

ENGLISH ON SUNDAY

2

星期日英语

外语教学与研究出版社

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中央电视台电教部编

外语教学与研究出版社

1980年 · 北京

星期日英语第二期下次播出日期

1. Jane Eyre (简爱) (1980年11月16日)
2. Green Garden Country (花园之国) (1980年9月28日)
3. Greenland (格陵兰) (1980年9月28日)
4. Varieties of American English — Stylistic Differences (美国英语的语体) (1980年10月19日)
5. 70's UK (七十年代的英国) (1980年12月7日)
6. The Forbidden City (故宫) (1980年11月2日)

(括号中为中央电视台预定播出日期, 供参考。如有变更, 以每周节目预告为准。)

星期日英语 (2)

中央电视台电教部编
外语教学与研究出版社出版

(北京外国语学院23号信箱)

北京外文印刷厂印刷
新华书店北京发行所发行
全国各地新华书店经售

1980年8月第1版 1980年8月第一次印刷

787×1092毫米 16开 5印张 110千字

印数1——10万册

书号: 9215·26

定价: 0.46元

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JANE EYRE¹

(简 爱)

(Jane Eyre, a young girl, in a coach, is on her way to Lowood Institution. The coach stops at the gate.)

COACHMAN: This is Jane Eyre. Carriage paid.²

(In the morning, the girls are washing with water from frozen jugs.)

JANE: It's so cold.

HELEN: Are you new?

JANE: When is breakfast?

HELEN: Not for two hours. Are you hungry? You'll be hungry after breakfast, too.

MISS SCATCHERD: Burns, you're disgusting! You did not wash your neck. Take the brush and scrub it. Scrub it! Perhaps you won't smell quite so much today,³ Burns.

(Brocklehurst, master of the orphanage, is giving the children an admonition.)

BROCKLEHURST: Once again it is my duty to remind you that we are not here to pamper you. You are here because God in His wisdom has chosen to make you orphans, and dependants of the charity of others. If you suffer hunger or thirst, for my sake, happy are ye.⁴ Who here is hungry? Who here is thirsty? Oh, surely one of you is hungry. Surely, there is one hungry child in the school.

(Seeing Jane Eyre timidly putting up her hand.)

Ah! There is one. Step forth. Let us see who it is? Of course, this is the new girl, Jane Eyre. I know this child. She was sent here by her aunt, a benefactress of this school.⁵ Bring a stool so that we may all see her. Come here, girl. Children, it is my duty to warn you against this girl. Her name is Jane Eyre. Shun her. Guard yourselves against her. For I have it from her aunt, who took her in, that she is deceitful and refuses to submit. Look at her face! Does it not show? Fortunately, it's a plain face. Otherwise, who knows what winning ways she would employ against the world?⁶ It's our duty to punish her body to save her soul, and make sure that in Lowood she learns her place.⁷

注：1. 略有删节；2. 括号中情节为编者所注。

(It's very cold. The girls are going to church to pray.)

GIRLS' VOICE: We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done. Have mercy on us miserable sinners. Have mercy on us miserable sinners. Have mercy on us miserable sinners.

(On their return, they rush to the fire-place.)

JANE: Please, let her pass. Please. Please, she's cold. Please.

HELEN: Oh, Jane, I'm all right.

MISS SCATCHERD: Burns! Pushing your way in as usual, Burns. For your pains you will sit in the corridor.

And you, Jane Eyre, may remove that look from your face.

• • •

(At night, Jane and Helen are lying awake in bed.)

JANE: Helen. Helen.

HELEN: Jane, go to sleep. It's late . . . No. It's only the cough. I've always had it.

JANE: I hate it here. Why is she so cruel to you?

HELEN: Miss Scatcherd? Oh, she dislikes me.

JANE: I hate her!

HELEN: No! You mustn't hate, Jane.

JANE: I do. I hate her more than Mrs. Reed.

HELEN: Who is she?

JANE: My aunt, who sent me here. Why did my parents have to die? Why?

• • •

(In the classroom.)

GIRLS RECITING: Lancaster, York . . . Tudor, Stuart and Hanover. Norman, Plantagenet . . . Lancaster, York . . . Tudor, Stuart, and Hanover. We are to request . . . And as for you, if you will walk before me as David your father walked, with integrity . . .

(Brocklehurst enters.)

JANE AND GIRLS: William I, William II. Henry I, Stephen . . . then said the Evangelist . . . William I, William II. Henry I, Stephen.

TEACHER: Read it once more.

BROCKLEHURST: Miss Temple! What child is this?

MISS TEMPLE: Jane Eyre . . . Mr. Brocklehurst.

BROCKLEHURST: And why, in defiance of^s every precept and principle of this house does her hair wave?

MISS TEMPLE: It waves naturally, Mr. Brocklehurst.

BROCKLEHURST: Come here, Jane Eyre.

TEACHER: Continue.

BROCKLEHURST: We are not concerned with nature here. Scissors, please, Miss Temple.

JANE: No! Please! Don't cut my hair!

BROCKLEHURST: Scissors! You'll see . . . Miss Temple . . . where . . . over-indulgence . . . can . . .

JANE: No! Please! My hair!

BROCKLEHURST: Away with her! It is our duty to mortify these girls the lusts of the flesh. Take these relics of Satan⁹ and see they are burned.

MISS SCATCHERD: Eyre. You still stand on a stool for half an hour and meditate on the virtues of submission. No one will speak to you for the rest of the day.

HELEN: Come, Jane. *(Taking a stool for her.)*

MISS SCATCHERD: And, for disobeying my orders, Burns, you may stand on a stool yourself. *(Helen puts another stool beside Jane's.)* No, Burns. You may stand on yours outside until I tell you.

(The class is over. Jane is left alone standing on the stool. Helen is suffering outside in the rain. As a result, she gets seriously ill.)

DOCTOR: The girl is dying rapidly. You know that, of course.

MISS TEMPLE: Yes. I've made arrangements for her to go home.

DOCTOR: Oh, good. Yes, good.

(Helen Burns is dying. Jane comes over to comfort her.)

JANE: Helen. Are you awake?

HELEN: Is it you, Jane? It's past midnight.

JANE: I couldn't sleep. I could hear you coughing. I had to come and see you.

HELEN: You came to bid me goodbye, then.

JANE: Are you going away?

HELEN: Yes. They are sending me home to my guardian. I'm so pleased you're here. Come in. Come in. It's cold.

Jane: Oh, Helen, don't stay away long! Come back soon.

HELEN: I shall. You'll see. When the warm weather comes and the heather is in bloom on the moors I'll be back. We shall have long talks again, you and I. Just as we used to. Long talks. Oh, Jane, I'm so tired, so tired. Stay with me. And be here when I come back.

JANE: I shall be here. And I will keep you warm. I will give you strength. You shall have all mine. And we'll stay together, just you and me, for ever. And we'll live for ever, and ever, and ever.

(Eight years passed since Helen's death. Jane is now quite a young lady. She advertised for a post of teacher in a private family and has got the answer in due time.

When she is at Helen's tomb to bid her good-bye, Brocklehurst comes over to her.)

BROCKLEHURST: Eyre! Jane Eyre! I am so glad to have come upon you like this.

I wanted a word with you. I understand you applied to a Mrs. Fairfax of Thornfield for the post of governess to a little girl.

JANE: Yes.

BROCKLEHURST: The Governors are pleased to give references.¹⁰

JANE: Thank you.

BROCKLEHURST: But they would like you to stay on at Lowood as a teacher. This request is something of an honour, Jane.

JANE: Then, I'm sorry that the Governors should have chosen you to make it. I have nothing but respect for them, and all that they have done at Lowood over the past few years. I have none for you, Mr. Brocklehurst. I have neither forgiven, nor forgotten.

You may tell them that, in any case, my mind is made up. I shall leave within the month.

(In the coach coming from Thornfield to fetch her there)

JANE: Is that Thornfield?

JOHN: Aye. That's it.

JANE: Does Mrs. Fairfax live alone?

JOHN: More or less.

JANE: With the little girl?

JOHN: Aye. With her.

JANE: Is Mr. Fairfax dead?

JOHN: Ain't no¹¹ Mr. Fairfax.

(Entering the building, Jane is warmly welcomed.)

MAID: Miss Eyre. We've been expecting you. Will you come this way please, madam.

MRS. FAIRFAX: Ah! How do you do, my dear. What a long journey you've had!

You must be cold. Come and sit down by the fire.

JANE: It is Mrs. Fairfax, isn't it?

MRS. FAIRFAX: Yes, you are quite right. Won't you take off your bonnet?

JANE: Oh, thank you.

MRS. FAIRFAX: I'm so glad you've come. It will be very pleasant to have a companion. Thornfield is a fine old hall, but it can be very lonely.

JANE: Shall I have the pleasure of meeting Miss Fairfax tonight?

MRS. FAIRFAX: Miss Fairfax?

JANE: My pupil.

MRS. FAIRFAX: Oh, you mean Miss Varens. I've asked Sophie to bring her down, just to greet you.

JANE: She is not your daughter, then?

MRS. FAIRFAX: Good heavens, no! I've no family. She's Mr. Rochester's ward.¹²

JANE: Mr. Rochester?

MRS. FAIRFAX: The owner of Thornfield.

JANE: I thought Thornfield belonged to you.

MRS. FAIRFAX: Oh, good heavens, child, what an idea! I'm only the housekeeper. But Mr. Rochester is away most of the time travelling, so we rarely see him. (*Sophie, the maid, brings a little girl in.*) Ah, here they are. Come, Miss Adele, and meet the lady who is to teach you. This is Miss Eyre.

ADELE: C'est là ma gouvernante (Is that my governess)?

SOPHIE: Mais oui, certainement (Why yes, certainly).

JANE: Tu es Française (You are French)?

ADELE: Mais oui! Oh, vous parlez français (Why yes. Oh, you speak French).

JANE: Oh, oui (Oh, yes). But I had no idea that my pupil was to be a little French girl.

ADELE: Ah, that is merveilleux (marvellous) you speak French. Oh, madame, thank you for my governess.

MRS. FAIRFAX: Well, I hope you'll be very happy and learn a great deal and now Miss Eyre is tired, and I shall show her to her room.

ADELE: Au revoir (Goodbye), Miss Eyre. Very pleased to meet you!

JANE: Bonne nuit (Good night), Adele. We shall meet in the morning.

MRS. FAIRFAX: You'll have no difficulty with her. She's a little vain I think, but then she's French.

JANE: Is she related to Mr. Rochester?

MRS. FAIRFAX: I don't know, my dear. He brought her back from Paris a few months ago. Her parents, I think, died or abandoned her. (*Taking a candle-light, she is going to show Jane to her room.*) Are you ready?

JANE: Yes, indeed.

MRS. FAIRFAX: Yes! As you see, it's a fine house. But it needs to be lived in more. Parts of it are very old indeed.

JANE: One might see ghosts, then?

MRS. FAIRFAX: Hm hm! None that I have ever heard of. But they do say the Rochesters were a very wild race. Perhaps that's why they now sleep tranquil in their graves. Er, we are this way, my dear. That way leads to the upper floor, but it is seldom used. Most of the bedrooms in this wing are in use. It saves work to keep the rooms together. Er, you'll teach Miss Adele in here. And this is your room.

JANE: Oh! Oh! It's...

MRS. FAIRFAX: I hope you'll like it. I thought you'd prefer something small and cosy.

JANE: It's delightful.

MRS. FAIRFAX: I'll call you when supper's ready. If you need anything, I'll be downstairs.

JANE: (*Hearing a hysterical cry*) Oh! What's that?

MRS. FAIRFAX: Grace Poole, I expect. She works here. She's a little erm . . . eccentric.

• • •

(*Outside in the garden*)

JANE: Adele.

ADELE: For you. For you, Miss Eyre.

JANE: Why, they're lovely!

ADELE: I wanted to pick flowers for you. I'm so glad you're 'ere.

JANE: Here. Huh!

ADELE: 'Ere.

JANE: Ha! Well, come along. Where did you live before you came to Thornfield?

ADELE: With Maman. But she went to the Holy Virgin.¹³ So Mr. Rochester brought me 'ere.

JANE: You knew him before?

ADELE: Certainement (Certainly). He was a friend of Maman. Brought her pretty things, and me, too. But now I do not see him any more.

JANE: But you would like to see him not just for the pretty things he brings you.

ADELE: Oh, yes. But it is nice that he brings me presents. When shall we begin our lessons?

JANE: Now. And now, let's go and look in the garden.

ADELE: All right.

JANE: Not just the flowers, but some of the animals that live in the soil. You see, some of the animals destroy the flowers and some of them help them to grow.

• • •

(*In the sitting-room, Jane is drawing and Mrs. Fairfax is doing her embroidering.*)

JANE: What sort of man is Mr. Rochester?

MRS. FAIRFAX: What sort?

JANE: Do you like him?

MRS. FAIRFAX: I've no cause to do otherwise, my dear. He's a good master.

JANE: What manner of man is he?

MRS. FAIRFAX: He is erm . . . unexpected. Some think him perhaps peculiar.

JANE: In what way?

MRS. FAIRFAX: It's hard to say. He's travelled the world a good deal, and seen many things. He's a hard man to understand.

JANE: And what of Grace Poole? Why does he keep her on here?

MRS. FAIRFAX: I've no idea.

• • •

(In the open fields, Jane is lost in thought before the beautiful setting sun, unaware of a running horse approaching, and thus makes Rochester, the rider, fall down onto the ground.)

ROCHESTER: Confound it,¹⁵ woman! What the devil do you think you are doing?

JANE: I was trying to move out of your way. Can I help you, sir?

ROCHESTER: You might fetch my horse.

JANE: Whoa! Whoa, boy!

ROCHESTER: Now, steady. What is it you do to horses? Come on, come on. You should be home. Where do you come from?

JANE: Thornfield, sir.

ROCHESTER: Thornfield. Not a guest, I'd think.

JANE: No, sir. Though it's clever of you to suppose that, just from looking at me. I'm the governess.

ROCHESTER: Mm. You'd better get back before the dark comes.
(He rides away.)

• • •

(When Jane comes back to Thornfield)

MRS. FAIRFAX: He's here, my dear, he's here! He's come home while you were out.

JANE: Who? Who has, Mrs. Fairfax?

MRS. FAIRFAX: Why, the master! Mr. Rochester. Without a word of warning. He's in the drawing-room. I am to take you in. This way, my dear. Here! *(They enter the drawing-room.)* Here is Miss Eyre, sir. She has just returned.

ROCHESTER: Let Miss Eyre be seated.

ADELE: Is it true, monsieur, that you brought no pretty cadeaux (presents) for me or Miss Eyre?

ROCHESTER: Who talks of cadeaux? Did you expect a present, Miss Eyre?

JANE: No, sir.

ROCHESTER: Are you not fond of presents, then?

JANE: I hardly know, sir. I've had little experience of them.

ROCHESTER: Hm! You'd do better to be more like Adele. She demands her presents. You beat about the bush.¹⁶

JANE: I have less confidence in my deserts, sir, than she has.¹⁷

ROCHESTER: Generally, Miss Eyre, or in this instance?

JANE: In this instance, sir. Generally I know what to expect.

ROCHESTER: You've been here, er, six weeks.

JANE: Yes, sir.

ROCHESTER: And, you came from erm...

JANE: Lowood, sir. A charitable institution.

ROCHESTER: How long were you there?

JANE: Ten years.

ROCHESTER: Ten years! Must be tenacious of life. But then, you have the look of another world... in your face.¹⁸ Who are your parents?

JANE: I never knew them, sir.

ROCHESTER: And who recommended you here?

JANE: I advertised. Mrs. Fairfax answered my advertisement.

MRS. FAIRFAX: And very glad I am, that I did so, sir. Miss Eyre has proved invaluable.

ROCHESTER: Flattery will not bias me, Mrs. Fairfax... I shall judge for myself.

She began by felling my horse. Well! What did you learn at Lowood? Music? Do you play?

JANE: Er... a little, sir.

ROCHESTER: Of course! They all play... 'a little'. Well! Go to the piano. Play... something. (*Jane goes and plays on the piano.*) Enough. Enough! You do, indeed, play 'a little'.

JANE: I was not wrong, then, in my assessment.

ROCHESTER: You're very cool. An orphan child of low degree. Where do you find such coolness?

JANE: Out of my head, sir.

ROCHESTER: The one I see on your shoulders?

JANE: Yes, sir.

ROCHESTER: And has it other furniture of the same kind within?¹⁹

JANE: It is well stocked,²⁰ I hope, sir. (*A clock rings.*)

ROCHESTER: Well, what are you about, Miss Eyre, to let Adele sit up so late? Take her to bed.

ADELE: Et mon cadeau, monsieur (And my present, sir)?

ROCHESTER: It will be here, it will be here.

(*When they go out of the drawing-room*)

MRS. FAIRFAX: He doesn't mean to be rude. It's partly his nature and partly...

JANE: Partly what, Mrs. Fairfax?

MRS. FAIRFAX: Oh! Doubtless he has painful thoughts to harass him. You must not take offence.

JANE: I did not. Nor will I. Though, that will be of little consequence to him.

MRS. FAIRFAX: It is of consequence²¹ to me, my dear, Good night.

JANE: Good night.

* * *

(Before the building)

ROCHESTER: We must drain the field.

ESTATE AGENT: It's too costly, sir.

ROCHESTER: Tenants can't farm on land that's flooded with water. They lose crops and we lose rents. It's false economy.

ESTATE AGENT: But, I've been into the figures²²...

ROCHESTER: Then go into them again. I want the field drained.

* * *

(In the dining-room, Rochester has just finished his dinner when Jane and Adele come.)

ROCHESTER: Come in.

ADELE: Mon cadeau! Mon cadeau (my present)!

ROCHESTER: Very well, take it, you genuine daughter of Paris. You see, Miss Eyre, how you women er... value us. Leave her. She's happy. Take it to your room, Adele, and erm gloat over it²³ there.

ADELE: Oh, monsieur, je vous remercie mille fois (Oh, sir, I thank you a thousand times)!

(Adele and Jane turn to go.)

ROCHESTER: *(to Jane)* Let her go. Believe me, she has no need of you for a while.

(Adele goes out with the present. Jane remains. There is a long silence before Rochester finally breaks it.)

ROCHESTER: You examine me, Miss Eyre. You find me handsome?

JANE: No, sir.

ROCHESTER: Upon my word, you are blunt! What will you say next? That I'm lame?

Well, you are no prettier than I am handsome, but you're nothing if not honest.

JANE: And you know that already.

ROCHESTER: Sit down. Sit down. *(Jane does not move.)*

If you please. *(She then sits down.)*

You must allow me to give orders, Miss Eyre. If, for no other reason than that, I am twenty years older. Would you not agree?

JANE: Surely, sir, that depends on what use you made of your time.

ROCHESTER: Hm! By God, you have a point!²⁴ Well then, have I no right to hector you? I'm in a hectoring mood.

JANE: Of course, sir. Your claim wins on the grounds²⁵ that I am employed here and you are not.

ROCHESTER: Mm. Money! Still, I like your bluntness. It's unusual in a woman. Though, I dare say . . . in truth, you are no different from the rest. Yes, you're right. Neither am I. Well! Talk to me, Miss Eyre. Don't just sit there.

JANE: About what, sir?

ROCHESTER: About what? About anything. Can't you see that I'm in a mood to talk? Tell me how you get your peace of mind.²⁸ (*Still no answer.*) Ah! Remorse is the poison of life. Dread it . . . if ever you are tempted to err. But then, what could ever tempt you? (*Jane stands up to go.*) Where are you going?

JANE: To put Adele to bed, sir.

ROCHESTER: Never mind Adele, she is happy! As her mother was. You saw how she took possession of that box? So her mother took possession of me. I have been green,²⁹ too, Miss Eyre. Aye! Grass green.²⁸ (*Jane sits down again.*)

JANE: Is Adele your child, sir?

ROCHESTER: No, she is not. Although her mother presented her to me as such.²⁹ But not that green, by God, Miss Eyre, no! Not that green. No, she is the daughter of an itinerant musician, with whom her mother finally ran off, clutching in her little hand the pieces of jewellery that I had given her. She left the child in Paris. I brought her here a year ago when I heard her mother had died. The child is, of course, illegitimate. Knowing her antecedents you will no doubt think less of your protégée³⁰ now.

JANE: The child cannot be blamed for her mother's faults.

ROCHESTER: Confound it! Have you none of your own?³¹ Well, good night.

* * *

(*Somewhere in the open air before the building, Jane is painting, when Rochester comes over and watches from behind.*)

ROCHESTER: I see, you also paint a little.

JANE: Yes, sir.

ROCHESTER: A little more than you play. You see, I'm in a more encouraging mood today.

JANE: A little more, sir.

ROCHESTER: Do you never laugh?

JANE: Frequently.

ROCHESTER: But I do not amuse you. By God, you amuse me, Miss Eyre. So, you may er . . . take tea with me later. Cheer me up.

JANE: It's a new role for me, sir, that of Court Jester.³² But, if it cheers you up, I'm happy.

* * *

JANE: (*Awaken from her sleep by a noise.*) Who's there? Who is it?

(*She heard someone's footsteps moving away. She gets up, opens the door and to her surprise finds a candle on the door outside. She is even more surprised to find the air filled with smoke. There, something is burning! She rushes into Rochester's room. Tongues of flame are moving round the bed, with Rochester lying stretched unconscious.*)

JANE: Mr. Rochester! Please wake up. You must. Get up! Please, Mr. Rochester!

(They succeed in putting out the fire.)

JANE: I heard a sound outside my door . . . and . . . and laughter. I came out into the passage and . . . Shall I fetch Mrs. Fairfax, sir?

ROCHESTER: No, no! Let her sleep. Say nothing. I want no one to know what you've heard.

JANE: Was it Grace Poole, sir?

ROCHESTER: Yes, I think so

JANE: Why does she remain?

ROCHESTER: I can't explain. You saved my life.

JANE: Well . . . good night, sir.

ROCHESTER: I knew you would do me good. I've felt it always. There is something about you. Jane.

JANE: Well, good night, sir.

(The next morning)

MRS. FAIRFAX: Oh, my dear, what an escape we had last night! Mr. Rochester was nearly burned in his bed.

JANE: Indeed, Mrs. Fairfax?

MRS. FAIRFAX: He fell asleep, leaving the candle alight. Why, it's wonder you didn't hear something or smell burning.

JANE: Not a thing. But then, I'm a sound sleeper. Mr. Rochester, I trust, has suffered no ill effects?

MRS. FAIRFAX: Oh, no, no! He was hale this morning when he left.

JANE: Left?

MRS. FAIRFAX: Yes. He went after breakfast. He's gone to Mr. Eshton's place. A very brilliant party is assembled there. But of course, Blanche Ingram, too. She's a great beauty hereabouts and they do say that she and Mr. Rochester . . . Well, excuse me, my dear.

* * *

(Rochester is away for quite a few days. On a raining day, Adele is drawing a picture with Jane at her side lost in thought.)

ADELE: When will Mr. Rochester come back?

JANE: I don't know.

ADELE: It is nearly three weeks. It is long, n'est ce pas (is it not)? Perhaps Miss Ingram will not let him go. Perhaps he is her prisoner. They say she is beautiful. Don't you wish you were beautiful, Miss Eyre?

JANE: Flowers can be beautiful, Adele. See how delicate the petals are. The shape of the bloom, where it joins the stem. Let's start again, shall we? And I shouldn't bother to sign it until you can do a little better.

* * *

(Rochester returns home with a great many fine guests.)

ROCHESTER: Mrs. Fairfax! Mrs. Fairfax! Mrs. Fairfax, confound you! We have guests. Ah! They'll be staying for er quite a while . . . *(To the guests)* Yes, come right in, please. Go right into the drawing-room. We'll do our best to refresh you. Come along, ladies.

WOMAN: My dear, isn't this nice?

(Jane leads Adele upstairs.)

JANE: Come.

(There is a party. Adele is watching from upstairs and see Rochester dancing with Blanche.)

BLANCHE: Thornfield is magnificent. But, I should arrange it differently.

ROCHESTER: Oh! How?

BLANCHE: I should have all the furniture French.

ROCHESTER: Ah! And me? Would you er . . . rearrange me, too?

BLANCHE: You? Oh, you I should leave like an old, but well-loved oak chest.

MR. ESHTON: We are being observed.

LADY INGRAM: By whom?

MR. ESHTON: The little French poppy.

LADY INGRAM: Mm! She's a mystery, that one.

MR. ESHTON: Well, she's the daughter of an enigma.

LADY INGRAM: You think?

MR. ESHTON: He says she's his ward. Wouldn't you?

(Jane comes over to take Adele to bed.)

JANE: Adele. Adele. This is very naughty to be out of bed.

ADELE: Oh, she's beautiful, Miss Blanche. She is like a princess. Oh, I do hope she will marry Mr. Rochester. Don't you, Miss Eyre?

JANE: You must come along. And you're not to get out of bed again.

ROCHESTER: *(Noticing their going.)* Adele has been captured by her governess and er . . . led away.

BLANCHE: Oh, she's a plain little thing.

ROCHESTER: I think she's pretty.

BLANCHE: Oh, no! I mean the governess.

ROCHESTER: Oh!

(In the garden)

BLANCHE: I'll not go back, Edward. Not till you keep your promise and show me your boyhood hiding place.

ROCHESTER: I warn you, we shall be utterly alone.

BLANCHE: Your threats are mere promises.

* * *

(In the passage)

MRS. FAIRFAX: Ah, there you are. They're just about to come out of the dining-room.

JANE: I'll take Adele into the drawing-room. Perhaps you'd ask Sophie to come for her.

MRS. FAIRFAX: But Mr. Rochester expressly asked that you remain, my dear.

JANE: Very well. Come. Adele. Now... perhaps you'd better sit over here. You may greet them when they come in. (*The guests are coming in.*)

LOUISE: I've seen ladies in this county far superior to anything I've seen in London.

HENRY: Superior, I grant.

BLANCHE: I thought, Edward, that you were not fond of children.

ROCHESTER: Nor am I.

BLANCHE: Well, what induced you to take charge of such a little doll?

ROCHESTER: I picked her up in a fit of absence of mind.³³

BLANCHE: You should send her to school.

ROCHESTER: Hm! She has a governess.

BLANCHE: Oh, the little thing I've seen with her. You should hear Mama on the subject of governesses.

LADY INGRAM: My dearest Lilly Flower, don't mention governesses. I've suffered a martyrdom from them. Take my advice, Mr. Rochester. Send the little girl to school.

ROCHESTER: I will consider it, Lady Ingram.

BLANCHE: And now, Signor Eduardo, furbish up your lungs as they are wanted in my royal service.³⁴

BLANCHE: We shall sing a romantic song. You know that I dote on³⁵ romance, so you must sing.....

ROCHESTER (*Sings with Blanche accompanying him on the piano*):

Youth's the season made for joys,

Love is then our duty.

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may.

Beauty's a flower,

Despised in decay.