

our "Committee of Church and State," contrary to the judgment of Leslie, was a little too eager to beat him. We solace the national vanity, too, by remembering that he himself was half a Scotchman : we can still point out, from the burgh of Queensferry, the old house on the opposite side of the Frith, in which his mother, Elizabeth Stewart, first saw the light ; and, farther, we call to mind that the blood of the Bruce flowed as purely in the veins of the plebeian Cromwell as in those of the Royal Martyr himself, and that he represented the indomitable hero of Bannockburn immensely better. Above all, we remember how very different the treatment which we received from the man we fought against, from that which we received from the man we fought for. And so we at least deem ourselves impartial, and marvel how there should live Englishmen in the present age who could so much as dream of excluding the record of the Protector from the general record of the country, as exhibited in its house of representatives. Save for Puseyism, High Churchism, and the rather equivocal service in "our most excellent Prayer-Book," the question could never have been mooted. We have seen it virtually decided in children's toy-books that were written half a century ago. Some thirty years since, when we kept our library in a chip-box six inches square by five inches deep, we were in the proud possession of two tall volumes, four inches high by three inches across,—the one of which, for the use of good boys and girls, contained notices and wood-cuts of all the Scottish monarchs, from the Davids down to James VI. ; and the other, notices and wood-cuts of all the English ones, from William the Conqueror down to George III. And each little book, we well remember, had its single uncrowned figure, and its single notice pertaining to a great monarch that wanted the kingly title. The figure in the one case was that of a mailed warrior trampling on a lion ; and the figure in the other, that of a warrior, also