

over all similar inventions abroad, has just been confirmed by the testimony of Arago and the appropriation made for its erection by the French Government. By one of those coincidences, which would be thought appropriate for romance, but which are more common, in fact, than the unobservant are disposed to confess, these two most brilliant events in the painter's life—his first successful work of art and the triumph of his scientific discovery—were brought together, as it were, in a manner singularly fitted to impress the imagination. Six copies of his dying Hercules had been made in London, and the mould was then destroyed. Four of these were distributed by the artist to academies, one he retained, and the last was given to Mr. Bulfinch, the architect of the Capitol—who was engaged at the time upon that building. After the lapse of many years, an accident ruined Morse's own copy, and a similar fate had overtaken the others, at least in America. After vain endeavours to regain one of these trophies of his youthful career, he at length despaired of seeing again what could not fail to be endeared to his memory by the most interesting associations. One day, not many months since, he was superintending the preparations for the first establishment of his telegraph, in the room assigned at the Capitol. His perseverance and self-denying labor had at length met its just reward, and he was taking the first active step to obtain a substantial benefit from his invention. It became necessary, in locating the wires, to descend into a vault beneath the apartment, which had not been opened for a long period. A man preceded the artist with a lamp. As they passed along the subterranean chamber, the latter's attention was excited by something white glimmering through the darkness. In approaching the object, what was his surprise to find himself gazing upon his long-lost Hercules, which he had not seen for twenty years. A little reflection explained the apparent miracle. This was undoubtedly the copy given to his deceased friend, the architect, and deposited in the vault for safety."

As Protestants, we must declare against the author's disparagement of

the New England Pilgrims, charging them with "spiritual pride and selfish aims," and presenting them in the following unfair contrast:—

"The truth is, (notwithstanding Milton,) there has never been any natural alliance between Puritanism and Poetry. They are moral antipodes. Catholicism is the religion of Art. With all her errors, she has ever met the native sympathies of the heart, and obeyed the great law by which the True is sought through the Beautiful. Puritanism represents Christianity as an opinion, Catholicism as a sentiment; the former addresses the intellect, the latter the feelings and imagination. Accordingly, there is a certain barrenness and cold atmosphere in Puritan history which is the reverse of inspiring to the artist; and we trust it is not violating the privacy of the accomplished painter of 'The Embarkation of the Pilgrims,' to allude to the fact, that his researches incident to the enterprise, resulted in making him an earnest churchman. For the accuracy and extent of those researches, Weir deserves more credit than he has received."

The whole spirit and tenor of this passage are Popish, and the writer must be far on the way to Rome, if he has not arrived there already. By an "earnest churchman," a character which he ardently admires, must be meant at least a Puseyite. But now where is the "truth" of his sweeping assertions? He himself was aware that Milton's muse gave the lie to his spiteful theory; and we can bring forward other soundly Protestant or Puritan poets of no mean celebrity, such as Cowper, Pollok, and Montgomery. In John Bunyan, also, we see that poetry and Puritanism are not "moral antipodes," for the Pilgrim's Progress is an epic in prose, wanting nothing of poetry but versification. Its essentially poetic character is proved partly by the scope it has afforded to the skill of the artist, calling forth some of the happiest efforts of the pencil.*—

* Our readers may be glad to learn, that the immortal Allegory of the Baptist Dreamer has recently appeared in a critical edition, exhibiting the text as Bunyan himself left it. The edition has been brought out by the Hanserd Knollys Society, and has created no small stir in literary circles at home. When a copy comes to hand, it will be noticed in our pages.