

santry, entitled «Eloge de Perruques» (an *Eulogium on Wigs*).

Erasmus composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chase, his panegyric on *Moria*, or *Folly*, which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

It seems, (Johnson observes in his *Life of Sir Thomas Browne*,) to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer; the gnat and the bees of Virgil; the butterfly of Spenser, the shadow of Wowerus and the quincunx of Browne.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servants, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means he is said to have irritated himself with the minister.

The great Samuel Clark was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs; once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said, «Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in.»

An eminent French lawyer, confined by his business to a Parisian life, amused himself with collecting from the classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

Contemplative men seem to be fond of amusements which accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. Paley had himself painted with a rod and line in his hand; a strange characteristic of the author of «*Natural Theology*.” Sir Henry Wotton called angling ‘idle time not idly spent.’ we may suppose that his meditations and his amusements were carried on at the same moment.

Seneca has observed on amusements proper for literary men, in regard to robust exercises, that there is a folly, an indecency to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arm, or the breadth of his back! Such amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much food blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere he allows his philosopher an occasional slight inebriation; an amusement which was very prevalent among our poets formerly. Seneca concludes admirably, ‘whatever be the amusements you choose, return not slowly from those of the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate: neither cold nor heat, nor age itself can interrupt this exercise; give, therefore, all your cares to a possession which the mind ameliorates even in its old age!’

An ingenious writer has observed, that ‘a garden

just accommodates itself to the perambulations of a scholar, who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended.’ There is a good characteristic account of the mode in which the literati take exercise, in Pope's letters. ‘I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while.’ A turn or two in a garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripened thought, raise up fresh associations, when the mind, like the body, becomes rigid by preserving the same posture, Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was placed in the midst of his garden, for a walk in it; Evelyn loved ‘books and a garden.’”

ERLKÖNIG.

BY GETHE.

Who rides so late through the tempest wild?
‘Tis the father who bears his darling child;
As the thunders roll and lightnings glare,
He presses more closely his anxious care.

«Oh! save me from him,» the infant cries;
«Look, father, where yonder Erlekönig flies—
Grim King of terrors, with crown and spear—»
«Peace, peace, dear child, there is nought to fear.»

«My prettiest boy, wilt go with me?
Thy life shall be pleasure and revelry;
With sweetest of flowers I'll dress thy head,
And the daintiest fairies shall guard thy bed.»

» My father, dear father, and dost thou not hear
What Erlekönig is whispering soft in mine ear?
» Courage, dear boy, it is only the trees,
As their dry leaves in murmurs thus answer the breeze.»

» Come with me, come with me, thou prettiest boy,
The pleasures of fairies with me thou'lt enjoy:
My daughter shall love thee—shall sing thee to rest;
Thy day shall be happy, thy night shall be blest.»

» Oh, father, dear father, look yonder, where lo!
Sits Erlekönig's daughter in garments of snow.»
» Cheerily, boy 'tis the lightning's gleam,
Through the ancient willows which droop o'er the stream.»

» Young urchin, I love thee, then haste to obey:
And art thou not willing, I'll tear thee away.»
» Oh, father, dear father, now guard me from ill:
His eyes flash with fire, his grasp is so chill—»

The father was troubled, and hurrying wild,
Pressed close and yet closer his anxious child.
He gains with transport the friendly door—
He gaz'd in his arms—but his child was no more!

THE HOUSE OF HOWARD.

The family of the HOWARDS, though there is a strong popular belief to the contrary, founded in error, and confirmed by the well known couplet of POPE, is by no means so ancient as some of less note, still existing in this kingdom. There is nothing certainly known of this family before the reign of Edward the First, when we find William Howard a learned Judge of the Court of Common Pleas: