Artist. And my red streak?

All. We're not sleepy.

Artist. On second thoughts, as the flesh-tints of the face, especially the cheeks and nose, which will bear a good deal of Crimson Lake——

Crimson Lake. Ivory Black.

Ivory Black. Here, sir!

Artist. I am of opinion that a curtain of Naples Yellow.

Naples Yellow. Vandyke Brown.

Vandyke Brown. Here, sir!

Artist. Which will also bring up the sky of Prussian Blue.

Prussian Blue. Raw Sienna!

Raw Sienna. Here, sir!

Artist. The hair of Ivory Black.

Ivory Black. Prussian Blue.

Prussian Blue. Here, sir!

Artist. Altogether, I think my picture will be worthy the walls of the Royal Academy, or even the cellars of the National Gallery. However, I must begin. Where's my pencil?

All. Brush! brush!

A game of this description creates some amusement whilst in progress, and secures a large amount of forfeits.

SHADOW BUFF.

This game differs from the original Blind Man's Buff, by the blind man having his eyes open. A white screen of sheet is hung up across the room, Buff at one side, and the players on the other. Behind this a strong light is placed; between this and the screen the players singly present themselves. Buff has to detect who it is by the shadow. His mistakes afford infinite amusement.

FORFEITS.

There are several excellent modes of playing at forfeits. The veteran soldier, who used to go round begging for all imaginable articles, has grown too old for service, even of this sort; and games of a younger sort have his place; none better, perhaps, than

MY COOK.

One of the players goes round and severally informs each individual of the company that he is suffering under the severe domestic affliction of a cook, who has conceived an antipathy for that highly-nutritive leguminous vegetable—the pea. He is anxious to obtain the frank advice of his friends as to the diet to be recommended to the cook in question, and the friends are expected to give him the benefit of their advice. Now the forfeits roll in by shoals. Potatoes are suggested—forfeit; parsnips—forfeit; asparagus—forfeit; apple dumpling, plain pudding, all bring forfeits on the heads of these suggestors; even the one who is sure to suggest "policeman" as most conducive to the cook's happiness, is fined (and serve him right), the rule being that every word containing the letter *p* is objectionable to the cook, and liable to forfeit in consequence. Of course, this is the secret—not to be disclosed on any account.

THE LITTLE MAN'S HOUSE.

All the company place themselves in a circle, and the one who understands the game conducts it.

The leader of the game begins thus:—Presenting a key or some other article to his neighbour, he says to him, "I sell you my little man." All having repeated this, the leader says, "I sell you the house of my little man."

The third time the leader says, "I sell you the door of the house of my little man."

The fourth time, "I sell you the lock of the door," &c.

The fifth time, "I sell you the key of the lock of the door," &c.

It is evident that this game may be prolonged to any extent. It resembles the game of "The Key of the King's Garden."

For every mistake the player pays a forfeit.

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES.

This game is a very pretty variation of that of "The Little Man's House," and others of the same kind. It differs from them, however, in this—that some sort of a story must be invented, and this story must have a particular ending, which will lead to the penalty of forfeits. The mistakes, also, committed in the repetition of the phrases of which the story is composed, lead likewise to forfeits.

The leader of the game says to his right-hand neighbour, "Here is an engraving."

The right-hand neighbour repeats to the next on his right, and so on to the next player.

When the last player has repeated these words to the leader of the game, the latter continues:—

"Here is an engraving, which represents a young lady" (repeated throughout the circle as before)—"Here is an engraving, &c., stopped by three robbers" (as before)—"Here is, &c., the first seizes her" (as before)—"Here is, &c., the second puts a poniard to her heart" (as before)—"Here is, &c.; the third, now perceiving the police officers coming up, cries out, '*Run for your lives!*'"

At this cry, all the company start up, and run away, except those who, unacquainted with the game, remain in their seats during this alarm, and are therefore obliged to pay a forfeit for their ill-timed sense of security.

CHARADES.

I.

My first is an article much in request;
My second a maiden few venture to woo;
My whole, when inviting full many a guest,
Is what hostess and host should endeavour to do.

II.

My first will rush in fierce array
To clarion's sound and trumpet's call;
But proud as they may be to-day,
My second soon shall tame them all.
And when my first have won the field,
My wretched whole the vanquished yield.

III.

My first is the best that is known
Of the things the Creator has made;
And the people he chose for his own,
In my second his dwelling-place laid.
My whole is too often the seat
Of the sensual, selfish, and vain;
For where wealth is, you always will meet
Full many a vice in its train.

REBUS.

Complete, I am solitary; behead me, I am solitary; behead me again, I am solitary.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

CHRIST'S Hospital, founded by King Edward VI. by letters patent, dated June 26th, 1553, is one of the most important educational asylums in the metropolis. There are in London several highly valuable institutions of the same character, but amongst them all Christ's Hospital is the oldest and the best.

Coleridge has left many interesting recollections of Christ's Hospital, and, amongst other things, relates that, as he was crying the first day of his return after the holidays, one of the masters (Boyer) said to him, "Boy, the school is your father!—boy, the school is your mother!—boy, the school is your brother!—boy, the school is your sister!—the school is your first cousin, your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying." This anecdote is suggestive, not only of the ultra-Spartan discipline which put aside all domestic ties, but of the fact that to many a poor friendless child Christ's Hospital has supplied the place of all relations—protecting, educating, in every way providing for, these lads, and sending them out into the world to become some of its brightest ornaments—some of the wisest and wittiest of men.

The original founder doubtless contemplated its advantages for a poorer class than are now admitted to its privileges. It is related that Bishop Ridley, preaching before Edward VI. at Westminster, so eloquently set forth the excellency of charity, that the youthful monarch sent for him after the sermon was concluded, and consulted him on the best method of alleviating the sufferings of the poor in and about London. To reclaim the vicious, to educate the ignorant, to provide for the sick, were appropriate ways of employing the royal bounty, and thus St. Thomas's Hospital was founded in Southwark; the palace of Bridewell was converted into a prison; and the old monastery of the Grey Friars was fitted up as a school for the education of poor children. The Lord Mayor and citizens of London exerted themselves to carry out the king's purpose, and Holbein painted a picture, still to be seen in the great hall of Christ's Hospital, in which the monarch is represented giving the charter to the kneeling corporation.

It is not to be supposed that the "poore fatherlesse children" first admitted to the benefits of Christ's Hospital were of the same class as those who still wear the same sort of blue frock, yellow stockings, and red leathern girdle. The chief qualification for obtaining a presentation now rests in the parents of the child not possessing a larger income than £250 per annum. Even this regulation, however, is not strictly enforced, and the high character of the school induces many to avail themselves of its advantages, when fortune and position should lead them to pay for the education of their sons, rather than place them on a charitable foundation. But, although the institution has been, and still is, abused, there are many of the poor and fatherless still there. "When I was at Christ's," says Mr. Cunningham, "there were about seven hundred boys in the school; of these one hundred at least were on the friendless list—boys without parents or friends, who never passed without the Hospital precincts unless invited by the parents or friends of other boys." For such as these the endowment was intended, and such as these were contemplated by the boy king when, having signed the charter of the school, he said, "Lord, I yield thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of Thy name;" and he died a month afterwards.

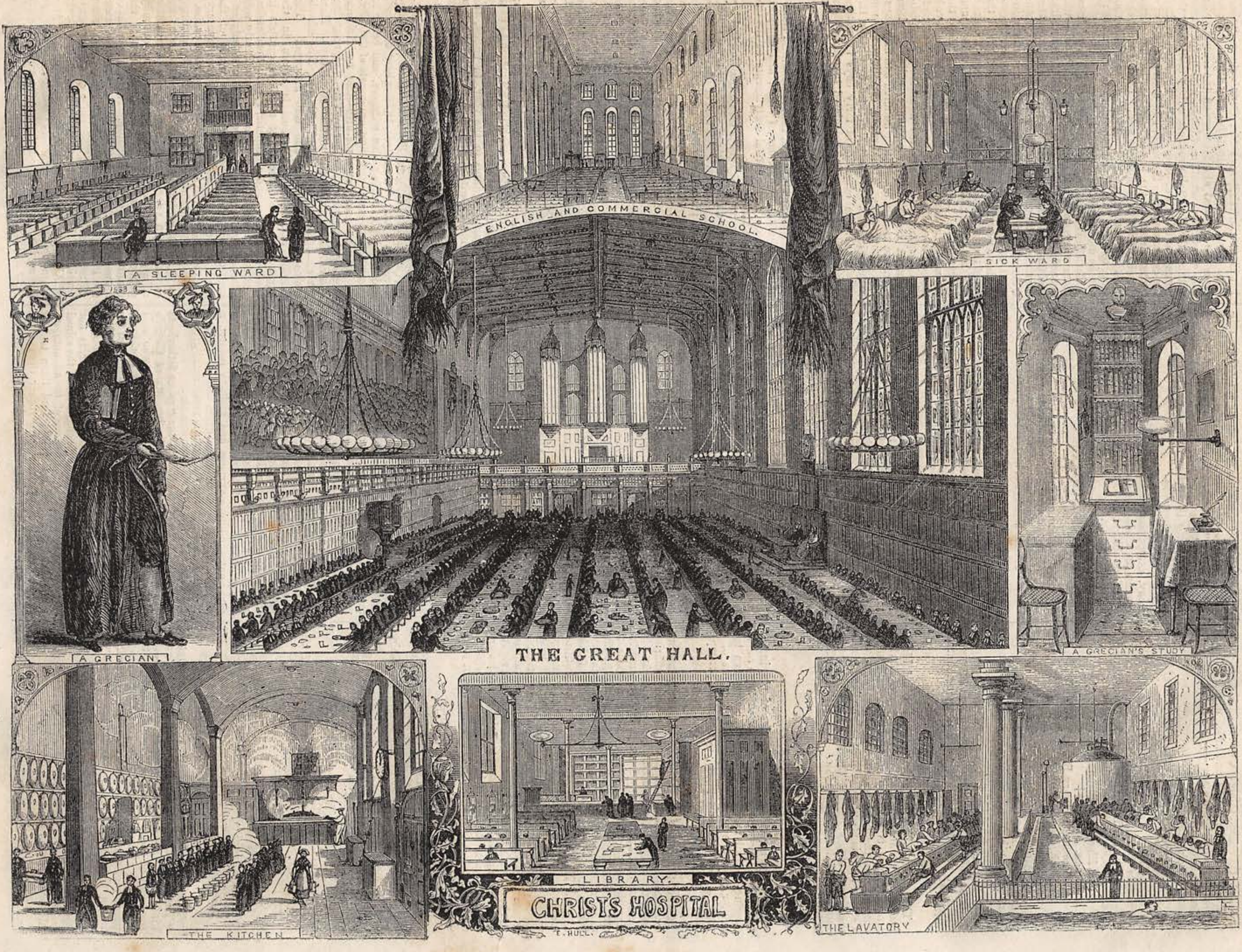
Christ's Hospital—or, on account of the boys' dress, more commonly called the Blue Coat School—was opened the year of its foundation, with three hundred and forty children. Certain lands were appropriated for the support of the school, the citizens liberally contributed, and in the course of time the annual endowment, swelled by modern liberality to a clear income of above fifty thousand pounds, has so extended the benefit of the institution, that about one thousand five hundred children are wholly maintained and educated. In the great fire of London (1666), the old monastic house of the Grey Friars was destroyed, and a new school-house was consequently erected. The Hospital has attached to it a subsidiary establishment, at Hertford, for the younger children, where there are usually about four hundred and fifty boys, and eighty girls. This branch establishment was founded in 1683. A charter, granted by Charles II., provides for the education of forty boys in mathematics and other learning calculated to qualify them for the naval service. The "Grecians," or those most advanced in the grammar school, are sent with valuable exhibitions to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and those in the mathematical school are placed with commanders of ships, and equipped with clothing and nautical instruments at the expense of the Hospital.

Very many are the changes which the Hospital has seen since the days of that "goodly and royal child," King Edward. Only a small part of the old cloisters remains, and there is an air of modernism about the interior arrangements of the house oddly at variance with the antique costumes of the boys. It was the ordinary costume of the time when that dress was first adopted, and the boys looked like the people of common life. It really seems high time that the dress was modified; all other things are changed; there have been improvements in the care of the boys' health and comfort; improvements in the mode of education—why not in the dress? Yet is it not the dress worn by Barnes, by Leigh Hunt, by Mitchell, by Coleridge, by Lamb, by Cunningham, by Markland the scholar, and Richardson the novelist, as well as Stillingfleet and Camden?

Some of the ancient customs as well as the ancient costume are still preserved. The boys march to hear the Spital sermon, as they did of old at Easter; they sup, so many evenings in the year, in public, the table garnished with leathern jacks and wooden pipkins; and the Grecians deliver learned orations in place of the public disputations formerly held in the cloisters.

The great hall of Christ's is a magnificent building (finished in 1829), and lies open towards Newgate-street. It is in the Tudor style, 187 feet long, 51 broad, and 46½ high, having nine windows, and being in every respect one of the finest ornaments of the City. It contains two large pictures—one by Holbein already mentioned; the other by Verrio, representing James II. receiving the mathematical boys. Here the children breakfast, dine, and sup. The school-rooms are commodious and well arranged. The English and commercial school is shown in the engraving. The education of the boys consists in reading, writing, and arithmetic, French, the classics, and the mathematics. The library is excellently well adapted for the purposes for which it was designed; and the same may be said of the whole of the arrangements, all of which—the kitchen, the lavatory, the dormitories, the sick ward—deserve high praise.

About two hundred children are annually admitted to Christ's Hospital. The age of admission is from seven to ten years, and the mode is by presentation of a governor. The list of governors is annually published, and is to be had on application at the counting-house of the Hospital. It contains a list of between four and five hundred gentlemen—the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred heading the list. The Duke of Cambridge is president. Her Majesty, the Lord Mayor, and Court of Aldermen enjoy the privilege of an annual presentation; the other governors present in rotation, as far as the number of children to be admitted each year will allow.


A SLEEPING WARD
ENGLISH AND COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.
SICK WARD
A GRECIAN.
A GRECIAN'S STUDY
THE KITCHEN
LIBRARY.
THE LAVATORY
E. HULL.

THE GREAT HALL.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL