

treatment of artists, which argued much for the intelligence of the patrons. Rubens (who was employed in negotiations) carried his art with such a high hand, that it seems doubtful whether he was an ambassador condescending to be an artist, or an artist submitting to be an ambassador. His pupil Vandyke married the daughter of a British Earl. It has been said, that architecture was not appreciated, though good architects were employed. The court had the good fortune to light on a man of genius; but his pay, they say, shows what was thought of his art. Now it is true, that Inigo Jones, as Surveyor of the Works, had but eight and four-pence a day, and forty-six pounds per annum for house-rent, a clerk, and extras. But it remains to be shown how long he was occupied in the business of his office. Genius deserves all it can get, but it may be countenanced in a variety of ways; and if it grow wealthy at last, as Inigo did, nobody can complain. The Royal countenance procured him a great deal of employment; and Ben Jonson accuses him of thinking himself of so much importance as to aspire to be made a Marquis. The jealous poet, whose masques he ornamented too well with his machinery, condescended to write a satire, in which he reproaches him with commencing life with "forty pounds a year in pipkins." Jones might have had a large sum of money given him for every design; but his profits would then have become enormous, and beyond all proportion. There appears to be considerable justice, upon the whole, in the treatment which genius experiences from the world. Fashion may over-do the thing one way, and superiority to a man's age be a drawback another; but there is fair play in the main. An architect is obliged to get money like a builder; but he has the honour besides, and more profit. The painter, though he has workmen also in his pupils, labours hard himself, and gets profit in the same manner. Rubens had three thousand pounds for painting the ceiling of the Banqueting house. The poet is apt to get least of all; but this is owing partly to the causes before alluded to, and partly to the greater volatility of his temperament. He is not so accommodating to others, nor so prudent in himself. He takes a wider range of thought and imagination, gets more pleasures in that airy circle, and if he gets more sorrows likewise, looks for a more exalted fame, and feels himself to be one of the dictators of posterity. If all this does not make up to him for what he endures, the nature of things renders it necessary that more good should be got out of him than out of any other artist, because all the world can read books and profit by them; whereas few of us can see fine pictures; and fine architecture is still rarer, and of less importance. The poet must content himself with the noble fatality of his destiny, and look for reward elsewhere. It is his sympathies with the many that keeps him poor,—the most honourable of all poverties. It is clear from all history, that great poets might be as rich as any other men of genius; but they have always some starting point in them, tangible in some way or other to the demands of the many, and liable to carry them off from their success. This was the case with Dante, Petrarch, and Milton, with Spenser (though his sympathy took an awkward direction, and must needs subject him to the anger of the Irish), with Chancer, who got into a four years' imprisonment in his old age for being a Wickliffite, with the patriot Greek poets; and more or less with almost every poet of eminence. Even the best courtiers among them contrive to remain poor. A dramatist has the best chance; for the wider his sympathy, the greater chance the pit have of liking him: and it was a theatre that made Shakespeare rich.

The lamentation respecting the little pay of Court architects—I believe there is no such lamentation now, whoever the architect may be—has been renewed in speaking of Sir Christopher Wren. The salary of this excellent person "for building St. Paul's from the foundation, was not more (as appears from the public accounts) than two hundred pounds per annum; his allowance for building all the parochial churches of the city of London was about a hundred per annum, and the same for the repairs of Westminster Abbey; he was director and chief architect of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich gratis, and cheerfully contributed to that work his time, labour, and skill, for several years, without salary, emolument, or reward; preferring in this, as in every other passage of his life, the public service to his own private advantage." (*Seward's Anecdotes*, quoted by Dr. Drake in the notes to his interesting edition of the *Tatler*: vol. 2. p. 13.) This looks formidable enough. It is true that Sovereigns are fond of cheap payments for everybody but themselves; but still, if the art they countenance is such a one as fashion and private interest can employ, the artist stands a good chance of becoming rich. Sir Christopher, *Drummond*, did so in spite of the time he spent in drawing plans for *George*. He was a Member of the House of Commons in two

broken on purpose. It was remaining in his time, "and was a door to a small additional building of late date." Most likely it is still in being. This was the hour of Charles's life which did him most credit. Cromwell might have envied it at the close of his usurpation. Marvell, a lover of liberty, has done it justice:—

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
With his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his hapless right;
But gently laid his head
Down, as upon a bed.

When will a Court-poet write such verses upon a Freeman?

After a "sullen interval" on the part of Cromwell (who nevertheless got softened by the court air, drank his wine freely, and had "cunning musicians" to play and sing to him*) in came "Bacchus and his revellers,"—Rochester's wits, and Grammont's maids of honour. Charles the Second, who somehow or other has contrived to be a favourite with some very regular moralists as well as politicians—(Sir Walter Scott, for instance, and Dr. Johnson)—had in fact many excuses for his general conduct, setting aside even the usual indulgence allowed to kings in matters of pleasure. He had gone through a series of early experiences, very injurious to a sense of the dignity and hopefulness of human nature. The sharpness of adversity, joined to his natural acuteness, must often have enabled him to see too far even into the spirit of loyalty, which did him such romantic services. His little Court, while in exile, was a perpetual scene of jealousies and complaints; and the sudden tide of homage and popularity which rushed to meet him on the change of his fortune, must have contributed to give no pleasanter turn to the early furrows cut in his face by doubt and anxiety. He is called "the merry Monarch;" but mirth in him, as in many others, was set off by a ground of melancholy. The French vivacity and voluptuousness, which he inherited on the mother's side, had a certain hang-dog contradiction in it derived from his father. He loved repose still better than enjoyment. "Sauntering," said one of his companions, "was the true Sultana queen he delighted in." He was often seen in the Park, accompanied by his dogs, and feeding the ducks he kept there: and he would chat familiarly with the people, which made them love him. In Pennant's London is a picture of the then state of the parade and Horse-guards, with his Majesty attended by his peers and his puppies.

Most of Charles's mistresses had lodgings within the precincts of Whitehall. It was one enormous magazine of princes and their household officers, civil and military, cooks, wine-cellars, bowling-grounds, tennis-grounds, pimps, gamblers, lords, and ladies of all sorts. Dryden, in an epilogue written the year before his death, though he appears always to have retained a liking for his old master and his "fair words," does not mince the matter. Speaking of the licentiousness of that time, he says,—

The sin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The scandal of the sin was wholly new.
Misses there were, but modestly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd;
Where standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
The Strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.

The scandal drew in its horns in the time of James the Second, who had more of the Jesuit in him; but the time was now approaching when the bustle of Whitehall was to be broken up, and the place no longer to be a seat of royalty. James was obliged to write a letter to his invader William, inviting him to take up his abode at St. James's. The invitation was accepted, and his Majesty in return advised to take his departure from Whitehall. William the Third resided in other palaces; and the only visible part now remaining of the old establishment is the Banqueting-house, which has long been converted into a chapel.

* Cromwell took delight in a good voice, and had a church organ, which the Puritans put down at Oxford, privately set up for his amusement at one of the palaces.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Private Memoirs or Confessions of a Justified Sinner. Written by Himself. With a full and curious Traditinary Facts, and other Evidence, by the Editor.

We owe this very singular production, happier possibly in its thought than its execution, to the Ettrick Shepherd. It is an attempt at one of those mystifications in which the Scottish school has been recently so fruitful; and its principal defect is, that with much elaboration in the assumption of disguise, no one can be deceived for a moment. In other respects, the strong hand of Mr.

supposed that Charles the First went to the scaffold from the west windows of the Banqueting-house. But he was wrong. Pennant informs us, that a passage was

Hogg is often recognisable; and a surprising lack of probability, or even possibility, is accompanied with a portion of mental force and powerful delineation, which denote the conception and the hand of a master.

The idea, considering the country and situation of Mr. HOGG, is a bold one; the more especial and darling doctrines of Calvinism being the objects attacked, and particularly the spiritual fatalism connected with the notions of election, reprobation, and faith independent of works. The Confessions are presumed to be those of a sombre enthusiast, who is led into the murder of a brother and a mother, under the unmediata inspiration of these tenets, operating upon a diseased and melancholy temperament. The result is a practical fanaticism, similar to that of the far-famed cobbler of Messina, who took it into his head that he had a divine commission to put every one out of the way whose existence he deemed injurious to society. We need not say, that Mr. HOGG is borne out by much evidence on record of the baneful tendency of these supralapsarian sentiments, which mislead his hero both negatively and positively;—negatively, in the production of despair; positively, of arrogance, cruelty, and presumption. The mind of the most innocent and harmless of men, COWPER, is distracted with the apprehension of eternal torments on his own part; while the fanatic of more rigid nerve and firmer organization luxuriates in the damnation of every one else,* and, satisfied of the eternal torture of a victim in the next world, feels an irresistible propensity to indulge him with a foretaste in the present. The latter of these is precisely the "justified sinner" of Mr. Hogg.

The book opens with the Editor's account of the extraordinary marriage of a Scottish Laird with a babe of grace, so spiritually opposed to him, that a sort of separation takes place from the wedding-day, which does not however prevent the birth of two sons, the eldest of whom is taken into the special care of his open-hearted father, while the latter is reared in all the gloomy fanaticism of his mother and her bosom friend and director, a certain fanatical minister. So far plausible: the source of rancorous religious enmity between the brothers is well imagined, and the narrative of the murder, as it appeared to common eyes, interestingly detailed; but when, by a little artificial contrivance, we get possession of the murderer's confessions, the author flies off in a tangent; for instead of the operation of opinion upon mind and action, we are indulged with a tale of German *diablerie*, and introduced to a twin-brother of the Mephistopheles of Faust, one Gil Martin, which introduction transforms the hero at once into a madman, at the expence of a great portion of the implied instruction. We may perceive, indeed, the sort of visions which may colour insanity of a particular description; but that is all. The Elect will observe, that it is not fair to create a madman, and attribute the effects of delusion to their doctrine; and the Ettrick Shepherd will have nothing to reply, save that persons of their way of thinking are liable to go mad in the way which he has described; which is not very wide of the fact; for women have cut their children's throats in fulfilment of the fiat which ordained their eternal happiness, and poisoned their husbands because they were palpably rejected of God. Unhappily, however, Mr. HOGG is not content either with the internal development of a disastrous principle, or with the introduction of a demon, who, like the unrivalled demon of GOETHE, is a shadowy personification of the evil tendencies of our nature. His counterpart, Gil Martin, is a very positive personage, and in many respects a mere vulgar devil, and every way befitting a lunatic, who, being satisfied past doubt that he is one of the *sealed*, thinks himself clear of sin in the subsequent murder of his brother. The Scottish Devil, too, has no atmosphere created for him; and therefore gasps in the ordinary scenes of common life for a more natural element. In short, he is only the exclusive perception of a madman, instead of a being of the poet's mind, created for an object and an end. Mr. Hogg's religious compatriots will discover this, and he will hear of it.

Having discharged our conscience in regard to general plan and adaptation of means to end, we may be allowed to observe, that this fiction has the great merit of fixing attention. Its philosophy, on the other hand, is exceedingly defective; and Mr. HOGG, like many more, makes himself on the *cheveu de frise* of Calvinism, by combatting under the theological disguise of election and reprobation the impregnable doctrine of necessity itself. It is one thing to produce an undeniable generation of events, another to connect it with eternal burning; and we suspect that in reference to the much disputed question of freewill, Mr. HOGG, in his contempt for theology and metaphysics, has never read a syllable on the subject. We gather from him, that every man is the child of his own creation, and may do or say what he pleases. If he can say as much of himself, well; but let him first pause and consider whether he has not more than once favoured himself with an unintended head-ach after spending the

previous evening with Christopher North and Co.? This query reminds us of an anecdote of Foote and Macklin. The latter gave lectures, on the Drama we believe, which the former attended with a view to ridicule. Aware of this intention, Macklin thus addressed the wag: "Clever as you are, Mr. Foote, you do not know what I am going to say." "No," replied Foote; "do you?" This was tart; and yet we suspect that the alleged case of Macklin is essentially that of the whole of us. In a word, until we can create that which governs impulse, we are the creatures of necessity. Mr. Owen has some notions of taking that government upon himself, and when fully established in office, *dele* 'necessity' and read 'Owen.' Will the Ettrick Shepherd, in the plenitude of his free-will, inform us what he intends to think on this subject next year? We are much inclined to believe that even the consequences of the appearance of his own book will render him inadequate to the anticipation. When in this sense man resolves, "the spirits of the wise," as the Royal Hal has it, "sit in the clouds and mock him." Mr. HOGG may be consoled, for although *his* theory was an opposite one, they laughed loudly at Napoleon. Q

SIR F. BURDETT.—REFORM.

The following letter was read to the Meeting of the Catholic Association in Dublin, on Saturday last.

SIR,—On my return from a visit to the country, I found lying on my table your letter, informing me of the honor done me by the vote of thanks of the Catholic Association. Accept, Sir, mine, in return for the very handsome manner in which you have made the communication; and assure the Gentlemen of the Association that they may rely on my most strenuous exertions, whenever an opportunity is afforded of promoting their just claims on behalf of their countrymen, and the advancement of the great cause of civil and religious liberty, inseparable therefrom, and in which they are so honourably engaged—that I fully participate in all their views, and sympathise in all their feelings, and that nothing shall be wanting on my part to advance, as far as I may be able, the one, or to give effect and satisfaction to the other; that, in my opinion, every principle of good faith, reason, and sound policy, imperiously demand it.

The people of Ireland, without regard to religious distinction, called upon, as they are, and performing, as they do, equal duties, can never be denied, on equitable or constitutional principles, equal rights. It is this fundamental maxim of the English law which made my Lord Coke call it "the best inheritance of the subject," the inheritance of inheritance, adding, "*Major hereditas venit unicuique nostrum, a Jure et legibus, quam a parentibus.*" To carry this maxim universally into effect, and see it universally applied alike to Irishmen, Englishmen, and Scotchmen, and secured by the only means by which it can be practically established, that is, by means of a FAIR AND EQUAL REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE of the United Kingdom in the Commons House of Parliament, is the first wish, the most earnest prayer, and most ardent pursuit of,

Sir, your most obedient, and very humble Servant,

St. James's-place, 22d July, 1824.
To Stephen Coppingier, Esq.

F. BURDETT.

SIR THOMAS LETHBRIDGE AND THE LANDED INTEREST.

Any one who is acquainted with the constitution of the House of Commons, and who observes, at the same time, in what manner it performs its legislative duties, cannot but know that there is no body of men within its walls whose talents and knowledge are so utterly insignificant as those of the Country Gentlemen—none whose power is so great—certainly none whose power is used for more objectionable purposes. The Corn Laws and the Game Laws are trophies of the wisdom and justice of the Squires of former days; and the Squires of this day seem to be resolved, that, as far as they are concerned, those trophies shall be imperishable. The prejudices of the fathers have been transmitted, as carefully as their title-deeds, to the sons; and while every other class of the community has shared in the improved knowledge and improved feeling of these latter years, the children of the soil have anxiously cherished each antiquated absurdity, and clung with filial piety to every paternal error. To them "*light never comes, which comes to all.*" Loyal they call themselves to the House of Brunswick, and to the British Constitution; but their loyalty is not of a very long standing, for they were notoriously attached to the House of Stuart, during the reigns of George I. and II. and only transferred their affections to the new dynasty, when it began to act upon the principles of the old one. When they speak of their loyalty to the Constitution, they mean an attachment to the sources of patronage and power,—to the Test and Corporation Acts—to Game Laws, Corn Laws, Usury Laws,—to an endless list of capital felonies, to the discretionary powers of a Justice of Peace, to irresponsible authority, and the duties on foreign wool. For the sciences, generally, they have perhaps not much respect; but the sciences of political economy they mortally detest, because its conclusions are directly in the teeth of their own favourite doctrines. Of all men living, they hate the Member for Aberdeen; and no poor Erin-go-bragh peasant of Munster or Connaught execrates more heartily the "*glorious and immortal memory*," than the country gentlemen abhor the memory of Mr. Ricardo. During the last Session, they have been greatly alarmed by all those manifestations of liberal feeling on the part of Ministers, which have done the Executive so much honour. The halcyon days of Lord Castlereagh's Ministry, or

* Faced much sweetness in reading Edwards on the Eternal Damnation of Sinners.—*Missouri Journal.*