was growing very lenient to my master: I was forgetting all his faults, for which I had once kept a sharp look-out. It had formerly been my endeavour to study all sides of his character: Now I saw no bad. The sarcasm that had repelled, the harshness that had startled me once, were only like keen condiments in a choice dish; their presence was pungent, but their absence would be felt as comparatively insipid p. Is more being expressed in this passage than passion overcoming reason or judgment? But are they part of his appeal for her? Does she find his moodiness exciting and stimulating? And as for the vague something--was it a sinister or a sorrowful, a designing or a desponding expression? Instead of wishing to shun, I longed only to dare--to divine it; and I thought Miss Ingram happy, because one day she might look into the abyss at her leisure, explore its secrets and analyse their nature pp. Now, however, they draw her; she wants to look "into the abyss" and "explore its secrets and analyse their nature. Her language is passionate and intense--"fear and shrink," "volcanic- looking hill," "quiver," "gape," "throbbing heart," "palsied nerves. The similarity of their natures is expressed in the similar heightened language both use; Rochester, in the next chapter, also uses a volcano metaphor to describe his life p. Has reason, which made her fear and shrink, been overcome? If it is part of his power struggle with Jane, what is he trying to make her reveal? Does he succeed in his purpose? Why or why not? She kneels so close to the fire that it "scorches" her p. You may see the passion as idealized romantic love only or as including sexual desire as well. What is the significance of the fire scorching rather than merely warming Jane or lighting her? For the third time Jane helps Rochester, this time with Mr. Rochester asks Jane what she would do if his guests and society at large turned against him. She affirms her determination to stay with him, regardless of others. In doing this, Jane affirms the primacy of the individual, a major idea in this novel. She will judge and make decisions based solely on her own sense of right and wrong; the pressures and values of society have little, if any power over the self-reliant, absolute individual. She sets one condition to her determination to ignore the censure or condemnation of society for him, "I could dare it for the sake of any friend who deserved my adherence; as you, I am sure, do" p. That condition of being worthy of her loyalty shows that her passion is tempered by judgment and morality, that emotion and reason are working together. She repeats her commitment and condition again, "I like to serve you, sir, and to obey you in all that is right" p. Her condition "in all that is right" foreshadows a later, excruciating decision she will have to make. In Byronic mode, Rochester uses violent and grandiose imagery to express the turbulence of his barely restrained passions, "To live, for me, Jane is to stand on a crater-crust which may crack and spue fire any day" p. Rochester describes, in vague language, the situation of someone whose entire life is ruined because of an error in judgment. Is it fair of Rochester to ask Jane to agree to such a proposition? To whom should Rochester look for help, according to Jane? She is the new acquaintance whose company, he asserts, revives, regenerates: He expects her purity, her honesty, her moral strength to redeem him, to release him from the burden of his past, and to enable him to start life anew. In other words, he looks to her to supply basic traits which are lacking in his life. Is this a psychologically valid motive or has Bronte made a mistake in motivating Rochester? Do we, in relationships, look to others to provide traits we lack? At the same time that Rochester is expressing a deeply felt desire, he continues to toy with or play his power game with Jane. He does not explicitly name her as the source of his salvation, though he does come close, "I believe I have found the instrument for my cure, in --" p. He breaks off just before he would have named her and so committed himself. After a pause, in which his face and tone become sarcastic, he identifies Blanche as his potential salvation, " How does Jane feel during this conversation? What does she feel when he asks her to sit up with

him the night before his wedding "to talk of Blanche" p. Chapter 21 Pages Jane reports a number of dreams, to which she attaches meaning. Is she being superstitious or are her dreams prophetic? Her dreaming of a baby, a dream foretelling misfortune, proves accurate; her cousin John Reed is dead and her aunt Reed is dying. She returns, despite her childhood vow never to see Mrs. One of her hopes is to be reconciled, "I came back with no other emotion than a sort of ruth [ruth: Her ability to be guided by reason, rather than driven by emotion, is also shown in her reaction to her aunt, who hates her as much as ever. Bronte does not give in to sentimentality by converting Mrs. Reed on her deathbed and imposing a reconciliation between her and Jane. Jane, who as a child learned from Helen Bums to subdue her bitterness toward Mrs. Reed, asks for forgiveness. Rejected, Jane initially feels pain, anger, then "a determination to subdue her--to be her mistress, in spite both of her nature and her will" p. Quickly, however, her habit of good judgment surfaces, and she talks to Mrs. Reed calmly, patiently and rationally. Her final words to and about her aunt show her moral growth, her magnanimity, and her judgment controlling passion: The destructiveness of unrestrained emotion and self-indulgent wilfulness is exemplified in John Reed and in his mother. Georgiana is all feeling, and Eliza is all reason. After observing the sisters, Jane generalizes, "Feeling without judgment is a washy draught indeed; but judgment untempered by feeling is too bitter and husky a morsel for human deglutition" p. In other words, the individual must attain a balance between reason and passion, not be dominated by one or the other.

### Chapter 8 : Jane Eyre Chapters 1- 17 - ProProfs Quiz

*Jane Eyre; Chapter 19 Jane visits the library to consult a fortune telling gipsy The gipsy is Mr. Rochester disguised as an elderly woman He attempts to pry from Jane.*

Suddenly, she hears a heart-stopping cry for help. Jane hurriedly puts on some clothes, horror shaking her body. All members of the party have gathered in the hallway, wondering if the house is on fire or if robbers have broken in. Rochester assures them that the noise was simply a servant having a bad dream and sends them back to their beds. Jane knows this is a lie, because she heard the strange cry, a struggle, and then a call for help. Together they climb to the mysterious third story of the house. There they discover Richard Mason with a bloody arm. Rochester asks Jane to sop up the blood while he runs for the surgeon, but insists that Mason and Jane not speak with each other; if they do, Rochester will "not answer for the consequences. As dawn approaches, Rochester finally returns with the surgeon. Rochester has Jane run downstairs to find a special cordial he bought from an Italian charlatan. He measures twelve drops of the liquid into a glass, and has Mason drink the mixture, which Rochester claims will give him the "heart" he lacks for an hour or so. After Mason has left, Jane and Rochester walk through the gardens. Rochester tells Jane the hypothetical story of a wild boy indulged from children, who commits a "capital error" while in a remote foreign country. He lives in debauchery for a while, then seeks to resume a happy, pure life with a kind stranger, but a "mere conventional impediment stands in his way. Rochester then asks Jane, without parable, if marrying Blanche would bring him regeneration? He describes Blanche as a "strapper," big and buxom, like the women of Carthage, then rushes off to the stables to speak with Dent and Lynn. While she sees only the glamour of the place, he sees the gilding as slime, the silk draperies as cobwebs, the marble as "sordid slate. Under a veneer of domestic tranquility lies a monstrous secret" in the form of the strange woman who lives on the third floor. Descriptions of her she "worried me like a tigress" and "she sucked the blood: Jane Eyre combines the techniques of several literary genre, including the bildungsroman a novel that shows the psychological or moral development of the main character , the romance, and the gothic novel. Elements of gothic predominate in this chapter. Generally, gothic uses remote, gloomy settings, and a sinister, eerie atmosphere to create a feeling of horror and mystery. She tells of the "mystic cells," of "a pale and bloody spectacle," of a mystery that breaks out "now in fire and now in blood, at the deadest hours of night," creating a "web of horror.

### Chapter 9 : Jane Eyre: Novel Summary: Chapters | Novelguide

*Jane enters the library and sees the old gypsy woman reading a prayer-book by the fire. Her hat and handkerchief throw shadows over her face. The woman starts telling Jane her fortune; Jane is calm and amused, and doesn't believe a word of it.*