

(8) the military and patriotic propaganda that
 (9) Europe during the period of wars connected with the
 reign of Napoleon Bonaparte (1799-1815). This is the so-called Byronic
 Hero and he was often (10) with the writer himself. As
 one of his lovers said, Byron was 'mad, bad and dangerous to know'.
 Once when a woman novelist heard that Byron had arrived at a party,
 she (11) with fright. To add to Byron's public fame, he
 died in 1824 fighting for the liberation of Greece from Turkish
 domination. Charlotte and Emily Brontë were both greatly influenced
 by the figure of Lord Byron. (12) the girls read his poetry
 in their strictly religious father's library.

T: GRADE 8

4 Speaking: public figures

Do you do know who these public figures are? With your partner
 discuss these questions and then present your ideas to the class.




- 1 Which ones influence the way we live?
- 2 Which ones influence the way people act and dress?
- 3 Which ones do you admire? Which ones you don't admire?
- 4 Can any of them be compared to Lord Byron?



PART SEVEN

The Torn Veil

 www.blackcat-cideb.com

I dressed in a light summer dress and looked at myself in the
 mirror. Happiness made my eyes shine and my cheeks pink. I
 looked better than I'd ever looked before. I ran downstairs and
 found Mr Rochester in the drawing room.

'Good morning, Jane! You look so pretty this morning! Is it
 really you?'

'It is Jane Eyre, sir.'

'Soon to be Jane Rochester,' he said, kissing me. 'Next month
 we'll be married!'

I felt something like fear. 'It doesn't sound likely. Human beings
 are never completely happy in this world. I must be dreaming.'

'Well, your dream is coming true. This morning I wrote to my
 lawyer and told him to bring the family jewels from the bank. In
 a day or two I'll give them to you.'

'Oh, sir, don't speak of jewels! Jewels for Jane Eyre! It sounds
 so strange and unnatural. I would rather not have them.'

'Today I will take you to town to buy you new clothes and a

white dress and veil for our wedding. And when we are married, I will take you to Paris and Rome and Vienna!

'I'll go with you anywhere,' I said, 'but please, no jewels or expensive clothes. Let me be myself.'

'All right. But you must want something. What can I give you?'

'You can answer a question for me.'

He frowned. 'I'd prefer to give you presents than answers, but ask your question.'

'Why did you take so much trouble to make me think you were going to marry Miss Ingram?'

He looked relieved. 'Ah! Is that all? Well, I wanted to know if you loved me as much as I loved you. The best way to find out was to make you jealous.'

'Don't you care about Miss Ingram's feelings?'

'Miss Ingram has no feelings. She just wanted my money.'

We went into town and Mr Rochester tried to buy me expensive clothes in bright colours. I finally persuaded him to buy me two simple dresses, one in black silk and one in grey. Then we went to buy the wedding dress and veil. Mr Rochester chose a fine piece of lace for the veil, but I preferred a plain net. Finally he bought them both and said he hoped to persuade me to wear the more beautiful one on my wedding day. By the end of the afternoon, I was quite tired from fighting against his extravagant tastes. As we drove home, I remembered Georgiana's letter and my uncle's wish to adopt me. I decided to write to him in the hope that he was still alive, to tell him about my engagement to Mr Rochester. Perhaps one day I would be able to bring some money to my marriage: I didn't want to be completely dependent on my master.

That evening Mr Rochester told Adèle and Mrs Fairfax about our engagement. Adèle was happy, but Mrs Fairfax looked shocked

and anxious. When I was alone with her just before dinner, I asked her what she thought. 'Be careful, my child,' she said. 'Gentlemen of Mr Rochester's class don't marry their governesses!'

'Am I a monster, then?' I asked. 'Do you think it's impossible for Mr Rochester to love me truly?'

'No, no, my dear,' said Mrs Fairfax. 'I'm sure he is very fond of you. In fact, I have often noticed how much he likes you. But this marriage seems so strange, so unusual.'

After dinner, I asked Mr Rochester to sing while I played the piano. Mrs Fairfax sat in the corner of the room watching us. Every time my master tried to embrace or kiss me, I prevented him with some witty remark or joke. I could see that Mrs Fairfax approved of my behaviour. She seemed less anxious now. But I must admit it wasn't easy to resist him: I would rather have pleased him. My future husband was becoming the whole world to me, and more than that he was becoming my hope of heaven. I could see only him.

Chapter 11: The Wedding

The month of our engagement passed quickly. On the night before my wedding day, I went to my room early. I looked at my wedding clothes, which shone a ghostly white in the moonlight. The lovely lace veil lay on the table.

I went to bed and slept, but my sleep was full of troubled dreams. First I dreamt I was on a road carrying a baby, a small, weak, unhappy creature that was always crying. Mr Rochester was far ahead of me on the road. I tried to catch up with him, but I couldn't: my movements were slow although I wanted to run to him.

I woke for a few minutes then went back to sleep and dreamt that Thornfield was a ruin. The house had been burnt down, and no one lived there anymore.

I woke up again to find my room lit by a burning candle. I could see the reflection of a woman in the mirror. It wasn't Mrs Fairfax or Grace Poole or any of the servants. This was a large woman with long dark hair. She picked up the lace veil and put it over her head, then looked at herself in the mirror. When she took the veil off, I saw her face clearly in the mirror. It was a terrible face! The eyes were red, the lips were purple, the skin was blackened with dirt! She raised the veil and tore it into two pieces. Then she brought the candle close to my bed. She looked down at me and blew the candle out. I fainted for the second time in my life.

When I awoke, it was morning, and my room was full of light. I got up and dressed quickly. The veil lay in two pieces on the table. I ran downstairs and found my master in the dining room, eating his breakfast. When I told him what had happened, he looked anxious. 'It must have been a dream, Jane. You're nervous lately.'

'But, sir!' I cried. 'The torn veil is up in my room! It wasn't a dream! The woman I saw was real, and I am sure that I've never seen her before!'

'It must have been Grace Poole,' said my master. 'She came into your room when you were asleep, and in your dream you gave her this awful appearance. That must be it.'

I thought about this for a while. It seemed the only possible answer.

'Come and have some breakfast, Jane. It's our wedding day. After breakfast, you'll go and put on your wedding dress. Let's not think of bad dreams or other sad things. Today will be the happiest day of our lives. But the veil! You need a veil for the wedding!'



'Don't worry. Remember you bought two veils, the beautiful expensive one that you liked and the simple one that I preferred. I can wear the simple one. I'll feel better wearing that veil anyway — I'll be myself.'

After breakfast, I ran upstairs and changed into my wedding clothes. Mrs Fairfax helped me. When I was ready, I walked straight towards the door. 'Stop!' cried Mrs Fairfax. 'You haven't looked at yourself in the mirror.'

I stopped and looked. In the white wedding dress, I looked completely different. What I saw in the mirror seemed the image of a stranger.

Downstairs, Mr Rochester was waiting for me. 'Come, Jane,' he said. 'You look lovely.' He took my hand and hurried out of the house to the carriage. We passed Mrs Fairfax in the hall; I wanted to say something to her, but my master was pulling my hand and hurrying along. There was a strange intense expression in his eyes.

It was a short ride to the church. When we got there, my master took my hand once more and hurried up the path. There the old grey house of God stood calmly waiting. Two men were standing in the graveyard,¹ reading the inscriptions on the gravestones. Mr Rochester didn't notice them.

The priest, Mr Wood, was waiting for us in the church. His assistant stood beside him. There were no friends or relatives. I noticed two shadows at a dark corner of the church where my master's ancestors were buried. They were the two men I had seen in the graveyard.

1. **graveyard** : place around the church where the dead are buried.

The text and beyond

1 Comprehension check

Match the phrases in column A with those in column B to make true sentences. There are three phrases in column B that you do not need to use.

A

- 1 Jane was prettier than she had ever been in her life
- 2 Jane did not want Mr Rochester's family jewels
- 3 Mr Rochester sang songs and flirted with Blanche Ingram
- 4 Mrs Fairfax was worried about Jane
- 5 In the end, Jane had two veils
- 6 Jane wrote to her uncle
- 7 Jane stopped thinking about God
- 8 Jane lost consciousness
- 9 Jane was certain that the strange woman existed

B

- A because she was afraid something would happen to one of them.
- B because her love for Mr Rochester was so strong.
- C because Mr Rochester hoped that Jane would decide not to wear the plain one.
- D because she was so delighted about her wedding.
- E because he wanted to be sure of Jane's love.
- F because he had not realized that she loved him only for his money.
- G because she wanted him to leave her his money when he died.
- H because she wanted to know if he was alive.
- I because she knew that it was strange for Mr Rochester to marry a woman of a lower class.
- J because she saw a horrible and strange woman by her bed.
- K because her veil was really ripped in half.
- L because she did not want to become a different kind of person.

FCE 2 We are three sisters

You are going to read an article about why Charlotte Brontë decided to leave Haworth and travel to London. Seven sentences have been removed from the article. Choose from the sentences (A-H) the one which fits each gap (1-7). There is one extra sentence which you do not need to use.

Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë all had novels published in 1847, and all three hid behind false masculine names: Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. So, when *Jane Eyre* became a success there was a great amount of curiosity in literary London about the true identity of its author — it did not seem to be a novel by a man. Charlotte, though, was content to be considered a man by her publisher and the world — at least in her letters and in print. (1) All went well until Mr Newby, the publisher of Emily and Anne's books, decided to sell Anne's newest novel *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* in America — Charlotte's publisher was George Murray Smith. The dishonest Mr Newby told the Americans that Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell were really the same person. (2) This was too much for Charlotte. She decided that she had to prove to her publisher that Currer, Ellis and Acton were really three different people. So, she and Anne took a train to Leeds and then a night train to London. (3) The arrival of two young ladies was announced to the tall and elegant Mr George Murray Smith. He asked them to enter and saw two small young women dressed in simple and old-fashioned dresses. (4) 'Are you Mr Smith?' asked Charlotte.

'Yes, I am,' he answered.

She then gave him one of his own letters that he had written to Currer Bell. Mr Smith looked at the letter and then at the old-fashioned-looking young lady in front of him.

'Where did you get this?' he said rudely.

'From the post office. It was addressed to me,' Charlotte answered.

(5) 'We are three sisters,' she then said. (6) He wished to show Charlotte and Anne London, to introduce them to famous writers. Charlotte refused. She was not ready yet. (7)

- A They got rooms and cleaned up a bit, and then went to see Charlotte's publisher.
- B Mr Smith now understood.
- C So, the author of Anne's new novel *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* was also the author of the bestseller *Jane Eyre*.
- D This, however, was the beginning of the fabulous legend of the three brilliant sisters who came from the wild moors of northern England.
- E It gave her a greater freedom to express herself, and, she felt, it made sure that her books would be judged on their own merit.
- F He looked up and said, 'It is wonderful to finally meet the author of *Jane Eyre*!'
- G He turned to Charlotte and said, 'Did you wish to see me, Madam?'
- H Then she started laughing at his confusion.

INTERNET PROJECT

Gothic novels were extremely popular from the late 1700s to the early 1800s. But this genre has remained extremely popular right up to the present in books, films and even clothing. To find out more about the Gothic, connect to the Internet and go to www.blackcat-cideb.com or www.cideb.it. Insert the title or part of the title of the book into our search engine. Open the page for *Jane Eyre*. Click on the Internet project link. Go down the page until you find the title of this book and click on the relevant link for this project.

- ▶ Present a short report to the class. Explain briefly some of the typical characteristics of Gothic novels such as:
 - ▶ the villain-hero
 - ▶ the haunted castle or house
 - ▶ guilt
 - ▶ revenge
 - ▶ the pursuit of the heroine.
- ▶ Say who the authors of these famous Gothic novels are, when they were published and give a brief description of their stories:
 - ▶ *The Castle of Otranto*
 - ▶ *Melmoth the Wanderer*
 - ▶ *Frankenstein*
 - ▶ *The Mysteries of Udolpho*



PART EIGHT

Speak Now!

@ www.blackcat-cideb.com

The ceremony began. The priest looked at us and said, 'Do either of you know any reason why you should not be married? If so, speak now!'

That question is always asked at a wedding, but how many times is it answered? Probably not more than once in a hundred years. Mr Wood clearly did not expect an answer. He paused a moment and then opened his mouth to continue the wedding ceremony.

Just then one of the men from the back of the church stepped forward and said, 'Stop the wedding! I know of a reason why they should not be married!'

Mr Wood and his assistant looked past us at the man. Mr Rochester didn't turn around but cried to Mr Wood, 'Continue!'

The priest said, 'I can't continue until we find out whether what this gentleman says is true or not.' Then he said to the gentleman behind us, 'What is the reason?'

The man replied, 'Mr Rochester is married already, and his wife is still alive!'



When I heard those words, I felt my blood go cold. I looked at Mr Rochester. I made him look at me. His face was like the face of a statue made of dark stone, but his eyes flashed fire. He denied nothing. He seemed defiant. He put his arm around my waist and held me close to him.

'Who are you?' he asked the man.

'My name is Briggs. I'm a lawyer. I have a document here that I'll read out, if I may. "I, Richard Mason, solemnly swear that on the 20th October 18..., Edward Rochester of Thornfield Hall in England was married to Bertha Mason, daughter of Jonas Mason, merchant, and his wife Antoinette, a Creole,¹ at All Saints Church in Spanish Town, Jamaica. The record of their marriage is kept at that church."

'All right!' cried Mr Rochester. 'You have proof that I was married, but do you have proof that my wife is still living?'

'I have a witness who saw her alive recently at Thornfield Hall.'

'Produce your witness, or go to hell!'

The man turned to his companion, who was still waiting in a dark corner of the church. 'Please step forward, Mr Mason.'

At the sound of Mason's name, I felt Mr Rochester's hand tremble. Mr Mason stepped out of the shadows.

'What the devil do you have to say?' Mr Rochester asked him.

The priest said, 'Mr Mason, do you know if Mr Rochester's wife is still alive?'

'She's living at Thornfield Hall,' said Mr Mason. 'I saw her three months ago. I'm her brother.'

1. **Creole**: Creole either can mean a person of European parents but born in the West Indies or a person of mixed European and African parents.

'All right, I admit it!' cried Mr Rochester. 'Fifteen years ago I married Bertha Mason. She is mad. Her family has a history of madness. Her mother was both a madwoman and a drunkard! They didn't tell me that before I married her daughter, but after we were married it became clear that she was just like her mother! Briggs, Wood, Mason — I invite you all to my house to see my wife! You'll see what kind of creature I was tricked into marrying! You'll judge if I had the right to break that marriage and seek the companionship of someone at least human! This girl,' he continued, looking at me, 'knew nothing about my disgusting secret. She thought our marriage would be legal. Come on, all of you!'

Holding my hand in his strong hot grasp, he left the church. The three gentlemen followed us into the carriage. When we got to Thornfield, Mrs Fairfax, Adèle and the servants were waiting to offer us their congratulations. 'Get out of the way!' cried Mr Rochester.

He went up the stairs, still holding my hand, calling to the gentlemen to follow. On the third floor, we went into the room with the tapestries. Mr Rochester pulled up one of the tapestries and opened the door behind it. 'You know this place, Mason,' he said. 'This is where she stabbed you and bit you.'

There was no window in the inner room, but by the light of the fire we saw Grace Poole, and in the shadows a figure moved backwards and forwards. What it was — a beast or a human being — was difficult to say. It growled like a beast, and moved on its hands and knees like a beast on four legs, but it wore clothes and a lot of black hair hid its face.

'Good morning, Mrs Poole,' said Mr Rochester. 'How are you? And how is your patient today?'

'We're all right, thank you, sir,' said Grace Poole.

The figure let out a fierce cry, which seemed to contradict Mrs Poole's reply. Then it stood up and looked at Mr Rochester.

'She's seen you, sir!' said Grace Poole. 'You'd better go!'

'Just a few minutes, Grace.'

The mad woman pushed her hair away from her face. I saw the purple lips, the blackened skin, the red eyes. I knew that face well!

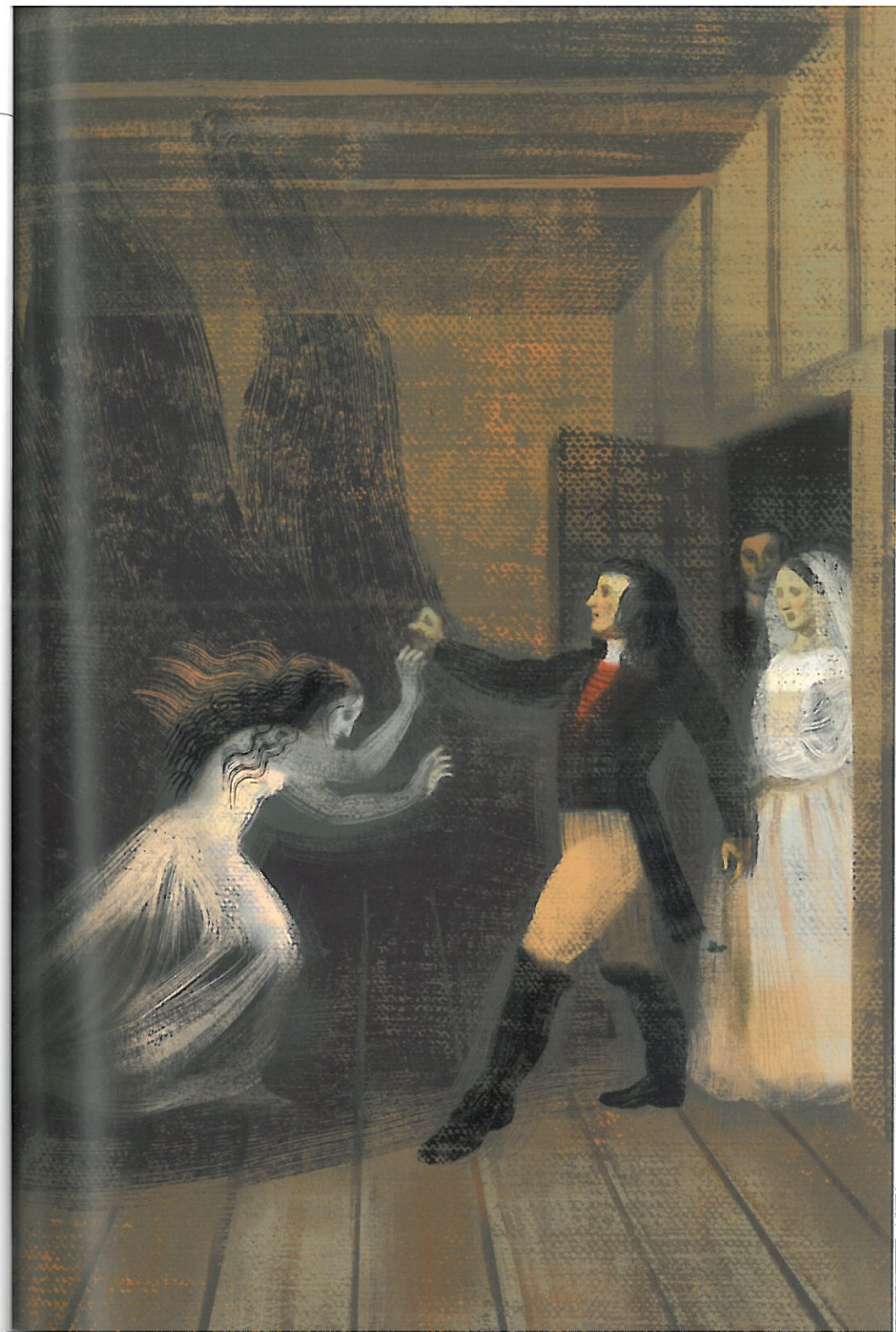
'Be careful!' cried Grace.

Mr Rochester pushed me behind him. The mad woman ran to him and grabbed his throat. She bit his cheek. They struggled. She was a big strong woman, but he could have stopped her attack by hitting her. Instead, he held her arms behind her back. Grace gave him some rope, and he tied her wrists together. All the time she screamed and growled. When she was tied up, Mr Rochester turned to the three gentlemen. 'That is my wife! That is the only marital embrace I am allowed by law! And this is what I wanted to have;' he turned to me. 'this young girl, who stands calmly and quietly at the gate of hell. Briggs and Wood, look at the difference! Compare these clear eyes with those red ones, then judge me if you can, Mr Lawyer and Mr Priest! Leave me now. I must take care of my wife.'

We went downstairs, while Mr Rochester spoke with Grace Poole. The lawyer turned to me and said, 'Your uncle will be glad to hear that you knew nothing of Rochester's wife before. If he is still alive, I'll explain it all to him.'

'My uncle! Do you know him?'

'Mr Mason does. Mr Mason went to Madeira to see your uncle on business. When your letter arrived, Mr Eyre told Mr Mason of



your engagement. Mr Mason told your uncle the truth about Mr Rochester. Your uncle was very ill when we left Madeira. He might be dead by now.'

When the gentlemen left, I went to my room and locked myself in. I didn't weep. I felt strangely calm. I took off my wedding dress and put on the old dress I usually wore, and then I sat down. I felt weak and tired. Up to that point, I had just watched as things happened. Now I thought. Jane Eyre, who a few hours ago had been a bright-eyed happy bride, was now a cold solitary girl again. Her life was pale, her future held nothing, her hopes were all dead. My love for my master trembled in my heart like a suffering child in a cold bed. It could never go to him again. Mr Rochester was not what I had thought he was. I wasn't angry with him, but I knew that I must leave him. Where would I go? I had no idea. I thought Mr Rochester would want me to leave: he couldn't really love me; his feeling for me must have been just a passing passion. The only other thought in my mind was the memory of God, and I prayed to Him, 'Please be with me now, because I'm in great trouble, and there is no one to help me!'

As soon as I had said that prayer, my grief poured over me like flood waters. Thoughts of my sad lonely life, of my lost love, my dead hope, rose around me like the waters of a great flood. The bitter hour cannot be described.

The text and **beyond**

1 Comprehension check

Who said what and why? Match the quotes with the character who said them and then match the quotes with the reason why they said them. Some characters may say more than one quote.

Who

Jane (J)	Mr Mason (M)	Mr Briggs (B)
Mr Wood (W)	Mr Rochester (R)	Grace Poole (GP)

What

- 'Do either of you know any reason why you should not be married?'
- 'I'm a lawyer.'
- 'Produce your witness, or go to hell!'
- 'I'm her brother.'
- 'She is mad.'
- 'We're all right, thank you, sir.'
- 'She's seen you, sir!'
- 'Leave me now.'
- 'Please be with me now, because I'm in great trouble.'

Why

- He is prepared to pretend that his wife is dead.
- She is reporting to her master about her usual job.
- He is justifying his desire to marry Jane.
- He is performing the usual wedding ceremony.
- She realizes that her life at Thornfield is over.
- She is worried about her master's safety.
- He feels that he has fully justified his wish to marry Jane.
- He is explaining why he interrupted the wedding ceremony.
- He is saying why he recognizes Mr Rochester's wife.

