

should, as regards temporals, be the only unreformed church in Christendom? Temporals work upon spirituals, and often powerfully against them. Hatred is excited by inequality and injustice, more especially in seasons of distress.

This is the time to effect the most salutary of reforms. Paying to the Crown annually in future as much as the Crown has received annually in these last seven years for its property in Ireland, and to each bishop 2,000*l.* a year; selling portions of land from seventy to three hundred acres which nobody has cultivated, and paying the proprietors in future as much as they have received annually these last seven years, with the redemption of the copyholds by the noble and gentle tenants, you would find employment and the means of paying for it during the next year and the following. You may look about for other means, and you will not find them, even if you look in earnest. By these you may give labour and wages to 60,000 men, who otherwise will be driven by famine into violence and rebellion. For every labourer you keep unoccupied you must maintain a soldier to keep him down. And how long will this do? By refusing to alienate the crown and episcopal lands, you must hold together in the island a military force during many years, of which the expenditure will be greater in twenty months than you are called upon to raise, and to raise from sources which the whole nation is anxious to throw open. Parliament must cease to squander English money. We have already more than enough poverty at home; and we will relieve it as we can; but Parliament shall not extort one shilling more from the English poor-house. Let Ministers clearly understand that there will very soon be meetings in every part of England, protesting against the fruits of English industry going to the support of Irish idleness. It will be resolved—

1. That a great part of the money sent over has been misapplied.
2. That a great number of the richer Irish landlords not only have withdrawn their co-operation, but have exasperated the wretchedness of their tenantry.
3. That Ireland should maintain her own paupers just as England does; that is, by Unions, more contracted or more extensive, as circumstances may require.

This is placing the two countries on the same footing, and indeed is the only way of doing it. One district may agree to unite its poor with another district adjoining; but Ireland and England never came to any such agreement; and Ireland has no better right to call upon England to support her poor than Manchester to call upon Bath. Ireland was never governed by a more temperate, a more just, or a more sagacious man than Lord Clarendon. If he has not opened the eyes of her squires, who are "trying to live," let him turn his attention toward those who surely try quite as hard, and who deserve it somewhat better. There are many of these in the country; and there would be more if they who call themselves their betters (and who really are considerably so in coats and trousers) would set them an example. Whether they will do this or not, the concern, which has hitherto been ours, is theirs. If they do nothing but show their eloquence in pleading for vagabonds who leave their lands uncultivated, that Englishmen may come over and plough and sow them, and get shot for wages, they may go on trying to live, and find at last the trying to be quite a failure.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

Jane Eyre. An Autobiography. Edited by Currer Bell. 3 Vols. Smith and Elder.

This book has just been sent to us by the publishers. An accident caused the delay, and is responsible for what might else have seemed a tardy notice of the first effort of an original writer.

There can be no question but that *Jane Eyre* is a very clever book. Indeed it is a book of decided power. The thoughts are true, sound, and original; and the style, though rude and uncultivated here and there, is resolute, straightforward, and to the purpose. There are faults, which we may advert to presently; but there are also many beauties, and the object and moral of the work is excellent. Without being professedly didactic, the writer's intention (amongst other things) seems to be, to show how intellect and unswerving integrity may win their way, although oppressed by that predominating influence in society which is a mere consequence of the accidents of birth or fortune. There are, it is true, in this autobiography (which though relating to a woman, we do not believe to have been written by a woman), struggles, and throes, and misgivings, such as must necessarily occur in a contest where the advantages are all on one side; but in the end, the honesty, kindness of heart, and perseverance of the heroine, are seen triumphant over every obstacle. We confess that we like an author who throws himself into the front of the battle, as the champion of the weaker party; and when this is followed up by bold and skilful soldier-ship, we are compelled to yield him our respect.

Whatever faults may be urged against the book, no one can assert that it is weak or vapid. It is anything but a fashionable novel. It has not a Lord Fanny for its hero, nor a Duchess for its pattern of nobility. The scene of action is never in Belgrave or Grosvenor square. The pages are scant of French and void of Latin. We hear nothing of Madame Maradan; we scent nothing of the bouquet de la Reine. On the contrary, the heroine is cast amongst the thorns and brambles of life;—an orphan; without money, without beauty, without friends;

thrust into a starving charity school; and fighting her way as governess, with few accomplishments. The hero, if so he may be called, is (or becomes) middle-aged, mutilated, blind, stern, and wilful. The sentences are of simple English; and the only fragrance that we encounter is that of the common garden flower, or the odour of Mr Rochester's cigar.

Taken as a novel or history of events, the book is obviously defective; but as an analysis of a single mind, as an elucidation of its progress from childhood to full age, it may claim comparison with any work of the same species. It is not a book to be examined, page by page, with the fictions of Sir Walter Scott or Sir Edward Lytton or Mr Dickens, from which (except in passages of character where the instant impression reminds us often of the power of the latter writer) it differs altogether. It should rather be placed by the side of the autobiographies of Godwin and his successors, and its comparative value may be then reckoned up, without fear or favour. There is less eloquence, or rather there is less rhetoric, and perhaps less of that subtle analysis of the inner human history, than the author of *Fleetwood* and *Mandeville* was in the habit of exhibiting; but there is, at the same time, more graphic power, more earnest human purpose, and a more varied and vivid portraiture of men and things.

The danger, in a book of this kind, is that the author, from an extreme love of his subject, and interest in the investigation of human motives, may pursue his analysis beyond what is consistent with the truth and vitality of his characters. In every book of fiction, the reader expects to meet with animated beings, complete in their structure, and active and mingling with the world; and he will accordingly reject a tale as spurious if he finds that the author, in his love of scientific research, has been merely putting together a metaphysical puzzle, when he should have been breathing into the nostrils of a living man.

The writer of *Jane Eyre* has in a great measure steered clear of this error (by no means altogether avoiding it), and the book is the better for it. But it is time to introduce the reader a little into the secrets of the story.

Jane Eyre is the daughter of a poor clergyman, and on the death of her parents is entrusted to the care of her mother's sister, the wife of Mr Reed, the wealthy owner of Gateshead Hall. Mr Reed, who appears to have entertained some kindness towards the orphan, unfortunately dies whilst she is yet in her infancy, and the child is then thrown upon the mercy of Mrs Reed and her children, by whom she is made to feel all the pangs and hardship of extreme dependence. Her only friend, at this time, is one of the servants, Bessie; a woman thoroughly well sketched, with just enough kindness towards Jane and regard for her own "situation" intermingled to make us feel her reality. Bessie reminds us of some of Fielding's minor characters; and indeed the novel itself, with its narrative and dialogues (none of them too clever for nature), in which Jane speaks of her "master" and addresses him with the respectful "Sir," often brings back to our recollection the famous history of Mrs Pamela Andrews and Mr B.

Being of a somewhat sturdy temper, and given to speak her mind indiscreetly, Jane becomes offensive to her aunt, who looks out for a penal settlement to which she may banish the young rebel; and at last finds one in 'Lowood Orphan Asylum,' an establishment founded by charity, supported by charity, and presided over by a certain Mr Brocklehurst, to whose merits (or demerits) we would fain direct the reader's attention. At Lowood there occurs a sad and tender episode, in the history of a poor girl, Helen Burns; at Lowood, also, we make acquaintance with Miss Temple, the good governess, delicately sketched; but Mr Brocklehurst is the genius of the place,—the cold luminary under whose influence the children of Lowood shrink and sicken. He it is who is left (by the indolence of the other governors) lord of the ascendant. He it is who sees that the teachers are sufficiently hard, the food scanty, the dress plain, and the punishments sufficiently severe. He is full of piety and pretence and cruelty,—bad "from top to toe,"—one of those detestable humbugs whom the hatred and contempt of all liberal men has hitherto failed to repress. It is not in the record, yet we know that Mr Brocklehurst has written pamphlets to stop all Sunday travelling, to prevent bakers from heating their ovens on the Sabbath-day, to punish the want of chastity in women and to excuse the men, and, in short, to denounce all sorts of immorality for which he himself has no peculiar relish.

After abiding during eight years at the Lowood School (the two last as teacher), our heroine arrives at the age of eighteen, and takes upon herself the duties of governess in a private family. And here the second and more serious "fytte" of *Jane Eyre's* pilgrimage commences. The first is devoted to the sufferings of childhood; the last to the struggles of a woman's life.

We do not think it fair towards an author to abridge his fiction and make it public; and therefore we shall refer our readers to the book itself, in order to ascertain the course of events. In drawing his

attention to particular parts, however, we are obliged to confess to him that the heroine has attached herself to a certain Mr Rochester, in whose family she is living; and that there is a rumour that the gentleman is already engaged to Miss Ingram, a lady of noble birth. He is a curious character, this Mr Rochester, and we are not sure that we are quite satisfied with the picture. He trifles with the single-hearted governess, who, after the absence of some weeks, returns to her place of residence, Thornfield Hall, and is received with a half-tender ambiguous welcome by its master. Her heart is at this time throbbing with the report of the intended marriage: "I, that evening, shut my eyes resolutely against the future: I stopped my ears against the voice that kept warning me of near separation and coming grief. When tea was over, and Mrs Fairfax had taken her knitting, and I had assumed a low seat near her, and Adèle, kneeling on the carpet, had nestled close up to me, and a sense of mutual affection seemed to surround us with a ring of golden peace, I uttered a silent prayer that we might not be parted far or soon; but when, as we thus sat, Mr Rochester entered, unannounced, and looking at us, seemed to take pleasure in the spectacle of a group so amicable—when he said he supposed the old lady was all right now that she had got her adopted daughter back again, and added that he saw Adèle was 'prête à croquer sa petite maman Anglaise'—I half ventured to hope that he would, even after his marriage, keep us together somewhere under the shelter of his protection, and not quite exiled from the sunshine of his presence."

"A fortnight of dubious calm succeeded my return to Thornfield Hall. Nothing was said of the master's marriage and I saw no preparation going on for such an event. Al most every day I asked Mrs Fairfax if she had yet heard anything decided: her answer was always in the negative. Once, she said, she had actually put the question to Mr Rochester as to when he was going to bring his bride home; but he had answered her only by a joke, and one of his queer looks, and she could not tell what to make of him.

"One thing specially surprised me, and that was, there were no journeyings backward and forward, no visits to Ingram Park: to be sure it was twenty miles off, on the borders of another county; but what was that distance to an ardent lover? To so practised and indefatigable a horseman as Mr Rochester, it would be but a morning's ride. I began to cherish hopes I had no right to conceive: that the match was broken off; that rumour had been mistaken; that one or both parties had changed their minds. I used to look at my master's face, to see if it were sad or fierce; but I could not remember the time when it had been so uniformly clear of clouds or evil feelings. If, in the moments I and my pupil spent with him, I lacked spirits and sank into inevitable dejection, he became even gay. Never had he called me more frequently to his presence; never been kinder to me when there—and, alas! never had I loved him so well."

The following appears to us to be a charming picture of an English summer evening:

"A splendid Midsummer shone over England: skies so pure, suns so radiant as were then seen in long succession, seldom favour, even singly, our wave-girt land. It was as if a band of Italian days had come from the South, like a flock of glorious passenger birds, and lighted to rest them on the cliffs of Albion. The hay was all got in; the fields round Thornfield were green and shorn; the roads white and baked; the trees were in their dark prime: hedge and wood, full-leaved and deeply tinted, contrasted well with the sunny hue of the cleared meadows between.

"On Midsummer-eve, Adèle, weary with gathering wild strawberries in Hay-Lane half the day, had gone to bed with the sun. I watched her drop asleep, and when I left her I sought the garden.

"It was now the sweetest hour of the twenty-four:—'Day its fervid fires had wasted,' and dew fell cool on panting plain and scorched summit. Where the sun had gone down in simple state—pure of the pomp of clouds—spread a solemn purple, burning with the light of red jewel and furnace flame at one point, on one hill-peak, and extending high and wide, soft and still softer, over half heaven. The east had its own charm of fine, deep blue, and its own modest gem, a rising and solitary star: soon it would boast the moon; but she was yet beneath the horizon.

"I walked awhile on the pavement; but a subtle, well-known scent—that of a cigar—stole from some window; I saw the library casement open a handbreadth; I knew I might be watched thence; so I went apart into the orchard. No nook in the grounds more sheltered and more Eden-like; it was full of trees, it bloomed with flowers: a very high wall shut it out from the court, on one side; on the other, a beech avenue screened it from the lawn. At the bottom was a sunk fence; its sole separation from lonely fields: a winding walk, bordered with laurels and terminating in a giant horse-chestnut, circled at the base by a seat, led down to the fence. Here one could wander unseen. While such honey-due fell, such silence reigned, such gloaming gathered, I felt as if I could haunt such shade for ever: but in threading the flower and fruit-parterres at the upper part of the enclosure, enticed there by the light the now rising-moon casts on this more open quarter, my step is stayed—not by sound, not by sight, but once more by a warning fragrance.

"Sweet-briar and southern-wood, jasmine, pink, and rose have long been yielding their evening sacrifice of incense: this new scent is neither of shrub nor flower; it is—I know it well—it is Mr Rochester's cigar. I look round and I listen. I see trees laden with ripening fruit. I hear a nightingale warbling in a wood half a mile off; no moving form is visible, no coming step audible; but that perfume increases: I must flee. I make for the wicket leading to the shrubbery, and I see Mr Rochester entering. I step aside into the ivy recess; he will not stay long: he will soon return whence he came, and if I sit still he will never see me.

"But no—eventide is as pleasant to him as to me, and this antique garden as attractive; and he strolls on, now lifting the gooseberry-tree branches to look at the fruit, large as plums, with which they are laden; now taking a ripe cherry from the wall; now stooping towards a knot of flowers, either to inhale their fragrance or to admire the dew beads on their petals. A great moth goes humming by me; it alights on a plant at Mr Rochester's feet: he sees it, and bends to examine it.

"'Now, he has his back towards me,' thought I, 'and he is occupied too; perhaps, if I walk softly, I can slip away unnoticed.'

"I trode on an edging of turf that the crackle of the pebbly gravel might not betray me: he was standing among the beds at a yard or two distant from where I had to pass; the moth