

## The Words and Thoughts of Mrs. Jarvis in Virginia Woolf's Novel, *Jacob's Room*

“Mrs. Jarvis walked on the moors when she was unhappy, going as far as a certain saucer shaped hollow, though she always meant to go to a more distant ridge.”

“And Mrs. Jarvis walked on alone. She was going to walk on the moor. Had she again been pacing her lawn late at night?”

“Short, dark, with kindling eyes, a pheasant's feather in her hat, Mrs. Jarvis was just the sort of woman to lose her faith upon the moors -”

“Mrs. Jarvis thought of Paris. At her back the window was open, for it was a mild night; a calm night; when the moon seemed muffled and the apple trees stood perfectly still.

‘I never pity the dead,’ said Mrs. Jarvis, shifting the cushion at her back and clasping her hands behind her head. Betty Flanders did not hear, for her scissors made so much noise on the table.

‘They are a rest,’ said Mrs. Jarvis. ‘And we spend our days doing foolish unnecessary things without knowing why.’”

“It is much clearer than this sometimes,” said Mrs. Jarvis, standing upon the ridge.”

“Mrs. Jarvis found it difficult to think of herself tonight. It was so calm. There was no wind; nothing racing, flying, escaping. Black shadows stood still over the silver moors.”

“Sometimes people do find things, Mrs. Jarvis thought, and yet in this hazy moonlight it was impossible to see anything, except bones, and little pieces of chalk.”