

Before you read

1 Reading pictures

A Look at the picture on page 69 and discuss these questions.

- 1 Where are Jane and Mr Rochester?
- 2 What are they doing?
- 3 What do you think is going to happen next?

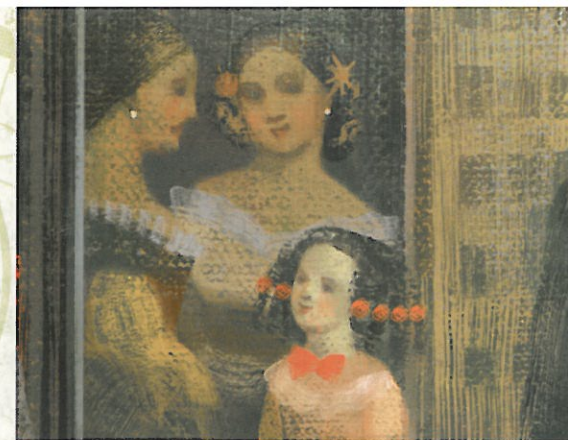
B In this scene Jane says, 'I have as much heart and soul as you do.' Why do you think she says this?



2 Listening

Listen to the beginning of Part Six. You will hear about Mr Rochester's wedding plans and a strange letter received by Jane. For questions 1-5, choose the best answer – A, B or C.

- 1 Mr Rochester talked about his wedding
 - A often.
 - B rarely.
 - C occasionally
- 2 After the guests' departure, life at Thornfield
 - A returned to the usual routine.
 - B became strange and frightening.
 - C became boring and sad.
- 3 When Mr Rochester mentioned his marriage with Miss Ingram, Jane told him that
 - A she could continue working at Thornfield, if he wanted.
 - B she really wanted to continue working at Thornfield.
 - C she really must look for work somewhere else.
- 4 Mrs Reed wrote to Jane's uncle that Jane
 - A lived a very bad life in London.
 - B was no longer alive.
 - C hated Mrs Reed and her family.
- 5 Jane sent a letter to Georgiana saying that
 - A she no longer hated her and her family.
 - B she was still very angry with her.
 - C she did not want to hear from her again.



PART SIX

In the Rose Garden

Mr Rochester didn't explain what had happened. He never mentioned that night in the days and weeks that followed, and all my questions remained unanswered. From time to time, he spoke about his plans to be married. I tried to listen calmly and show no sign of the pain I was feeling. The guests left, and our lives went back to normal. Mr Rochester remained at Thornfield, much to Mrs Fairfax's surprise, but I didn't see him often. Once, when he was talking of his marriage, I told him he should send Adèle to school before he married and that I would look for a position in another house. The thought of leaving him broke my heart, but I tried to be calm and resigned.

A month later, I received a letter from my cousin Georgiana. I was surprised. None of the Reeds had ever communicated with me in all the years since I had left their house. This was the letter:

Dear Jane,

I write with sad news. My brother John died in London last month. He'd been living there for several years. Sometimes news came to us from people who had seen him. They said that he lived a bad life, with the worst men and women as his friends. He spent all

the money my father had left him. He drank, played cards and got into debt. Last month he took his own life. When my mother heard of it, she became ill. She spent her days in bed and sometimes what she said made little sense. One day she started talking about you. She said that she wanted to see you, that she had something important to tell you. Eliza and I ignored her, because she seemed to be losing her mind. I feel sorry now that we didn't do as she asked, because last week our poor mother died. When she was dying, she made me promise to write you this letter.

Three years ago, my mother received a letter from your uncle John Eyre in Madeira. He asked where you were and said he was very ill. He had no children of his own, so he wanted to adopt you — his brother's orphan child — and leave all his money to you when he died. My mother wrote to him and told him that you were dead. I don't know why she hated you so much, Jane, but she did, and she couldn't bear the thought of you being happy. As she was dying, she realised that what she'd done was wrong. That's why she wanted to see you. She wanted to give you your uncle's message and to beg your forgiveness. I have written your uncle's address at the bottom of this letter.

I know you must hate us, Jane, but please try to forgive my poor mother.

*Your cousin,
Georgiana*

I wrote back immediately, thanking Georgiana for the letter and assuring her that I forgave her mother completely. As a child, I had truly hated Mrs Reed and John, but now I felt sad about their deaths. What sad lives they had lived! I didn't think much about my uncle's offer. He was probably dead by now.

That evening, after Adèle had gone to bed, I went out to walk in the rose garden. It was a beautiful summer evening and the air was full of the perfume of roses, but as I was walking I noticed another smell, one I knew well: it was the smell of Mr Rochester's cigar. I stopped and looked around. There he was in the darkness with his back towards me. I thought I could walk quietly back to the house before he noticed me, but I was wrong.

'Hello, Jane,' he said without turning round. 'The rose garden is very lovely on these summer evenings, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You will probably miss Thornfield when you leave.'

'Will I have to leave soon?'

'Yes, I'm getting married in about a month. You yourself said that Adèle had better go to school when I marry, and so of course you'll have to leave Thornfield too.'

'I'll advertise for a new position,' I said, trying to sound calm.

'Don't worry about that. I'll find you a new position.'

'Thank you, sir.'

'I've already heard of a position in Ireland. I think you'll like Ireland. The people are very friendly there.'

'It's so far away, sir.'

'You won't mind the journey, will you?'

'No, but I will be sad to be so far away from Thornfield and — from you.'

I didn't intend to say that: it just came out, and the tears came too. I was glad he couldn't see them in the darkness.

'We've been good friends, haven't we, Jane?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, let's sit down together on this bench beneath the old chestnut tree and talk for a while.'

I couldn't answer him immediately — my heart was too full — but then I felt I must speak, I must tell him my feelings, honestly and completely.

'I'm sorry to leave Thornfield,' I said. 'I love this place because here I have lived a full and pleasant life. I haven't been insulted, I haven't been frightened, I haven't been surrounded by inferior minds. I have talked, face to face, with an original powerful mind. I have known you, Mr Rochester, and it makes me miserable to think I'll never see you again. The thought of leaving you is like the thought of dying.'

'Why must you leave?' he asked suddenly.

'Why? Because you are going to be married!'

'Yes, I'm going to be married. But you must stay.'

'No!' I cried, full of anger, grief and pain. 'I must go! Do you think I am a machine without feelings? Do you think that because I am poor and plain I have no heart, no soul? You're wrong! I have as much heart and soul as you do. And if God had given me some beauty and a lot of money, I would have made it as hard for you to leave me as it is now for me to leave you! I'm not talking to you now in a conventional way — it's my spirit that addresses your spirit, just as if both had passed through death and stood at God's feet, equal — as we are!'

'As we are!' repeated Mr Rochester, taking me in his arms.

'And if we aren't equal it's because I'm superior to you!' I continued. 'You are about to marry a woman who is your inferior. You don't love her, and yet you plan to marry her anyway. I would never do that, therefore I'm better than you! Let me go!'

'Where, Jane? To Ireland?'

'Yes — to Ireland. I have told you what is in my heart! I can go anywhere now.'



'Jane, be still, don't struggle like a little bird trying to escape.'

'I'm not a bird: I'm a free human being with an independent will, and I'm now using that will to leave you.'

I freed myself from his embrace and stood before him defiantly.

'Your destiny will be decided by what you really want, Jane,' he said. 'Please marry me.'

'Are you laughing at me? Are you making a joke?' I cried furiously.

'No, Jane. I can't marry Miss Ingram, because I don't love her and she doesn't love me. But I love you, Jane. Yes, you are poor and plain, but I love you and feel closer to you than to any other human being. Please accept me as your husband.'

I looked at his face in the moonlight and saw that he was sincere. Reader, I can't describe the happiness I felt at that moment. 'Yes, sir!' I cried. 'I accept you!'

'You must call me Edward now.'

'Yes, Edward!'

He took me in his arms again, and this time I didn't struggle: I held him tightly and my heart was full of joy and love.

'God forgive me!' he said over my shoulder. If I had been less happy, I might have wondered what those words meant, but I was too happy to think.

Just then the sky lit up and the sound of thunder filled the air.

'Hurry, Jane!' my master cried.

We ran back to the house through the pouring rain.

When I went to bed that night, the thunder roared and the lightning flashed and the rain beat upon the roof, but I didn't care. The next morning, Adèle ran up the stairs to tell me that the old chestnut tree in the rose garden had been hit by lightning and half of it had fallen down.

The text and beyond

CE 1 Comprehension check

For questions 1-6, choose the best answer — A, B, C or D.

- What was the main reason why Georgiana wrote to Jane?
 - To follow her mother's wishes and correct the wrong against Jane.
 - To let Jane know that she realized that John was bad.
 - To let Jane know that she was not as bad as her brother John.
 - To say that she understood that her mother's hatred was not logical.
- Jane did not get excited about her uncle's interest in her because
 - she thought Georgiana was probably telling her a lie.
 - she did not know what kind of man her uncle was.
 - she thought it was too late.
 - she was more interested in her life with Mr Rochester.
- What made Jane's aunt ill?
 - sadness
 - anger
 - hate
 - poverty
- Jane first realized that Mr Rochester was in the garden because
 - she felt, in some mysterious way, his presence.
 - she heard his voice calling to her.
 - she saw the dark outline of his body moving among the roses.
 - she noticed the odour of cigar smoke.
- Jane said she was better than Mr Rochester because she
 - did not notice people's appearance.
 - she would only marry someone she loved.
 - she saw people in a spiritual way.
 - was not some kind of unfeeling machine.
- Mr Rochester said that he wanted to marry Jane although she
 - was not attractive and had no money.
 - fought against him like a frightened bird.
 - always had to say what she thought.
 - wanted to leave him for another job.

'He'd been living there'

The **present perfect continuous** has two main uses:

- to express duration
- to describe an action that has just stopped or has recently stopped.

In this case we are often interested in the effects of this action:

*Mr Rochester **has been riding** all morning. He is tired and his coat is dirty.*

The **past perfect continuous** (**had + been + -ing** form of the verb) has the same meanings; the point of reference in time is not the present, but a point of time in the past.

*When she looked out the window, everything was all white. It **had been snowing**.*

*He **had been writing** letters for three hours when he heard the church bell.*

Remember that the past perfect (**had + past participle**) is used in narrative to show that one action had already happened before another action:

*Mr Rochester **had** already **left** for the house party, when Jane came down for breakfast.*

2 The past perfect continuous

The Life of Charlotte Brontë (1857) by Elizabeth Gaskell (1810-65) gives a detailed and loving description of the author's friend. Below is an adaptation of her description of a visit to Charlotte's house. Put the verbs in brackets into either the past perfect continuous or the past perfect. There is an example at the beginning (0).

Earlier that day I (0) (*take*) **had taken**..... a train from my home in the city of Leeds. We (1) (*travel*) for several hours that rainy day when we finally arrived in the town of Keighley. Keighley (2) (*grow*) greatly for several years because of its new fabric industry. Then we took another carriage up into the moors to Haworth, a village with a few buildings on one steep narrow street — it is so steep that our horses had a difficult time going up. I arrived at the house. Charlotte (3) (*wait*) for me all day. The house was very clean and quiet. I met their servant Tabby, who was almost ninety years old. She (4) (*be*) their servant since Charlotte was a child. She remembered the time before the factories

(5) (*change*) everything. Before the factories, she said, fairies could be seen by the streams on moonlit nights. She (6) (*know*) people who (7) (*see*) them — but that was before the factories (8) (*come*) Then Charlotte took me out for a long walk across the moors. Unfortunately, it (9) (*rain*) for several days and the beautiful purple flowers of the heather were now a brownish colour. I met Charlotte's father at tea later that day. He was a very polite host, a very noble and impressive man. He (10) (*lose*) the idea that Charlotte was a child that he had to guide and rule. Charlotte very sweetly submitted to him. However, when she left the room, he showed me all his pride for his daughter's genius. He listened eagerly when I described the great admiration for *Jane Eyre* that I (11) (*hear*) in London.

3 Fill in the gaps

Read about a public figure of the 19th century that had a big influence on Charlotte Brontë. Fill in the gaps with the words in the box.

figures ironically title avoided talent speech
published against destroyed filled confused fainted

George Gordon Byron was one of the great public (1) of the 19th century. Born in 1788, he inherited his great-uncle's estate and (2) when he was ten. From then on, he lived the life of the typical wild young aristocrat, with two important differences: he had a great (3) for poetry and was deeply concerned for those less fortunate than he.

For example, his first (4) before the House of Lords was in defence of the 'Luddites', the men who had (5) the new weaving machinery of Nottinghamshire because it took away their jobs. In 1809 he started on a tour of the Mediterranean which inspired him greatly. In 1812, he (6) the first part of his long poem *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. This semi-autobiographic work presented a hero who was very emotional, who (7) people, who had a dark and mysterious past and who was a strange mixture of kindness and cruelty. The hero was also a reaction

(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

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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