

## Artists' Corner.

NO IX.—PHILIP WOUWERMAN.

Philip Wouwerman was born at Haarlem in 1629. His father, Paul Wouwerman, was a historical painter of little note; but possessing sufficient knowledge of the aesthetics of the art to enable him to be an excellent tutor to his son in his earlier years. There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the precise period when the father's preceptorship terminated, and as to his subsequent proceedings previous to his obtaining celebrity. But it is generally supposed that he was first brought into notice by John de Wet, a painter and picture dealer in Haarlem. It is related that de Wet requested Bamboccio to paint him a picture of Cavalry Halting, for which the artist demanded two hundred florins. This sum was considered too large, and Bamboccio refusing to execute it for less, the picture dealer applied to Wouwerman, who was just rising into notice, to paint a picture on a similar subject at the same price. The picture was finished, and de Wet made a considerable noise about the great talent he had discovered in a comparatively unknown artist, more it is conjectured for the purpose of annoying Bamboccio than from any other consideration. He invited all the connoisseurs of art to examine the chef d'œuvre, and as it was universally admired, the reputation of Wouwerman was thus borne on every breeze. Some biographers state that the commission was simultaneously given to both artists, and that when completed the preference was given to the picture of Wouwerman. Be that as it may, this picture brought him into repute, and his works subsequently became so numerous, and so scrupulously executed that few painters of the old Dutch School are better known, or more generally appreciated than Wouwerman. The most celebrated landscape painters of his day solicited him to embellish their works, by the introduction of some of his infimitable horses; and he kept on painting picture after picture to the number of about eight hundred independent of the assistance he gave in the illustration of the works of his contemporaries in reference to the peculiar style of art which he followed. M. Charles Blanc, from whose history we have previously quoted says, history does not inform us whether the artist was himself one of those stout cavaliers, who knew how to manage their chargers with so much grace and dexterity, but he certainly drew more horses on his canvases than he reckoned among his stud. How closely must he have studied in the Academy of the stables, by the side of the farrier's forge, and in the court yards of hostleries, watching the various movements of the animal, and rapidly sketching his form in all its diversified attitudes." His pictures are finished with the most exquisite delicacy, and with very great breadth of effect. His colouring is rich, and his light and shade are managed with a most dexterous effect. Although he is not known to have travelled much, yet the truthfulness and picturesque beauty of his mountain scenery at once testify that he had visited other lands, where nature displayed itself in more varied forms than he found in the level low lying marshy plains of Holland. His pieces are highly finished, and indicated that the artist himself mingled in the scenes, which he so faithfully portrays. He was no copyist from other artists, and gives us, therefore, nature true and unsophisticated as it appeared to his discriminating eye. Wouwerman died in 1668, in the 49th year of his age.

## Varieties.

EVERY NOBLE BUILDING gives influence to a better taste.

THE WORLD cannot make up for the loss of a happy conscience.

THE MOST ABANDONED will respect and admire virtue.

SOCIETY, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colours will deceive us.

EVER is fixed only on merit, and like a sore eye, is offended with everything that is bright.

WISDOM is the olive which springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

HAVE NOT to do with any man in a passion, for men are not like iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.

ONE DOUBT solved by yourself will open your mind more, by exercising its powers, than the solution of many by another.

TEARS are as dew which moistens the earth, and renews its vigour. Remorse has none; it is a volcano, vomiting forth lava which burns and destroys.

IT IS NOT so difficult a task to plant new truths as to root out old errors, for there is this paradox in men—they run after that which is new, but are prejudiced in favour of that which is old.

A SCOTCHMAN fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers.

AS A GLADIATOR trained the body, so must we train the mind to self sacrifice, "to endure all things" to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough, without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

NOR HE who displays the latest fashion, dresses in extravagance, with gold rings and chains to display. Nor he who talks the loudest, and makes constant use of profane language and vulgar words. Nor he who is proud and overbearing—who oppresses the poor, and looks with contempt on honest industry. Nor he who cannot control his passions, and humble himself as a child. No; none of these are real gentlemen. It is he who is kind and obliging; who is ready to do a favour with no hope of reward; who visits the poor, and assists those who are in need who is more careful of his heart than of the dress of his person; who is humble and sociable—not irascible or revengeful; who always speaks the truth without resorting to profane or indecent words. Such a man is a gentleman wherever he may be found. Rich or poor, high or low he is entitled to the appellation.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face, fear blanches it, joy illuminates it, and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Violent commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diogenes, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Phillip the V. The door-keeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. Largrave, the young Parolan, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

## The Youths' Department.

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

Charles Murray left home with his books and his satchel for school. Before starting, he kissed his little sister, and patted Juno on the head; as he went singing away, he felt as happy as any boy could wish to feel. Charles was a good-tempered lad, but he had the fault common to a great many boys, that of being impetuous and enticed by others to do things which he knew to be contrary to the wishes of his parents. Such acts never made him feel any happier, for the fear that his disobedience would be found out, added to a consciousness of having done wrong, were far from being pleasant companions.

On the present occasion, as he walked briskly in the direction of the school, he repeated over his lessons in his mind, and was intent upon having them so perfect as to be able to repeat every word. He had gone nearly half the distance, and was still thinking over his lessons, when he stopped suddenly, as a voice called out, "Hallo, Charley!"

Turning in the direction from which the voice came, he saw Archy Denton, with his school-bag in his hand; but he was going from, instead of in the direction of the school.

"Where are you going, Archy?" asked Charles calling out to him.

"Into the woods, for chestnuts."

"Ain't you going to school, to-day?"

"No, indeed. There was a sharp frost last night, and Uncle John says the wind will rattle down the chestnuts like hail."

"Did your father say you might go?"

"No, indeed. I asked him, but he said I couldn't go until Saturday. But the boys are in the woods, and will eat the chestnuts all up before Saturday; so I am going to-day. Come, go along, won't you? It is such a fine day, and the ground will be covered with chestnuts. We can get home at the usual time, and no one will suspect that we were not at school."

"I should like to go very well," said Charley, "but I know father will be greatly displeased, if he finds it out; and I am afraid he would get to know it in some way."

"How could he get to know it? Isn't he at his store all the time?"

"But he might think to ask me if I was at school; and I never will tell a lie."

"You could say, Yes, and not tell a lie either," returned Archy. "You were at school yesterday."

"No, I couldn't. A lie, father says, is in the intent to deceive. He would, of course, mean to ask whether I was at school to-day, and if I said yes, I would tell a lie."

"It isn't so clear to me that you would. At any rate. I don't see any harm in a little fib. It doesn't hurt anybody."

"Father says a falsehood hurts a boy a great deal more than he thinks of. And one day he showed me in the Bible where liars were classed with murderers, and other wicked spirits in hell. I can't tell a lie, Archy."

"There won't be any need of your doing so," urged Archy; "for I am sure he will never think to ask you about it. Why should he?"

"I don't know, but whenever I have been doing anything wrong, he is sure to begin to question me, and lead me on until I betray the secret of my fault."

"Never mind. Come and go with me. It is such a fine day. We shan't have another like it. It will rain on Saturday, I'll bet anything; so come along now, let us have a day in the woods, while we can."

Charles was very strongly tempted. When he thought of the confinement of school, and then of the freedom of a day in the woods, he felt much inclined to go with Archy.

"Come along," said Archy, as Charles stood balancing the matter in his mind. And he took hold of his arm, and drew him in a direction opposite from the school. "Come, you are just the