

the King, in 1644, raised the *poore commo-*  
*lads* to oppose the army commanded by  
Lord Fairfax. By continuing strictly in  
his loyalty during the whole of the civil  
war he had his estates sequestrated, and  
was subjected to many other hardships.  
until the period of the Restoration. Roger  
Grosvenor, Esq., his eldest son, had his  
estate sequestrated at the same time. In  
1659, when the Royalists mediated a gene-  
ral intercession in favour of their exiled  
sovereign, Charles II, he was ready and  
prepared, in Wales, as one of their leaders;  
and, in 1669, in consideration of his un-  
shaken attachment to the crown, he was  
one of the thirteen gentlemen of Cheshire  
who were nominated to be knights of the  
Royal Oak, when the restored sovereign  
proposed the institution of that order as  
an honorary reward to several of his  
friends. This gentleman unfortunately  
lost his life in a duel in 1681, and conse-  
quently his brother, Thomas, succeeded to  
the title and estate in 1684.

Sir Thomas was one of the representa-  
tives in Parliament for the city of Chester,  
in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and  
William III., and was Mayor of Chester  
in 1685. In that year he had the honour  
to command a troop in the Earl of Shrews-  
bury's regiment of horse, then encamped  
on Hounslow Heath; and when the Bill  
was brought into the House of Commons  
for repealing the penal laws and test acts,  
he was cloaked by the King, and offered  
the regiment and a peerage for his assent.  
This offer, splendid as it was, he refused,  
nobly preferring the religion and liberty of  
his country to all the distinctions that  
might be purchased by their sacrifice. He  
resigned his commission, went to the  
House, and gave his vote against the Bill.  
Sir Richard, his second son and suc-  
cessor, was lord of the manor of Wymon-  
deley, in the county of Hertford; by vir-  
tue of which, he, at the coronation of  
George II., acted as grand cup-bearer of  
England, presenting the first cup of wine  
to his Majesty after he was crowned, and  
receiving the cup as his fee. Dying without  
issue, though he had been twice married,  
he was succeeded, respectively, by his bro-  
ther, Thomas, and Robert.  
Richard, the son of Robert, and the  
seventh baronet, was created Lord Gros-

venor, Baron Grosvenor, of Eaton, in the  
county palatine of Chester, by patent, on  
the 8th of April 1761; and on the 5th of  
July 1784, he was advanced to the digni-  
ties of Viscount Belgrave and Earl Gros-  
venor. His Lordship, who officiated as  
great cup-bearer of England at the corona-  
tion of George III., was some time Jai-  
cant Colonel of the Cheshire militia; and  
he had the honour of being created Doctor  
of Laws by the University of Oxford in  
full convocation. He married Henrietta,  
daughter of Henry Vernon, of Hilton, in  
the county of Stafford, Esq., by whom he  
had four sons: Richard, born in 1765, and  
died in 1766; Robert, the present Earl,  
born on the 22d of March 1767; Thomas  
and Richard, who died in their infancy.  
His Lordship died on the 5th of August  
1802, and was succeeded by his only sur-  
viving son Robert.

This nobleman, several years, a member  
of the House of Commons, had been dis-  
tinguished as an occasional speaker. In  
1781 he was appointed one of the Lords  
Commissioners of the Admiralty, an office  
which he held till the 9th of June 1791.  
His Lordship married, on the 9th of  
April 1793, Eleanor Egerton, only daugh-  
ter of Thomas, Earl of Wilton, by whom  
he has three sons and a daughter: Richard,  
Viscount Belgrave, born January 27, 1795;  
Thomas, on whom the earldom of Wilton  
is entailed, born December 30, 1799; Ro-  
bert, born April 24, 1801; and Amelia,  
born July 19, 1802.—It is scarcely ne-  
cessary to mention, that his Lordship is  
another of those English noblemen who  
take an honourable pride in the patronage  
of our native artists.

Richard, Viscount Belgrave, eldest son  
and heir apparent to the title and estates  
of Earl Grosvenor, married, on the 18th  
of September 1819, Lady Elizabeth, the  
youngest daughter of George, Marquis of  
Stafford, and of Elizabeth, Countess of  
Sutherland. By this lady he has had, we  
believe, four children, three of whom are  
living.  
Admired in the brilliant circles of fa-  
shion, and beloved in the sweeter privacy  
of domestic life, Lady Belgrave has ever  
been regarded as one of the purest models  
of feminine worth.

CONTEMPORARY POETS, AND WRITERS OF FICTION.

No. I.—INTRODUCTORY.

"Fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place;  
Delightfully dwells he among fays and fairies,  
And spins, and delightfully divides  
Discutes, being himself divine."

Poetry is not always fiction, nor is fic-  
tion always poetry; yet poets and romance  
writers possess so many points in common,  
their characters are so essentially similar,  
that we are disposed to regard them as  
of the same genus. Some of the finest  
poetry in our language is without metre—  
most soul-thrilling romance consists of the  
richly-embodied conceptions of poetic  
mind. The slightest sketch in verse has  
occasionally given birth to successive vo-  
lumes of fiction in prose; whilst poets,  
dramatic poets especially, have at all  
times freely availed themselves of such  
materials as they could appropriate from  
the fairy regions of universal romance.  
To our ancient dramatists, the tales of  
Italy and France proved an inexhaustible  
mine of wealth. "They are," observes a  
modern writer, "the ingredient from which  
Shakespeare, and other enchanters of his  
day, have distilled those magical drops  
which tend so much to sweeten the lot of  
humanity, by occasionally withdrawing the  
mind from the cold and naked realities of  
life, to visionary scenes, and visionary  
bliss."

Our first authors, our greatest philoso-  
phers, have not disdained to thread the  
flowery mazes of fiction, to lap themselves  
in her soft Elysium, to pay due homage  
to the presiding spirit of the hour. The  
sentiments of Lord Bacon, upon such a  
subject, constitute of themselves an in-  
valuable store of argument. "As the active  
world," remarks his Lordship, "is inferior  
to the rational soul, so *fiction* gives to  
mankind what history denies, and in some  
measure satisfies the mind with shadows  
upon a narrow inspection, *fiction* strongly  
shows, that a greater variety of things, a  
more perfect order, a more beautiful va-  
riety, than can any where be found in  
nature, is pleasing to the mind. And as  
real history gives us not the success of  
things according to the deserts of vice and  
virtue, *fiction* corrects it, and presents us  
with the fates and fortunes of persons re-  
warded or punished according to merit.  
And as real history dispicts us with a  
familiar and constant similitude of things,  
*fiction* relieves us by unexpected turns and  
changes, and thus not only delights, but  
instructs morally and nobleness of soul.  
It raises the mind by accommodating the  
images of things to our desires, and, not  
like history, and reason, subjecting the  
mind to things."  
If those remarks were just in Lord  
Bacon's day, they are more strikingly,  
more forcibly just at the present time,  
when works of fiction have attained a  
degree of beauty, of excellence, and of  
importance far beyond what could have  
been anticipated then. In our humble  
opinion, it is not too much to say, that,  
to the poets and romance writers of the  
nineteenth century we are more deeply  
indebted for those accurate perceptions of  
the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime  
in nature—for the love and the diffusion  
of literature—for the sincere and anxious  
search after truth, in the history and an-  
tiquities of our country, which now almost  
universally prevail, than to any other class  
of men. Literature and science, poetry and  
the fine arts, are, in their truest sense, in-  
separably connected with admiration of  
truth and respect for virtue. We deem it  
hardly possible to study a fine poem, a  
fine picture, or a fine statue, without be-  
coming both wiser and better—without a  
delightful consciousness of the mind's en-  
largement, to embrace and emulate as it

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\* Vide Donovan's History of Fiction.  
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were the *beau idéal* of moral beauty and goodness. Poetry, more particularly, measured or unmeasured, we contemplate as

"The spirit's ladder,  
That from this gross and visible world of dust  
Elevates to the airy world, with thousand  
rungs  
Builds itself up, on which the unseen powers  
Move up and down on heavenly ministrars—  
The oracles in the circles, that approach  
The central sun with ever narrowing orbit."

Without apology, then, we shall, in the series of sketches we are about to offer to the fair readers of *LA BEATISSIME ASSURANCE*, exhibit, on the suggestion of fancy, or on the demand of circumstance, such literary portraits of our contemporaries, whether poets or romance writers, as may seem most conducive to premeditated objects. Those objects are the cultivation, the development, and the consequent reward of genius; and, above all, by an excitement to inquiry, and a diffusion of taste and judgment, to meliorate, expand, and elevate the human mind.

There are those who talk of the declension, and of the inferiority of modern poetry—there are those who contend "that works of imagination must necessarily decline as civilization advances"—there are those who would fain persuade us that the descriptions and

"The fair humanities of old religion,  
The powers, the beauty, and the majesty,  
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,  
Of forest, by slow stream or goblin spring,  
Or chasm and watery depths,

have vanished, and are no more! Such is not our creed. To all this, indeed, the present age gives a direct and palpable negative. Not only is the poetic spirit more vivid, more ardent, and more extensively diffused than in past times—not only is our own era more generally enlightened and elevated in its ideas—but virtue itself has made more rapid strides—moral and intellectual energy was never at any former period so active, or so successful in its operations.

To what are these advantages to be ascribed? In a great measure, we conceive, to the high patronage with which the fine arts have been honoured in the late and in the present reign—to the action and re-

action between literature and the arts, and to their combined influence upon the human mind.

Painting, comprehensively considered, may be termed a species of poetry, and poetry a species of painting. Their effects are amazingly similar. The connexion of those sister arts, their influence upon each other, and their common influence upon the nature of man, from the monarch on his throne to the peasant in his cot, will be more obvious if we reflect upon the delight which, as children, we derived from the sight of a mere sign-post lamb, or from the perusal of, or listening to the verriest doggerel of the nursery. In infancy the mind is unutilitated; to a certain extent it remains so, throughout life, amongst the unlettered classes of society; and, consequently, the village sign-post and the village rhyme continue to charm the rustic till his latest hour.

On the other hand, the more highly we are educated—the more our mind becomes enlarged by observation and study—the more fastidious is our taste. This would be a misfortune rather than an advantage, were it not that, in proportion to the fastidiousness of our taste is the exquisite-ness of our enjoyment when we happen to be blessed in the contemplation of finished productions. The principle of enjoyment is the same, its effects are similar; the difference is not in quality, but in degree.

Again, the painter, imbued with a kindred genius, and luxuriating amidst the wild or the beautiful, the terrific or the sublime imagery of the poet, conceives a desire to transfer his glowing conceptions to canvas, to deck them in all the rich and brilliant hues of nature. The poet, not less susceptible, drinks large draughts of inspiration at the font of pictorial art; and, gazing enraptured on the bright landscape, he pours forth his soul in the lofty imaginings of immortal verse. The sight of a Rembrandt might almost create a Milton; the perusal of Dante might elicit, in their utmost vigour, the dark, mysterious, magic powers of Fuseli.

Apparently, the French enjoy a clear perception of the accordance referred to between poetry and painting. Thus, one of their writers, some years ago, drew

parallels of Michael Angelo and Corneille, Raphael and Racine, Leonardo da Vinci and Boileau, Le Sueur and Moliere, Correggio and La Fontaine, Donnachino and Pascal, &c. The idea might be pursued with advantage; for instance, Gaspar Pousin and Lord Byron, with many others, might be brought before us; but, approaching as we are, the verge of our hints, we must, though reluctantly, abandon painting, and confine ourselves to poetry alone. A few more lines, and we have done.

The inferiority of modern verse, and the necessity that vigour and originality in our bard must decline as civilization advances, are, as already intimated, abundantly disproved by the productions of the present day. As long as nature exists, poetry must exist also. We perfectly agree with Miss Seward, who, only a few brief years ago, was regarded as one of the oracles of her time—one of the brightest stars of our literary hemisphere—that "poetic fancy is inexhaustible. Whoever possesses it from nature," she observes, "and looks at her scenes, and all their endless varieties, with his own eyes, rather than applying to them the recollected descriptions of other poets; whoever moralizes and philosophizes life, and its events, from lynx-eyed observation and sensitive feeling, and, while he is writing, banishes all recollection of the writings of his predecessors, will always produce poetry, interesting, nervous, and original." Aye, truly so! "To the eye of young joy, the earth is as fresh as at the first—the tender dew-drops is lit up as it was in Eden—and 'tis splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower; yet glitters as in the earliest spring-time of the world."

Vain are the eulogies pronounced on what has been termed—we might almost think in solemn mockery—the Augustan age of Anne. Who, and what, were the poets—who, and what, were the dramatists—who, and what, were their respective works, in the days of Addison? What, we take leave to ask, would the poetry of Addison, of Swift, of numbers of the *miscellaneous* bards who figure in Johnson's *Lives of the*

Poets, be thought of were it to appear now? Would it be read—could it be tolerated? No. With one or two exceptions, the poets of Addison's time are cast into the deepest shadow by many of our every-day periodical writers. Who were the writers of prose fiction in the Augustan period, and what were their works? We have Gulliver's Travels, a political satire, by Swift. To say nothing of ladies, few of whom, according to the Spectator, could pen a common epistle with decent orthographical correctness, where are the Fieldings, the Smolletts, the Goldsmiths, the Mackenzies, the Scotts, the Maturans, the Galts, the Wilsons, &c. of the period?

Deviating, one moment, from our direct path, who were the writers of history, and what were their works, in the days of Addison? Was there one amongst them who could be mentioned with Hume or Gibbon—with Southey, and others of the present day—or even with some of the unpretending scribblers of our Annual Registra?

Once more, who and what were the lady-writers of the Addisonian period, in prose, or in verse? Are any of their names preserved? Where shall we look for a Burney, a Baillie, an Edgeworth, a Porter, a Mitford, a Porden, a Hemans, &c.?

With respect to the drama, notwithstanding the present wretched and degraded state of the stage, we shall incur little risk of contradiction, by asserting that our tragedians are superior to any that have been produced since the middle of the seventeenth century, those perhaps of Dryden and of Otway alone excepted. The dramas of Coleridge, Milman, Maturin, Shell, &c., defective, more or less, as all of them are, rank far above those of Addison, Young, Hill, Thomson, Phillips, Rowe, Southey, Johnson, Murphy, &c. Few, indeed, of the latter, would be heard out as new pieces by a modern audience.

It is true that the tragic efforts of our contemporaries are rarely successful; their frequent failures, however, is to be so counted for upon principles very different from that of intrinsic inferiority. The unfair treatment which dramatic authors and their works experience from managers

\* *Vide Poëtiqes des Arts, &c.* par J. F. Soumy.

men nor women, but from the theatre many of their time by really speaking. The extent of what we have written in more former times; to lay down our pen. H.

## STUDENT OF LEYDEN.

was very young, though I had received the best instruction which the place afforded, and was fortunate in a tutor, who, though doomed only to exert dominion over a paltry village school, was qualified to instruct the young aspirant for academic honours, much remained to be done ere I could venture to commence my career in one of the learned professions. I was extremely desirous to spend a few years at one of the most celebrated of the European universities. Those of my native country were too expensive to be included in our speculations; and, after much consideration, my mother decided upon sending me to Leyden, where she possessed a remote connection, a distant relation having married a rich burgomaster of that place, Paul Von Ketzler by name, to whom she gave me a letter of introduction. What a parting was ours! My dear, dear mother! Never shall I forget the struggle which she sustained between her grief at our separation and her joy at seeing me go forth, full of hope and expectation, to fulfil the wishes which she had cherished from my cradle. I had not dis-appointed her. My ideas, principles, and attainments had surpassed her fondest anticipations; my acquisitions were perhaps heightened in her view by maternal partiality, but in the sentiments of my heart she was not deceived. We were both un-acquainted with the world, in which I was now to seek my fortune; but neither of us entertained the slightest fear that its vicissitudes and its temptations would undermine the integrity of the wanderer; and, happily, our confidence was not abused.

How beautiful the haunts of my infancy appeared at the moment which obliged me to leave them! Our kind neighbours, too! My heart warmed towards them with unusual ardour. I wrung the red

hand of old Martin Grimby in our parting salutation, and shed tears of affection on the broad bosom of his wife, for, though we were proud and high-minded in our sense of those words, neither my mother nor myself ever betrayed a haughty and unsocial spirit, or withdrew from occasional intercourse with those around us, who, however inferior in birth and education, possessed qualities worthy of our regard; and these good folks, notwithstanding their condemnation of Mrs. Somerville's system, which they thought, would lead to lookish illness rather than to prosperity, were exceedingly attached to us both. It was, therefore, a source of infinite consolation to me, that my mother was left to her every friendly assistance in their power.

I was not very splendidly equipped with money; for, after my outfit was purchased, and my passage paid, only a small sum remained from my mother's savings, and of that, as she was now obliged to divide her income with me, I would accept but half. Yet I was not discouraged by my poverty. I was going to seek knowledge at the fountain head, and doubted not that my zeal and perseverance would be rewarded by honours and dignities, which would gladden my mother's heart, and secure to me all that my spirit panted to obtain.

I arrived safely in Holland, after a prosperous voyage, and proceeded, immediately upon landing, to the place of destination. A few hours journey brought me to Leyden; and as I had made myself acquainted with the steps which it was necessary to take, I was soon enrolled as a member of the university, and provided with a lodging suited to the state of my finances. I taken as much pains with my exterior as passed for a day to refresh, and having the contents to my wardrobe would allow, I hastened to deliver my credentials, and pay my respects to Mr. Von Ketzler. He lived in a very good house in the Rapenburg, a street inhabited chiefly by the most respectable families, and the outer aspect of his mansion gave evidence of the wealth contained within. I was ushered into a large parlour, where the burgomaster was seated in an arm-chair, dozing and smoking the time away after dinner; whilst a young girl, perched upon a stool at his side, was

reading the newspaper aloud. He put down his pipe, opened a pair of dull grey eyes at my entrance, and perceiving the letter in my hand, held out his own to receive it, and pointing to a chair, which his daughter had already placed for me, broke the seal and began to read without saying a word. The young lady did not speak, but her eyes were eloquent, and I employed the same dumb language to thank her for the welcome which they gave. I supplied her with a chair in return for the civility which she had shewn to me; but modesty forbade me to intrude my conversation until her father should have broken a silence which I at first feared would be interminable, and afterwards thought had not lasted half long enough. Mr. Von Ketzler turned the letter over and over, and read it at least three times before he made any comment. In the interim I was looking at Stella, and she at me. We sat opposite to each other, upon two tall high-backed chairs of bright mahogany, so smoothly polished that we had some difficulty to avoid slipping away from them, the slightest movement being fraught with danger. Stella was exquisitely beautiful: her skin, of the purest red and white, was one moment tinted with the delicate hue of the Provence rose, and in the next deepened into the richest carmine. Her eyes were dark and brilliant, her hair was glossy and luxuriant, and her figure, despite of the cumbersome drapery which her countrywomen had not yet abandoned, was perfectly shapely. I could have gazed for ever, and I absolutely started, when the burgomaster, having at length made himself perfectly master of the contents of my mother's epistle, said, "Young man, my wife is dead!" Stella's smiles disappeared, and she put her hand to her eyes; "but through," he added, "I do not exactly understand the degree of relationship which Mrs. Somerville claims to my deceased partner, she I remember was a sedate, gentle, kind of person, and for her sake I consent to admit you occasionally to my house."

Stella, during this harangue, had glanced over the letter. "My dear cousin," said she, presenting her hand, "My dear cousin," said I, pressing it to my lips. "Cousin?" cried the old man, "What is this?" "My dear father," re-