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and faults. Notwithstanding the freedom of our remarks, we doubt if any of Dr Thomson's readers have a higher sense than we have of the value of this publication; the perusal of which we very earnestly recommend to every student of chemistry.

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Art. X. *Specimens of the Early English Poets: To which is prefixed, An Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Poetry and Language.* By George Ellis Esq. The Third Edition, Corrected. 3 vol. 8vo.

The first edition of this interesting work appeared in 1790, comprising in one volume many of the most beautiful small poems which had appeared during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The plan was certainly worthy of being enlarged; and accordingly, in the second edition, published about a year ago, and rapidly disposed of, as well as in that which is now before us, it has received such considerable additions, that the work has increased to thrice the original size; and Mr Ellis has established his claim to the character of an original author, as well as to that of a judicious collector and editor of the forgotten poems of antiquity. The first volume contains the preliminary historical sketch of the rise and progress of English poetry and language; the second and third are occupied by those specimens which give name to the whole. We shall endeavour successively to analyse the contents, and examine the merits, of these two divisions of the work.

It is obvious to every one who has studied our language, whether in prose or poetry, that a luminous history of its rise and progress must necessarily involve more curious topics of discussion than a similar work upon any other European language. This opinion has not its source in national partiality, but is dictated by the very peculiar circumstances under which the English language was formed. The other European tongues, such at least as have been adapted to the purposes of literature *, may be divided into two grand classes—those which are derived from the Teutonic, and those which are formed upon the Latin. In the former class, we find the German, the Norse, the Swedish, the Danish, and the Low-Dutch, all of which, in words and construction, are dialects of the Teutonick, and preserve the general character

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* We do not mention the dialects founded on the Celtic and Slavonic languages, because they have not been used in literary composition; nevertheless, the same observation applies to them as to the others; they have each their derivation from a single mother-root, and are not, like the English, a compounded or mingled language.

of their common fource, although enriched and improved by terms of art or of fcience adopted from the learned languages, or from thofe of other kingdoms of civilized Europe. The fecond clafs comprehends the Italian, the Spanifh, and the French in all its branches. It is true, the laft of thefe has, in modern times, owing to the number of French writers in every clafs and upon every fubject, departed farther from its original than the two others; but ftill the ground-work is the Latin; and the more nearly any fpecimen approaches to it, it may be fafely concluded to be the more ancient; for, in truth, we know no other rule for afcertaining the antiquity of any particular piece in the *Romanz* language, than by its greater or flighter refemblance to the fpeech of the ancient Romans, from which it derives its name. Thus every language of civilized Europe is formed of a uniform pattern and texture, either upon the Teutonick, or upon the Latin. But the fame chance which has peopled Britain with fuch a variety of tribes and nations, that we are at a lofs to conceive how they fhould have met upon the fame fpot—and that, comparatively, a fmall one—has decreed that the language of Locke and of Shakefpeare fhould claim no peculiar affinity to either of thefe grand fources of European fpeech; and that if, on the one hand, its conformation and conftruction be founded on a dialect of the Teutonick, the greater number of its vocables fhould, on the other, be derived from the Romanz, or corrupted Latin of the Normans. It is interefting to obferve how long thefe languages, uncongenial in themfelves, and derived from fources widely different, continued to exift feparately, and to be fpoken refpectively by the Anglo-Norman conquerors and the vanquifhed Anglo-Saxons. It is ftill more interefting to obferve how, after having long flowed each in its feparate channel, they at length united and formed a middle dialect, which, though employed at firft for the mere purpofe of convenience and mutual intercourfe betwixt the two nations, at length fuperfeded the individual fpeech of both, and became the apt record of poetry and of philofophy.

The hiftory of poetry is intimately connected with that of language. Authors in the infancy of compofition, like Pope in that of life, may be faid to 'lifp in numbers.' Hiftory, religion, morality, whatever tends to agitate or to footh the paffions, is, during the ealier ftages of fociety, celebrated in verfe. This may be partly owing to the eafe with which poetry is retained upon the memory, in thofe ruder ages, when written monuments, if they at all exift, are not calculated to promote general information; and it may be partly owing to that innate love of fong, and fenfibility to the charms of flowing numbers, which is diftinguifhable even among the moft favage people. But, whatever

ever be the cause, the effect is most certain; the early works of all nations have been written in verse, and the history of their poetry is the history of the language itself. It therefore seems surprising, that, where the subject is interesting in a peculiar as well as in a general point of view, a distinct and connected history of our poetry, and of the language in which it is written, should so long have been a *desideratum* in English literature; and the wonder becomes greater when we recollect, that an attempt to supply the deficiency was long since made by a person who seemed to unite every quality necessary for the task.

The late Mr Warton, with a poetical enthusiasm which converted toil into pleasure, and gilded, to himself and his readers, the dreary subjects of antiquarian lore, and with a capacity of labour apparently inconsistent with his more brilliant powers, has produced a work of great size, and, partially speaking, of great interest, from the perusal of which we rise, our fancy delighted with beautiful imagery, and with the happy analysis of ancient tale and song, but certainly with very vague ideas of the history of English poetry. The error seems to lye in a total neglect of plan and system; for, delighted with every interesting topic which occurred, the historical poet pursued it to its utmost verge, without considering that these digressions, however beautiful and interesting in themselves, abstracted alike his own attention, and that of the reader, from the professed purpose of his book. Accordingly, Warton's history of English poetry has remained, and will always remain, an immense common-place book of *memoirs to serve for such an history.* No antiquary can open it, without drawing information from a mine which, though dark, is inexhaustible in its treasures; nor will he who reads merely for amusement ever shut it for lack of attaining his end; while both may probably regret the desultory excursions of an author, who wanted only system, and a more rigid attention to minute accuracy, to have perfected the great task he has left incomplete.

It is therefore with no little pleasure that we see a man of taste and talents advance to supply the deficiency in so interesting a branch of our learning; a task, to which Johnson was unequal through ignorance of our poetical antiquities, and in which Warton failed, perhaps, because he was too deeply enamoured of them. This is the arduous attempt of Mr Ellis; and it remains to inquire how he has executed it.

The elemental part of the English language, that from which it derives, not indeed the greater proportion of its words, but the rules of its grammar and construction, is the Anglo-Saxon; and Mr Ellis has dedicated his first chapter to make the English reader acquainted with it. The example of their poetry, which he has chosen to exhibit, is the famous war-song in praise of Athelstane's

Athelstane's victory in the battle of Brunenburgh; an engagement which checked for ever the victorious progress of the Picts and Scots, and limited their reign to the northern part of Britain. We cannot, from this poem, nor indeed from any other remnant of Anglo-Saxon poetry, determine what were the rules of their verse. Rhime they had none; their rythm seems to have been uncertain; and perhaps their whole poetry consisted in the adaptation of the words to some simple tune; although Mr Ellis seems inclined to think, with Mr Tyrwhitt, that the verse of the Saxons was only distinguished from their prose by 'a greater pomp of diction, and a more stately kind of march.' To this specimen of Saxon poetry, Mr Ellis has subjoined a translation of it into the English of the age of Chaucer, which we recommend to our readers as one of the best executed imitations that we have ever met with. It was written by a friend of Mr Ellis (Mr Frere, if we mistake not) while at Eton school, and struck us with so much surprise, that we are obliged to extract a passage, at the risk of interrupting our account of Mr Ellis's plan, to justify the extent of our panegyric.

'The Mercians fought I understond,
There was gamen of the hond.
Alle that with Aulof hir way hom
Over the seas in the schippes wom,
And the five sonnes of the kynge,
Fel mid dint of sword-fightinge.
His seven erlis died also;
Mony Scottes were killed tho,
The Normannes for their mighty bost
Went home with a lytyl host.

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In Dacie of that gaming
Mony wemen hir hondis wring.
The Normannes passed that rivere,
Mid hevy hart and sorry chere.
The brothers to Wessex yode,
Leving the crowen and the tode,
Hawkes, doggis and wolves, tho
Egles and mony other mo,
With the dede men for their mede,
On hir corses for to fede.
Sen the Saxonis first come
In schippes over the sea-fome,
Of the yeres that ben for gone
Greater bataile was never none.'

This appears to us an exquisite imitation of the antiquated English poetry; not depending on an accumulation of hard words, like

like the language of Rowley, which, in every thing else, is refined and harmonious poetry, nor upon an agglomeration of consonants in the orthography, the resource of later and more contemptible forgers, but upon the style itself, upon its alternate strength and weakness, now nervous and concise, now diffuse and eked out by the feeble aid of expletives. In general, imitators wish to write like ancient poets, without ceasing to use modern measure and phraseology; but had the conscience of this author permitted him to palm these verses upon the public as an original production of the fourteenth century, we know no internal evidence by which the imposture could have been detected.

From considering the state of the Anglo-Saxon poetry at and previous to the Conquest, Mr Ellis turns his consideration to that of the invaders, and treats at considerable length of what may be called the Anglo-Norman literature. It is well known, that the monarchs who immediately succeeded the conqueror, adopted his policy, in fostering the language and arts of Normandy, in opposition to those of the Anglo-Saxons, whom they oppressed, and by whom they were detested. The French poetry was not neglected; and it is now considered as an established point, that the most ancient metrical romances existing in that language, were composed, not for the court of Paris, but for that of London; and hence a British story, the glories of King Arthur, became their favourite theme. The ingenious Abbé de la Rue wrote several essays, printed in the Archæologia, which throw great light upon the Anglo-Norman poets; and of this information Mr Ellis has judiciously availed himself. But he also discovers by the explanations attached to his extracts from Wace, that intimate acquaintance with the Romanz language, which is at once so difficult to acquire, and so indispensable to the execution of his history.

In the third chapter, we see the last rays of Saxon literature, in a long extract from Layamon's translation of the *Brut* of Wace. But so little were the Saxon and Norman languages calculated to amalgamate, that though Layamon wrote in the reign of Henry II, his language is almost pure Saxon; and hence it is probable, that if the mixed language now called English at all existed, it was deemed as yet unfit for composition, and only used as a pie-bald jargon for carrying on the indispensable intercourse betwixt the Anglo-Saxons and Normans. In process of time, however, the dialect so much despised made its way into the service of the poets, and seems to have superseded the use of the Saxon, although the French, being the court language, continued to maintain its ground till a later period.

riod. Mr Ellis has traced this change with a heedful and discriminating eye, and has guided us through the harsh numbers of the romancers and the compilers of legends, and through the wide waste of prosaic verse, in which it was the pleasure of Robert of Gloucester and Robert de Brunne to record the history of their country, down to that period when English poetry began to assume a classical form, and to counterbalance, in the esteem even of the kings and nobles, the hitherto triumphant Anglo-Norman. This grand change was doubtless brought on by very slow degrees, and it is difficult exactly to ascertain its progress. The history of English Minstrelsy, in opposition to that of the Anglo-Normans, would probably throw great light on this subject; for these itinerant poets must have made use of the English long before it was thought fit for higher purposes. Mr Ellis has observed, justly, that the history alluded to is involved in great obscurity: nevertheless, before concluding, we intend to recommend it to his further attention.

The epoch from which English may be considered as a classical language, may be fixed in the reign of Edward III, the age of Gower and of Chaucer, in which it was no longer confined to what the latter has called 'the drasty riming' of the wandering minstrel, but employed in the composition of voluminous and serious productions by men possessed of all the learning of the times. The *Confessio Amantis* of Dan. Gower is thus characterized by Mr Ellis.

'This poem is a long dialogue between a lover and his confessor, who is a priest of Venus, and is called Genius. As every vice is in its nature unamiable, it ought to follow, that immorality is unavoidably punished by the indignation of the fair sex; and that every fortunate lover must of necessity be a good man, and a good christian; and upon this presumption, which perhaps is not strictly warranted by experience, the confessor passes in review all the defects of the human character, and carefully scrutinizes the heart of his penitent with respect to each, before he will consent to give him absolution.

'Because example is more impressive than precept, he illustrates his injunctions by a series of apposite tales, with the morality of which our lover professes himself to be highly edified; and being of a more inquisitive turn than lovers usually are, or perhaps hoping to subdue his mistress by directing against her the whole artillery of science, he gives his confessor an opportunity of incidentally instructing him in chemistry, and in the Aristotelian philosophy. At length, all the interest that he has endeavoured to excite, by the long and minute details of his sufferings, and by manifold proofs of his patience, is rather abruptly and unexpectedly extinguished: for he tells us, not that his mistress is inflexible or faithless, but that he is arrived at such a good old age, that the submission of his fair enemy would not have been sufficient for ensuring his triumph.'

We

We regret that our limits do not permit us to include our author's account of Chaucer, and his poetry. It has been warmly disputed in what particular manner the father of English poetry contributed to its improvement. Mr Ellis, with great plausibility, ascribes this effect chiefly to the peculiar ornaments of his style, consisting in an affectation of splendour, and especially of latinity, which is not to be found in the simple strains of Robert of Gloucester, or any of the anterior poets, nor indeed in that of Laurence Minot, or others about his own time.

In chapter ninth, the language of Scotland, and the history of her early poetry, comes into consideration. This is a thorny point with every antiquary. The English and Scotish languages are in early times exactly similar; and yet, from the circumstances of the two countries, they must necessarily have had a separate origin. Mr Ellis seems disposed to adopt the solution of Mr Hume, who supposes the Saxon language to have been imposed upon the Scotish, by a series of successful invasions and conquests, of which history takes no notice. To this proposition, in a limited degree, we are inclined to subscribe; for there is no doubt that the Anglo-Saxons of Bernicia extended themselves, at least occasionally, as far as the frith of Forth, occupied the Merse and Lothian, introduced into them their language, and, when conquered by the Scots and Picts, were in fact the *Angli*, to whom, as subjects of the Crown of Scotland, our Kings' charters were so frequently addressed. But we cannot admit these conquests to be supposed farther than they are proved; nor do we conceive that one province, though a rich one, could have imposed its language upon the other subjects of the Kings who acquired it by conquest. There must have been some other source from which the Scoto-Teutonick is derived, than the Anglo-Saxon spoken in Lothian. This grand source we conceive to have been the language of the ancient Picts; nor would it be easy to alter our opinion. Those who are connoisseurs in the Scotish dialects as now spoken, will observe many instances of words in the idiom of Angus-shire (the seat of the Picts) which can only be referred to a Belgic root; whereas those of South-country idiom may almost universally be traced to the Anglo-Saxon. The Norman, from which, as Mr Ellis justly remarks, the Scotish dialect, as soon as we have a specimen of it, appears to have borrowed as much as the English, was probably introduced by the influx of Norman nobles, whom the oppression of their own Kings drove into exile, or whom their native chivalrous and impatient temper urged to seek fortune and adventures in the court of Scotland. Having traced the origin of our language, the earlier Scotish poets Barbour and Winton pass in review, with specimens from each, very happily selected,

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to illustrate at once their own powers of composition, and the manners of the age in which they wrote. These are intermingled with criticisms, in which the reader's attention is directed to what is most worthy of notice, and kept perpetually awake by the lively and happy style in which they are conveyed.

The merit of Occleve and Lydgate are next examined, who, with equal popularity, but with merit incalculably inferior, supported the renown of English poetry after the death of Chaucer. One specimen from the latter we cannot help extracting as irresistibly ludicrous.

'One of the most amusing passages in this poem (the Book of Troy) is contained in the seventeenth chapter, and relates to a well known event in the life of Venus. Lydgate thus expresses his indignation against Vulcan.

'The *smotry* * smith, this swarte Vulcanus,
That whilom in hearte was so jealous
Toward Venus that was his wedded wife,
Whereof there rose a deadly mortal strife,
When he with Mars gan her first espy,
Of high malice, and cruel false envy,
Through the shining of Phebus' beams bright,
Lying a-bed with Mars her owne knight.
For which in heart he brent as any glede; †
Making the slander all abroad to sprede,
And gan thereon falsely for to muse.
And God forbid that any man accuse
FOR SO LITTLE any woman ever!
Where love is set, hard is to dissever!
For though they do such thing of gentleness,
Pass over lightly, and bear none heaviness,
Lest that thou be to woman odious!
And yet this smith, this false Vulcanus,
Albe that he had them thus espied,
Among Paynims yet was he defied!
And, for that he SO FALSELY THEM AWOKE,
I have him set last of all my boke,
Among the goddes of false mawmentry ‡,' &c. (Sign. L. i.)

'Upon this occasion, the morals of our poetical monk are so very pliant, that it is difficult to suppose him quite free from personal motives which might have influenced his doctrine. Perhaps he had been incommoded by some intrusive husband, at a moment when he felt tired of

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* Smoky or smutty. † A burning coal. *Loix.*

‡ Mahometry, *i. e.* idolatry. It may be proper to observe, that no part of this passage is to be found in Colonna's original. In general, indeed, Lydgate's is by no means a translation, but a very loose paraphrase.

of celebacy, and wished to indulge in a temporary relaxation from the severity of monastic discipline *.'

From Lydgate our author proceeds to James I. of Scotland, upon whose personal qualities he pronounces a merited panegyric, accompanied with several extracts from the 'Kingis Quair.' The next chapter is peculiarly interesting. It contains a retrospect of the conclusions to be drawn from the information already conveyed; and this introduces a well written and pleasing digression upon the private life of the English during the middle ages. We learn that, even in that early period, the life of the English farmer or yeoman was far superior in ease and comfort to that of persons of the same rank in France. Pierce Ploughman, a yeoman apparently, possessed a cow and calf, and a cart-mare for transporting manure; and although, at one time of the year, he fed upon cheese curds and oat cakes, yet after Lammas, when his harvest was got in, he could 'dress his dinner to his own mind.' We also learn, that the peasants were so far independent, as to exact great wages; and doubtless these circumstances, combined with the practice of archery, gave the English infantry such an infinite advantage over those of other nations, consisting of poor half-fed serfs, and gained them so many battles in spite of the high-soul'd chivalry of France, and the obstinate and enduring courage of our Scotish ancestors. Mr Ellis remarks, on this subject—'It is very honourable to the good sense of the English nation, that our two best early poets have highly extolled this useful body of men, while the French minstrels of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, universally seem to approve the supercilious contempt with which the nobles affected to treat them †.' We have also much curious information concerning the dress of the period, particularly of the ladies, who in the day-time seem to have been wrapt up in furs, and in the night-time to have slept without shifts. The serenades, the amusements, the food, the fashions, the manners of the period, are all illustrated by quotations from the authors who have referred to them; and, with the singular advantage

* Suspecting that Lydgate had borrowed this singular passage from some French paraphrase of Colonna's work, I examined the anonymous translation in the Museum, (Bibl. Reg. 16. F. IX.), but could not find any traces of such a deviation from the original.

† We have noticed a solitary exception to this general rule.

'Quoique je di, et quoique non
Nus n'est vilains se de cuer non;
Vilains est qui fait vilenie,
Ja tant iert de haute lignie.'

*Fablian de Chevalier des Clers et des Vilains.*

advantage of never losing sight of his main subject, Mr Ellis has brought together much information on collateral points of interest and curiosity, which will be new to the modern reader, and pleasing to the antiquary, by placing, at once, under his review, circumstances dispersed through many a weary page of black letter.

The reign of Henry VI., and those of the succeeding monarchs, down to Henry VIII., seem to have produced few poets worthy of notice. Two translators of some eminence occur during the former period, and the latter is graced by Harding (a kind of Robert of Glocester *redivivus*); Hawes, a bad imitator of Lydgate, ten times more tedious than his original; the Ladie Juliana Berners, who wrote a book upon hunting in execrable poetry; and a few other rhimers, who, excepting perhaps Lord Rivers, are hardly worth naming. During this period, however, the poetry of Scotland was in its highest state of perfection; and Mr Ellis finds ample room, both for his critical and historical talents, in celebrating Henry the Minstrel, Henrysoun, Johnstoun, Merear, Dunbar, and Gawain Douglas. Upon the works of the two last, Mr Ellis dwells with pleasure; and his opinion may have some effect in refreshing their faded laurels. In the reign of Henry VIII., the Scotish bards continue to preserve their superiority; for, surely, the ribald Skelton, and the tiresome John Heywood, cannot be compared to Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, or to the anonymous author of the Mourning Maiden. In this last beautiful poem, the following passage embarrasses Mr Ellis:

> 'Sall never berne gar breif the bill
> At bidding me to bow.'

The meaning seems to us to be, 'No one shall enrol the summons, which shall force me to yield to his suit.' With this poem Mr Ellis closes the first part of his work, being the history of the English poetry and language.

We have already taken notice of the very extensive range of discussion which this sketch embraces. It was therefore almost unavoidable, that there should remain subjects on which we might have wished for farther information. The history of English Minstrelsy, in particular, makes too important a part of Mr Ellis's subject, for us to permit him to escape from it so slightly. As he has announced his intention to publish a second series of specimens, selected from the early metrical romances, we recommend strongly to him, to prefix such a prefatory memoir as may fill up this wide blank in the history of our language. We are the more earnest in this recommendation, because we know, from experience, that Mr Ellis will manage, with the temper becoming a gentleman, a dispute which, though the circumstance seems to us altogether

astonishing,

astonishing, has certainly had a prodigious effect in exciting the irritable passions of our antiquaries, and has been managed with a degree of acrimony only surpassed by the famous and rancorous quarrel about the Scots and Picts. We observe, with pleasure, that, in repelling some attacks upon his first and second editions, Mr Ellis has uniformly used the lance of *courtesy*, as a romancer would have said; and truly we have no pleasure in seeing his contemporaries spur their hobby-horses headlong against each other, and fight at *outrance*, and with *fer emoulu*. Mr Ellis's style is uniformly chaste and simple, diversified by a very happy gaiety which enlivens even the most unpromising parts of his subject. We have only to add, that no author has passed over his own pretensions with such unaffected modesty, or given more liberal praise to the labours of others.

It cannot be expected, after dwelling so long upon the original part of the work, that we should have much to say upon the specimens which occupy the two last volumes. To each reign is prefixed a general character of the literature of the period; and to each set of specimens some account of the author and his writings. That of Spenser contains some new and curious particulars, with a short and able critique upon his style of poetry. We therefore extract it at length.

'From satisfactory information that has lately been procured, it appears that Spenser was born about 1553, and died in 1598-9. He was educated at Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, which he quitted in 1576; and, retiring into the north, composed his 'Shepherd's Calendar,' the dedication of which seems to have procured him his first introduction to Sir Philip Sidney. In 1579, he was employed by Leicester, to whom he had been recommended by Sidney, in some foreign commission. In 1580, he became secretary to Lord Gray of Wilton, then appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland; and, in 1582, returned with him to England. In 1586, he obtained a grant of 3000 acres of land in the county of Cork, and in the following year took possession of his estate, where he generally continued to reside till 1598, when, as Drummond relates on the authority of Ben Johnson, his house was plundered and burnt by the Irish rebels; his child murdered; and himself, with his wife, driven in the greatest distress to England. It was in the course of eleven years, passed in Ireland, that he composed his 'Fairy Queen.'

'If these dates be correct, it will follow, that notwithstanding the illiberal opposition of Lord Burleigh, whose memory has been devoted to ignominy by every admirer of Spenser, the period during which our amiable poet was condemned

To fret his soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat his heart with comfortless despairs,

was not very long protracted; since he began to enjoy the advantages of public office at the age of 26, and, at 33, was rewarded by an am-

ple and independent fortune, of which he was only deprived by a general and national calamity. Few candidates of court favour, with no better pretensions than great literary merit, have been so successful.

'Mr Warton has offered the best excuses that can be alleged for the defects of the 'Fairy Queen,' ascribing the wildness and irregularity of its plan to Spenser's predilection for Ariosto. But the 'Orlando Furioso,' though absurd and extravagant, is uniformly amusing. We are enabled to travel to the conclusion of our journey without fatigue, though often bewildered by the windings of the road, and surprised by the abrupt change of our travelling companions; whereas it is scarcely possible to accompany Spenser's allegorical heroes to the end of their excursions. They want flesh and blood; a want, for which nothing can compensate. The personification of abstract ideas furnishes the most brilliant images of poetry; but these meteor forms, which startle and delight us when our senses are flurried by passion, must not be submitted to our cool and deliberate examination. A ghost must not be dragged into day-light. Personification, protracted into allegory, affects a modern reader almost as disagreeably as inspiration continued to madness.

'This however was the fault of the age; and all that genius could do for such a subject, has been done by Spenser. His glowing fancy, his unbounded command of language, and his astonishing facility and sweetness of versification, have placed him in the first rank of English poets. It is hoped that the following specimens, selected from his minor compositions, will be found to be tolerably illustrative of his poetical, as well as of his moral character.

'The three first books of the 'Fairy Queen' were printed in quarto, 1590; and again, with the three next, in 1596.'

From the works of voluminous authors Mr Ellis has selected such passages as might give the best general idea of their manner; but he has also been indefatigable in seeking out all such beautiful smaller pieces as used to form the little collections, called, in the quaint language of the times, Garlands. His own work may be considered as a new garland of withered roses. The list concludes with the reign of Charles II. The publication seems to have been made with the strictest attention to accuracy, except that, throughout the whole, the spelling is reduced to the modern standard, for which we fear Mr Ellis may undergo the censure of the more rigid antiquaries. For our part, as all the antique words are carefully retained and accurately interpreted, we do not think that, in a popular work, intelligibility should be sacrificed to the preservation of a rude and uncertain orthography. As an example of the amatory style of Charles the First's reign, from which our later poetasters have securely pilfered for their mistresses' use so many locks of gold and teeth of pearl, not to mention roses and lilies, we insert the following song from Carew.

'Ask

'Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downwards fall at dead of night;
For in your eyes they set, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.'

It only remains to mention, that there are prefixed to these volumes two accurate lists of English poets, one chronological, and the other alphabetical, from 1230 to 1650; and that there is an Essay at the conclusion, in which the author's opinion concerning the origin of language is condensed and recapitulated.

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Art. XI. *Inquiries concerning the Nature of a Metallic Substance, lately sold in London as a New Metal, under the Title of Palladium.* By Richard Chenevix Esq. F. R. S. and M. R. I. A. From Philosophical Transactions for 1803. Part II.

We consider this as a very excellent paper; and, since the subject is not only curious in detail, but may lead to several important general views, we shall devote a few pages to such an account of Mr Chenevix's inquiries, as may introduce them to the acquaintance of our readers.

An advertisement was circulated last spring, describing the chemical properties of a *new noble metal*, called *palladium*, or *new silver*. Specimens of it were exposed to sale; and no account whatever was given of the manner or the place in which they had been procured. They had all undergone the operation of the flatting mill, and were formed into thin laminæ. Nothing like an unwrought specimen, a bit of the ore, or a portion of its matrix,