

‘Yes.’

‘Pity!’ he said, and sighed and paused. ‘It is always the way of events in this life,’ he continued presently: ‘no sooner have you got settled in a pleasant resting-place, than a voice calls out to you to rise and move on, for the hour of repose is expired.’

‘Must I move on, sir?’ I asked. ‘Must I leave Thornfield?’

‘I believe you must, Jane. I am sorry, Janet, but I believe indeed you must.’

This was a blow: but I did not let it prostrate me.

‘Well, sir, I shall be ready when the order to march comes.’

‘It is come now—I must give it to-night.’

‘Then you ARE going to be married, sir?’

‘Ex-act-ly—pre-cise-ly: with your usual acuteness, you have hit the nail straight on the head.’

‘Soon, sir?’

‘Very soon, my—that is, Miss Eyre: and you’ll remember, Jane, the first time I, or Rumour, plainly intimated to you that it was my intention to put my old bachelor’s neck into the sacred noose, to enter into the holy estate of matrimony—to take Miss Ingram to my bosom, in short (she’s an extensive armful: but that’s not to the point—one can’t have too much of such a very excellent thing as my beautiful Blanche): well, as I was saying—listen to me, Jane! You’re not turning your head to look after more moths, are you? That was only a lady-clock, child, ‘flying away home.’ I wish to remind you that it was you who first said to me, with that discretion I respect in you—with that foresight, prudence,

and humility which befit your responsible and dependent position—that in case I married Miss Ingram, both you and little Adele had better trot forthwith. I pass over the sort of slur conveyed in this suggestion on the character of my beloved; indeed, when you are far away, Janet, I'll try to forget it: I shall notice only its wisdom; which is such that I have made it my law of action. Adele must go to school; and you, Miss Eyre, must get a new situation.'

'Yes, sir, I will advertise immediately: and meantime, I suppose—' I was going to say, 'I suppose I may stay here, till I find another shelter to betake myself to:' but I stopped, feeling it would not do to risk a long sentence, for my voice was not quite under command.

'In about a month I hope to be a bridegroom,' continued Mr. Rochester; 'and in the interim, I shall myself look out for employment and an asylum for you.'

'Thank you, sir; I am sorry to give—'

'Oh, no need to apologise! I consider that when a dependent does her duty as well as you have done yours, she has a sort of claim upon her employer for any little assistance he can conveniently render her; indeed I have already, through my future mother-in-law, heard of a place that I think will suit: it is to undertake the education of the five daughters of Mrs. Dionysius O'Gall of Bitternutt Lodge, Connaught, Ireland. You'll like Ireland, I think: they're such warm-hearted people there, they say.'

'It is a long way off, sir.'

'No matter—a girl of your sense will not object to the voyage or the distance.'

‘Not the voyage, but the distance: and then the sea is a barrier—’

‘From what, Jane?’

‘From England and from Thornfield: and—’

‘Well?’

‘From YOU, sir.’

I said this almost involuntarily, and, with as little sanction of free will, my tears gushed out. I did not cry so as to be heard, however; I avoided sobbing. The thought of Mrs. O’Gall and Bitternutt Lodge struck cold to my heart; and colder the thought of all the brine and foam, destined, as it seemed, to rush between me and the master at whose side I now walked, and coldest the remembrance of the wider ocean—wealth, caste, custom intervened between me and what I naturally and inevitably loved.

‘It is a long way,’ I again said.

‘It is, to be sure; and when you get to Bitternutt Lodge, Connaught, Ireland, I shall never see you again, Jane: that’s morally certain. I never go over to Ireland, not having myself much of a fancy for the country. We have been good friends, Jane; have we not?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘And when friends are on the eve of separation, they like to spend the little time that remains to them close to each other. Come! we’ll talk over the voyage and the parting quietly half-an-hour or so, while the stars enter into their shining life up in heaven yonder: here is the chestnut tree: here is the bench at its old roots. Come, we will sit there in peace to-night, though we should never more be destined to

sit there together.' He seated me and himself.

'It is a long way to Ireland, Janet, and I am sorry to send my little friend on such weary travels: but if I can't do better, how is it to be helped? Are you anything akin to me, do you think, Jane?'

I could risk no sort of answer by this time: my heart was still.

'Because,' he said, 'I sometimes have a queer feeling with regard to you—especially when you are near me, as now: it is as if I had a string somewhere under my left ribs, tightly and inextricably knotted to a similar string situated in the corresponding quarter of your little frame. And if that boisterous Channel, and two hundred miles or so of land come broad between us, I am afraid that cord of communion will be snapt; and then I've a nervous notion I should take to bleeding inwardly. As for you,—you'd forget me.'

'That I NEVER should, sir: you know—' Impossible to proceed.

'Jane, do you hear that nightingale singing in the wood? Listen!'

In listening, I sobbed convulsively; for I could repress what I endured no longer; I was obliged to yield, and I was shaken from head to foot with acute distress. When I did speak, it was only to express an impetuous wish that I had never been born, or never come to Thornfield.

'Because you are sorry to leave it?'

The vehemence of emotion, stirred by grief and love within me, was claiming mastery, and struggling for full sway, and asserting a right to predominate, to overcome, to

live, rise, and reign at last: yes,—and to speak.

‘I grieve to leave Thornfield: I love Thornfield:- I love it, because I have lived in it a full and delightful life,—momentarily at least. I have not been trampled on. I have not been petrified. I have not been buried with inferior minds, and excluded from every glimpse of communion with what is bright and energetic and high. I have talked, face to face, with what I reverence, with what I delight in,—with an original, a vigorous, an expanded mind. I have known you, Mr. Rochester; and it strikes me with terror and anguish to feel I absolutely must be torn from you for ever. I see the necessity of departure; and it is like looking on the necessity of death.’

‘Where do you see the necessity?’ he asked suddenly.

‘Where? You, sir, have placed it before me.’

‘In what shape?’

‘In the shape of Miss Ingram; a noble and beautiful woman,—your bride.’

‘My bride! What bride? I have no bride!’

‘But you will have.’

‘Yes;—I will!—I will!’ He set his teeth.

‘Then I must go:- you have said it yourself.’

‘No: you must stay! I swear it—and the oath shall be kept.’

‘I tell you I must go!’ I retorted, roused to something like passion. ‘Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am an automaton?—a machine without feelings? and can bear to have my morsel of bread snatched from my lips, and my drop of living water dashed from

my cup? Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong!—I have as much soul as you,—and full as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some beauty and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, nor even of mortal flesh;—it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal,—as we are!

'As we are!' repeated Mr. Rochester—'so,' he added, enclosing me in his arms. Gathering me to his breast, pressing his lips on my lips: 'so, Jane!'

'Yes, so, sir,' I rejoined: 'and yet not so; for you are a married man—or as good as a married man, and wed to one inferior to you—to one with whom you have no sympathy—whom I do not believe you truly love; for I have seen and heard you sneer at her. I would scorn such a union: therefore I am better than you—let me go!'

'Where, Jane? To Ireland?'

'Yes—to Ireland. I have spoken my mind, and can go anywhere now.'

'Jane, be still; don't struggle so, like a wild frantic bird that is rending its own plumage in its desperation.'

'I am no bird; and no net ensnares me; I am a free human being with an independent will, which I now exert to leave you.'

Another effort set me at liberty, and I stood erect before him.

‘And your will shall decide your destiny,’ he said: ‘I offer you my hand, my heart, and a share of all my possessions.’

‘You play a farce, which I merely laugh at.’

‘I ask you to pass through life at my side—to be my second self, and best earthly companion.’

‘For that fate you have already made your choice, and must abide by it.’

‘Jane, be still a few moments: you are over-excited: I will be still too.’

A waft of wind came sweeping down the laurel-walk, and trembled through the boughs of the chestnut: it wandered away—away—to an indefinite distance—it died. The nightingale’s song was then the only voice of the hour: in listening to it, I again wept. Mr. Rochester sat quiet, looking at me gently and seriously. Some time passed before he spoke; he at last said—

‘Come to my side, Jane, and let us explain and understand one another.’

‘I will never again come to your side: I am torn away now, and cannot return.’

‘But, Jane, I summon you as my wife: it is you only I intend to marry.’

I was silent: I thought he mocked me.

‘Come, Jane—come hither.’

‘Your bride stands between us.’

He rose, and with a stride reached me.

‘My bride is here,’ he said, again drawing me to him, ‘because my equal is here, and my likeness. Jane, will you marry me?’

Still I did not answer, and still I writhed myself from his grasp: for I was still incredulous.

‘Do you doubt me, Jane?’

‘Entirely.’

‘You have no faith in me?’

‘Not a whit.’

‘Am I a liar in your eyes?’ he asked passionately. ‘Little sceptic, you SHALL be convinced. What love have I for Miss Ingram? None: and that you know. What love has she for me? None: as I have taken pains to prove: I caused a rumour to reach her that my fortune was not a third of what was supposed, and after that I presented myself to see the result; it was coldness both from her and her mother. I would not—I could not—marry Miss Ingram. You— you strange, you almost unearthly thing!—I love as my own flesh. You— poor and obscure, and small and plain as you are—I entreat to accept me as a husband.’

‘What, me!’ I ejaculated, beginning in his earnestness—and especially in his incivility—to credit his sincerity: ‘me who have not a friend in the world but you- if you are my friend: not a shilling but what you have given me?’

‘You, Jane, I must have you for my own—entirely my own. Will you be mine? Say yes, quickly.’

‘Mr. Rochester, let me look at your face: turn to the moonlight.’

‘Why?’

‘Because I want to read your countenance—turn!’

‘There! you will find it scarcely more legible than a crumpled, scratched page. Read on: only make haste, for I suffer.’



His face was very much agitated and very much flushed, and there were strong workings in the features, and strange gleams in the eyes

‘Oh, Jane, you torture me!’ he exclaimed. ‘With that searching and yet faithful and generous look, you torture me!’

‘How can I do that? If you are true, and your offer real, my only feelings to you must be gratitude and devotion—they cannot torture.’

‘Gratitude!’ he ejaculated; and added wildly—‘Jane accept me quickly. Say, Edward—give me my name—Edward—I will marry you.’

‘Are you in earnest? Do you truly love me? Do you sincerely wish me to be your wife?’

‘I do; and if an oath is necessary to satisfy you, I swear it.’

‘Then, sir, I will marry you.’

‘Edward—my little wife!’

‘Dear Edward!’

‘Come to me—come to me entirely now,’ said he; and added, in his deepest tone, speaking in my ear as his cheek was laid on mine, ‘Make my happiness—I will make yours.’

‘God pardon me!’ he subjoined ere long; ‘and man meddle not with me: I have her, and will hold her.’

‘There is no one to meddle, sir. I have no kindred to interfere.’

‘No—that is the best of it,’ he said. And if I had loved him less I should have thought his accent and look of exultation savage; but, sitting by him, roused from the nightmare of

parting—called to the paradise of union—I thought only of the bliss given me to drink in so abundant a flow. Again and again he said, ‘Are you happy, Jane?’ And again and again I answered, ‘Yes.’ After which he murmured, ‘It will atone—it will atone. Have I not found her friendless, and cold, and comfortless? Will I not guard, and cherish, and solace her? Is there not love in my heart, and constancy in my resolves? It will expiate at God’s tribunal. I know my Maker sanctions what I do. For the world’s judgment—I wash my hands thereof. For man’s opinion—I defy it.’

But what had befallen the night? The moon was not yet set, and we were all in shadow: I could scarcely see my master’s face, near as I was. And what ailed the chestnut tree? it writhed and groaned; while wind roared in the laurel walk, and came sweeping over us.

‘We must go in,’ said Mr. Rochester: ‘the weather changes. I could have sat with thee till morning, Jane.’

‘And so,’ thought I, ‘could I with you.’ I should have said so, perhaps, but a livid, vivid spark leapt out of a cloud at which I was looking, and there was a crack, a crash, and a close rattling peal; and I thought only of hiding my dazzled eyes against Mr. Rochester’s shoulder.

The rain rushed down. He hurried me up the walk, through the grounds, and into the house; but we were quite wet before we could pass the threshold. He was taking off my shawl in the hall, and shaking the water out of my loosened hair, when Mrs. Fairfax emerged from her room. I did not observe her at first, nor did Mr. Rochester. The lamp was lit. The clock was on the stroke of twelve.