

Bertha Mason



- Mr Rochester's living wife
- Bertha is a Creole, daughter of a European settler.
- Creole people were believed obstinate, dissolute, untastworthy
- Beguiled by her sensuality and wealth, he too late realizes that she is mad.
- Hides and locks Bertha in a remote chamber of Thornfield.
- Symbolically Rochester cages his own sexuality
- Frustrated and overwhelmed by guilt, he is often away.
- Bertha just like Heathcliff conforms to the archetype of the shadow. (*dark hair.....discoloured black face*)
- Once at Thornfield, Bertha , as the shadow, surfaces: screams, night walks, sets Rochester's room on fire, because a shadow cannot be suppressed permanently.
- Rochester's attempt to marry Jane is the final, desperate attempt to reject that dark side of his conscience.

Deceitful and liar

- Rochester is a **liar** as he deliberately omits his married status.
- **Selfish** as he considers bigamy the only reasonable option to ensure HIS happiness.
- **Conceited** as he believes Jane will stay with him anyhow.
- **Disrespectful** as he offers Jane to go away with him to the South of France to be his lover



Crossroads

- Jane leaves Thornfield with little money and takes no gift from Mr Rochester with her.
- She has no precise destination and loses her way in the moors.
- He gets to Moor House, which is inhabited by the Rivers: John, Diana, Mary.
- Once recovered she remains there and she is offered a teaching position.
- John proposes, but she refuses.
- She discovers that they are her cousins and that her uncle had left her a fortune of 20.000 pounds, which she shares with them.



Before and After

Jane Eyre was:

- an orphan
- Unrelated
- Below Mr Rochester's station

At this point of the story....

Jane Eyre is:

- Connected
- Rich
- Respectable
- Independent

Hence:

She does not need a man by her side to emancipate herself.



What remains of Thornfield

- Jane believes to hear Mr Rochester's voice calling her name and decides to go back to Thornfield
- She finds only ruins.
- She learns that Thornfield had been set on fire by Bertha Mason.
- Rochester had lost her sight and one hand in the attempt of saving Bertha, who had committed suicide eventually.
- Rochester lives in a house nearby.



Before and After

Mr Rochester had:

- Breed
- Connections
- Money

At this point of the story.....

Mr Rochester is:

- Invalid
- Blind
- Needy
- lonely



though difficult, would not be impossible, I informed her I should stay. Just at this moment the parlour-bell rang.

'When you go in,' said I, 'tell your master that a person wishes to speak to him, but do not give my name.'

'I don't think he will see you,' she answered; 'he refuses everybody.'

When she returned, I inquired what he had said. 'You are to send in your name and your business,' she replied. She then proceeded to fill a glass with water, and place it on a tray, together with candles.

'Is that what he rang for?' I asked.

'Yes: he always has candles brought in at dark, though he is blind.'

'Give the tray to me; I will carry it in.'

I took it from her hand: she pointed me out the parlour door. The tray shook as I held it; the water spilt from the glass; my heart struck my ribs loud and fast. Mary opened the door for me, and shut it behind me.

This parlour looked gloomy: a neglected handful of fire burnt low in the grate; and, leaning over it, with his head supported against the high, old-fashioned mantelpiece, appeared the blind tenant of the room. His old dog, Pilot, lay on one side, removed out of the way, and coiled up as if afraid of being inadvertently trodden upon. Pilot pricked up his ears when I came in: then he jumped up with a yelp and a whine, and bounded towards me: he almost knocked the tray from my hands. I set it on the table; then patted him, and said softly, 'Lie down!' Mr. Rochester turned mechanically to SEE what the commotion was: but as he SAW

nothing, he returned and sighed.

'Give me the water, Mary,' he said.

I approached him with the now only half-filled glass; Pilot followed me, still excited.

'What is the matter?' he inquired.

'Down, Pilot!' I again said. He checked the water on its way to his lips, and seemed to listen: he drank, and put the glass down. 'This is you, Mary, is it not?'

'Mary is in the kitchen,' I answered.

He put out his hand with a quick gesture, but not seeing where I stood, he did not touch me. 'Who is this? Who is this?' he demanded, trying, as it seemed, to SEE with those sightless eyes—unavailing and distressing attempt! 'Answer me—speak again!' he ordered, imperiously and aloud.

'Will you have a little more water, sir? I spilt half of what was in the glass,' I said.

'WHO is it? WHAT is it? Who speaks?'

'Pilot knows me, and John and Mary know I am here. I came only this evening,' I answered.

'Great God!—what delusion has come over me? What sweet madness has seized me?'

'No delusion—no madness: your mind, sir, is too strong for delusion, your health too sound for frenzy.'

'And where is the speaker? Is it only a voice? Oh! I CANNOT see, but I must feel, or my heart will stop and my brain burst. Whatever—whoever you are—be perceptible to the touch or I cannot live!'

He groped; I arrested his wandering hand, and prisoned it in both mine.

recognised him—it was my master, Edward Fairfax Rochester, and no other.

I stayed my step, almost my breath, and stood to watch him—to examine him, myself unseen, and alas! to him invisible. It was a sudden meeting, and one in which rapture was kept well in check by pain. I had no difficulty in restraining my voice from exclamation, my step from hasty advance.

His form was of the same strong and stalwart contour as ever: his port was still erect, his hair was still raven black; nor were his features altered or sunk: not in one year's space, by any sorrow, could his athletic strength be quelled or his vigorous prime blighted. But in his countenance I saw a change: that looked desperate and brooding—that reminded me of some wronged and fettered wild beast or bird, dangerous to approach in his sullen woe. The caged eagle, whose gold-ringed eyes cruelty has extinguished, might look as looked that sightless Samson.

And, reader, do you think I feared him in his blind ferocity?—if you do, you little know me. A soft hope blest with my sorrow that soon I should dare to drop a kiss on that brow of rock, and on those lips so sternly sealed beneath it: but not yet. I would not accost him yet.

He descended the one step, and advanced slowly and gropingly towards the grass-plot. Where was his daring stride now? Then he paused, as if he knew not which way to turn. He lifted his hand and opened his eyelids; gazed blank, and with a straining effort, on the sky, and toward the amphitheatre of trees: one saw that all to him was void

darkness. He stretched his right hand (the left arm, the mutilated one, he kept hidden in his bosom); he seemed to wish by touch to gain an idea of what lay around him: he met but vacancy still; for the trees were some yards off where he stood. He relinquished the endeavour, folded his arms, and stood quiet and mute in the rain, now falling fast on his uncovered head. At this moment John approached him from some quarter.

'Will you take my arm, sir?' he said; 'there is a heavy shower coming on: had you not better go in?'

'Let me alone,' was the answer.

John withdrew without having observed me. Mr. Rochester now tried to walk about: vainly,—all was too uncertain. He groped his way back to the house, and, re-entering it, closed the door.

I now drew near and knocked: John's wife opened for me. 'Mary,' I said, 'how are you?'

She started as if she had seen a ghost: I calmed her. To her hurried 'Is it really you, miss, come at this late hour to this lonely place?' I answered by taking her hand; and then I followed her into the kitchen, where John now sat by a good fire. I explained to them, in few words, that I had heard all which had happened since I left Thornfield, and that I was come to see Mr. Rochester. I asked John to go down to the turn-pike-house, where I had dismissed the chaise, and bring my trunk, which I had left there: and then, while I removed my bonnet and shawl, I questioned Mary as to whether I could be accommodated at the Manor House for the night; and finding that arrangements to that effect,

A Happy End

- Jane will **choose** to marry and nurse him for the rest of her life
- Eventually he will gain a little sight, so he will be able to see his children.

