

and that they were little and bad ones. Ah! but Cromwell, it is urged further, has no legal existence in our chronicles. A statute, still enforced, effaced his name from the constitutional annals, by giving his years and his acts to his successor. History, we reply, is no more a thing of legal fictions than of heraldic quibbles. By a legal fiction Cromwell may be merely a bit of Charles II., and we know that by a legal fiction husband and wife are but one person : but we also know that the historian who should represent George IV. and his wife Caroline as merely the two halves of a single individual, would make sadly perplexed work of the "Queen's Trial." If Charles II. was also Cromwell, he was assuredly the most extraordinary character that ever lived,—much more emphatically than Bacon, as described by Pope,—

"The wisest, greatest, *meanest* of mankind ;"

and his statue, if that of the Protector is to be excluded, should by all means indicate the fact. Let him be represented as an eastern sept represent one of their gods,—the "man lion," as a compound monster, half-brute, half-man, with double fore-arms articulated at his elbows ; or let his effigy be placed astride that of a tall figure in a cloak, like the Old Man of the Sea astride the shoulders of Sinbad ; or, to render the allegory complete, let there be no human form placed on the pedestal at all, but simply a good representation in stone of Æsop's live ass and dying lion. For the sake of truth, however, the lion would require to be exhibited, not as dying, but dead. Cromwell was dead, and, as if to make all sure, cold, for considerably more than a twelve-month ere a monarch or lawyer dared to raise the assinine heel against him. "They hung your father, lady," was the ungenerous taunt dealt, many years after the event, to one of his daughters. "Yes," was the proud reply, "but he was *dead* first."