



A GAME OF DOMINOES ON THE BOULEVARD IN PARIS.

WE do not consider dominoes an enthusiastic game. It may be that there are depths of profundity among its hidden mysteries that we have not sounded; but, with our present knowledge, we are unable to understand how a party of men can sit, for hour after hour, matching bone or ivory-faced chips, until the hand of one of the party gives out, and he is declared the winner; and so on, and so on, over and over again. And yet, to look at faces of the group in the engraving before us, it would seem that the future welfare of every individual depended upon the issue. We admire earnestness, and we believe that when a man undertakes a thing he should put forth all his powers of mind and body to attain success—if success is worth attaining; but we cannot put aside the reflection that, in many instances, men who in trifling matters display earnestness, patience, judgment, and

skill, are totally wanting in those qualities in every-day life—that they allow themselves to waste, in the pursuit of some trivial game, the energy, application, and industry which, properly employed, would advance them to social and political eminence among their fellows.

The French are, proverbially, a gay as well as a polite people. The boulevards of Paris on a summer evening afford striking illustrations of both these national characteristics. A party of ladies and gentlemen who should attempt to take their evening cup of coffee or tea, or play a game of whist or dominoes, on the boulevard in front of their house or restaurant, say on King or St. James street, would experience an unquiet time; and yet in Paris, one of the most populous cities of the world, this is the universal custom. No one has any fear of rudeness or insolence from the passers by. From the ragged

gamin to the daintiest swell, not one has any thought of interfering with, or marring in any way, the scenes of harmless enjoyment through which he passes. Laughter, wit, and spirited repartee are heard on every hand; and, to all outward seeming at least, every one has thrown care to the winds and is bent on being happy. Is such a state of things due entirely to custom, or is it not rather the natural outcome of that social education among rich and poor alike, which makes politeness a virtue, and which would not for a moment tolerate rudeness or insolence such as we see among ourselves every day?

A French husband follows his wife through life as a dog his master on a journey—making a thousand capers and darts around her, rejoining her from time to time and sticking close to her towards the end of the day.