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 architect condescending to be an artist, or an artist condescending to be an architect. 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 fees provided for in the King's 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 much more important 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 pickpits." 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. The great figures in architecture are considerable, upon the whole, in the treatment which genius experiences from the world. Fashion may overdo 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 worked all his life and talent, has not the Honour of being a painter, and the sudden tide of fame and popularity which rushed to meet him on the change of his fortune, must have contributed to give no pleasure than the early farrows cut in his face by doubt and anxiety. He called it "the merry Monarch," but much in him, as in many others, was set off by a ground of melancholy. The French virility and valutumpness, 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. "Saunder," said one of his companions, "was the true Sultana queen he delighted in." He was often seen in the Park, accompanied by dogs, and feeding the ducks he kept them in a pond, that he might conveniently with the peace of the place and the love he loved. In Peckham's 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 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 to the Sons of Stella she did shine; To her, the Stenope did 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 approach'd when the bustle of Whitehall was to be broken up, and the place no longer to be a seat of royalty. James was oblig'd to write a letter to his invader William, inviting him to follow up his abbots at St. James's, and he went down to Westminster Abbey, where he was made to take his departure from Whitehall. William the Third resided in other palaces; and the only visible part remaining of the 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 Portraits put down at Oxford, prithee set up for his amusement at one of the palaces.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Private Memoirs of Confessions of an Infatuated Sinner. Written by Himself. With a list of curious traditionary facts, and other

We own this very singular production, happier possibly in its thought than its execution, to the Patriarch Shepherd. It is an attempt at one of those mystifications in which the whole church has been so recently so fruitful; and its principal delight is, that we had much elaboration in the assumption of disguise, no one being deceived for a moment. In other
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 a 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 hand-some manner in which you have made the connection and assured the Gentlemen of the Association that I may rely on my 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, independence, and freedom in which they are so honestly engaged, I shall, if I possibly can, fully participate in the operations of good faith, justice, and soundness, to which I so much demand it.

The interests of Ireland, without regard to religious distinction, call upon us, as they are, and performing, as they do, equal duties, can never be better than on constitutional principles, equal rights, which is the fundamental maxim of the British Constitution. If, therefore, the Lord Coke call the inheritance of inheritor, the inheritance of inheritance, and any one of the 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

St. James's-place, 18th July, 1824.
To Stephen Cogging, Esq.

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 be struck with the fact that no one of those 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 price of the land which are as full and as rich as that of the house of Commons. The Squires of this day seem to be resolved, that, as far as they are concerned, those trophies shall be perpetual. The prejudices of the fathers have been transmuted, as carelessly as their tule-deeds, to the sons; and while every other evil is steadily increasing, the feeling of these latter years, the children of the soil have anxiously cherished each antiquated absurdity, and plunged with full pity to every paternal error. To them “light never comes to them in their darkness.”

It is the duty of the House of Commons, as an appeal to the British, 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 reign of George 1st, and 11, and then transferred their affection to the Whigs, who, by the bequest of the old one. They speak of their loyalty to the Constitution, they mean an attachment to the source of patronage and power, to the Test and Corporation Acts, to the Corn Laws, to the Game Laws, to a standing army of judges, and a standing army of executors. The landed gentleman is not the man who thinks of being a heretic, nor is he the man who thinks of being a libel. Aberdonian and no poor Scotch-bred peasant of Dumfriesshire executes more heartily the “glorious and immortal” duty of country gentlemen abhor the memory of that by all the liberal feeling on the part of Minsters, whom they have done so much honor. The halcyon days of Lord Castlereagh.