

Hero lies the Coal-hearer,
Beloved of God, but abhorred of men.

I do not doubt but that if one was merely told that the portraits of these two men were somewhere in this great collection, without name or number to distinguish them, one could pick them out for one's self. Cardinal York, too, the last descendant of the unhappy House of Stuart—he that had the medal struck in his own honour, *Henricus Nonus Magn. Brit. Rex. Non desiderus hominum sed voluntate Dei*—has just the features, half-priestly, half-aristocratic, wholly self-satisfied, which might be expected in such a character. Paley and Horne Tooke, divines who hang almost side by side, are in expression as separate as the poles, as different from each other in appearance as they were in character, and each, it strikes one, looking the very man he was. Richard III. is artful and suspicious in feature as in mind. Wilberforce is intelligent, benevolent, and winning. Byron's handsome face is instinct with self-will. Smeaton is keen as a sun-ray, and looks ready to defend his seeming-audacious plans against all objectors. Dibdin is joyous and spirited as one of his own songs. Garrick with an intensity of expression that is scarcely seen in any but an actor. Macintosh, subtle, yet strong—one of the most characteristic faces in the whole Gallery.

Upon the other hand, in not a few cases, the person of whom you have made a picture in your own brain, instead of looking as he ought to look, disappoints all expectation. Sir Walter Raleigh has the appearance of a hairdresser's assistant objecting to the introduction of some novelty of the day—such as a rotatory machine. Harvey looks as though his blood, at all events, had never properly circulated; while his neighbour, Archbishop Laud—for the arrangement of the pictures is quite arbitrary—has evidently taken too much liquor. Nay, even the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots—one, by-the-by, of remarkable authenticity—fails altogether to give one the idea of a beauty. She is represented covered with jewels—as though almost to imply that her face was not her fortune—and at the age of eighteen; but when compared with real beauties, such as Nell Gwynne and La belle Hamilton in the adjoining room, she is almost plain. And yet she has the advantage of being placed side by side with Sir Nicholas Bacon, who is quite as much like an orang-outang as a man. Wesley, too, looks less like the impassioned preacher that he was than a fashionable curate. Dear Captain Cook—whom “every school-boy knows,” and so justly admires—has a mean bad face. Arkwright is heavy and sodden, although his eyes somewhat redeem him. Wordsworth, true poet and philosopher though he was, has a dull lack-lustre look, but it should be added, that the portrait was taken when he was far advanced in years. The expression of the merry Monarch is not only vicious, but truculent; and Dr. Parr is at least five parts set to one part Scholar. Nay, one of the most beautiful faces in the collection, with a tender melancholy about it, and soft and languishing eyes, is that of Jeffreys, the judge of ‘the Bloody Assize.’ It is the most unexpected countenance one can imagine, and though taken after he was Lord Chancellor, so young! He was but just forty, however, when he died.

The youth of many of the persons represented—in cases where the portraits have been taken within a year or two of their decease—strikes one as very remarkable; for when people are ‘historical,’ one is apt to imagine them as old. Yet Richard III., whom most of us identify with the wicked old uncle of the Babes in the Wood, did not reach his thirty-sixth birthday. General Wolfe, taken within twelve months of his glorious death, a young man of thirty, with a very turn-up nose—like Goldsmith's—and nothing particular in his face, save a certain eagerness. This eager look, but intensified to actual combativeness, is also the characteristic of John Keats. In the portrait by Severn, even more than in that by Hilton (for there are two pictures of the author of *Hyperion*), the extreme youth of the man who could think such deep as well as beautiful thoughts is strikingly apparent. Of the persons of real note, Keats is the youngest who has won his way to the National Portrait-gallery; but there is a picture of Southey at twenty-four, and

also of Coleridge at the same age—the latter a sparkling countenance, sadly different from the dourly “lecturing” face it grew to thirty years afterwards. His own touching lines of *Youth and Age* are therein sadly illustrated.

It has been impossible to mention one quarter of the very interesting pictures which are to be seen in this collection; whereas those that are not much worth looking at—whose claims to be there, we mean, seem to have been too easily allowed—might be disposed of in twenty words. A few politicians have found their way into this Valhalla—for it may be fitly called so, since most of the inmates have died, if not in battle, yet “with their harness on”—upon pretence of having been statesmen, such as Sir Leoline Jenkins; and perhaps an author or two, without sufficient reputation to be called “national,” such as Arthur Murphy, whom most of the visitors to the Gallery will probably identify with the editor of the *Weather Almanac*. But as one must not look gift-horses in the mouth, so, we suppose, in gift-pictures one must not be too exacting as to reputations, and, on the whole, the exhibition is well selected and admirable. It is in contemplation to remove it to much larger apartments at South Kensington, where it will doubtless receive great accessions by loan as well as by gift and purchase. But even now, in its present confined space, it affords a gratuitous treat such as all educated Englishmen should be thankful for. Had it nothing to shew but the Chandos Shakspeare, thousands might well flock to see it: not one of your mere handsome faces, such as Monmouth's, though very manly and well-looking, too, but with a brow heavy with thought, as becomes the wisest of all human kind. Perhaps, however, the most noticeable thing to many will be that the author of *Hamlet* and *King Lear* wears earrings.

COLONEL AND MRS. CHUTNEY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

“IT won't do, Wilson,” said Mrs. Chutney; “five and nine are fourteen, and seven are twenty-one; the currie powder three shillings, and the chillies three and fourpence. You are eightpence short.” And she looked up into the severe functionary's face anxiously.

“Well, m,” returned the injured cook, “I have lived in the best of families, and kept the books, and I must say it's discouraging to have insinuations—”

“I am sure, m, son,” interrupted Mrs. Chutney, timidly, “I have no intention of insinuating anything. I am rather nervous this morning. I cannot count up coolly now, for Colonel Chutney will be down directly. I will try again after breakfast. And oh, Wilson, do make the toast crisp.”

“The toast!” repeated Wilson, in a high key. “Well, m, I did think you knew as that's the page's business.”

“Oh! it is the page's business? I didn't know,” said Mrs. Chutney, slightly humiliated. “You may go now, Wilson, and take those books with you.”

But before Wilson could obey, Colonel Chutney entered and cut off her retreat.

The colonel was accurately attired in a morning suit of dark brown; a fresh-looking, dark-haired, dark-eyed man, with broad shoulders and a powerful frame. A quick frown came and went habitually on his brow, against which was often balanced a smile of some sweetness. A superficial observer would say he was a very energetic person. A deeper insight suggested irritability and preciseness.

He walked silently to the breakfast-table, while Mrs. Chutney rang the bell, and then hastily regulated her writing materials.

“Louisa,” began the colonel, portentously, “whose duty is it to attend to my dressing things, hey?”

“Why, Sophia's, dear. Nothing wrong, I hope?”

“Wrong! When is anything right in this house? There are my boot-hooks on the wrong side of the table again—a second time, by Jove! If I had these lazy vagabonds in the East, egad,

I'd give them stick enough. But I was a fool to leave Rudnuggadhar for the misery and neglect of this wretched rat-hole!”

“But, my love, I am sure everyone tries all they can to make you comfortable. Do not talk of that horrid hot place. See how nice and cool—”

“Cool?” repeated the colonel. “I tell you, I never suffered so much from heat in all my life, as I endure in England. Everything is arranged here for winter, and, when a few hot days come, phew! you are melted, scorched, burnt up. Hot clothes, hot streets, hot houses, and confound it, worse than all, hot beer!”

Disgusted, he seated himself at the breakfast-table.

“Where is that confounded boy? And” (pointing to cook) “what is she doing here?”

Mrs. Wilson, who had been waiting for her turn to come, hastily retreated.

“You see,” began Mrs. Chutney, hesitatingly, “I thought I should have time to go over the books with her before you came down, dear.”

“Ha! just your usual way. Everything out of place; everything out of time. There you are, hurrying over your books that require the utmost deliberation, keeping Wilson here while the bill is in disgraceful confusion!”

The page entered and set on the breakfast, while the irate colonel continued: “I stumbled over a broom and a mat! a mat and a broom, by Jove! as I came down. Lift this” pointing to the cover, and addressing the page. “Ha! bloaters again!”

“But you said you liked bloaters,” urged Mrs. Chutney.

“Who said I didn't?” returned her husband, “but the next time I get them twice in the same week, I'll go and breakfast at the club.”

The repast now proceeded in peace—that is, silence—for a while, when the page re-entered, and informed Colonel Chutney that his tailor had waited on him by appointment.

“Show him into the dining-room. I will be with him directly,” returned the colonel. “Louisa,” he continued, “write a note to Samperton; ask him to come and dine on Thursday, or to fix his own day. We'll get Thompson and Mango, and Mr. and Mrs. Bullion to meet him. Nice woman, Mrs. Bullion! Quite a woman of the world; has her wits about her. I would not mind laying long odds that Bullion never stumbles over mats and brooms when he comes down to breakfast.”

“I wish Tom was in town; he is always so agreeable at dinner,” said Mrs. Chutney, wisely ignoring the disparaging conclusion of the colonel's speech.

“Where is that scamp of a brother of yours?” asked her husband.

“Oh, he is improving greatly! He has gone out of town somewhere to study; and is so determined to work, that he will not give his address to any one, fearing to be interrupted.”

“Ha! he may have other reasons. However, you have finished breakfast, so sit down, write to Samperton, and I will post the note myself.” Mrs. Chutney rose obediently, and seated herself at the writing-table. “Don't forget,” continued the colonel, “to ask him for an answer.”

“Why, of course he will send an answer if—”

“There's no of course in the case,” said Colonel Chutney, sharply. “Just write as I tell you,” then turning at the door, he added, “and be sure you write to Deal about that ottoman. It is too big. It is disgraceful!” And he left the room.

Mrs. Chutney dipped her pen in the ink and began. She was a gentle timid woman, and had been early left an orphan to the care of a severe, strong-minded maiden aunt, her father's sister. Although she had a trifling independence, enough to pay for her maintenance and education, her aunt, nevertheless, treated her as if she was the most abject dependant. Her brother, a year or two older than herself, had, for no particular reason, selected medicine as his profession, and was the very type of a medical student. He was a source of constant anxiety to his sister, whose princi-