

'The eyes of the Eagle have the glare of those of the Lion . . . they are equally fierce, bold, and intractable', and he devotes a large heading figure to the Golden Eagle.<sup>26</sup> In Charlotte's words, it 'looks on the gazer, life-like, free and bold'.

These, then, are the illustrations which ten-year-old Jane Eyre is absorbed in, that drear November afternoon, as the Brontë children and so many others in that century had been at much the same age. Every reader will find his appreciation of the novel deepened by an acquaintance with the words and the visual images which Charlotte Brontë had in mind, and which, though hidden from our day, were in hers matters of 'household' knowledge to a very wide range of the reading public, 'the young, the middle-aged, and the old' of the *British Quarterly Review* in 1845.

Joan Stevens

## APPENDIX

### LINES ON BEWICK

The cloud of recent death is past away,  
But yet a shadow lingers o'er his tomb  
To tell that the pale standard of decay  
Is reared triumphant o'er life's sullied bloom.  
But not the eye bedimmed by tears may gaze  
On the fair lines his gifted pencil drew,  
The tongue unfaltering speak its meed of praise  
When we behold those scenes to Nature true—  
True to the common Nature that we see  
In England's sunny fields, her hills and vales,  
On the wild bosom of her storm-dark sea  
Still heaving to the wind that o'er it waifs.  
How many winged inhabitants of air,  
How many plume-clad floaters of the deep,  
The mighty artist drew in forms as fair  
As those that now the skies and waters sweep;  
From the great eagle, with his lightning eye,  
His tyrant glance, his talons dyed in blood,  
To the sweet breather-forth of melody,  
The gentle merry minstrel of the wood.  
Each in his attitude of native grace  
Looks on the gazer life-like, free and bold,  
And if the rocks be his abiding place  
Far off appears the winged marauder's hold.  
But if the little builder rears his nest  
In the still shadow of green tranquil trees,  
And singing sweetly 'mid the silence blest  
Sits a meet emblem of untroubled peace,  
'A change comes o'er the spirit of our dream,'—  
Woods wave around in crested majesty;  
We almost feel the joyous sunshine's beam  
And hear the breath of the sweet south go by.