Part 3

Something of daylight still lingered[[1]](#footnote-1), and the moon was waxing bright: I could see him plainly.

His figure was enveloped in a riding cloak, fur collared[[2]](#footnote-2) and steel clasped[[3]](#footnote-3); its details were not apparent, but I traced the general points of middle height and considerable breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features[[4]](#footnote-4) and a heavy brow[[5]](#footnote-5); his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted[[6]](#footnote-6) just now; he was past youth, but had not reached middle-age; perhaps he might be thirty- five. I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked. I had hardly ever seen a handsome youth; never in my life spoken to one. 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[[7]](#footnote-7) them as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic.

If even this stranger had smiled and been good-humoured to me when I addressed him; if he had put off my offer of assistance gaily and with thanks, I should have gone on my way and not felt any vocation to renew inquiries: but the frown, the roughness of the traveller, set me at my ease: I retained my station when he waved to me to go, and announced —

“I cannot think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, in this solitary lane, till I see you are fit to mount your horse.”

He looked at me when I said this; he had hardly turned his eyes in my direction before. “I should think you ought to be at home yourself,” said he, “if you have a home in this neighbourhood: where do you come from?”

“From just below; and I am not at all afraid of being out late when it is moonlight: I will run over to Hay for you with pleasure, if you wish it: indeed, I am going there to post a letter.”

“You live just below — do you mean at that house with the battlements[[8]](#footnote-8)?” pointing to Thornfield Hall, on which the moon cast a hoary[[9]](#footnote-9) gleam, bringing it out distinct and pale from the woods that, by contrast with the western sky, now seemed one mass of shadow.

“Yes, sir.”

“Whose house is it?”

“Mr. Rochester’s.”

“Do you know Mr. Rochester?”

“No, I have never seen him.”

“He is not resident, then?”

“No.”

“Can you tell me where he is?”

“I cannot.”

“You are not a servant at the hall, of course. You are — ” He stopped, ran his eye over my dress, which, as usual, was quite simple: a black merino cloak, a black beaver bonnet; neither of them half fine enough for a lady’s-maid. He seemed puzzled to decide what I was; I helped him.

“I am the governess.”

“Ah, the governess!” he repeated; “deuce take me, if I had not forgotten! The governess!” and again my raiment[[10]](#footnote-10) underwent scrutiny. In two minutes he rose from the stile: his face expressed pain when he tried to move.

“I cannot commission you to fetch help,” he said; “but you may help me a little yourself, if you will be so kind.”

“Yes, sir.”

“You have not an umbrella that I can use as a stick?”

“No.”

“Try to get hold of my horse’s bridle and lead him to me: you are not afraid?”

I should have been afraid to touch a horse when alone, but when told to do it, I was disposed to obey. I put down my muff on the stile, and went up to the tall steed; I endeavoured to catch the bridle, but it was a spirited thing, and would not let me come near its head; I made effort on effort, though in vain: meantime, I was mortally afraid of its trampling fore-feet. The traveller waited and watched for some time, and at last he laughed.

“I see,” he said, “the mountain will never be brought to Mahomet, so all you can do is to aid Mahomet to go to the mountain; I must beg of you to come here.”

I came. “Excuse me,” he continued: “necessity compels me to make you useful.” He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, and leaning on me with some stress, limped to his horse. Having once caught the bridle, he mastered it directly and sprang to his saddle; grimacing grimly as he made the effort, for it wrenched his sprain.

“Now,” said he, releasing his under lip from a hard bite, “just hand me my whip; it lies there under the hedge.”

I sought it and found it.

“Thank you; now make haste with the letter to Hay, and return as fast as you can.”

A touch of a spurred heel made his horse first start and rear, and then bound away; the dog rushed in his traces; all three vanished –

“Like heath that, in the wilderness,

The wild wind whirls away.[[11]](#footnote-11)”

PARTIE 3:

Identify the expressions used by Jane to describe the rider’s physical appearance. How does Jane describe the rider? How does she feel towards him?

* She describes the rider as a middle-highted man, with a considerable breadth of chest. He also has a dark face, with stern’s features, and a heavy brow, his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted. She thinks he might be 35. She feels a little shy, though she doesn’t fear him.

Some visual details in this scene are obvious symbols of virility, command and control. List them.

* Riding cloak
* Fur collared
* Steel clapsed
* Breadth of chest
* Dark face
* Stern features
* Heavy brow
* Thwarted eyes
* Handsome, heroic-looking gentleman
* I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape
* Frown, roughness

Focus on the 2 characters’ conversation. Comment on their tone.

* Cold tone, short sentences. One asks, and the other answers

Comment on the effect of the scene on the readers

* The readers may feel puzzled by the behaviour of Jane towards Mr. Rochester’s attitude, who is attracted by his roughness

What figure of speech is used in the poem? What is its effect?

* The figure of speech used in the poem is an alliteration in *-w-,*  which produces a kind of an harmony, as the sound of the -w- is like the wind that whirls again and again, so that the reader can sense it.

*“Like heath that, in the wilderness,*

*The wild wind whirls away.*

1. To linger : *s’attarder, traîner* [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Fur collared : *à collet de fourrure* [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Steel clasped : *à boutons d’acier* [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Stern features : *traits durs* [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Heavy brow : *front soucieux* [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Thwarted : *contrarié* [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. To shun : *fuir, éviter* [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. Battlements : *remparts, créneaux* [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
9. Hoary : *grisonnant* [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
10. Raiment: *vêtements, toilette* [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
11. Quotation from Thomas Moore [↑](#footnote-ref-11)