

him with a pained question in her eyes. Sometimes, as he walked away, she stopped to look after him. He probably knew that, if he asked her to marry him, she would accept. But he had chosen a dangerous and heroic life, doing God's work in India. If he married Miss Oliver, he would have to stay in Morton and live comfortably. He couldn't do that, so he had decided to live without human love.

Once Miss Oliver invited me to her home to meet her father. Mr Oliver was a simple man who had grown rich in business. He spoke with great respect of the Rivers family. He said that Rivers was a very old name and that the family had once owned all the land around Morton. I could see that he would not object to his daughter marrying St John if she chose to do so.

One day I drew a portrait of Miss Oliver. I showed it to St John.

'It's good,' he said. 'You have caught the expression of her eyes perfectly.'

'Would you like me to make a copy for you?' I asked.

'No! Why should I?'

'Because you're in love with her, St John. I thought perhaps a copy of her portrait might comfort you when you're in India, far away from her, but if I'm mistaken, tell me. I don't want to waste my time making a copy if you don't want it.'

I could see that he wanted to deny it, to say he didn't love her, but in the end he decided to admit the truth. Perhaps it was a comfort to him that at least one person knew of his pain.

'Yes, I'd like it very much.'

'Why don't you tell her you love her? I think she loves you too, and her father wouldn't object to her marrying you. He has great respect for your family name.'

'I know,' he said. 'But I also know that if I married her I would

regret it. Yes, she is beautiful and charming, but all she thinks about is pleasure and other superficial things. Can you imagine Rosamond Oliver as a missionary's wife in India? Of course not!

'You don't have to go to India. Why not stay here and marry her? What is wrong with granting yourself your heart's desire if it hurts no one?'

'Do you think I could give up my vocation to spend my life among idle rich people?'

I thought about that for a moment. 'No. I suppose you're right,' I said. 'Poor St John!'

He looked down at the papers on my desk, then he looked up at me suddenly, his face full of surprise.

'What's wrong?' I asked.

He tore a small piece off a paper on my desk and put it in his pocket, saying, 'Nothing. I must go now. Goodbye.'

I watched as he walked away from my cottage toward the parsonage, thinking, 'What a strange man you are, St John Rivers!'

The next day it snowed. All day the snow came down and the wind howled. In the evening, as I sat in my cottage reading, St John came in, covered in snow. 'Is anything wrong?' I asked.

'No,' he said, taking off his coat.

'Then why did you come out in a snow storm?'

'To talk to you.' He sat down in the chair opposite me and looked at me intently, as if he had never seen me before.

'In all the time I have known you, you have called yourself Jane Elliot, although you admit that it's not your real name,' he began. 'Yesterday, when I was looking at the papers on your desk, I saw this.'



## PART TWELVE

He took a small piece of paper from his pocket. On it was a signature from one of my old drawings.

‘Is your real name Jane Eyre?’ he asked.

‘Yes.’

‘Then I have important news for you. Just before my sisters went to London, I received a letter from a lawyer called Briggs, telling me that my uncle John Eyre of Madeira was dead.’ I looked at him in amazement. ‘Briggs told me that Uncle John had left his fortune of twenty thousand pounds to a cousin I had never met. That cousin’s name was Jane Eyre. Since I’d never seen or even heard of Jane Eyre before, I had no way of knowing that it was you!’

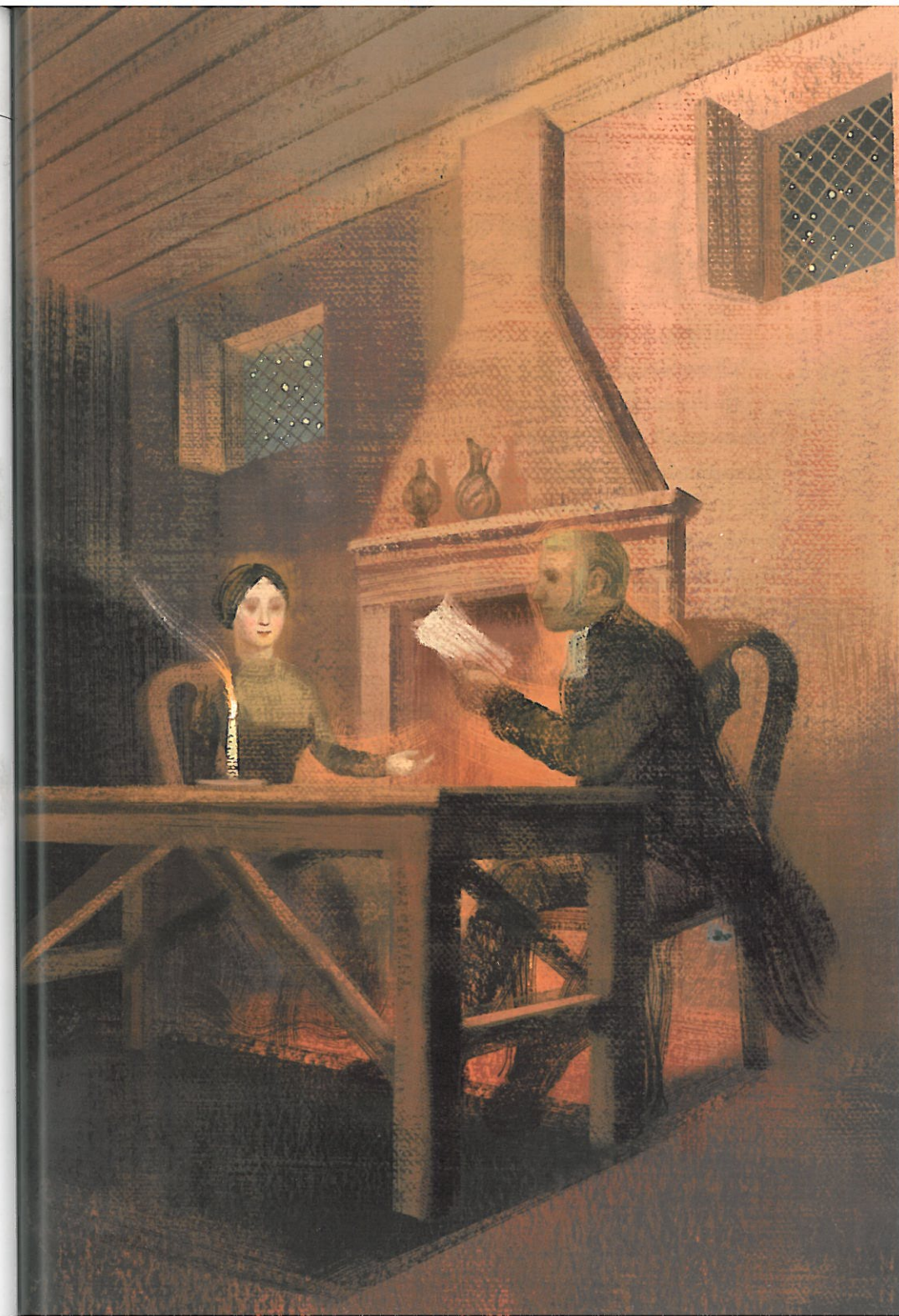
‘I can’t believe it!’ I said after a moment. ‘So you and Diana and Mary are my cousins! How strange!’ Then after another moment’s thought I added, with a smile, ‘How wonderful!’

‘Yes. And you are rich! Uncle John left you twenty thousand pounds!’

I thought for a moment longer, then I said, ‘No. We have five thousand pounds each. Five thousand pounds would make me happy; twenty thousand would confuse and disturb me. What I really want is a home and family. I like Moor House. I like Diana and Mary and you. I want you to be my home and family. This way Diana and Mary can come home from their miserable positions in London. We can be together in Moor House.’

‘Don’t make any decisions yet,’ said St John. ‘Nobody gives away a fortune. You’ve no idea how a fortune of twenty thousand pounds would change your life and your social position.’

‘No — I’m sure this is what I want to do,’ I said. ‘This way I can repay a little of your kindness. You and Diana and Mary took me





in when I was poor and friendless. You saved my life, and now I discover that you are my cousins. I've never had a home or a family, and I've always missed those things. Now I want to have a home with my cousins.'

'But you could make a home in another way: you could marry.'

'I'll never marry!'

'In his letter, Briggs told me about Jane Eyre's life,' said St John. 'He told me about Mr Rochester and your terrible disappointment. He said you disappeared from Thornfield Hall in the night. He wrote these things because he thought I might know where you were. It meant nothing to me then, but now I think about how much you must have suffered! I understand why you say you'll never marry, but you're very young. Things might change.'

'I know what I feel,' I replied. 'No one will marry me for love. You say I'm now rich, and perhaps men will want to marry me for money, but I wouldn't do that, so I won't marry at all. No, the only family I'll ever have is you and Diana and Mary. Say you'll be my brother and sisters.'

St John stood up and smiled at me. 'I can't speak for Diana and Mary,' he said, 'although I know how fond they are of you, but, for myself, I gladly accept you as my third and youngest sister.'

We shook hands warmly, and he went back through the snow to the parsonage.

## 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 glad that she had not gone with Mr Rochester
- 2  St John became even more severe with Miss Oliver
- 3  St John would have had no problems marrying Rosamond
- 4  St John had decided to live without the comforts of home
- 5  In the end, St John accepted a picture of Rosamond
- 6  St John was shocked when he looked at Jane's desk
- 7  St John knew all about Jane and Mr Rochester
- 8  St John thought Jane did not want to marry
- 9  Jane felt certain that she would never marry

#### B

- A because that was his way of not giving in to temptation.
- B because the lawyer had told him.
- C because he discovered that she was his cousin.
- D because she was totally happy at the school.
- E because he considered her a silly and idle rich girl.
- F because she wanted him and her father had a good opinion of the Rivers family.
- G because she felt certain that God had guided her decision.
- H because he was glad to reveal his secret love to another person.
- I because she had suffered so much at Thornfield.
- J because it had Jane's signature on it.
- K because he preferred being a courageous missionary overseas.
- L because she would always be afraid that men would only want her for her money.

**2 St John vs Edward**

Complete this table comparing St John Rivers and Edward Rochester.

	St John Rivers	Edward Rochester
Appearance		<i>Dark hair, rough and not very attractive features.</i>
Family	<i>Two very kind and attentive sisters – nobody else is alive in the immediate family. Still, the three of them form a very loving family.</i>	
Present lifestyle		
Personality		
Future plans		<i>Before meeting Jane, he wished to live a life of pleasures – marriage with a pretty, wealthy woman, house parties, music – anything to make him forget his pain.</i>
Reason why he's attracted to Jane		
What he offers Jane	<i>A difficult life as a missionary's wife in India, but without any real love.</i>	

**3 Discussion**

With your partner discuss whether you prefer St John Rivers or Edward Rochester. Justify your feelings with facts from the book. Present your opinions to the class.

**4 Discussion**

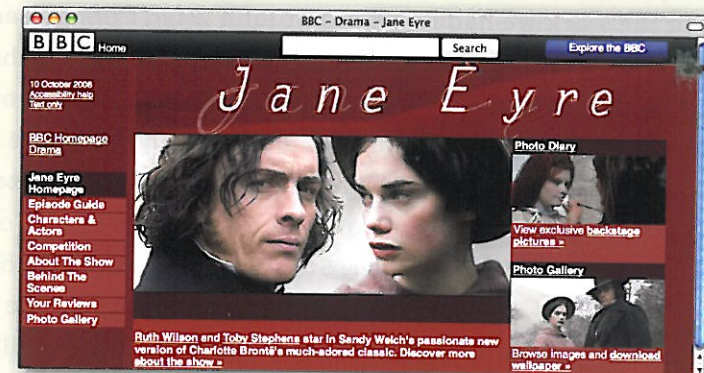
Who is Jane talking to when she says, 'What is wrong with granting yourself your heart's desire if it hurts no one?'  
 Why does she say this?  
 Do you think that she follows her own advice?

**INTERNET PROJECT**

*Jane Eyre* has always been a favourite with readers since it first appeared, and it has also been a favourite of play and film directors too. To find out more about the versions of *Jane Eyre* for stage and screen connect to the Internet and go to [www.blackcat-cideb.com](http://www.blackcat-cideb.com) or [www.cideb.it](http://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.

With your partner prepare a presentation on the stage and screen versions of *Jane Eyre*. Use the following questions to help you.

- ▶ What was the earliest film version? The earliest play?
- ▶ What is the latest film version? The latest play?
- ▶ How many film versions can you count?
- ▶ Judging from the posters of the major film versions, what aspect of the story is most emphasised in these films?
- ▶ Which film would you most like to see?
- ▶ Why would you like to see it?








## PART THIRTEEN

## A New Life

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By Christmas, everything was arranged. Diana and Mary had given up their positions in London and were coming home to Moor House. I had found a new teacher for the Morton school. Uncle John's fortune had been legally divided into four equal parts. Hannah and I returned to Moor House a week before Christmas to clean it and make everything ready. I bought new carpets and curtains. Hannah baked cakes and pies. When St John came to see the house, I was proud and excited to show him all the work we had done, but St John wasn't impressed. He said, 'I see that now you only think of the comforts of home. Perhaps that's natural, after a life like yours, but I hope it doesn't last long. You have a fine mind and high ideals. I hope you don't waste much more time thinking only of carpets and curtains!'

Now, I didn't like this, reader. St John was a good man, but he was hard and cold. Comforts were unimportant to him; he lived only for his ideals. He couldn't enjoy the little pleasures of life or

approve of anyone else enjoying them. He hadn't kept his promise of treating me like a sister. In fact, ever since that evening when he came through the snow to visit me, he had been rather cold to me and often ignored me. Now his disapproval of my work in Moor House hurt me, but I didn't let it spoil my pleasure. When Diana and Mary arrived, the house was full of excitement and joy. Their lives in London had been lonely and dull, and they were very happy to be home. They caressed the dog and cat. They admired the new carpets and curtains. We ate and drank and talked and laughed all the first evening. Only St John was quiet. The festivities irritated him.

After dinner one night, Mary asked St John if he still planned to go to India.

'Certainly,' her brother replied. 'I'll leave for India in the summer.'

'And what about Rosamond Oliver?' asked Mary.

'Rosamond Oliver is going to be married,' said St John, 'to Mr Granby, the grandson of Sir Frederick Granby. Her father told me yesterday.'

His sisters looked at each other and at me, then all three of us looked at him. He was as serene as glass.

Later, when I was alone with him in the drawing room, he looked up from his book and said, 'You see, Jane, the battle was fought and the victory was won.'

I hesitated for a moment and then replied, 'But it must have caused you pain.'

'No. In a way it was a relief. Now my path is clear, and I thank God for it!'

As time went on, life at Moor House became calmer. St John read books about India to prepare himself for his journey. Sometimes, when I looked up from my book, I found him looking

at me with a strange intensity. One day, he said, 'Jane, I want you to start learning Hindi.'<sup>1</sup>

'Why?' I asked in surprise.

'Because I'm learning Hindi; if you learn it too, we can study together, and you can help me.'

'All right,' I said. I didn't want to learn Hindi, but I wanted to help him if I could.

From that day on, we studied Hindi together every afternoon. He was a patient teacher but very demanding. Perhaps you think I had forgotten Mr Rochester, reader. Not for a moment. Every day I woke wondering how he was; every night I went to sleep thinking about him. I wrote to Mrs Fairfax, asking about him, but she never answered my letter. As time passed and no letter came, I grew anxious. After six months, I lost hope and began to feel very sad indeed.

One fine summer morning, when St John and I were studying Hindi together, he asked me to read aloud. When I tried to do so, I suddenly started crying.

'We'll wait a few minutes, Jane,' said St John, 'until you feel better, then we'll go for a walk.'

As always, I obeyed him, and soon we were out walking in the sunshine.

'Jane,' St John began, 'in six weeks I leave for India. I'm going to do God's work. You've no idea how exciting and inspiring it is! I wonder why others don't feel the way I do.'

'Others aren't as strong as you,' I replied.

'Some are,' said St John. 'Some are made to do God's work, but they don't know it. You, for example.'

1. Hindi : one of the languages of India.

'Me!'

'Yes, Jane. You weren't made for love: you were made for work. Come to India with me! Be my wife, Jane, and together we will do God's work!'

'I have no vocation!' I said. 'I wouldn't be able to do it.'

'Yes, you would! I watched you work hard in Morton School, even though the work was dull and the surroundings depressing. Your students liked and respected you and so they worked hard for you. I've watched you studying Hindi, learning quickly and remembering all you learned, even though you had no interest in the subject. These are ideal qualities in a missionary's wife.'

'Give me some time to think about it,' I said.

Back in my own room I thought, 'The purpose of my life was gone when I couldn't marry Mr Rochester. I need a new purpose. St John is offering me a great purpose. I should accept.' But one thing troubled me: he was asking me to go to India as his wife, even though we weren't in love with each other. Until that moment, I had been a little afraid of St John: he seemed so cold, so hard, so idealistic that I didn't think of him as a mere human being like myself. Now I saw his imperfections, his weaknesses. I was with an equal after all. At midnight I went downstairs to give him my answer.

He was reading in the drawing room. I said, 'I'll come to India with you, but not as your wife. Until now we've been like brother and sister. Let's continue in that way.'

'No,' he said. 'It's impossible for us to go to India together unless we're married.'

'We're not in love, so it would be wrong for us to marry.'

'Love will come after we are married, I'm sure,' he said.



‘That’s not love!’ I cried. ‘Let’s not talk about it anymore. You and I have completely different ideas of what love is. My dear cousin, forget about your idea of marrying me.’

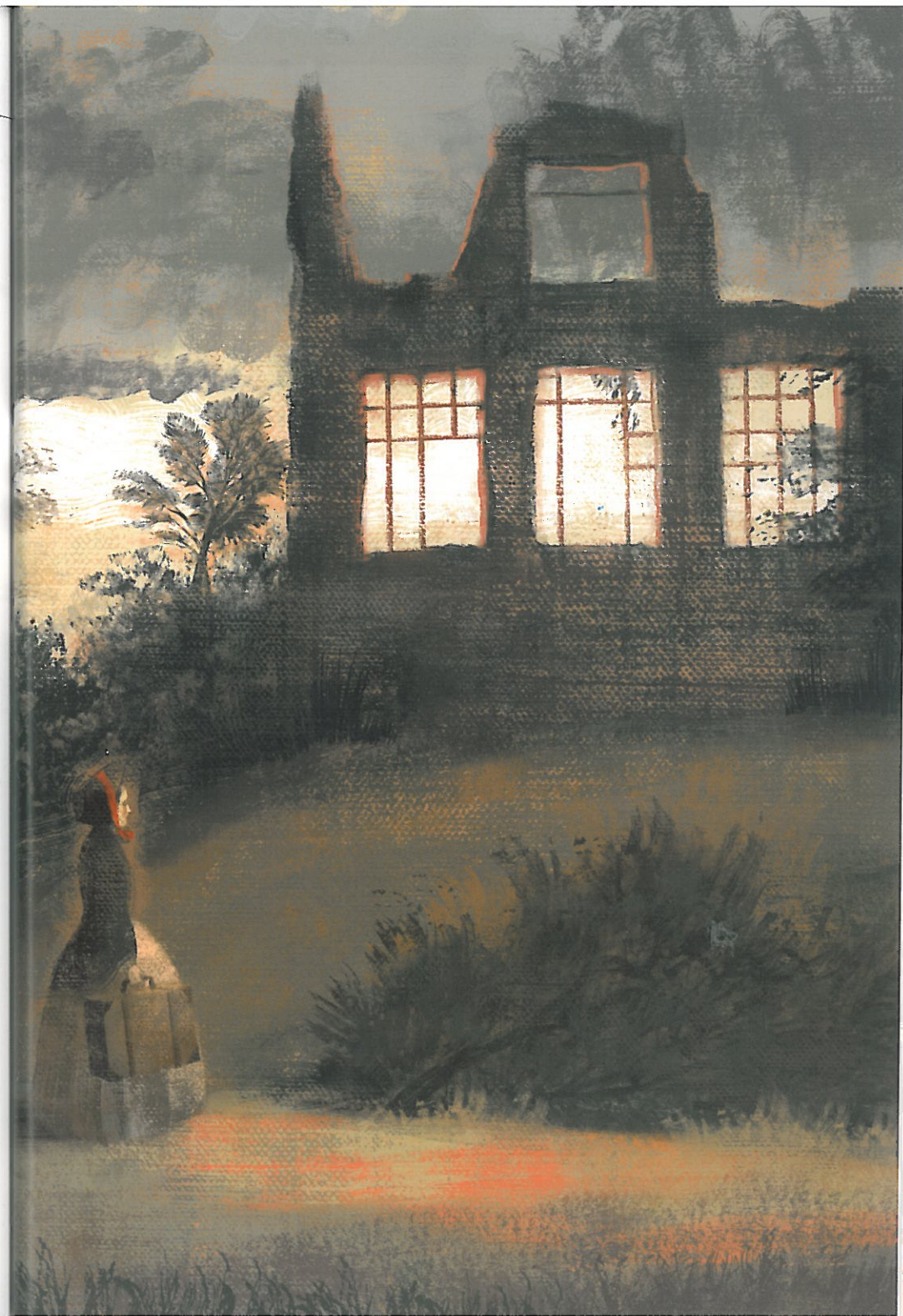
‘No!’ he replied. ‘I need you, Jane, to help me in my great mission! If you reject me, you’ll be rejecting God!’ Then he looked at my face intently and said, ‘What is it, Jane? You’ve suddenly gone pale. What have you heard? What do you see?’

I saw nothing, but I heard a voice crying, ‘Jane!’ I knew the voice well and loved it. It was Edward Rochester’s voice!

‘I’m coming!’ I cried. Then I turned to St John and said, ‘I can’t marry you. I must go back to Thornfield at once.’

Early the next morning I took a coach from Whitcross to Hay village near Thornfield. The journey took two days. When the coach passed close to Thornfield, I asked the driver to stop. ‘I’ll walk the rest of the way,’ I told him. As he drove off towards the village, I ran towards my master’s house. But when I got there, I looked at it with horror and amazement. What I saw was a black ruin! The windows were all broken! The roof had collapsed! The walls, once grey, were now black from smoke! Thornfield had been burnt to the ground!

Slowly I walked up to it and in through the open door. ‘Did people die in this terrible fire?’ I wondered, looking through the broken window at the grey church in the distance. ‘Is my master now buried with his ancestors there? I must find someone who can tell me what happened.’ I left the house and ran across the fields to the village inn.





## The text and beyond

### 1 Comprehension check

Answer the following questions.

- 1 What had Jane done with the money she inherited?
- 2 How did St John react to Jane's improvements of Moor House?
- 3 What was his explanation for his reaction?
- 4 What was Jane's explanation for his reaction?
- 5 Why was St John 'as serene as glass' after learning that the woman he loved was marrying another man?
- 6 How did Jane react when she received no news of Mr Rochester?
- 7 Why did St John tell Jane that she was not made for love?
- 8 Why did Jane almost accept St John's marriage proposal?
- 9 Why, in the end, did she refuse it?
- 10 Why did Jane decide to go and look for Mr Rochester?

### 'But it must have caused you pain.'

When we want to draw conclusion about things that happened in the past we use **must + have + past participle**.

For the negative we use **can't + have + past participle** or **couldn't + have + past participle**.

*Emily Brontë continued doing her housework almost to her death, even though she was in great pain. She **must have been** a very strong woman. = I am certain that she was a very strong woman.*

*Jane thinks about how Bertha Mason felt when she learned that Mr Rochester was going to marry again. She thinks, 'She **can't have been** very happy.' = It is impossible that she was very happy.*

OR

'She **couldn't have been** very happy.'

### 2 Must have / can't have / couldn't have: deduction in the past

Complete the sentences using one of the verbs in the box, plus **must have** or **can't have** (or **couldn't have**). There is an example at the beginning (0).

love ~~cause~~ argue love hate suffer

- 0 St John tells Jane that he learned that the woman he loves is going to marry.  
She says to him, 'It ..... **must have caused** ..... you pain.'
- 1 Jane learns that Adèle's mother left her.  
Jane thinks, 'Her mother ..... her very much.'
- 2 Jane learns that Mr Rochester gave Adèle's mother a lot of money even though he knew she was not faithful.  
She thinks, 'He ..... her very much.'
- 3 St John thinks about when Jane finally saw his Mr Rochester's wife.  
He thinks, 'She ..... greatly when she realized the truth.'
- 4 Mrs Reed begins to consider how she treated Jane when she was a little girl.  
She thinks, 'Jane ..... me very much.'
- 5 When Jane first arrived hungry and tired at Moor House, St John saw that she was not a lower-class woman.  
He thinks, 'She ..... with her friends.'

### 3 Discussion

*Jane Eyre* is a profound novel that deals with difficult issues like love, religion, class and women's rights. Its author, a very intelligent person, wrote fine English prose. And yet, her story ends with some unbelievable coincidences and happy endings and rewards for the protagonist. Today such coincidences are not generally used by serious writers; however, they have not disappeared. Many of the most popular films have them. And we accept them as realistic. Find an example of an unrealistic coincidence or happy ending from a film that you liked. Briefly tell the class about it.



**4 Hot seat**

Students will take it in turns to be Mr Brocklehurst, Jane, Mr Rochester or St John. These students will sit in the 'hot seat'. The rest of the class will interview him or her. Of course, the student in the hot seat has to invent the answers. Below are some questions to help you begin.

**Questions for Mr Brocklehurst**

- How does cutting off a girl's hair help her become a better person?
- Why is it fine for you and your family to live in luxury but bad for poor girls to have decent food and warm clothing?
- What is the best kind of student in your opinion?
- Many girls have died at your school — some say from bad food and cold. What do you say?

**Questions for Jane**

- You seem to have different opinions of Bertha. Do you really think Mr Rochester should have locked her up in a dark room in his house?
- If you had loved St John, would you have gone to India?
- What are the most important elements of a relationship between a wife and husband?
- You have been poor most of your life. Now you are a wealthy woman, what are you going to do with your money?

**Questions for St John Rivers**

- Do you think you can do more good in India than in England? Why?
- Why do you dislike simple joys and comforts?
- Is there a big difference between these simple joys and comforts and the luxuries of the wealthy?
- Did you ever love Jane as much as you loved Rosamond?

**Questions for Mr Rochester**

- After Jane left, did you give up all hope of seeing her again?
- How did you think that it was possible that Jane would never discover your first wife?
- Was Bertha really mad or just different from what you expected and hoped?
- Isn't it rather cruel to keep a person — even a mad person — locked up in a dark room all the time?



## PART FOURTEEN

**The Miracle**

'Do you know Thornfield Hall?' I asked the innkeeper. <sup>1</sup>

'Yes, I used to work there years ago. I was the late <sup>2</sup> Mr Rochester's butler.'

'The late Mr Rochester!' I cried. 'Is he dead?' My heart was beating fast.

'I mean the present gentleman's father,' replied the innkeeper.

Reader, what relief I felt when I heard those words! 'The present gentleman' seemed to me at that moment the most beautiful phrase in the English language!

'What happened to Thornfield Hall?'

'It burned down last autumn. The fire started in the middle of the night and spread quickly. By morning, the old place was destroyed.'

'How did the fire start?'

'There was a mad lady in Thornfield Hall. She was kept there secretly. It seems she was Mr Edward's wife, but, until last year, no one knew she was there. Mr Rochester fell in love with a young lady —'

I didn't want to hear my own story, so I interrupted him: 'Please tell me about the fire.'

'I'm coming to that, Miss. The servants said they'd never seen

1. **innkeeper** : the person who manages an inn, a kind of hotel.

2. **late** : here 'dead'.



anyone as much in love as Mr Edward was with this young lady — the governess. They were surprised, because they didn't think she was pretty —'

'But the fire!' I interrupted. 'Did the mad lady start the fire?'

'Yes. There was a nurse to take care of her called Mrs Poole. That night, when Mrs Poole was asleep, the mad lady stole the keys from her pocket and escaped, then she set fire to the house! The young governess had left Thornfield two months before, and Mr Edward had been so miserable without her that he never spoke to anyone. He sent his ward away to school, he sent the old housekeeper to live with her family, and he shut himself up at Thornfield with a few servants. When the fire started, Mr Edward went to the servants' rooms and helped them out of the house, then he went back in. The mad lady was on the roof, surrounded by flames. Mr Edward went onto the roof and called out to her. When she saw him, she leapt off and fell to her death!'

'Good God!'

'Yes, it was a terrible thing,' said the innkeeper. 'His wife was killed, and Mr Edward was wounded in the fire. As he was coming down the stairs, part of the roof collapsed and fell on him. He's blind now and he lost one hand.'

'Is he in England?' I asked, my heart beating fast again.

'Oh, yes. He's at Ferndern, his other country house. It's about thirty miles<sup>1</sup> from here.'

'Do you have a carriage?' I asked.

'Yes, Miss.'

'I will pay twice as much as you usually ask if your driver can take me to Ferndean now.'

1. **thirty miles** : about fifty kilometres.

Ferndern was a big, dark, very old house. When I got there in the evening, the wind was howling and it was beginning to rain. As I walked towards the front door, it opened and my master came out, slowly, with one arm extended before him and the other hanging uselessly at his side. He was still the big, strong, noble man I remembered, but he looked sad and angry, like a caged beast. Do you think I was afraid of him, reader? Not at all. My heart ached to see him standing there — blind, crippled and alone. I longed to kiss his noble face. I longed to comfort him. Just then the door opened behind him, and his servant John came out. 'It's raining, sir,' said John. 'Come in and sit by the fire.' They turned and went into the house together.

I knocked on the door, and John's wife Leah opened it. She looked surprised to see me. 'Hello, Leah,' I said. 'I've come to see Mr Rochester.' She was holding a tray with a glass of water on it. 'Are you taking this to the master?' I asked.

'Yes, Miss,' Leah replied.

'Then please let me take it instead.'

She gave me the tray and I went quietly into the drawing room. My master stood by the fire. His dog Pilot lay at his feet. When I came in, Pilot leapt up and ran towards me.

'Leah?' said my master.

'Leah is in the kitchen,' I replied, putting the tray down on a table.

'Good God!' he cried. 'Am I going mad? I hear her voice, but she can't be here!'

He stretched out his hand, and I took it in both of mine.

'My dear master,' I said. 'Here I am. I've come back to you.'

'Is this a dream?' he said, running his hand over my face. 'In my dreams she comes back to me and says she loves me and will never leave me again.'