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# The use of Similes in Charlotte Brontë's Novel *Jane Eyre*

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# Abstract

Figurative language can be approached in several ways. This essay examines the use of similes in Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. All similes in the novel were collected and divided into categories based on the vehicle used. The largest categories that I have identified, I have termed "Nature and its forces", "Concrete objects" and "Abstractions". The similes are further divided into sub-categories by the construction of the simile, ranging from simple to complex. Furthermore, similes in emotional passages are analysed and discussed. I argue that there is a simile in connection to all emotional passages in the novel. In addition, I claim that the similes used in emotional situations are more complex. Hence they function to make the language more, intense, concrete and clear. All similes are stated in the Appendix.

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# 1. Introduction

The dim forehead was crowned with a star; the lineaments below were seen as through the suffusion of vapour; the eyes shone dark and wild; the hair streamed shadowy, like a beamless cloud torn by storm or by electric travail. On the neck lay a pale reflection like moonlight; the same faint lustre touched the train of thin clouds from which rose and bowed this vision of the Evening Star.

This is a passage from Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* (1847) and it displays her extensive use of figurative language. In this moment Jane describes to the reader the watercolour paintings she had painted at Lowood while Mr. Rochester carefully watches them (107). Each sentence is loaded with descriptive information and it makes it easy to visualise the message Brontë is conveying.

At the time of publication *Jane Eyre* was generally very well received. Although there were some descending voices the novel has been praised ever since. The two people who first read it, Williams and Smith from the publishing company Smith, Elder & Co found it incredibly captivating and could not stop reading the manuscript. Smith even cancelled arrangements in order to finish reading it. Immediately afterwards they accepted it for publication (Barker 526-527).

Those who praised the novel liked the intensity and the carefully written plot. Brontë had the ability to grasp. There was certainly no lack of action. Intensity and events were generated by themes like "loneliness, physical and mental suffering, moral righteousness, love" (Peters 131). One critic liked her art of description so much that he said, "they are pictures, and not mere bits of fine writing" (Allott 86). Her school friend Mary Taylor was of the same opinion and said the novel was "perfect as a work of art" (Allott 93). Provincial weeklies were thrilled with the wisdom of the heart and "vigorous style" (Alexander and Smith 273).

Those who criticised *Jane Eyre* said there was too much invention (Allott 74). The English was too simple. One critic was even disturbed by the fact that Brontë only used descriptions of fragrances two times, once from a flower and once from a cigar (Allott 77). One critic could feel no sympathy for either Mr. Rochester or Jane or the love between them (Allott 75). In general, the negative critics were more negative to the content than to the language (Allott 75). Some negative critics were of the opinion that at least the intensity in the novel compensated for the low standard of the plot (Scargill 120). In the early reviews, it was debated whether the author of the novel written under the pseudonym Currer Bell was a man

or a woman (Allott 67-81). Below is a critic's unsigned review from the *Atlas* 23 of October 1847:

This is not merely a work of great promise; it is one of absolute performance. It is one of the most powerful domestic romances which have been published for many years. It has little or nothing of the old conventional stamp upon it; none of the jaded, exhausted attributes [...] but is full of youthful vigour, of freshness and originality [...] it is a tale of passion, not of intensity which is almost sublime. It is a book to make the pulses gallop and the heart beat, and to fill the eyes with tears. (Allott 67-68)

As a result of its popularity and the many possible and interesting ways to approach it, *Jane Eyre* has been widely discussed and analysed. *The Madwoman in the Attic* by Gilbert and Gubar analyses it from the feminist perspective and it also touches on symbolism. In Margot Peters's book *Charlotte Brontë: Style in the Novel* the legal terminology is analysed. In *Critical Issues Charlotte Brontë* colonialism and slavery is discussed. Marianne Thormählen's *The Brontës and Religion* discusses religion in the novel. This is only to mention a few.

I thoroughly searched for books and articles about similes in *Jane Eyre*. I found very limited information and concluded that there is a gap in the field of similes. Therefore, the aim of this essay is to explore the use of similes in *Jane Eyre*. In particular what sort of similes did she use, which category is used the most? What effect do the similes have in the text? My claim is that there is a simile in connection to all emotional moments in the novel. I also claim that the similes in emotional situations are more complex.

First, I searched for and collected all the similes in the text. To simplify the collection, I used an electronic version of the novel. Secondly, I categorized them according to which vehicle the comparison was made to. This was challenging at times due to complicated words and words from many categories within the same simile. Additionally, I sorted them into sub-categories according to their complexity. Finally, I searched the novel for emotional moments and for similes used in connection to these situations. I then analysed the simile in its context.

The essay briefly describes figurative language and different samples of it such as imagery, symbolism and similes. Moreover, it explores the similes used in the three biggest categories which I have termed "Nature and its forces", "Concrete objects" and "Abstractions". Furthermore, the essay discusses the complexity of the similes and divides them into sub-categories. These range from simple to complex. Lastly it analyses the similes used in the emotional passages. All similes are italicised in all the quotes from the novel. Most of the similes throughout the essay are briefly discussed and analysed when they are mentioned. For

readers of further interest of the similes I refer to the Appendix. All identified similes in the novel are gathered in the Appendix.

## 2. Figurative language: Imagery, Symbolism and Similes

Figurative language is a deviation from the literal language, and it serves to generate an impact or special meaning. Not that long ago it was mainly recounted for as poetic “ornaments” whereas now it is seen as indispensable in our everyday language (Abrams 66). Figuration is a foundation in the language (Bennet and Royle 82). Consequently, to believe that we can write or speak and omit figurative language is misleading. We are accustomed to certain figurative language therefore we do not even recognize it as such. An example of this is a dead metaphor. The usage of it is so prevalent that it is no longer perceived as figurative language (Bennet and Royle 81). For instance, “time is running out” illustrates a dead metaphor, which originates from the sand that is running out in an hourglass.

Figurative language is still used, however, to enhance the meaning conveyed by language. Many times, the words need to be distinguished from their literal sense in order for us to understand the meaning. Brontë uses the word “figuratively” three times in the novel. Once Jane says, “I should have covered my face, turned to the wall, and (figuratively) have died to them” (159). Another time Mr. Rochester says, “I’ll just - figuratively speaking - attach you to a chain like this” (231). Later Jane reflects while Mr. Rivers and his sisters look at her: “St. John’s eyes, though clear enough in a literal sense, in a figurative one were difficult to fathom” (295). These examples are clearly figurative.

Imagery is part of figurative language, and its meaning can be shifting. It can range from the “mental pictures” the reader of a poem imagines, to all the single pictures that make up the poem. An image “is a picture made up of words”, and “a poem may itself be an image composed from a multiplicity of images” (Abrams 86). Imagery is usually divided into three different types. The first use of imagery is in the broader sense where it signifies all the objects and qualities referred to in the text. It also applies to all our five senses vision, audition, gustation, olfaction and somatosensation. The second use of imagery is limited to “descriptions of visible object and scenes”. The third usage and most common today is “imagery signifies figurative language, especially the vehicles, metaphors and similes”. One element all three uses

of imagery have in common is that it makes the perception of the poetry more concrete (Abrams 86-87).

Another type of figurative language is symbolism. A symbol in its widest sense is “anything which signifies something” which means that a symbol could be any word. In literature “the term symbol is applied only to a word or a phrase that signifies an object or event which in its turn signifies something or has a range or reference beyond itself” (Abrams 206). Symbols can be conventional or public such as the big apple, a symbol for New York. Symbols can also be prevailing associations such as stubborn as a mule, wise as an owl. Lastly, symbols can be created solely by the writer and these can be harder to interpret (Abrams 206). The green light in F. Scott Fitzgerald’s novel *The Great Gatsby* is an example of a symbol created by the writer. The green light is personal and slightly ambiguous, and it may stand for money as in the green dollar, spring, flowers, hope or expectations.

The word simile is from the Latin word *similes* and means comparison. Similes are clearly figurative language (Bennet and Royle 85). A simile can clarify the meaning of a sentence but the simile can also be unclear and confuse the matter and make it less concrete, imaginable or visible (Bennet and Royle 84). “In a simile, a comparison, between two distinctly different things is indicated by the word ‘like’ or ‘as’” (Abrams 67). Examples from *Jane Eyre* are, for instance, “Hold her arms, Miss Abbot: she’s like a mad cat” (9) and “the cloak that covered his tall figure all white as a glacier (321). Tenor and vehicle are terms used to denote the elements that are being compared in a simile (Abrams 67). Tenor is the subject that is being compared to something else, and in the above examples the words “she” and “the white cloak” are the tenors. Vehicles in above cases are “mad cat” and “glacier” which are the comparisons applied to the tenors. A simile should not be mixed up with a metaphor: “In a metaphor, a word or expression which in literal usage denotes one sort of thing or action is applied to a distinctly different sort of thing or action, without asserting comparison” (Abrams 67). If Mrs. Reed had told Miss Abbot that Jane was a mad cat she would have used a metaphor instead of a simile and therewith excluded the word “like”.

As will be shown below, Brontë uses many personifications and objectifications in her similes. Personification is when a person’s qualities are assigned to inanimate objects or to abstract concepts such as natural forces, weather etc. (Abrams 69). Objectification is to compare something abstract to something concrete or compare a person to an object. Here follow three examples from the novel:

[1] 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. (13)

The rain “beating” and the wind “howling” are examples of personifying the rain and the wind. The rain is beating and the wind is screaming equivalent to a human. “I grew by degrees cold as a stone” is an example of objectification of the feeling of being cold to being a stone. In the quotation below, the look of Miss Temple is objectified. Her face is “pale as marble”, which means that the look of her skin is compared to the stone marble:

[2] 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. (53)

The last example is interesting as there is dual meaning:

[3] I never can bear being dressed *like a doll* by Mr. Rochester, or sitting like a second Danae with the golden shower falling daily round me. (229)

Jane’s thought of being dressed “like a doll” objectifies the way she thinks of being dressed, to that of a doll. The additional meaning is that Jane does not want to be an object to Mr. Rochester. She would like to continue to wear her old clothes and not be too spoiled. This permeates the entire story. Jane likes to care for herself both morally and financially. Jane thinks of Mr. Rochester and her as equals.

### 3. Similes divided into level of complexity and into different categories

I have identified 112 similes preceded by “like” and 162 similes preceded by “as”. Hence my inventory consists of 274 similes in total. The complete list of similes is to be found in the Appendix. In the table below I have categorized the similes based on the vehicle. If the tenor is compared to two items from different categories it was sorted by the vehicle that occurred first. The similes were divided into eight categories, but only the three largest ones will be discussed in this essay.



The sub-categorisation - simple, medium and complex - refers to the construction and description of the vehicle in the simile. For example, “like a wren” (150) is categorized as simple, whereas “like a dog quarrelling” (178) and “bright as a flower” (314) are categorized as medium. There is additional information about the dog and the flower. The dog is defined by a verb and the flower by an adjective. The simile could be defined by any of the word-classes. The complex category has further additional information. An example is “as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic” (97). The vehicle in the complex category is also defined by any of the word-classes, but there can be combinations of them or simply longer descriptions of the vehicle. My focus has not been to discuss how the vehicles are defined by different word-classes or phrases. This has only been used as a method to find out how complex the similes are. In Table 1. below, the different categories and the different level of complexity are shown. It also demonstrates that slightly over half of the similes in the novel are medium to complex:

**Table 1.**

<b>Category</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>Simple</b>	<b>Medium</b>	<b>Complex</b>
Nature and its forces	57	30	12	15
Concrete Objects	55	23	17	15
Abstractions	47	8	13	26
Human traits, people, feelings	32	14	11	7
Folklore/Mythology	27	16	8	3
Animals	25	16	7	2
Church and religion	16	8	5	3
Events	15	1	8	6
<b>Total similes</b>	<b>274</b>	<b>116</b>	<b>81</b>	<b>77</b>
<b>% of Total</b>		<b>42%</b>	<b>30%</b>	<b>28%</b>

Table 2. shows the complexity of the similes in the emotional passages, and they are discussed in section 4:

**Table 2.**

	<b>Simple</b>	<b>Medium</b>	<b>Complex</b>	<b>Total</b>
Similes in emotional moments (section 4)	4	5	21	30
<b>% of total</b>	<b>13%</b>	<b>17%</b>	<b>70%</b>	

In table 2. it is shown that 70% of the similes in emotional passages are complex. If the medium similes are added, they together constitute 87% of all the similes, whereas in the whole novel complex and medium similes only make up for 58% of the total. This is a substantial difference and it supports my claim that similes in emotional passages are more complex. The difference also displays the way the similes and figurative language function to make the language more intense by being used in emotional situations. Emotional situations have a high content of feelings. Feelings can be difficult to describe, but with the help of similes they can become more concrete, intense and clear. Feelings are often strong which explains the need for more complex similes to describe them. Excitement usually generates more words in general as opposed to being subdued. The intensity has been a common thread in the critics' and readers' feedback (Peters 131). The similes, as well as other figurative language plays a great part in the perception of intensity.

Let us now turn to the categories based on the vehicles in table 1. The largest category consists of similes related to nature. The second and third largest categories consists of similes related to concrete objects and abstract phenomenon. I have termed these categories "Nature and its forces", "Concrete objects" and "Abstractions". The discussion will concern these three categories and for further interest in the other categories they are stated in the Appendix.

I will commence discussing "Nature and its forces" where 57 similes were identified. The reason this is the largest category is presumably owed to the fact that Brontë grew up close to nature. The parsonage where her family lived was called Haworth parsonage which was located in a small village called Haworth. In front of the parsonage there was a churchyard and behind only moors (Gaskell 43). The Brontë children took daily strolls on the moors and it was the highlight of the day. Already as a child Charlotte was interested in nature. Once her father had asked her which book she liked the most, Charlotte answered the *Book of Nature* after *the Bible*. (Barker 110). With nature close to her heart and in her immediate vicinity during childhood, it is as mentioned above the most likely reason why there are numerous similes about nature in *Jane Eyre*.

When I looked further into similes in the "Nature and its forces" category I found that all four elements were represented in the vehicles of the similes. The water element is represented by similes referring to, for instance, clouds, dew, water, vapour, mist and cataract and in the air element, above all, wind and air. When Jane wakes up after the incident in the red room she hears voices and they are "as if muffled by a rush of wind or water" (15):

[4] 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. (15)

The vehicle is water and wind and it is used in a way that clarifies the meaning. We are all familiar to the sound we hear when we place our head under water and how voices then can be hard to distinguish. The same applies to the wind when it is howling. According to Duthie the water element seldom plays a positive part in *Jane Eyre*. It rains in many significant moments and at Lowood it is so cold that the water freezes in the pitchers (139). However, the simile “lustrous ripple” in example [31] is one of the most delightful moments for Jane.

The fire similes will be discussed further in section 4, see simile number [24], [33] and [34]. The earth element is above all represented by stones. Different stones occur in similes nine times and they are plain stone, as well as marble, rock and flint in different combinations. The main comparisons made to the stones are being pale, cold, stubborn, durable, immobile and fixed. The rocks and stones often define negative feelings or appearances (Duthie 141).

The dramatic forces of nature occur in the following examples, where earthquake, thunder and lightning are referred to:

[5] Mosquitoes came buzzing in and hummed sullenly round the room; the sea, which I could hear from thence, rumbled dull *like an earthquake*. (262)

[6] “Then off for your bonnet, and back *like a flash of lightning!*” cried he to Adèle. (227)

[7] It does good to no woman to be flattered by her superior, who cannot possibly intend to marry her; and it is madness in all women to let a secret love kindle within them, which, if unreturned and unknown, must devour the life that feeds it; and, if discovered and responded to, must lead, *ignis-fatuus-like*, into miry wilds whence there is no extrication. (137)

Earthquake is mentioned in three similes. Example [5] above refers to the noise whereas in the other two it refers to the shaking of the ground, see example [32]. The word thunder is used nine times in the novel, see for example [33] and [37]. Lightning is used eight times and different gleams are used many times as well. Lightning and gleam come in different meaning. In the above example [6] it refers to speed. In other examples, it refers to strong and intense. Example [7] is fairly complicated. Ignis-fatuus means a light that sometimes appears in the night over marshy ground. It is created by the combustion of gas. The gas is created naturally by an underground fire of, for instance, withered mosses. It is considered foolish to follow the light hence it has become known as a symbol for a deceiving venture (Pegram 1). The love that

is not responded to must stop, and if there is response it still has to stop as it is deceiving. “The miry wilds” are also similar to the nature Jane confronts when she later leaves Thornfield in despair (Kroeber 86).

Lastly moon and moonlight need to be mentioned. In the opening quotation “on the neck lay a pale reflection like moonlight”, the light of the moonlight is used. In other similes, the moon compares to a lonely place. Moonlight is interesting. In the 19<sup>th</sup> century when it was moonlight it was possible to travel or make arrangements nearby as the paths were visible. Jane mentions this in chapter twelve when she runs over to Hay. She can post the letter even though it is late, as there is moonlight to lead the way. Even today our calendars display the Moon’s phases. The moon has considerable significance. The word is used sixty-five times in the novel in different combinations such as moonlight, moonrise or on its own. In folklore, it was said that the weather could be predicted by for example looking at the moon’s mist, slight change of colour or how the curve is visible. Dry weather was predicted by how “the curve catches the rain and holds it” (de Vries 328).

The second largest category is “concrete objects” and it is interesting to note what type of objects Brontë make comparisons to. There is a wide variety and nothing seems impossible to compare to. The objects are different and the ordinary things are for example a map, a shelf, a rusty nail and a looking glass. These are things that appear in our everyday life. On the other hand, she makes a comparison to an automaton as many as three times in the novel, and this is interesting as an automaton is the opposite to an everyday object. Brontë was knowledgeable as she could only have encountered automatons in books. In the novel Miss Rosamond asks Mr Rivers to join her and Mr Rivers answers monotonously: “Mr. St. John spoke almost like an automaton” (311). It is still common today to compare lack of feelings or inability to express feelings to that of an automaton.

Below are two examples of similes in which concrete objects are used for comparison. In the first one Mr Rochester is speaking to Jane disguised as a Sibyl. In the other example Mr. Rochester is telling the Esthon misses to not pull him down shortly after a horrible yell has been heard at Thornfield hall.

[8] I wonder what thoughts are busy in your heart during all the hours you sit in yonder room with the fine people flitting before you *like shapes in a magic-lantern*: just as little sympathetic communion passing between you and them as if they were really mere shadows of human forms, and not the actual substance.” (168)

[9] But don't pull me down or strangle me," he replied: for the Misses Eshton were clinging about him now; and the two dowagers, in vast white wrappers, were bearing down on him *like ships in full sail*. (176)

The fine people that visit Thornfield are of a different class than Jane and are therefore unreachable, "like shapes in a magic-lantern" (168). The shapes from the light are also untouchable and unreachable, yet still there right in front of her. In example [9] the force referred to is tangible and strong. Nothing can stop "ships in full sail" (176). Brontë has vivid imagination and delivers the most expressive pictures, and it is clear what she means. She transforms intangible feelings and ideas into concrete explanations (Kroeber 100).

There is not much repetition in the category of concrete objects. The objects being used are mostly unique. Some more examples are white garlands, jet beads, a carved mask, waxwork and a prostrate column. Brontë was playful in her writing and I believe it is meant to be thoughtfully read. At times, she even provides the readers with hidden clues about what will happen, see for example the simile below.

[10] I lingered in the long passage to which this led, separating the front and back rooms of the third storey: narrow, low, and dim, with only one little window at the far end, and looking, with its two rows of small black doors all shut, *like a corridor in some Bluebeard's castle*. (91)

In the folktale, *Dark Knight Bluebeard*, Bluebeard himself had a room in his castle which he had forbidden his wife to enter. Her curiosity naturally grew stronger and she was compelled to examine the room. She found Bluebeard's former wives, hanging dead from the ceiling. The simile is an elegantly hidden clue to the fact that Bertha Rochester is locked in at Thornfield's attic.

The last category that I will briefly mention is the Abstractions category. Brontë used comparisons to inexperience, dreams, liberty, death, echo and many others, as in the following examples:

[11] I have told you, reader, that I had learnt to love Mr. Rochester: I could not unlove him now, merely because I found that he had ceased to notice me—because I might pass hours in his presence, and he would never once turn his eyes in my direction—because I saw all his attentions appropriated by a great lady, who scorned to touch me with the hem of her robes as she passed; who, if ever her dark and imperious eye fell on me by chance, would withdraw it instantly *as from an object too mean to merit observation*. (158)

[12] “You cannot now wonder,” continued my master, “that when you rose upon me so unexpectedly last night, I had difficulty in believing you any other than a mere voice and vision, something that would melt to silence and annihilation, *as the midnight whisper and mountain echo had melted before.* (382)

In the first example [11], Jane speaks of how Miss Ingram would not look at her as if she was not worth looking at. This is a simple and clear simile that elucidates the meaning. In the second example [12], Mr. Rochester expresses a dreamlike description of Jane’s presence in his house. While dreaming a dream, the dream is true, but then it disappears upon awakening. The echo and the whisper cease as well. The echo is interesting as it is not even the sound itself that we hear, but the sound of the sound. All sounds disappear immediately in contrast to what we see before us. It stays as long as we look at it. Mr. Rochester is blind and can only rely on sound and his other senses. He finds it hard to believe that Jane’s presence is true.

## 4. Similes in emotional passages

Almost all critics mention the intensity in *Jane Eyre*. What is this intensity then? Some suggest it is a love story from Brontë’s own life that shines through (Scargill 120). The love story may be the one with her teacher in Brussels. Her teacher, Mr. Heger, was a passionate professor of rhetoric. He was an inspiration to Brontë. He told her “if you are a poet, you will be more powerful- your works will live” (Gordon 95). Mr. Heger was unfortunately married; however, Brontë was mainly interested in the “union of the minds”. Mrs. Heger however, blocked communication between them and Brontë went back to Haworth. Brontë was silent about her experience which turned out to be the “fertile silence of creativity” (Gordon 96). Unrequited and hopeless love certainly create more intense feelings. I think Brontë’s experience of love and her love for imagery are two big factors contributing to the intensity in the novel.

What exactly inspired Brontë is only guesswork, but one thing we know is that Jane is overflowing with strong feelings from the beginning until the end. Up until the publication of *Jane Eyre* in 1847 focus in English literature had been mainly on events and characters. Expressions of personal feelings were fairly new and it now captivated the readers of *Jane Eyre* (Scargill 120-121).

Figurative language generally increases “at points of emotional and dramatic intensity” exactly like music in a film (Bennett and Royle 82). This is true in *Jane Eyre* as I have found similes in all the emotional passages. This is shown in the following paragraphs; they contain

quotations from the emotional parts of the novel. The similes in the quotations are italicized and accompanied by a description and analysis. The quotations with similes are stated in chronological order. Occasional similes are left uncommented, yet they play an important part to represent the number of similes in the emotional passages.

Let us now look closer at the similes in emotional moments. While staying with the Reeds, as a child, Jane at one point has been dragged to the red room and is locked in:

[13] 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. (9)

Jane has an intense feeling of unfair treatment, and therefore she would desperately like to escape. The power of water is strong and almost impossible to stop. The "spring" is signifying the strong feeling within Jane to hastily raise.

Jane, as she is alone, starts to think of all scary creatures that she has heard about in Bessie's evening stories:

[14] 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. (11)

It is common to humans that the mind plays tricks on them, especially when they are in dark uncomfortable places. While in the red room, Jane also thinks about her family:

[15] 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*. (11)

Jane compares all the wrong-doings by the Reed family and their staff to a "dark deposit in a turbid well". A well should consist of fresh and drinkable water. It should be a source of life, just as a family should nurture and give life to a child. However, the water in the well that she compares the Reeds' wrong-doings to is not drinkable, just as her family is dysfunctional and full of constant loveless reprimands and banishment from Christmas and other activities. This is unfairness in its essence, especially to a child who know of nothing else. What also comes to mind is the horror of falling into a well and not being able to exit. Jane has nowhere to escape from her tyrannical family, and the red room feels like a prison to her. To add to the dismay, Mr. Reed passed away in this room so it could also be called a "patriarchal death chamber"

(Gilbert and Gubar 340-341). She feels that it is a prison in more than one way. Not only is she physically captivated, but she is also captivated in a mental horror story (Gilbert and Gubar 340-341).

By now daylight starts to disappear and it is cold in the red room.

[16] I grew by degrees *cold as a stone*, and then my courage sank. (13)

Jane compares the feeling of being cold to a stone. When humans become exceedingly cold, we lose our sensibility and can even feel numb, equally as a stone naturally feels nothing. In the 19<sup>th</sup> century the only heat in the dwellings was from fire and candles, hence it must have been freezing cold in the red room. As mentioned before similes with stones are often used in negative contexts.

Jane looks about the red room and feels more and more uneasy. To this room none of the family members would come after dark, and Jane is not even left with a candle. She loses control of herself, and that scares her to the extent that she starts to scream. This is a way Brontë uses madness as a mean for Jane to escape (Gilbert and Gubar 341). Bessie and Miss Abbot come and check on her, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Reed comes as well and cries “Silence” when Jane pleads for mercy:

[17] 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*. (14)

Mrs. Reed glowers at Jane, who can see in her eyes the way Mrs. Reed feels about her. The eyes are said to be the window to the soul, and Mrs. Reed’s eyes reflect hard-heartedness, apathy and despair. This incident in the red room makes a huge impact on Jane and subconsciously the feelings reoccur in the story: see for instance example [38]. Brontë deliberately used the red room to create a pattern in the story (Gilbert and Gubar 341).

A few months passes, and Jane seeks comfort in her bed. She thinks of her doll, the only love she has, which she cannot go to sleep without:

[18] 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*. (23)

She here compares the shabbiness of her beloved doll to a “miniature scarecrow”. Because the doll is so shabby it is presumably scary to everyone else. Jane has no one who loves her, and even worse, the ones that should love her tyrannize over her. She receives no gifts and nothing



more than what is absolutely essential. The comparison of the doll to a scarecrow is assumedly accurate.

Mr. Brocklehurst visits Gateshead and Mrs. Reed tells him misleading information about Jane. For the first time in her life, Jane does not just submit to the scolding instead she expresses her feelings and tells off Mrs. Reed. She compares the sensation afterwards to the taste of aromatic wine. However, the feeling of pleasure is turned to agony within seconds after she realizes what she has done:

[19] 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*. (31)

Drinking excessive amounts of wine leads to intoxication, a state where one dares to express oneself more freely and release inhibitions. The following day regret of what has been said and done, feelings of anxiety and headache is common. Moreover, consumption of alcohol can acquire awful consequences. The line between alcohol, illegal drugs and actual poison can be subtle in regard to the damage they cause. Drugs can also be called intoxicants and if “toxin” is excerpted from the word the meaning poison appears. Up until the end of the 1800s drugs such as opium, hashish, marijuana etc. were legal in England (Schivelbusch 204-205). Charlotte Brontë certainly knew about intoxication, as her brother Branwell was addicted to both alcohol and opium. He even died from his excessive use, although it was after *Jane Eyre* was published (Everett 1). Earlier in the chapter Jane has mentioned that her mouth speaks without control. This is also a common state in intoxication: “it seemed as if my tongue pronounced words without my will consenting to their utterance” (22). Jane’s freedom of speech is one thing that stands out in the novel. Kroeber mentions her vigour and ability to bite from day one (Kroeber 89). One critic emphasizes that the novel is masculine both in its powers and its weaknesses. He says it contains slang, cleverness, rawness and liberty of speech which were uncommon traits of a female writer in the 19<sup>th</sup> century (Allott 89).

The simile [19] elegantly describes how sweet indulgences may have a bitter aftertaste, and this could show of Brontë’s life experience. Wisdom of life is also mentioned by the critics as a requirement to accomplish a great novel (Allott 84). This is the first time we encounter Jane’s personality and I agree with the reviewers, it is original, modern and powerful (Duthie 133). However, the negative critics were indignant about this passage, because by telling off Mrs. Reed, Jane was behaving carelessly (Kroeber 86). The simile “as if I had been poisoned” shows that Jane is remorseful. She may not regret what she has said, but she feels distressed

about it and its consequences. She never praises her own conduct anywhere in the novel (Kroeber 87). Jane's character is independent, reflective of the future and thoughtful of dreams and reality (Kroeber 37).

Mr Brocklehurst is now visiting Lowood school. He has gathered the pupils, and he is talking to Miss Temple about the importance of complying to the school rules. Jane accidentally drops her slate and Mr. Brocklehurst asks her to come forward. Jane is terrified, but Miss Temple encourages Jane in a whisper not to be afraid:

[20] The kind whisper went to my heart *like a dagger*. (55)

This simile is interesting. If a dagger hits your heart it is a negative experience which can be fatal. However, Jane receives a kind whisper which is a positive thing. It is one of few similes I have found with a contradiction. Perhaps Brontë used the simile in this way to emphasize that kindness towards Jane was so rare and special that strangely enough it was perceived as painful. Jane is, however, also terrified that Miss Temple will change her mind about her. Perhaps she foresees the kindness to turn into a dagger, when Miss Temple hears what Mr. Brocklehurst has to say. Possibly Jane has felt betrayed so many times that when she hears the whisper, by default, she is vigilant about it and expects it to be harsh. If dagger is looked up in the Dictionary of Symbols and Imagery, it says, "often the weapon used by traitors". The weapon is, for instance, used in Macbeth (de Vries 126). Perhaps Brontë uses "dagger" to imply Jane's fear of betrayal.

As a punishment for dropping the slate, Jane is placed on a stool, and ridiculed in front of everyone. Mr Brocklehurst says, "you all see this girl":

[21] Of course they did; for I felt their eyes directed *like burning-glasses against my scorched skin*. (56)

In this passage, Brontë intensifies the simile by doubling the pain. The burning glass is not sufficient, it even burns on already broken skin. Mr. Brocklehurst says, "avoid her company, exclude her from your sports and shut her out from your converse" (56). He is literally doubling her pain as well. Exclusion is what Jane suffered from when she lived with Mrs. Reed, and now it will be forced on to her again in a horrible and shameful way. If love is prevalent in your family it is easier to endure lonely and unfair moments, as then one knows that is not the way life is or should be. The broken skin may signify Jane's broken heart, broken by the Reeds family.

It is interesting to note that the death of Helen Burns generates no similes. It is a quiet occasion, and it may be more or less emotional depending on the level of empathy of the reader.

Helen convinces Jane that a young death is her best fate as her prospects in life are poor, and she has no one to grieve her. She is pleased with the thought of going to God. Her death is turned into a quiet parting where they think that they shall see each other again in heaven.

It is time for Mrs. Temple to leave Loowood school to enter into matrimony and to live in a different county. She has been like a mother, a governess and a companion to Jane, hence an important character. It is a big loss to Jane when she leaves:

[22] 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 tranquility was no more. (72)

The moment after Miss Temple has left Loowood Jane feels hopelessness, and it awakens her old emotions of loneliness which she has been liberated from for a while. A common expression used today which it could be compared to is “pull the rug from under her feet”. Moreover, it is almost like Brontë has rewritten the expression “took the wind out of her sails”. However, that is not how Jane feels. Even though losing a motive is indeed similar it is still much worse. A motive keeps us going and is something to live for. Brontë touches upon death, as some sort of motive is needed in order to live. Mr Temple is a role model to Jane but according to Gilbert and Gubar she also withheld anger within and towards Mr. Brocklehurst (345). Maybe the similarities although expressed differently created the special bond between them.

When Jane has lived at Thornfield for a while she has a safe and secure life, to the extent of it becoming mundane. Therefore, her first meeting with Mr. Rochester, the traveller, is exciting in the sense that something happens:

[23] As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie’s tales, wherein figured a North-of-England spirit called a “Gytrash,” which, in the form of horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came upon belated travellers, *as this horse was now coming upon me*. (95)

A horse coming upon you must be frightening, equivalent to Bessie’s evening stories that reoccurs in Jane’s mind. The word Gytrash was used literary the first time by Brontë. It is a phantom usually in the form of an animal (Alexander and Smith 228). Mr. Rochester is by some described as “monstrous”, in part because he has locked in his wife and is willing to commit bigamy (Mazzeno 69). Perhaps this is why Brontë introduces Mr. Rochester in connection to the Gytrash, which is monstrous in its own way.

Mr. Rochester falls off his horse and Jane offers to help him. Jane thinks that had he been handsome she would not have dared to offer her help:

[24] I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me, and should have shunned them *as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic.* (97)

Fire and lightning represent danger. The third notion she mentions is undefined and leaves the reader to imagine what else is bright and dangerous. It could be the baring of the teeth of an agitated animal. Comparing to these three dangers, it is evident that Jane would never approach an elegant man.

Jane did not meet many interesting people, especially not men. After she had met Mr. Rochester, she presents our memory in an interesting way; equal to a wall of endless pictures:

[25] The new face, too, was *like a new picture introduced to the gallery of memory;* and it was dissimilar to all the others hanging there: firstly, because it was masculine; and, secondly, because it was dark, strong, and stern. (98)

Jane has now revealed to the reader that she loves Mr. Rochester, and that it is painful to observe him with Miss Ingram. However, it is not jealousy she endures. She feels tortured by the lack of passion between Mr. Rochester and Miss Ingram, and Jane cannot comprehend why they will marry without any emotional bond. The initial faults Jane has bestowed on Mr. Rochester have now faded. Since Mr. Rochester arrived at Thornfield he has “spiced up” Jane’s life which is a humorous aspect of the simile [26]. The simile well describes the ambience at Thornfield. The jargon could be stabbing, yet boring if it were to disappear:

[26] 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.* (160)

Being close to, and have conversations to Mr. Rochester was a luxury to Jane, as condiments in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century was a luxury and rare until mass production started with the industrial revolution. The Brontës’ daily meals consisted of oat-meal-porridge, meat, vegetables, milk pudding, fruit pie, bread, butter and fruit reserve (Barker 107). No condiments are mentioned in their meals. Brontë exchanged the word “sharp” to “pungent” in the second edition (Alexander and Smith 269). The change is understandable, as pungent better describes tastes

and has wider meanings like bitter and rancid which can also be applied to the tone of the conversations.

At the day of the proposal Mr. Rochester scares Jane. She thinks that she has to leave Thornfield:

[27] I see the necessity of departure; and it is *like looking on the necessity of death*. (215)

Jane exclaims that it is impossible to stay at Thornfield when Miss Ingram and Mr. Rochester will unite in matrimony. This fact is horrendous, and she has no other choice than to leave, precisely as no one can escape death. Similes containing the word death reoccur throughout the novel. They occur in regard to love, such as the thought of leaving a loved one, to anticipate events, or to marry someone you do not love. The word death occurs 60 times in the novel, and strong feelings of suffocation are often described by a simile with death. Departure was unfortunately common in Brontë's life. Her mother passed away when she was only five years old and two of her sisters deceased a few years later (Everett 1). She certainly knew the feelings of heartbreak, grief and despair.

Jane is trying to explain that she has feelings too, and that she is not an automaton:

[28] 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! (216)

She is emphasizing the equality between her and Mr. Rochester by using another simile with death. Regarding death, we are all equal. Jane's struggle is evident, she thinks she has to leave the man she loves and Thornfield, which has been her only real home. Her desperation is compared to a frantic bird. Her life is spoilt like the bird in the simile destroys its feathers:

[29] Jane, be still; don't struggle so, *like a wild frantic bird that is rending its own plumage in its desperation*. (216)

Mr. Rochester has now proposed to Jane. Nature is frightful and presents its powers, but Jane feels happy and confident that nothing can defeat her at this moment. Explosions of feelings are portrayed by nature similes. Jane's happiness may be even more sensational as she was first led to believe that Mr. Rochester should marry Miss Ingram, and then all of a sudden, she was the bride to be.

[30] But joy soon effaced every other feeling; and *loud as the wind blew*, near and *deep as the thunder crashed*, fierce and *frequent as the lightning gleamed*, cataract-like as

*the rain fell during a storm of two hours' duration, I experienced no fear and little awe.*  
(218)

There are as many as four similes in one sentence, and this is one of the happiest passages in the novel. However, it is also Brontë's way of signalling that there is something not quite right about the proposal, and nature protests against it.

Jane looks in the mirror the morning after the proposal, and her eyes are glowing like when the sun rays hit the serene ocean. The picture that comes to mind is clear, and precisely as one were transmitted to that quiet beach and blinded by the beam. Her eyes are shining with the happiness from within:

[31] While arranging my hair, I looked at my face in the glass, and felt it was no longer plain: there was hope in its aspect and life in its colour; and my eyes seemed *as if they had beheld the fount of fruition, and borrowed beams from the lustrous ripple.* (219)

This simile is strong and striking. Kroeber is of the same opinion. He calls Brontë's language "pictorializing", and he also think her language is explanatory (89).

During the marriage ceremony, they suddenly hear "The marriage cannot go on":

[32] The clergyman looked up at the speaker and stood mute; the clerk did the same; Mr. Rochester moved slightly, *as if an earthquake had rolled under his feet*: taking a firmer footing, and not turning his head or eyes, he said, "Proceed". (246)

If Brontë were to use other words, it could have been that "he felt shaken". That is what would be felt "if an earthquake had rolled under his feet". The simile is exact and well depicts what Mr. Rochester's mind is going through. The feeling Mr. Rochester experiences cannot be as intense as what Jane later experiences. There is no new information revealed to him. He has believed and hoped that he can escape the dilemma. Now he is shaking; nevertheless, there is still a chance. If he is fortunate, even though there is tremor, the earthquake can turn out to be a minor one, so he says "Proceed".

A solicitor then announces that Mr. Rochester already have a wife and Jane is terrified:

[33] My nerves vibrated to those low-spoken words *as they had never vibrated to thunder*—my blood felt their subtle violence *as it had never felt frost or fire*; but I was collected, and in no danger of swooning. (247)

A man's dark voice can rumble like distant thunder. The remark the solicitor utters affects Jane more than any frightful and powerful thunder had ever done. Thunder can come quite suddenly

and from nowhere just like the solicitor's voice. Jane emphasizes how the frost or fire can be felt through the clothes, bone, marrow and penetrate into the blood. No further depth is possible. This is a striking way of expressing how deep and tumultuous her sentiments are. This is one of the most emotional moments in the novel and there are two similes in the same sentence.

Brontë's writing style is from the tradition of romance. The characteristics for romance is preference to action rather than to character. Overwhelming occurrences may happen that have a more symbolic than realistic implication (Kroeber 113). This is evident in the above passage where the marriage is cancelled in such a highly dramatic way. The cancellation is important though, because it provides Jane with a chance, if yet in a horrible way, to find herself, and then later marry Mr. Rochester on a more equal basis. This makes the ending stretch towards realism. It is modern and equality oriented. Jane is more independent and Mr. Rochester becomes less superior when he loses his eyesight and his hand. The marriage cancellation is the turning point where Mr. Rochester becomes inferior as opposed to how superior he was before (Gilbert and Gubar 355).

Mr. Rochester and Jane are having a conversation after the cancelled wedding. He grabs Jane and his gaze is intense:

[34] He seemed to devour me with his flaming glance: physically, I felt, at the moment, powerless *as stubble exposed to the draught and glow of a furnace*: mentally, I still possessed my soul, and with it the certainty of ultimate safety. (271)

In this simile, she compares her physical feeling of not being able to resist Mr. Rochester to that of wood not being able to endure confronting fire. This description resembles how one can soften if one's offspring has been mischievous, but apologizes in a clever and sweet way. Eric Solomon likens "Rochester's 'flaming glance' to the 'glow of furnace'" (217). In my opinion, it is not Rochester's glance that is compared to the "glow of furnace"; it is Jane's feeling of being powerless that is compared to how the glow affects the stubble. However, it is the glance that makes her feel powerless.

Fire is a symbol for passion, which is still there between them. However, mentally Jane does not soften and she is utterly able to withstand him. If Jane were to stay with Mr. Rochester she would have become his mistress and their children bastards. In the 19th century this was shameful and not an option. Jane decides to leave and she explains why by the famous quote "I care for myself [...] I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God" (270).

The next day Jane wakes up from a dream:

[35] I lifted up my head to look: the roof resolved to clouds, high and dim; the gleam was such *as the moon imparts to vapours she is about to sever*. (272)

Jane sees the gleam from the moon between two clouds which it is about to “tear apart”. This simile turns to the divine, and shows how even nature points out her parting with Mr. Rochester. As mentioned before, images of the moon are frequent and common, especially when Jane feels more than a “respectable Victorian woman” should feel (Teachman 21). It was moonlight when Jane first met Mr. Rochester, and the moon is mentioned when she leaves him; for what she thinks is forever. A similar sign from nature earlier in the novel is when the chest nut tree is hit by lightning. This predicts the future separation (Duthie 142).

Jane has at this moment received the wonderful news that she has cousins:

[36] This was a blessing, bright, vivid, and exhilarating;—not *like the ponderous gift of gold*: rich and welcome enough in its way, but sobering from its weight. (328)

Jane receives a miraculous gift. It is a weightless gift, not shiny and heavy as gold but even more precious. It eased a large weight of Jane’s heavy heart. She finally has relatives, which is an invaluable gift. Earlier in this chapter, Jane was informed that she inherited a large sum of money. This could have been a very exciting moment for Jane, but instead she started to think of her responsibilities and “grave cares”. She even said, “there are other chances in life far more thrilling” (325).

In the quotation below, Mr. Rivers is surprised by Rosamond’s sudden appearance:

[37] It was true. Though Mr. Rivers had started at the first of those musical accents, *as if a thunderbolt had split a cloud over his head*, he stood yet, at the close of the sentence, in the same attitude in which the speaker had surprised him—his arm resting on the gate, his face directed towards the west. (309)

Mr. Rivers passion for Rosamond is hard for him to conceal. It is portrayed with a simile with thunder. He stands as paralyzed even though thunder struck a cloud just over his head. Feelings are again strong.

Another emotional passage in a contrasting way, is when Jane says no to marry Mr. Rivers. The conversation is calm and dispassionate, and the proposal is nowhere near romantic. He wants her to join him on his missionary trip to India. He even tells her she is “formed for labour, not for love” (343). Jane thinks about how she would suffer premature death if she



would marry him. Many strong sentiments stir inside of Jane. He is handsome and could be considered a good husband. However, she has once felt passionate love, which makes the thought of marrying without love extremely painful to her. She mentions more than once how the proposed marriage would kill her from within, and she even tells Mr. Rivers directly:

[38] Oh, I wish I could make you see how much my mind is at this *moment like a rayless dungeon*, with one shrinking fear fettered in its depths—the fear of being persuaded by you to attempt what I cannot accomplish! (343)

Jane compares her mind to a rayless dungeon. Memories from her dark night in the red room presumably come back and haunt her. Gilbert and Gubar emphasize that the red room incident works as a pattern in the novel and occurs when Jane feels confined both mentally and physically (341). In a rayless dungeon it would be cold, dark, claustrophobic, humid, and frightening. The dungeon would have stony walls and echo of emptiness. Feeling like this can hardly be worse. It is fortunate that she does not concede to the marriage proposal as she has this extremely dark feeling inside. It would have been lonely in their marriage as it would have been lonely in a dungeon. Jane did a comparison to loneliness in another simile when she thought about the loneliness of Grace Poole, who sat by herself on the second storey “as companionless as a prisoner in his dungeon” (140).

Kroeber argues that the broken off marriage earlier in the novel, due to the fact that Mr. Rochester already had a wife, is only a preparation for the reader of what terror that is to come. “The climax” in the novel is Mr. Rivers’s marriage proposal and suggested missionary trip. The proposed marriage would be a trap for Jane, and she is appropriately saved by the mysterious cry from Mr. Rochester (183). She is also saved by her own strong integrity.

Jane objectifies Mr Rivers love for her, and it is cold:

[39] He prizes me *as a soldier would a good weapon*; and that is all. (345)

The love should not even be called love, and she compares it to how a soldier prizes his weapon. After Jane’s refusal to the marriage Mr. Rivers is acting cold, yet he is still asking her to reconsider her answer:

[40] I felt how—if I were his wife, this good man, pure *as the deep sunless source*, could soon kill me, without drawing from my veins a single drop of blood, or receiving on his own crystal conscience the faintest stain of crime. (350)

Jane speaks of the good man, Mr. Rivers, “pure as the deep sunless source”. Mr. Rivers is extremely cold in his approach to Jane. Where the sun does not shine it is cold and dark. Deep

down in the ground it is colder than where it is shallower, and there is no light. Jane says he would kill her without “the faintest stain of crime”. Just as a plant would slowly wither without the rays of the sun, and as a human would deteriorate without light and food. No direct sign of harm would be visible. There is no light in a sunless source. Light is a symbol of hope. Hope is the last thing ever lost. It is truly certain that she sees no light and does not want to marry him. Purity to Jane in this form is lethal. However, Jane does question herself if she can be righteous to say no. Not only is she saying no to marriage but also to the divine mission, this occupies her mind whether she is making the correct decision or not. Nonetheless, her feelings are utterly clear and she declines the proposal.

Jane has heard a cry from Mr. Rochester and has now travelled to see him. This is when Mr. Rochester realizes that Jane is back and that it is indeed her. Jane utters,

[41] You touch me, sir,—you hold me, and fast enough: I am not *cold like a corpse*, nor *vacant like air*, am I? (369)

Jane substantiates that it is actually her. She is there, warm, full of life and ready to be embraced. When Jane left Thornfield Hall, she thought it was forever. The parting was like death to her, hence the connection to not being “cold as a corpse” any longer. The dream of them seeing each other again is alive and true. When she left Thornfield Hall, it became vacant to Mr. Rochester. Now she is finally standing before him again. If he stretches out to feel, he can feel that she is there, and the room at Ferndean is not vacant anymore. He still cannot see her due to his blindness, but she is there. Equally the air we breathe we cannot see, but it is present.

Now that Jane and Mr. Rochester are together again, Mr. Rochester has to lean on Jane due to his blindness and loss of his hand. Equally at their very first meeting he leaned on her before he limped back to his horse (Solomon 216). Gilbert and Gubar argues that Mr. Rochester now that he is blind sees more clearly than he did before, and gather his strength from within, as Jane has always done (368-369).

## 5. Conclusion

Figurative language is used to generate impact, concretize and to be decorative. It is however, a foundation in our everyday language and cannot be omitted. This essay has discussed

Charlotte Brontë's use of similes in *Jane Eyre*. The novel has a total of 274 similes. The three largest groups based on the vehicle I have termed, "Nature and its forces", "Concrete objects" and "Abstractions". Brontë grew up in nature and was fond of it. Similes from all four elements, earth, water, air and fire are represented. Thunder, earthquake and lightning were used to express strong feelings, danger and revelation. The concrete objects were of a wide variety such as a map, a shelf, a rusty nail and a looking glass. Nothing seemed impossible to compare to. In the Abstractions category death is common. Brontë used death not only in its actual meaning, but in the thought of leaving a loved one or to marry someone without love. The similes have also been sub-categorised into groups that I have termed "simple", "medium" and "complex". All similes are stated, in the order of their category, in the Appendix.

This essay argues that in every emotional passage there are similes to be found. In one of the happiest moments, there are a total of four similes within one single sentence. There is only one exception; Helen Burns' death. Brontë has made it a quiet incident, and it does not stir up emotions. Hence, I argue that this moment does not affect my claim. I have further argued that the similes in the emotional situations are more complex. 87% of the similes in emotional moments are medium to complex. Whereas in the novel as a whole the number of medium to complex similes is only 58%. The function of the similes and other figurative language is to create a form of intensity, to make it clearer and more concrete. Intensity is the common praise of the novel, from both the positive and negative critics. Below is one example of a complex simile which creates intensity, explanation and decoration to the language.

(31) While arranging my hair, I looked at my face in the glass, and felt it was no longer plain: there was hope in its aspect and life in its colour; and my eyes seemed *as if they had beheld the fount of fruition, and borrowed beams from the lustrous ripple.* (219)

Brontë's similes clarify the meaning very well. However, some of the similes does not simplify the meaning at first. Instead you have to linger on it in order to understand, but once you do there is a reward of aesthetic pleasure.

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7. Appendix		
<b>Nature</b>		
“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,”	<b>a whirlwind</b>	simple
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.	<b>marble</b>	simple
On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon; pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momentarily, she looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys: it was yet a mile distant, but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life.	<b>a cloud</b>	simple
Above the temples, amidst wreathed turban folds of black drapery, vague in its character and consistency as cloud, gleamed a ring of white flame, gemmed with sparkles of a more lurid tinge.	<b>cloud</b>	simple
On the neck lay a pale reflection like moonlight; the same faint lustre touched the train of thin clouds from which rose and bowed this vision of the Evening Star.	<b>moonlight</b>	simple
I have seen in his face a far different expression from that which hardens it now while she is so vivaciously accosting him; but then it came of itself: it was not elicited by meretricious arts and calculated manoeuvres; and one had but to accept it—to answer what he asked without pretension, to address him when needful without grimace—	<b>a fostering sunbeam</b>	simple

and it increased and grew kinder and more genial, and warmed one like a fostering sunbeam.		
“I am laying down good intentions, which I believe durable as flint.	<b>flint</b>	simple
It does good to no woman to be flattered by her superior, who cannot possibly intend to marry her; and it is madness in all women to let a secret love kindle within them, which, if unreturned and unknown, must devour the life that feeds it; and, if discovered and responded to, must lead, <i>ignis-fatuus</i> -like, into miry wilds whence there is no extrication.	<i>ignis-fatuus</i>	<i>simple</i>
The second, Louisa, was taller and more elegant in figure; with a very pretty face, of that order the French term <i>minois chiffonné</i> : both sisters were fair as lilies.	<b>lilies</b>	simple
Blanche and Mary were of equal stature,—straight and tall as poplars.	<b>poplars</b>	simple
“The flame flickers in the eye; the eye shines like dew; it looks soft and full of feeling; it smiles at my jargon: it is susceptible; impression follows impression through its clear sphere; where it ceases to smile, it is sad; an unconscious lassitude weighs on the lid: that signifies melancholy resulting from loneliness.	<b>dew</b>	simple
No: stillness returned: each murmur and movement ceased gradually, and in about an hour Thornfield Hall was again as hushed as a desert.	<b>a desert</b>	simple
My friend would then turn to me, quiet and pale, and would say, ‘No, sir; that is impossible: I cannot do it, because it is wrong;’ and would become immutable as a fixed star.	<b>a fixed star</b>	simple
But joy soon effaced every other feeling; and loud as the wind blew, near and deep as the thunder crashed, fierce and frequent as the lightning gleamed, cataract-like as the rain fell during a storm of two hours’ duration, I experienced no fear and little awe.	<b>cataract-like</b>	simple

“It might pass for the present,” he said; “but he would yet see me glittering like a parterre.”	<b>aparterre</b>	simple
“It was a fairy, and come from Elf-land, it said; and its errand was to make me happy: I must go with it out of the common world to a lonely place—such as the moon, for instance—and it nodded its head towards her horn, rising over Hay-hill: it told me of the alabaster cave and silver vale where we might live.	<b>the moon</b>	simple
With infinite difficulty, for he was stubborn as a stone, I persuaded him to make an exchange in favour of a sober black satin and pearl-grey silk.	<b>a stone</b>	simple
This is you, who have been as slippery as an eel this last month, and as thorny as a briar-rose?	<b>a briar-rose</b>	simple
I wondered why moralists call this world a dreary wilderness: for me it blossomed like a rose.	<b>a rose</b>	simple
He took me into the dining-room, surveyed me keenly all over, pronounced me “fair as a lily, and not only the pride of his life, but the desire of his eyes,” and then telling me he would give me but ten minutes to eat some breakfast, he rang the bell.	<b>a lily</b>	simple
What a hot and strong grasp he had! and how like quarried marble was his pale, firm, massive front at this moment!	<b>marble</b>	simple
Mosquitoes came buzzing in and hummed sullenly round the room; the sea, which I could hear from thence, rumbled dull like an earthquake	<b>anearthquake</b>	simple
To that bed I seemed to have grown; I lay on it motionless as a stone; and to have torn me from it would have been almost to kill me.	<b>a stone</b>	simple
I know it is ignoble: a mere fever of the flesh: not, I declare, the convulsion of the soul. <i>That</i> is just as fixed as a rock, firm set in the depths of a restless sea.	<b>a rock</b>	simple
He took it up with a snatch; he looked at the edge; then shot a glance at me, inexpressibly peculiar, and quite	<b>lightning gleamed</b>	simple



incomprehensible: a glance that seemed to take and make note of every point in my shape, face, and dress; for it traversed all, quick, keen as lightning.		
I heard a noise: the wind, I thought, shook the door. No; it was St. John Rivers, who, lifting the latch, came in out of the frozen hurricane—the howling darkness—and stood before me: the cloak that covered his tall figure all white as a glacier.	<b>a glacier</b>	simple
As I looked at his lofty forehead, still and pale as a white stone—at his fine lineaments fixed in study—I comprehended all at once that he would hardly make a good husband: that it would be a trying thing to be his wife.	<b>a white stone</b>	simple
You touch me, sir,—you hold me, and fast enough: I am not cold like a corpse, nor vacant like air, am I?”	<b>air</b>	simple
Where is the use of doing me good in any way, beneficent spirit, when, at some fatal moment, you will again desert me—passing like a shadow, whither and how to me unknown, and for me remaining afterwards undiscoverable?	<b>a shadow</b>	simple
He is good and great, but severe; and, for me, cold as an iceberg.	<b>an iceberg</b>	simple
Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields, where no cattle now browsed; and the little brown birds, which stirred occasionally in the hedge, looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.	<b>single russet leaves</b>	medium
Some of them were very tall; many were dressed in white; and all had a sweeping amplitude of array that seemed to magnify their persons as a mist magnifies the moon	<b>a mist magnifies the moon</b>	medium
Why had the mere name of this unresisting individual—whom his word now sufficed to control like a child—fallen on him, a few hours since, as a thunderbolt might fall on an oak?	<b>a thunderbolt might fall on an oak</b>	medium
But joy soon effaced every other feeling; and loud as the wind blew, near and deep as the thunder crashed, fierce and	<b>lightning gleamed</b>	medium

frequent as the lightning gleamed, cataract-like as the rain fell during a storm of two hours' duration, I experienced no fear and little awe.		
But joy soon effaced every other feeling; and loud as the wind blew, near and deep as the thunder crashed, fierce and frequent as the lightning gleamed, cataract-like as the rain fell during a storm of two hours' duration, I experienced no fear and little awe.	<b>thunder crashed</b>	medium
Then off for your bonnet, and back like a flash of lightning!" cried he to Adèle.	<b>flash of lightning</b>	medium
A Christmas frost had come at midsummer; a white December storm had whirled over June; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hayfield and cornfield lay a frozen shroud: lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow; and the woods, which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine-forests in wintry Norway.	<b>groves between the tropics</b>	medium
Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilised by education: they grow there, firm as weeds among stones.	<b>weeds among stones</b>	medium
To live amidst general regard, though it be but the regard of working people, is like "sitting in sunshine, calm and sweet;" serene inward feelings bud and bloom under the ray.	<b>sitting in sunshine</b>	medium
She made such a report of me to her father, that Mr. Oliver himself accompanied her next evening—a tall, massive-featured, middle-aged, and grey-headed man, at whose side his lovely daughter looked like a bright flower near a hoary turret	<b>a bright flower</b>	medium
I had never seen that handsome-featured face of his look more like chiselled marble than it did just now, as he put aside his snow-wet hair from his forehead and let the	<b>chiselled marble</b>	medium

firelight shine free on his pale brow and cheek as pale, where it grieved me to discover the hollow trace of care or sorrow now so plainly graved.		
But joy soon effaced every other feeling; and loud as the wind blew, near and deep as the thunder crashed, fierce and frequent as the lightning gleamed, cataract-like as the rain fell during a storm of two hours' duration, I experienced no fear and little awe.	<b>the wind blew</b>	medium
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.	<b>muffled by a rush of wind or water</b>	Complex x
If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here; for there was not a holly, not an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white, worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path.	<b>the white, worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path</b>	complex
I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me, and should have shunned them as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic.	<b>one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic</b>	complex
He stood between me and every thought of religion, as an eclipse intervenes between man and the broad sun.	<b>an eclipse intervenes between man and the broad sun</b>	complex
The clergyman looked up at the speaker and stood mute; the clerk did the same; Mr. Rochester moved slightly, as if an earthquake had rolled under his feet: taking a firmer footing, and not turning his head or eyes, he said, "Proceed."	<b>an earthquake had rolled under his feet</b>	complex

My nerves vibrated to those low-spoken words as they had never vibrated to thunder—my blood felt their subtle violence as it had never felt frost or fire; but I was collected, and in no danger of swooning.	<b>they had never vibrated to thunder</b>	complex
My nerves vibrated to those low-spoken words as they had never vibrated to thunder—my blood felt their subtle violence as it had never felt frost or fire; but I was collected, and in no danger of swooning.	<b>it had never felt frost or fire</b>	complex
A Christmas frost had come at midsummer; a white December storm had whirled over June; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hayfield and cornfield lay a frozen shroud: lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow; and the woods, which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine-forests in wintry Norway.	<b>pine-forests in wintry Norway</b>	complex
Though Mr. Rivers had started at the first of those musical accents, as if a thunderbolt had split a cloud over his head, he stood yet, at the close of the sentence, in the same attitude in which the speaker had surprised him—his arm resting on the gate, his face directed towards the west.	<b>a thunderbolt had split a cloud over his head</b>	complex
Perfect beauty is a strong expression; but I do not retrace or qualify it: as sweet features as ever the temperate clime of Albion moulded; as pure hues of rose and lily as ever her humid gales and vapoury skies generated and screened, justified, in this instance, the term.	<b>ever the temperate clime of Albion moulded</b>	complex
Perfect beauty is a strong expression; but I do not retrace or qualify it: as sweet features as ever the temperate clime of Albion moulded; as pure hues of rose and lily as ever her humid gales and vapoury skies generated and screened, justified, in this instance, the term.	<b>ever her humid gales and vapoury skies generated and screened,</b>	complex

“Well, then,” he said, “I yield; if not to your earnestness, to your perseverance: as stone is worn by continual dropping	<b>stone is worn by continual dropping</b>	complex
As we advanced and left the track, we trod a soft turf, mossy fine and emerald green, minutely enamelled with a tiny white flower, and spangled with a star-like yellow blossom: the hills, meantime, shut us quite in; for the glen, towards its head, wound to their very core.	<b>star-like yellow blossom</b>	complex
I felt how—if I were his wife, this good man, pure as the deep sunless source, could soon kill me, without drawing from my veins a single drop of blood, or receiving on his own crystal conscience the faintest stain of crime.	<b>the deep sunless source</b>	complex
The wondrous shock of feeling had come like the earthquake which shook the foundations of Paul and Silas’s prison; it had opened the doors of the soul’s cell and loosed its bands—it had wakened it out of its sleep, whence it sprang trembling, listening, aghast; then vibrated thrice a cry on my startled ear, and in my quaking heart and through my spirit, which neither feared nor shook, but exulted as if in joy over the success of one effort it had been privileged to make, independent of the cumbrous body.	<b>the earthquake which shook the foundations of Paul and Silas’s prison</b>	complex
<b>Concrete objects</b>		
“Yes; this is the dining-room. I have just opened the window, to let in a little air and sunshine; for everything gets so damp in apartments that are seldom inhabited; the drawing-room yonder feels like a vault.”	<b>a vault</b>	simple
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.	<b>a stone</b>	simple
“They had got me by this time into the apartment indicated by Mrs. Reed, and had thrust me upon a stool: my impulse	<b>a spring</b>	simple

was to rise from it like a spring; their two pair of hands arrested me instantly.”		
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.	<b>a scarecrow</b>	simple
“The kind whisper went to my heart like a dagger.”	<b>a dagger</b>	simple
“I nearly fell out of mine; it was like a shelf. ”	<b>a shelf</b>	simple
When I turned from it and repassed the trap-door, I could scarcely see my way down the ladder; the attic seemed black as a vault compared with that arch of blue air to which I had been looking up, and to that sunlit scene of grove, pasture, and green hill, of which the hall was the centre, and over which I had been gazing with delight.	<b>a vault</b>	simple
Leaning over the battlements and looking far down, I surveyed the grounds laid out like a map: the bright and velvet lawn closely girdling the grey base of the mansion; the field, wide as a park, dotted with its ancient timber; the wood, dun and sere, divided by a path visibly overgrown, greener with moss than the trees were with foliage; the church at the gates, the road, the tranquil hills, all reposing in the autumn day’s sun; the horizon bounded by a propitious sky, azure, marbled with pearly white.	<b>a map</b>	simple
I discerned in the course of the morning that Thornfield Hall was a changed place: no longer silent as a church, it echoed every hour or two to a knock at the door, or a clang of the bell; steps, too, often traversed the hall, and new voices spoke in different keys below; a rill from the outer world was flowing through it; it had a master: for my part, I liked it better.	<b>a church</b>	simple
Two thin hands, joined under the forehead, and supporting it, drew up before the lower features a sable veil, a brow	<b>bone</b>	simple

quite bloodless, white as bone, and an eye hollow and fixed, blank of meaning but for the glassiness of despair, alone were visible.		
“Tall, fine bust, sloping shoulders; long, graceful neck: olive complexion, dark and clear; noble features; eyes rather like Mr. Rochester’s: large and black, and as brilliant as her jewels.	<b>her jewels</b>	simple
She had Roman features and a double chin, disappearing into a throat like a pillar: these features appeared to me not only inflated and darkened, but even furrowed with pride; and the chin was sustained by the same principle, in a position of almost preternatural erectness.	<b>a pillar</b>	simple
I wish to be a better man than I have been, than I am; as Job’s leviathan broke the spear, the dart, and the habergeon, hindrances which others count as iron and brass, I will esteem but straw and rotten wood.”	<b>iron and brass</b>	simple
I never can bear being dressed like a doll by Mr. Rochester, or sitting like a second Danae with the golden shower falling daily round me.	<b>a doll</b>	simple
In truth it was humble—but then it was sheltered, and I wanted a safe asylum: it was plodding—but then, compared with that of a governess in a rich house, it was independent; and the fear of servitude with strangers entered my soul like iron: it was not ignoble—not unworthy—not mentally degrading, I made my decision.	<b>iron</b>	simple
Mr. St. John spoke almost like an automaton: himself only knew the effort it cost him thus to refuse.	<b>an automaton</b>	simple
We had heard no step on that grass-grown track; the water running in the vale was the one lulling sound of the hour and scene; we might well then start when a gay voice, sweet as a silver bell, exclaimed—	<b>a silver bell</b>	simple
“Are you well?” she asked. Well might she put the question: his face was blanched as her gown.	<b>her gown</b>	simple

His sisters looked at each other and at me; we all three looked at him: he was serene as glass.	<b>glass</b>	simple
Religion called—Angels beckoned—God commanded—life rolled together like a scroll—death’s gates opening, showed eternity beyond: it seemed, that for safety and bliss there, all here might be sacrificed in a second.	<b>a scroll</b>	simple
The whole looked, as the host of the Rochester Arms had said, “quite a desolate spot.” It was as still as a church on a week-day: the pattering rain on the forest leaves was the only sound audible in its vicinage.	<b>a church</b>	simple
This was a full-blown, very plump damsel, fair as waxwork, with handsome and regular features, languishing blue eyes, and ringleted yellow hair.	<b>waxwork</b>	simple
As white as clay or death,” was responded.	<b>clay or death</b>	simple
“The handle turned, the door unclosed, and passing through and curtsying low, I looked up at—a black pillar!—such, at least, appeared to me, at first sight, the straight, narrow, sable-clad 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.”	<b>a carved mask</b>	medium
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.	<b>a common spring</b>	medium
“ 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	<b>a highlander's purse</b>	medium



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 woollen stockings and country-made shoes, fastened with brass buckles. ”		
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.	<b>a sculptor’s chisel</b>	medium
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.	<b>a prop were withdrawn</b>	medium
He went on as a statue would, that is, he neither spoke nor moved.	<b>a statue would</b>	medium
This is legitimate, <i>et j’y tiens</i> , as Adèle would say; and it is by virtue of this superiority, and this alone, that I desire you to have the goodness to talk to me a little now, and divert my thoughts, which are galled with dwelling on one point—cankering as a rusty nail.”	<b>a rusty nail</b>	medium
How do you know?—you never tried it. How very serious—how very solemn you look: and you are as ignorant of the matter as this cameo head” (taking one from the mantelpiece).	<b>this cameo head</b>	medium
Mary had a milder and more open countenance than Blanche; softer features too, and a skin some shades fairer (Miss Ingram was dark as a Spaniard)—but Mary was deficient in life: her face lacked expression, her eye lustre; she had nothing to say, and having once taken her seat, remained fixed like a statue in its niche.	<b>a statue in its niche</b>	medium

<p>The Ladies Lynn and Ingram continued to consort in solemn conferences, where they nodded their two turbans at each other, and held up their four hands in confronting gestures of surprise, or mystery, or horror, according to the theme on which their gossip ran, like a pair of magnified puppets.</p>	<p><b>a pair of magnified puppets</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>“I like this day; I like that sky of steel; I like the sternness and stillness of the world under this frost. I like Thornfield, its antiquity, its retirement, its old crow-trees and thorn-trees, its grey façade, and lines of dark windows reflecting that metal welkin: and yet how long have I abhorred the very thought of it, shunned it like a great plague-house?”</p>	<p><b>a plague-house</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>The stillness of early morning slumbered everywhere; the curtains were yet drawn over the servants’ chamber windows; little birds were just twittering in the blossom-blanchèd orchard trees, whose boughs drooped like white garlands over the wall enclosing one side of the yard; the carriage horses stamped from time to time in their closed stables: all else was still.</p>	<p><b>white garlands</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>The old-fashioned chairs were very bright, and the walnut-wood table was like a looking-glass.</p>	<p><b>a looking glass</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>I saw ripe bilberries gleaming here and there, like jet beads in the heath: I gathered a handful and ate them with the bread.</p>	<p><b>jet beads</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>Oh, I wish I could make you see how much my mind is at this moment like a rayless dungeon, with one shrinking fear fettered in its depths—the fear of being persuaded by you to attempt what I cannot accomplish!”</p>	<p><b>rayless dungeon</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>I looked towards the knoll: there he lay, still as a prostrate column; his face turned to me: his eye beaming watchful and keen.</p>	<p><b>a prostrate column</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>The front was, as I had once seen it in a dream, but a well-like wall, very high and very fragile-looking, perforated</p>	<p><b>well-like wall</b></p>	<p>medium</p>

with paneless windows: no roof, no battlements, no chimneys—all had crashed in.		
“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.”	<b>a dark deposit in a turbid well</b>	complex
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.	<b>aromatic wine it seemed</b>	complex
“Of course they did; for I felt their eyes directed like burning-glasses against my scorched skin.”	<b>burning-glasses against my scorched skin</b>	complex
“Farther off were hills: not so lofty as those round Lowood, nor so craggy, nor so like barriers of separation from the living world; but yet quiet and lonely hills enough, and seeming to embrace Thornfield with a seclusion I had not expected to find existent so near the stirring locality of Millcote.”	<b>barriers of seperation from the living world</b>	complex
I lingered in the long passage to which this led, separating the front and back rooms of the third storey: narrow, low, and dim, with only one little window at the far end, and looking, with its two rows of small black doors all shut, like a corridor in some Bluebeard’s castle.	<b>a corridor in some Bluebeard’s castle</b>	complex
One gleam of light lifted into relief a half-submerged mast, on which sat a cormorant, dark and large, with wings flecked with foam; its beak held a gold bracelet set with gems, that I had touched with as brilliant tints as my palette could yield, and as glittering distinctness as my pencil could impart.	<b>brilliant tints as my palette could yield</b>	complex
When I was as old as you, I was a feeling fellow enough, partial to the unfledged, unfostered, and unlucky; but Fortune has knocked me about since: she has even kneaded	<b>an India- rubber ball</b>	complex

me with her knuckles, and now I flatter myself I am hard and tough as an India-rubber ball; pervious, though, through a chink or two still, and with one sentient point in the middle of the lump		
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.	<b>keen condiments in a choice dish</b>	complex
I wonder what thoughts are busy in your heart during all the hours you sit in yonder room with the fine people flitting before you like shapes in a magic-lantern: just as little sympathetic communion passing between you and them as if they were really mere shadows of human forms, and not the actual substance.”	<b>shapes in a magic-lantern</b>	complex
But don't pull me down or strangle me,” he replied: for the Misses Eshton were clinging about him now; and the two dowagers, in vast white wrappers, were bearing down on him like ships in full sail.	<b>ships in full sail</b>	complex
Mr. St. John—sitting as still as one of the dusty pictures on the walls, keeping his eyes fixed on the page he perused, and his lips mutely sealed—was easy enough to examine.	<b>one of the dusty pictures on the walls</b>	complex
God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get—when our will strains after a path we may not follow—we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair: we have but to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste—and perhaps purer; and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one	<b>the forbidden food it longed to taste</b>	complex
Fancy me yielding and melting, as I am doing: human love rising like a freshly opened fountain in my mind and overflowing with sweet inundation all the field I have so carefully and with such labour prepared—so assiduously	<b>a freshly opened fountain in my mind</b>	complex

sown with the seeds of good intentions, of self-denying plans.		
This was a blessing, bright, vivid, and exhilarating;—not like the ponderous gift of gold: rich and welcome enough in its way, but sobering from its weight.	<b>the ponderous gift of gold</b>	comple
The air of the moors, the freedom of home, the dawn of prosperity, acted on Diana and Mary's spirits like some life-giving elixir: they were gay from morning till noon, and from noon till night.	<b>some life-giving elixir</b>	comple
<b>Abstractions</b>		
"Well, and you want your fortune told?" she said, in a voice as decided as her glance, as harsh as her features.	<b>her glance</b>	simple
But what is so headstrong as youth? What so blind as inexperience?	<b>inexperience</b>	simple
Yes—just one of your tricks: not to send for a carriage, and come clattering over street and road like a common mortal, but to steal into the vicinage of your home along with twilight, just as if you were a dream or a shade.	<b>if you were a dream or a shade</b>	simple
<i>Those</i> words did not die inarticulate on your lips. I heard them clear and soft: a thought too solemn perhaps, but sweet as music	<b>music</b>	simple
Of yourself you could come with soft flight and nestle against my heart, if you would: seized against your will, you will elude the grasp like an essence—you will vanish ere I inhale your fragrance.	<b>an essence</b>	simple
Thus occupied, and mutually entertained, days passed like hours, and weeks like days.	<b>hours</b>	simple
Thus occupied, and mutually entertained, days passed like hours, and weeks like days.	<b>days</b>	simple
You would think him gentle, yet in some things he is inexorable as death; and the worst of it is, my conscience will hardly permit me to dissuade him from his severe decision: certainly, I cannot for a moment blame him for it.	<b>death</b>	simple

<i>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.</i>	<b>incredulous of my sanity</b>	medium
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.	<b>coming out of lone</b>	medium
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.	<b>a motive were gone</b>	medium
He said this as if he spoke to a vision, viewless to any eye but his own; then, folding his arms, which he had half extended, on his chest, he seemed to enclose in their embrace the invisible being.	<b>he spoke to a vision</b>	medium
It had been a mild, serene spring day—one of those days which, towards the end of March or the beginning of April, rise shining over the earth as heralds of summer.	<b>heralds of summer</b>	medium
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	<b>comparatively insipid</b>	medium
How is Mrs. Reed?" I asked soon, looking calmly at Georgiana, who thought fit to bridle at the direct address, as if it were an unexpected liberty.	<b>if it were an unexpected liberty</b>	medium

After my mother's death, I wash my hands of you: from the day her coffin is carried to the vault in Gateshead Church, you and I will be as separate as if we had never known each other.	<b>if we had never known each other.</b>	medium
Last January, rid of all mistresses—in a harsh, bitter frame of mind, the result of a useless, roving, lonely life—corroded with disappointment, sourly disposed against all men, and especially against all womankind (for I began to regard the notion of an intellectual, faithful, loving woman as a mere dream), recalled by business, I came back to England.	<b>a mere dream</b>	medium
“Well, I have been waiting for you long, and listening: yet not one movement have I heard, nor one sob: five minutes more of that death-like hush, and I should have forced the lock like a burglar.	<b>death-like hush</b>	medium
The air was like sulphur-steams—I could find no refreshment anywhere.	<b>sulphur-steams</b>	medium
Looking up, I, with tear-dimmed eyes, saw the mighty Milky-way. Remembering what it was—what countless systems there swept space like a soft trace of light—I felt the might and strength of God.	<b>a soft trace of light</b>	medium
The feeling was not like an electric shock, but it was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling: it acted on my senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor, from which they were now summoned and forced to wake.	<b>an electric shock</b>	medium
I was a precocious actress in her eyes; she sincerely looked on me as a compound of virulent passions, mean spirit, and dangerous duplicity.	<b>a compound of virulent passions, mean spirit, and dangerous duplicity.</b>	complex

<p>“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.”</p>	<p><b>a reflection from the aspect of an angel</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>“I have seen their pale gold gleam in overshadowed spots like scatterings of the sweetest lustre.”</p>	<p><b>scatterings of the sweetest lustre</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>“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.</p>	<p><b>Liberty, Excitement, Enjoyment</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>Of course I did not—I had never heard of him before; but the old lady seemed to regard his existence as a universally understood fact, with which everybody must be acquainted by instinct.</p>	<p><b>a universally understood fact</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>The new face, too, was like a new picture introduced to the gallery of memory; and it was dissimilar to all the others hanging there: firstly, because it was masculine; and, secondly, because it was dark, strong, and stern.</p>	<p><b>new picture introduced to the gallery of memory</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>The dim forehead was crowned with a star; the lineaments below were seen as through the suffusion of vapour; the eyes shone dark and wild; the hair streamed shadowy, like a beamless cloud torn by storm or by electric travail.</p>	<p><b>a beamless cloud torn by storm or by electric travail.</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>One gleam of light lifted into relief a half-submerged mast, on which sat a cormorant, dark and large, with wings flecked with foam; its beak held a gold bracelet set with gems, that I had touched with as brilliant tints as my palette could yield, and as glittering distinctness as my pencil could impart.</p>	<p><b>glittering distinctness as my pencil could impart</b></p>	<p>complex</p>



<p>The dim forehead was crowned with a star; the lineaments below were seen as through the suffusion of vapour; the eyes shone dark and wild; the hair streamed shadowy, like a beamless cloud torn by storm or by electric travail.</p>	<p><b>through the suffusion of vapour</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>For a moment they stood grouped together at the other extremity of the gallery, conversing in a key of sweet subdued vivacity: they then descended the staircase almost as noiselessly as a bright mist rolls down a hill.</p>	<p><b>a bright mist rolls down a hill</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>He and Miss Wilson took the liberty of falling in love with each other—at least Tedo and I thought so; we surprised sundry tender glances and sighs which we interpreted as tokens of ‘la belle passion,’ and I promise you the public soon had the benefit of our discovery; we employed it as a sort of lever to hoist our dead-weights from the house.</p>	<p><b>a sort of lever to hoist our dead-weights from the house</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>I knew Mr. Rochester; though the begrimed face, the disordered dress (his coat hanging loose from one arm, as if it had been almost torn from his back in a scuffle), the desperate and scowling countenance, the rough, bristling hair might well have disguised him</p>	<p><b>it had been almost torn from his back in a scuffle</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>I have told you, reader, that I had learnt to love Mr. Rochester: I could not unlove him now, merely because I found that he had ceased to notice me—because I might pass hours in his presence, and he would never once turn his eyes in my direction—because I saw all his attentions appropriated by a great lady, who scorned to touch me with the hem of her robes as she passed; who, if ever her dark and imperious eye fell on me by chance, would withdraw it instantly as from an object too mean to merit observation.</p>	<p><b>from an object too mean to merit observation</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>“I wonder what thoughts are busy in your heart during all the hours you sit in yonder room with the fine people flitting before you like shapes in a magic-lantern: just as little sympathetic communion passing between you and them as</p>	<p><b>if they were really mere shadows of human forms, and not the</b></p>	<p>complex</p>

if they were really mere shadows of human forms, and not the actual substance.”	<b>actual substance</b>	
I see the necessity of departure; and it is like looking on the necessity of death.”	<b>looking on the necessity of death.</b>	complex
“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.	<b>if I had a string somewhere under my left ribs</b>	complex
While arranging my hair, I looked at my face in the glass, and felt it was no longer plain: there was hope in its aspect and life in its colour; and my eyes seemed as if they had beheld the fount of fruition, and borrowed beams from the lustrous ripple.	<b>if they had beheld the fount of fruition, and borrowed beams from the lustrous ripple</b>	complex
Contempt fell cool on Mr. Rochester—his passion died as if a blight had shrivelled it up: he only asked—“What have <i>you</i> to say?”	<b>if a blight had shrivelled it up</b>	complex
When you are inquisitive, Jane, you always make me smile. You open your eyes like an eager bird, and make every now and then a restless movement, as if answers in speech did not flow fast enough for you, and you wanted to read the tablet of one’s heart	<b>if answers in speech did not flow fast enough for you</b>	complex
He seemed to devour me with his flaming glance: physically, I felt, at the moment, powerless as stubble exposed to the draught and glow of a furnace: mentally, I still possessed my soul, and with it the certainty of ultimate safety.	<b>stubble exposed to the draught and glow of a furnace</b>	complex
I lifted up my head to look: the roof resolved to clouds, high and dim; the gleam was such as the moon imparts to vapours she is about to sever.	<b>the moon imparts to</b>	complex

	<b>vapours she is about to sever</b>	
At a later day, I knew the language and the book; therefore, I will here quote the line: though, when I first heard it, it was only like a stroke on sounding brass to me—conveying no meaning:—	<b>a stroke on sounding brass to me</b>	complex
<i>I must not forget that these coarsely-clad little peasants are of flesh and blood as good as the scions of gentlest genealogy; and that the germs of native excellence, refinement, intelligence, kind feeling, are as likely to exist in their hearts as in those of the best-born.</i>	<b>the scions of gentlest genealogy</b>	complex
“You cannot now wonder,” continued my master, “that when you rose upon me so unexpectedly last night, I had difficulty in believing you any other than a mere voice and vision, something that would melt to silence and annihilation, as the midnight whisper and mountain echo had melted before.	<b>the midnight whisper and mountain echo had melted before</b>	complex
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!”	<b>if both had passed through the grave</b>	complex
His eye, as I have often said, was a black eye: it had now a tawny, nay, a bloody light in its gloom; and his face flushed—olive cheek and hueless forehead received a glow as from spreading, ascending heart-fire: and he stirred, lifted his strong arm—he could have struck Mason, dashed him on the church-floor, shocked by ruthless blow the breath from his body—but Mason shrank away, and cried faintly, “Good God!”	<b>from spreading, ascending heart-fire</b>	Complex x
<b>Human traits, people, feelings</b>		
“You are like a murderer—you are like a slave-driver—you are like the Roman emperors!”	<b>a murderer, slavedriver,</b>	simple

	<b>Roman emperors.</b>	
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.	<b>an Indian</b>	simple
“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.”	<b>gipsies</b>	simple
Then the importance of the process quickly steadied her, and by the time she had her curls arranged in well-smoothed, drooping clusters, her pink satin frock put on, her long sash tied, and her lace mittens adjusted, she looked as grave as any judge.	<b>any judge</b>	simple
Mary had a milder and more open countenance than Blanche; softer features too, and a skin some shades fairer (Miss Ingram was dark as a Spaniard)—but Mary was deficient in life: her face lacked expression, her eye lustre; she had nothing to say, and having once taken her seat, remained fixed like a statue in its niche.	<b>a Spaniard</b>	simple
I saw them smile, laugh—it was nothing; the light of the candles had as much soul in it as their smile; the tinkle of the bell as much significance as their laugh.	<b>their smile</b>	simple
I saw them smile, laugh—it was nothing; the light of the candles had as much soul in it as their smile; the tinkle of the bell as much significance as their laugh.	<b>their laugh</b>	simple
“Well, and you want your fortune told?” she said, in a voice as decided as her glance, as harsh as her features.	<b>her features</b>	simple
“I had a dislike to her mother always; for she was my husband’s only sister, and a great favourite with him: he opposed the family’s disowning her when she made her low marriage; and when news came of her death, he wept like a simpleton.	<b>a simpleton</b>	simple

Your eyebrows have become as thick as my finger, and your forehead resembles what, in some very astonishing poetry, I once saw styled, ‘a blue-piled thunderloft.’	<b>my finger</b>	simple
<i>I was indignant for a moment; but remembering that anger was out of the question, and that I had indeed appeared as a beggar to her, I answered quietly, but still not without a certain marked firmness—</i>	<b>a beggar</b>	<i>simple</i>
<i>“But I do think hardly of you,” I said; “and I’ll tell you why—not so much because you refused to give me shelter, or regarded me as an impostor, as because you just now made it a species of reproach that I had no ‘brass’ and no house.</i>	<b>an impostor</b>	<i>simple</i>
She was a little small thing, they say, almost like a child	<b>a child</b>	simple
You touch me, sir,—you hold me, and fast enough: I am not cold like a corpse, nor vacant like air, am I?”	<b>a corpse</b>	simple
“If you think so, you must have a strange opinion of me; you must regard me as a plotting profligate—a base and low rake who has been simulating disinterested love in order to draw you into a snare deliberately laid, and strip you of honour and rob you of self-respect.	<b>a plotting profligate</b>	medium
“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.”	<b>any other rebel slave</b>	medium
<i>For me, the watches of that long night passed in ghastly wakefulness; strained by dread: such dread as children only can feel.</i>	<b>children only can feel</b>	medium
“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.”	<b>stalwart soliders</b>	medium

<p>Women are supposed to be very calm generally: but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts, as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags.</p>	<p><b>men would suffer</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>You seem to doubt me; I don't doubt myself: I know what my aim is, what my motives are; and at this moment I pass a law, unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians, that both are right."</p>	<p><b>that of the Medes and Persians</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>Only one hour in the twenty-four did she pass with her fellow-servants below; all the rest of her time was spent in some low-ceiled, oaken chamber of the second storey: there she sat and sewed—and probably laughed drearily to herself,—as companionless as a prisoner in his dungeon.</p>	<p><b>a prisoner in his dungeon</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>He took the sponge, dipped it in, and moistened the corpse-like face; he asked for my smelling-bottle, and applied it to the nostrils.</p>	<p><b>corpse-like face</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>Still, society associated my name and person with hers; I yet saw her and heard her daily: something of her breath (faugh!) mixed with the air I breathed; and besides, I remembered I had once been her husband—that recollection was then, and is now, inexpressibly odious to me; moreover, I knew that while she lived I could never be the husband of another and better wife; and, though five years my senior (her family and her father had lied to me even in the particular of her age), she was likely to live as long as I, being as robust in frame as she was infirm in mind.</p>	<p><b>she was infirm in mind</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>He broke off acquaintance with all the gentry, and shut himself up like a hermit at the Hall."</p>	<p><b>hermit at the Hall</b></p>	<p>medium</p>

<p>“Enough!” he called out in a few minutes. “You play <i>a little</i>, I see; like any other English school-girl; perhaps rather better than some, but not well.”</p>	<p><b>any other English School girl</b></p>	<p>medium</p>
<p>He prizes me as a soldier would a good weapon; and that is all.</p>	<p><b>a soldier would a good weapon</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>The rocks cawed, and blither birds sang; but nothing was so merry or so musical as my own rejoicing heart.</p>	<p><b>my own rejoicing heart</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>He smiled; and I thought his smile was such as a sultan might, in a blissful and fond moment, bestow on a slave his gold and gems had enriched: I crushed his hand, which was ever hunting mine, vigorously, and thrust it back to him red with the passionate pressure.</p>	<p><b>a sultan might, in a blissful and fond moment, bestow on a slave his gold and gems had enriched:</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>I looked at my love: that feeling which was my master’s—which he had created; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle; sickness and anguish had seized it; it could not seek Mr. Rochester’s arms—it could not derive warmth from his breast.</p>	<p><b>a suffering child in a cold cradle</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>He looked at me before he proceeded: indeed, he seemed leisurely to read my face, as if its features and lines were characters on a page.</p>	<p><b>if its features and lines were characters on a page</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>His chest heaved once, as if his large heart, weary of despotic constriction, had expanded, despite the will, and made a vigorous bound for the attainment of liberty. But he curbed it, I think, as a resolute rider would curb a rearing steed.</p>	<p><b>a resolute rider would curb a rearing steed</b></p>	<p>complex</p>
<p>I had set out from Whitcross on a Tuesday afternoon, and early on the succeeding Thursday morning the coach stopped to water the horses at a wayside inn, situated in the midst of scenery whose green hedges and large fields and low pastoral hills (how mild of feature and verdant of hue</p>	<p><b>the lineaments of a once familiar face</b></p>	<p>complex</p>

compared with the stern North-Midland moors of Morton!) met my eye like the lineaments of a once familiar face.		
<b>Folklore and Mythology</b>		
As to the thoughts, they are elfish	<b>they are elfish</b>	simple
You are afraid of me, because I talk like a Sphynx.”	<b>a Sphynx</b>	simple
Mary was too slim for her height, but Blanche was moulded like a Dian.	<b>a Dian</b>	simple
I looked into a certain corner near, half-expecting to see the slim outline of a once dreaded switch which used to lurk there, waiting to leap out imp-like and lace my quivering palm or shrinking neck.	<b>imp-like</b>	simple
I declare she talked to me once like something mad, or like a fiend—no child ever spoke or looked as she did; I was glad to get her away from the house.	<b>something mad</b>	simple
I declare she talked to me once like something mad, or like a fiend—no child ever spoke or looked as she did; I was glad to get her away from the house.	<b>a fiend</b>	simple
She turned twice to gaze after him as she tripped fairy-like down the field; he, as he strode firmly across, never turned at all.	<b>fairy-like</b>	simple
I will myself put the diamond chain round your neck, and the circlet on your forehead,—which it will become: for nature, at least, has stamped her patent of nobility on this brow, Jane; and I will clasp the bracelets on these fine wrists, and load these fairy-like fingers with rings.”	<b>fairy-like</b>	simple
Do you suppose I eat like an ogre or a ghou, that you dread being the companion of my repast	<b>an ogre or a ghou</b>	simple
“Rain and wind, indeed! Yes, you are dripping like a mermaid; pull my cloak round you: but I think you are feverish, Jane: both your cheek and hand are burning hot.	<b>a mermaid</b>	simple
You, sir, are the most phantom-like of all: you are a mere dream.”	<b>phantom-like</b>	simple



Mr. Rochester was about forty, and this governess not twenty; and you see, when gentlemen of his age fall in love with girls, they are often like as if they were bewitched.	<b>if they were bewitched</b>	simple
He would not cross the door-stones of the house, except at night, when he walked just like a ghost about the grounds and in the orchard as if he had lost his senses—which it is my opinion he had; for a more spirited, bolder, keener gentleman than he was before that midge of a governess crossed him, you never saw, ma'am.	<b>a ghost</b>	simple
It is excusable, for she had a hard life of it: but still it was dangerous; for when Mrs. Poole was fast asleep after the gin and water, the mad lady, who was as cunning as a witch, would take the keys out of her pocket, let herself out of her chamber, and go roaming about the house, doing any wild mischief that came into her head.	<b>a witch</b>	simple
I never thought of it, before; but you certainly are rather like Vulcan, sir.”	<b>Vulcan</b>	simple
I find you rather alarming, when I examine you close at hand: you talk of my being a fairy, but I am sure, you are more like a brownie.”	<b>a brownie</b>	simple
“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. ”	<b>one of the tiny phantoms</b>	medium
“Miss,” said a servant who met me in the lobby, where I was wandering like a troubled spirit, “a person below wishes to see you.”	<b>a troubled spirit</b>	medium
The passions may rage furiously, like true heathens, as they are; and the desires may imagine all sorts of vain things: but judgment shall still have the last word in every argument, and the casting vote in every decision.	<b>true heathens</b>	medium
The west wind whispered in the ivy round me; but no gentle Ariel borrowed its breath as a medium of speech: the birds	<b>a medium of speech</b>	medium

sang in the tree-tops; but their song, however sweet, was inarticulate.		
The other was as certainly Georgiana: but not the Georgiana I remembered—the slim and fairy-like girl of eleven	<b>fairy-like girl</b>	medium
I never can bear being dressed like a doll by Mr. Rochester, or sitting like a second Danae with the golden shower falling daily round me.	<b>a second Danae</b>	medium
I don't know what sphynx-like expression is forming in your countenance.	<b>sphynx-like expression</b>	medium
She turned twice to gaze after him as she tripped fairy-like down the field; he, as he strode firmly across, never turned at all.	<b>she tripped fairy-like</b>	medium
She stood there, by that beech-trunk—a hag like one of those who appeared to Macbeth on the heath of Forres.	<b>a hag like one of those who appeared to Macbeth on the heath of Forres</b>	complex
Firm, faithful, and devoted, full of energy, and zeal, and truth, he labours 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.	<b>a giant the prejudices of creed</b>	complex
I shut the closet to conceal the strange, wraith-like apparel it contained; which, at this evening hour—nine o'clock—gave out certainly a most ghostly shimmer through the shadow of my apartment.	<b>wraith-like apparel it contained</b>	complex
<b>Animals</b>		
“Hold her arms, Miss Abbot: she's like a mad cat.”	<b>a mad cat</b>	Simple
“I heard him in a blubbering tone commence the tale of how “that nasty Jane Eyre” had flown at him like a mad cat: ”	<b>a mad cat</b>	Simple
As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales, wherein figured a North-of-England spirit called a “Gytrash,” which, in the form of horse, mule, or large dog,	<b>this horse was now coming upon me</b>	simple

haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came upon belated travellers, as this horse was now coming upon me.		
Remain where you are till I return; be as still as a mouse.	<b>a mouse</b>	simple
The tall and phlegmatic Lord Ingram leans with folded arms on the chair-back of the little and lively Amy Eshton; she glances up at him, and chatters like a wren: she likes him better than she does Mr. Rochester.	<b>wren</b>	simple
A shockingly ugly old creature, miss; almost as black as a crock.”	<b>crock</b>	Simple
My slippers were thin: I could walk the matted floor as softly as a cat.	<b>a cat</b>	simple
You thought you were as dead as a herring two hours since, and you are all alive and talking now.	<b>herring</b>	simple
“She worried me like a tigress, when Rochester got the knife from her.”	<b>a tigress</b>	simple
This is you, who have been as slippery as an eel this last month, and as thorny as a briar-rose?	<b>an eel</b>	simple
What it was, whether beast or human being, one could not, at first sight, tell: it grovelled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal: but it was covered with clothing, and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.	<b>as a mane</b>	simple
Now that you think me disqualified to become your husband, you recoil from my touch as if I were some toad or ape.”	<b>if I were some toad or ape</b>	simple
It trembled for Mr. Rochester and his doom; it bemoaned him with bitter pity; it demanded him with ceaseless longing; and, impotent as a bird with both wings broken, it still quivered its shattered pinions in vain attempts to seek him.	<b>bird with both wings broken</b>	simple
His eyes were large and blue, with brown lashes; his high forehead, colourless as ivory, was partially streaked over by careless locks of fair hair.	<b>ivory</b>	simple

You have a ‘faux air’ of Nebuchadnezzar in the fields about you, that is certain: your hair reminds me of eagles’ feathers; whether your nails are grown like birds’ claws or not, I have not yet noticed.”	<b>birds</b>	simple
The ladies, since the gentlemen entered, have become lively as larks; conversation waxes brisk and merry.	<b>larks</b>	simple
Next morning I had the pleasure of encountering him; left a bullet in one of his poor etiolated arms, feeble as the wing of a chicken in the pip, and then thought I had done with the whole crew.	<b>the wing of a chicken in the pip</b>	medium
I heard thence a snarling, snatching sound, almost like a dog quarrelling.	<b>a dog quarrelling</b>	medium
It was as if a band of Italian days had come from the South, like a flock of glorious passenger birds, and lighted to rest them on the cliffs of Albion.	<b>a flock of glorious passenger birds</b>	medium
“Jane, be still; don’t struggle so, like a wild frantic bird that is rending its own plumage in its desperation.”	<b>wild frantic bird</b>	medium
Diana had a voice toned, to my ear, like the cooing of a dove.	<b>the cooing of a dove</b>	medium
Meantime, the afternoon advanced, while I thus wandered about like a lost and starving dog.	<b>a lost and starving dog</b>	medium
Once more on the road to Thornfield, I felt like the messenger-pigeon flying home.	<b>messenger-pigeon</b>	medium
He was kept, to be sure, rather cross and crusty; but on the whole I could see he was excellently entertained, and that a lamb-like submission and turtle-dove sensibility, while fostering his despotism more, would have pleased his judgment, satisfied his common-sense, and even suited his taste less.	<b>a lamb-like submission and turtle-dove sensibility</b>	Complex
The water stood in my eyes to hear this avowal of his dependence; just as if a royal eagle, chained to a perch, should be forced to entreat a sparrow to become its purveyor.	<b>if a royal eagle, chained to a perch, should be forced to</b>	Complex

	<b>entreat a sparrow to become its purveyor.</b>	
<b>Church and Religion</b>		
“A bed supported on massive pillars of mahogany, hung with curtains of deep red damask, stood out like a tabernacle in the centre; the two large windows, with their blinds always drawn down, were half shrouded in festoons and falls of similar drapery; ”	<b>a tabernacle</b>	simple
“ 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.”	<b>a pale throne</b>	simple
“These words fell like the knell of doom—”	<b>the knell of doom</b>	simple
“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.”	<b>a phylactery</b>	simple
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.	<b>on nectar and ambrosia</b>	simple
She obligingly consented to act as mediatrix in the matter.	<b>mediatrix</b>	simple
However, when I had brushed my hair very smooth, and put on my black frock—which, Quakerlike as it was, at least had the merit of fitting to a nicety—and adjusted my clean white tucker, I thought I should do respectably enough to appear before Mrs. Fairfax, and that my new pupil would not at least recoil from me with antipathy.	<b>Quakerlike</b>	simple
That a greater fool than Jane Eyre had never breathed the breath of life; that a more fantastic idiot had never surfeited	<b>if it were nectar</b>	simple

herself on sweet lies, and swallowed poison as if it were nectar.		
“ 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.”	<b>convent-like garden</b>	medium
The furniture once appropriated to the lower apartments had from time to time been removed here, as fashions changed: and the imperfect light entering by their narrow casement showed bedsteads of a hundred years old; chests in oak or walnut, looking, with their strange carvings of palm branches and cherubs’ heads, like types of the Hebrew ark; rows of venerable chairs, high-backed and narrow; stools still more antiquated, on whose cushioned tops were yet apparent traces of half-effaced embroideries, wrought by fingers that for two generations had been coffin-dust.	<b>types of the Hebrew ark</b>	medium
I thought sometimes I saw beyond its wild waters a shore, sweet as the hills of Beulah; and now and then a freshening gale, wakened by hope, bore my spirit triumphantly towards the bourne: but I could not reach it, even in fancy—a counteracting breeze blew off land, and continually drove me back.	<b>the hills of Beulah</b>	medium
One idea only still throbbed life-like within me—a remembrance of God: it begot an unuttered prayer: these words went wandering up and down in my rayless mind, as something that should be whispered, but no energy was found to express them—	<b>life-like within me</b>	medium
I know all your sisters have done for me since—for I have not been insensible during my seeming torpor—and I owe to their spontaneous, genuine, genial compassion as large a debt as to your evangelical charity.”	<b>to your evangelical charity.</b>	medium
“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.”	<b>the saddest cadence of a funeral hymn</b>	complex

The last was an awful blank: something like the world when the deluge was gone by.	<b>the world when the deluge was gone by</b>	complex
Throughout there was a strange bitterness; an absence of consolatory gentleness; stern allusions to Calvinistic doctrines—election, predestination, reprobation—were frequent; and each reference to these points sounded like a sentence pronounced for doom.	<b>a sentence pronounced for doom</b>	complex
<b>Events</b>		
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.	<b>if I had been poisoned</b>	simple
“Little darling!—with her long curls and her blue eyes, and such a sweet colour as she has; just as if she were painted!	<b>if she were painted</b>	medium
You look quite red, as if you had been about some mischief: what were you opening the window for?”	<b>if you had been about some mischief</b>	medium
She wore it till evening, patient, unresentful, regarding it as a deserved punishment.	<b>a deserved punishment</b>	medium
How different had this scene looked when I viewed it laid out beneath the iron sky 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 “ing” and holm till they blended with the frozen fog of the beck!	<b>death wandered</b>	medium
I have forbidden Adèle to talk to me about her presents, and she is bursting with repletion: have the goodness to serve her as auditress and interlocutrice; it will be one of the most benevolent acts you ever performed.”	<b>auditress and interlocutrice</b>	medium
It looked a lovely face enough, and when compared with the real head in chalk, the contrast was as great as self-control could desire.	<b>self-control could desire</b>	medium

Thursday came: all work had been completed the previous evening; carpets were laid down, bed-hangings festooned, radiant white counterpanes spread, toilet tables arranged, furniture rubbed, flowers piled in vases: both chambers and saloons looked as fresh and bright as hands could make them.	<b>hands could make them</b>	medium
And dangerous as the foamy race	<b>the foamy race</b>	medium
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 pure society?	<b>to have grown tired of her pure society</b>	complex
“A new chapter in a novel is something like a new scene in a play; and when I draw up the curtain this time, reader, you must fancy you see a room in the George Inn at Millcote, with such large figured papering on the walls as inn rooms have; such a carpet, such furniture, such ornaments on the mantelpiece, such prints, including a portrait of George the Third, and another of the Prince of Wales, and a representation of the death of Wolfe.”	<b>a new scene in a play</b>	complex
I know it well; therefore I proceed almost as freely as if I were writing my thoughts in a diary	<b>if I were writing my thoughts in a diary</b>	complex
You think all existence lapses in as quiet a flow as that in which your youth has hitherto slid away.	<b>that in which your youth has hitherto slid away.</b>	complex
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:	<b>when it left the Creator to inspire the creature</b>	complex



<p>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!</p>		
<p>“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.</p>	<p><b>if a drop or a crumb would have choked me</b></p>	<p>complex</p>