

We do think the statue of Cromwell should be assigned its proper niche, were it but for the sake of the associations which it is fitted to awaken, and the lesson in behalf of supreme governors in general which it is suited to teach. Quivedo, in one of his Visions of Hell, as quoted by Cowper, requested his black conductor to show him the jail in which they kept their kings. “*There,*” said the guide, “*there* you have the whole group full before you.” “Indeed!” exclaimed Quivedo, “they seem but few!” “Few, fellow!” replied the indignant guide, “few!—they are all that ever reigned though.” Cowper objects to the indiscriminating severity of the wit, and names one or two kings, such as Alfred and Edward VI., who could hardly be regarded as inmates of Quivedo’s prison; but certainly, were all kings of the type of the Royal Martyr, his father, and his two sons,—the British kings of nearly an entire century, be it remembered,—the objection would scarce have been lodged. It would be of importance, surely, as suited to produce the moral effect of Cowper’s exception, to have inserted full in the middle of the line one supreme governor who was not a scoundrel, and who was not a fool. Very different indeed would be the associations that would hang on the central effigy, from those which the two effigies on either side must of necessity suggest. The smell of blood rises rank from these miserable Stuarts, and it is invariably the blood of the best of their land,—the blood of honest patriots and of godly men. We find the insensate marbles associated with a dark record of crime, and cruelty, and monstrous infatuation: they are suggestive of the melancholy of protracted exile, the gloom of dungeons, the agonies of torture, and the pangs of death,—of the blood of God’s saints shed on the hills like water, or flooding the public scaffolds,—of Scottish maidens tied to stakes under flood-mark, to perish amid the rising waters,—and of venerable English matrons burnt alive. It speaks of