

the King, in 1614, raised the *poor commons* to oppose the army commanded by Lord Fairfax. By continuing steadfast 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 estates sequestrated at the same time. In 1659, when the Royalists mediated a general instruction in favour of their exiled sovereign, Charles II., he was ready and prepared, in Wales, as one of their leaders; and, in 1660, in consideration of his unshaken 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 1661, and consequently his brother, Thomas, succeeded to the title and estate in 1664.

Sir Thomas was one of the representatives 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 Shrewsbury'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 closeted 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 successor, was lord of the manor of Wynton-deley, in the county of Hertford; by virtue 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 brothers 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 5th of April 1761; and on the 5th of July 1784, he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor. His Lordship, who officiated as great cup-bearer of England at the coronation of George III., was some time Lieutenant Colonel of the Cheshire militia; and he had the honour of being created Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford in full conspectu. He married Henrietta, daughter of Henry Vernon, 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 surviving son Robert.

This nobleman, several years a member of the House of Commons, had been distinguished 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 1794, Eleanor Egerton, only daughter 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; Robert, born April 24, 1801; and Amelia, born July 19, 1802.—It is scarcely necessary to mention, that his Lordship is another of those English noblemen who take an honourable pride in the patronage of the fine arts, and in the encouragement of our native artists.

Richard, Viscount Belgrave, eldest son and heir apparent to the title and estates of Earl Grosvenor, married, on the 16th 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. Admitted in the brilliant circles of fashion, 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.—INTRODUCTION.

"Fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place;
Delightfully dwells he 'mong fays and balisams,
And spins, and delightfully delves
Dianes, being himself divine."

Poetry is not always fiction, nor is fiction 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—much of our wilder, most fascinating, most soul-thrilling romance consists of the richly-embodied conceptions of poetic mind. The slightest sketch in verse has occasionally given birth to successive volumes of fiction in prose; whilst poets, dramatic poets especially, have at all times freely avoided 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 exhaustless 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 philosophers, 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 invincible host 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 when it cannot enjoy the substance: for, upon a narrow inspection, fiction strongly

shows, that a greater variety of things, a more perfect order, a more beautiful variety, 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 rewarded or punished according to merit. And as real history disgusts us with a familiar and constant similitude of things, *fiction* relieves us by unexpected turns and changes, and thus not only delights, but indicates 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 these 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 antiquities 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, inseparably 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 becoming both wiser and better—without a delightful consciousness of the mind's enlargement, to embrace and emulate as it

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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
Even to the airy world, with thousand
fingers

Builds itself up, on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly minister—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever narrowing orbit."

Without apology, then, we shall, in the series of structures we are about to offer to the fair readers of *LA BRILL ASSOCIATION*, 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

declensions and

"The far humanities of old religion,

The power, the beauty, and the majesty,

That had their haunts in dale or pine mountain,

Or 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 uncultivated; to a certain extent it remains so, throughout life, amongst the uncultured 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, conveys a depth 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, or the almost breathing forms before him, 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

parables of Michael Angelo and Corneille, Raphael and Racine, Leonardo da Vinci and Boileau, Le Sueur and Molière, Correggio and La Fontaine, Dominichino 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 exhaustless. 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, handles all recollection of the writings of his predecessors, will always produce poetry, interesting, nervous, and original." Aye, earth is as fresh as at the first—the tenderest dew-drop 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—what, and what, were the dramatists—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 *illustrious* 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 Matthews, the Gals, 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 scribes of our Annual Registers?

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 Forden, 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 tragedies 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, Maturing, Shelley, &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 failure, however, is to be accounted for upon principles very different from that of intrinsic inferiority. The unfair treatment which dramatic authors and their works experience from managers

* Vide *Poétique des Arts*, &c.; par J. F. Soum.

hours' duties from the theatre many of our most competent judges of dramatic excellence.

The extent of what we have written warns us, that, for the present, it is time 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 disappointed 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 unacquainted with the world, in which I was now to seek my fortune; but neither of us entertained the slightest fear that its vices 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 one 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 illiness 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 the kind offices of people so ready to afford 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 wanted 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 paused for a day to refresh, and having taken as much pains with my exterior as 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 perfect. 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-