

Literature, &c.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

TALK not of temples—there is *one*,
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair,
The dome is vast immensity—
All nature worships there!

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow,
The Aldean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset, glow
Like altar-fires to God!
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
As if with hallowed victims rare,—
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
All nature worships there!

The ocean heaves resistlessly,
And pours his glittering treasure forth,—
His waves, the priesthood of the sea,
Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
As if they murmured praise and prayer,—
On every side 'tis holy ground—
All nature worships there!

The grateful earth her odours yield
In homage, Mighty One, to thee
From herbs and flowers in every field—
From fruit on every tree,—
The balmy dew at morn and even,
Seems like the penitential tear,
Shed only in the sight of heaven,
All nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,
The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine,
In reverence bend to him,—
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,
From tower, and tree, and middle air,—
The rushing rivers murmur praise—
All nature worships there!

Then talk not of a fane, save one,
Built without hands—to mankind given—
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven,—
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair,—
The dome is vast immensity—
All nature worships there!

DAVID WEDDER.

From Graham's Magazine for June.
MISS THOMPSON.

A TALE OF A VILLAGE INN.

By Mrs. A. M. F. Annan.

RATHER a ferocious gentleman, that Mr Azariah Chowder, said Wallis, who with Miss Thompson had witnessed the scene, much to their amusement.

Quite, returned the painter, resuming his natural manner; though I had prepared myself for a much stronger demonstration of it—perhaps because I felt that I deserved it. He could not have been more surprised at finding himself counterfeited than I was on presenting myself at your lecture-room. I had expected to meet with some little literary society, or association for mutual improvement, such as are common in your villages, and assented to the importunity of the committee-man without explaining the mistake, expecting that I might have some diversion of my own from it. When I found an assemblage of the whole community, I felt inclined, through respect for them, to make an explanation and withdraw; but, on second thought concluded as I had gone so far, I might as well remain and do my best to afford them a little entertainment.

Why, that brown holland chap seems to think he would elevate himself a peg by letting us know that he is a painter—I should like to know how much more elegant it is to stroll about painting than peddling or lecturing, said Mr Sutton to Wallis, when they left the table; but that Miss Thompson is an astonishingly handsome girl, what a complexion she has!—what eyes and what teeth!—what a sensation she would make in society—that is, if she had a fortune and somebody to show her off!

You had better offer her yours, and engage in the service yourself, said Wallis.

Money for money,—like loves like, it is a generally received opinion among us that a good-looking fellow, fashionable and well connected, is an equivalent for a woman of fifty thousand dollars any day. If he has a fortune, she should be worth dollar for dollar besides. I don't know what this Miss Thompson is, so I believe I'll wait till Valeria North comes along.

Valeria North! why, my dear fellow she would annihilate you, returned Wallis, and he thought to himself, this

is the most ridiculous jackanapes I ever met with; if I must be bored with his acquaintance, I'll have a little lun with him, and he added in a significant tone, 'I thought there was some sort of magnetism by which you people of fashion found each other out. Is it possible you have not seen into Miss Thompson yet? Between ourselves she is as great an heiress as Miss North.'

You don't say so!—well, she looks as if she deserved to be. Come Wallis, introduce me, and Miss North may go to the dickens.

I am sorry I can't oblige you; but as I have merely talked to Miss Thompson myself, as a fellow boarder, I am not privileged to introduce a stranger.

No matter, we men of the world can manage such things. They are in that room, aren't they? and by good luck Cupidon has sneaked in, I'll go in after him.

I beg pardon, ladies, if I intrude, said he bowing; but my dog—

Not at all, sir, this is the common parlor of the house, returned Mrs. Thompson, quietly, and scarcely looking up from her work.

Thus happily possessed of the freedom of the room, Mr Sutton turned over some books on a table, and at length remarked, when he had caught the eye of Miss Thompson, 'These country villages are monstrously tiresome to persons accustomed to a city life.'

Are they? said she, and looked again on her book.

They say that Saratoga is unusually thronged this year, he resumed after a pause; I had the pleasure of meeting with a lady of your name there last summer;—indeed, I had quite a flirtation with her; perhaps she was a relation of yours—the daughter of old General Thompson of Virginia.

Not in the least, said the young lady.

Judge Thompson, of one of the New England states, was there, at the same time, with his daughters. Very elegant girls all of them,—quite belles. They are of a different family,—perhaps of yours?

No sir, they are not, returned Miss Thompson, impatiently giving her reticule a swing, which raised Cupidon off his feet, that important character having laid siege to the tassels.

Laissez aller, Cupidon! a thorough bred Parisian animal, Miss—be does not understand a word of English. He was a keepsake from a particular friend of mine, Baron Mont Tonnere. You may have met with the baron; he was quiet a lion among our elite? By the by, a Miss Thompson came very near being the baroness,—she was one of the Thomas Thompsons of New York.

No repl.

One of the best families in the country,—the same as the B. B. Thompsons of Philadelphia, the Brown Thompsons of Charleston, and the Thoroughgood Thompsons of Boston.

You seem quite au fait to the Thompsons, said the elder lady, and turning to her daughter, they resumed a conversation, which he had interrupted, about the lecture and the lecturer, Miss Thompson expressing a wish to see some of his productions, and her confidence that a person of his evidently cultivated taste must possess merit as a painter. Mr. Sutton, as is common with vain people, drawing his conclusions from his own practice, presumed, of course, that all their fine talking was specially aimed at his favor, and when the younger lady, in return for his occasional interpositions, gave him a disdainful glance of her full black eyes, he admired her art in displaying their brilliancy.

The garden of the inn commanded one of the loveliest views among the finest river scenery in our country, an exquisite combination of glassy water, little green islets, hills of every variety of form, and mountains, rising one behind another till their outline grew almost imperceptible in the distance.

This, in the light of a magnificent sunset caught the eye of the young painter from a little summer house in which he had been reading, and he hastened to his room for his portfolio. On his return he commenced sketching with such intentness that he did not perceive that Miss Thompson had taken possession of his former post, until she addressed him with the remark, 'You have a most admirable subject for your pencil before you, sir.'

Beautiful, beautiful! returned he, warmly; I never have beheld anything in this order of scenery to surpass it, though, indeed, this glorious river presents, in its whole course, a panorama of

views so varied, and each so perfect, that it is difficult to decide upon any one as claiming the strongest admiration. I have been tracing it for several months my store of sketches accumulating every day, and the larger number of them such as would require the hand of a master to do them justice. I sometimes almost despair, and feel inclined to abandon my art from the difficulties I find in attempting not to disgrace my subjects,—such as these for instance,—they may be familiar to you.

He laid before her several sketches, and observing with evident pleasure, her expression of admiration he continued,—'This and this I have finished in oil, if it will afford you any amusement, I shall bring them down.'

She assented with thanks and the pictures were produced. She scanned them over and over again, as if not new to connoisseurship, and when she turned her eyes to the painter from his work, they sparkled with delight that brought a flush to his face. 'There is a view which you cannot yet have found,' said she, 'one but a few minutes walk from here. I would rather see it on canvass if executed in the spirit of these, than any Claude I ever heard of!—when you have seen it I am confident you will undertake it. Will you let me point it out to you?'

The painter cast upon her one of those quick, searching looks that belong to his profession, and was so struck with the intellectual beauty of her glowing and earnest face, that he forgot to reply.

In this gorgeous sunset it must be magnificent beyond imagination, she continued, catching up a bonnet beside her; if we hurry we shall yet have time to see it. Will you go now? He merely bowed, without any common places about the 'pleasure' or the 'happiness' and laying down his portfolio, he closed the door of the edifice to secure his property, and set off beside her.

Well, what did you think of Miss Thompson? asked Wallis of Mr Sutton the next morning.

She has splendid black eyes, and how well she knows it too! but she is quite too shy,—I could not draw her out.

She was talking fast enough to Mr Oakley, last evening,—I saw them walking together.

Did you? exclaimed Sutton, in surprise.

Yes, and if you don't take care, he'll spoil your flirtation before you get it rightly underweigh. He is as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, and as gentleman-like.

Sutton glanced down at himself. 'Oh I don't mind such things,' said he magnanimously; indeed, I should rather give her credit for encouraging the young man. It is fashionable now to patronise such people. I intend to give him something to do myself, particularly as it will gratify the young lady. She expressed a wish yesterday to see some of his work, and I promised her to employ him on myself. Do you paint portraits, Mr O-Oakton?—that I believe is the province of country artists; he added to the painter who had presented himself.

Sometimes I do,—when I find a face worth painting.

Of course, of course;—I have just been saying that I intend to get you to take mine. It may be of some service in getting you into business here. I hope you will not bore me by making me sit often. When can you begin?

Any time,—now if you choose,—it won't require long to take you off. I have my portfolio at hand, and can do it at once. Take this seat.

My father, pursued the dandy; is noted as a patron of the fine arts. He, however, seldom employs young artists, as they don't yield him the worth of his money. He says that after a painter gets up to a hundred dollars a head for portraits, or for a square yard of other things, he think he may trust him, as his productions may then be supposed to be good. He had the ceilings of his drawing rooms frescoed by Monachisi, which was very expensive, and besides, he has employed several other of the popular artists; giving an enumeration which, in accuracy, scarcely fell short of that by the erudite hero of Fielding—'Ammy-conni, Paul Varnish, Cannibal Scratchi, and Hogarthi.'

Please to shut your mouth, sir, said the Painter.

Now, don't make a fright of me, resumed Mr Sutton; try your best, and I may, very probably, give you another job. How would you like to paint Miss Thompson for me?—when she gets over her shyness I'll purpose it to her, if you succeed in this. She is a confounded pretty girl, don't you think so?—quite

as handsome as some of the portraits in the Book of Beauty, —

Keep your mouth shut, if you please.

The picture proposed by Miss Thompson was commenced, and whether it was from the excellence of the subject, or the eloquence of her suggestions, the painter exerted upon it his best ability. Their mutual interest in it was a bond of acquaintance which strengthened as the work proceeded, and every day developed some new qualities in each, which could not have failed to endow their intercourse with attraction. He was a noble young man, altogether,—full of talent, generous feelings and heightened principles; and a buoyant, mirthful spirit and powers adapting himself to circumstances so rarely found with lofty intellect and so delightful when they accompany it. His fair companion was not less richly endowed by nature and education, but it was only by those who could appreciate the stronger points of her character that she would have been equally admired. These perpetually exhibiting themselves in an ardent enjoyment of every thing beautiful in thought, sentiment or the external world, and in an intrepid scorn of anything like vanity, selfishness or insincerity, gave her manners a cast that among the conventional world would have denounced her as 'odd,' yet there was a grace in her energy, that to those who understood her, made it an additional charm. In short they might have had a multiplicity of excuses, if they had chosen to fall in love with each other, but of this there were no indications. They walked together with perfect freedom, entirely careless or unconscious of remark; and they talked together, appearing pleased if they agreed in opinions, or if they differed, opposing each other with equal firmness and politeness. Their deportment was without coquetry on her part and without gallantry on his. All they knew of each other was that he was a painter and a very gifted one, and that she was a very fascinating Miss Thompson.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sutton's flirtation with, or rather at our heroine, for he had it all to himself, was in active progress. He made himself intolerable by the airs and graces he assumed, to recommend himself to her favor. He never tied his cravat, nor wrapped a *papillote* without a design upon her heart. He followed her about the garden, paying the most vapid compliments, or intruding into the parlor, while she and her mother were reading, amusing them with 'easte sighs which men do breathe in love.' She attempted at first to repel him with witty sarcasms, but that, as Wallis remarked, 'was like Queen Christina shooting at a fly—his apprehension was so small it could scarcely be hit.' She darted contempt at him from her bright black eyes, and curled her lip in the most unequivocal fashion, but that only made her look prettier, and he could see no deeper. She essayed a plain rebuff, but he thought it a capital joke. It never entered his head that Mr. Bromwell Sutton could be any thing but irresistible to a Miss Thompson. To get rid of him, she at last found entirely out of the question, and wearied of her efforts, she concluded to let him take his own course. This passiveness seemed to him so encouraging, that one day he was on the point of making a declaration and was only prevented by the dinner bell.

Towards the artist he continued his patronizing condescension, with a not unfrequent interlude of actual incivility, which to the surprise even of Miss Thompson, that gentleman passed over with unresisting composure. On the present occasion the latter variation predominated, and after they had left the table, Miss Thompson remarked 'I wonder Mr. Oakley, at your patience in submitting to the impertinences of that popinjay!'

You would not have me challenge him? said the painter.

That would be rather too heroic,—your position is as defenceless as my own. These 'gentlemen's sons!—if I were a man, there is no reproach I should dread more than being called one of them.'

Rather a sweeping condemnation, said the artist smiling; but I think I have prepared a revenge that will reach the specimen before us; and having perceived the subject of their remarks approaching from the summer house, he called to him, 'Will you step here for a moment, Mr Sutton?'

I can't—I haven't time, said Sutton hurrying on, and they both noticed in him marks of much perturbation.

Your portrait is finished, and I wish you to see it, persisted Oakley.

His portrait was too closely connected with himself, not to have influenced him under any circumstances, and accord-