From *Jane Eyre*

Chapter XVIII

Directions: Annotate the following passage.

Purpose: Determine Bronte’s purpose.

Standards:

* RL.2 Determine two or more themes or central ideas of a text and analyze their development over the course of the text, including how they interact and build on one another to produce a complex account; provide an objective summary of the text.
* RL.3 Analyze how complex characters (e.g., those with multiple or conflicting motivations) develop over the course of a text, interact with other characters, and advance the plot or develop the theme.

I have told you, reader, that I had learnt to love Mr.

Rochester: I could not unlove him now, merely because I

found that he had ceased to notice me—because I might

pass hours in his presence, and he would never once turn

his eyes in my direction—because I saw all his attentions

appropriated by a great lady, who scorned to touch me

with the hem of her robes as she passed; who, if ever her

dark and imperious eye fell on me by chance, would

withdraw it instantly as from an object too mean to merit

observation. I could not unlove him, because I felt sure he

would soon marry this very lady—because I read daily in

her a proud security in his intentions respecting her—

because I witnessed hourly in him a style of courtship

which, if careless and choosing rather to be sought than to

seek, was yet, in its very carelessness, captivating, and in its

very pride, irresistible.

There was nothing to cool or banish love in these

circumstances, though much to create despair. Much too,

you will think, reader, to engender jealousy: if a woman,

in my position, could presume to be jealous of a woman

in Miss Ingram’s. But I was not jealous: or very rarely;—

the nature of the pain I suffered could not be explained by

that word. Miss Ingram was a mark beneath jealousy: she

was too inferior to excite the feeling. Pardon the seeming

paradox; I mean what I say. She was very showy, but she

was not genuine: she had a fine person, many brilliant

attainments; but her mind was poor, her heart barren by

nature: nothing bloomed spontaneously on that soil; no

unforced natural fruit delighted by its freshness. She was

not good; she was not original: she used to repeat

sounding phrases from books: she never offered, nor had,

an opinion of her own. She advocated a high tone of

sentiment; but she did not know the sensations of

sympathy and pity; tenderness and truth were not in her.

Too often she betrayed this, by the undue vent she gave to

a spiteful antipathy she had conceived against little Adele:

pushing her away with some contumelious epithet if she

happened to approach her; sometimes ordering her from

the room, and always treating her with coldness and

acrimony. Other eyes besides mine watched these

manifestations of character—watched them closely,

keenly, shrewdly. Yes; the future bridegroom, Mr.

Rochester himself, exercised over his intended a ceaseless

surveillance; and it was from this sagacity—this

guardedness of his—this perfect, clear consciousness of his

fair one’s defects— this obvious absence of passion in his

sentiments towards her, that my ever-torturing pain arose.

I saw he was going to marry her, for family, perhaps

political reasons, because her rank and connections suited

him; I felt he had not given her his love, and that her

qualifications were ill adapted to win from him that

treasure. This was the point—this was where the nerve

was touched and teased—this was where the fever was

sustained and fed: SHE COULD NOT CHARM HIM.

Bronte’s Purpose (Explain in the space provided. Incorporate **at least one example** of the dash, colon, or semicolon): \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_