

# THE SATURDAY READER.

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FIVE CENTS.

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## PASSING EVENTS.

THE intelligence from Europe is not of an exciting character. In England the formation of Lord Russell's ministry is not regarded with much interest, it being generally understood that some of the appointments are provisional, and that new blood must be introduced to secure to the administration the support of the country and of Parliament. Earl Russell's chief difficulty will probably be the question of Parliamentary reform, for the Peelite section of his supporters in the cabinet and the Legislature will scarcely go so far as their chief, Mr. Gladstone, in advocating an increased representation of the people, while the old whigs are inclined to "rest and be thankful" with things as they are. Altogether, we should suppose that the Russell ministry is not destined to enjoy a long life, in its present form, at all events. The famous Count Bismarck, the Prussian minister, has been at Paris, and all sorts of rumours are afloat as to the objects of his visit; but whether he came to concoct a plan with Napoleon for the partition of Belgium at King Leopold's decease, or to arrange about the French frontier on the Rhine, the *quidnuncs* are unable to decide. It is now ascertained that the late Italian elections give a large majority to the Liberals, by which several contemplated measures of reform will be advanced. The rumour of King Victor Emmanuel's early abdication is once more in circulation, and it is supposed that his successor would be more likely to come to terms with Rome than it would be possible for him to do. If not a very brilliant man, it must be admitted that he has on the whole been a good King, and his retirement from public life would be a loss to his country. At Rome, Monsignor Merode has been succeeded by General Kartzeley, a friend of Cardinal Antonelli's. Garibaldi was elected to Parliament by the radicals of Naples, contrary to his wishes. At Genoa, Mazzini, although an exile from the kingdom, obtained a large vote, his opponent having only been returned by a majority of fifteen. The policy of Russia is again creating some apprehension in Europe, but we think without reason. That country swarms with secret conspirators, ever on the watch to overturn the Government, if an opportunity should occur; and a foreign war would be the best of opportunities for them. They are supposed to have caused the death of Alexander the First by poison, and nearly succeeded in getting up a rebellion when Nicholas ascended the throne. The present Czar holds them in great dread, and is not at all likely to seek external enemies while he has so many domestic foes to keep down.

General Grant's recent utterances at New York,

combined with the fact of Gen. John A. Logan's appointment as Minister to the Juarez Government, has led to much speculation concerning future troubles between the United States and France on the Mexican question. This is certainly the most important question of the day. When the honour of the nation is concerned, all France thinks and acts as one man. Under the old kings, the republic, the consulate and the empire, the glory of France was the first consideration with all Frenchmen, from the conscript to the General. If war were to occur between France and the United States, it would not be confined to this continent. England would likely be involved in it; Austria, finding France devoting her energies to Mexico, might attempt to recover her Italian provinces; the Italians would make a dash at Rome and Venetia; Hungary would be up in arms; Poland would be up; and the whole civilized world would be in commotion. We have no doubt that the statesmen at Washington have well considered the step they have taken in sending an accredited agent to Juarez. That they have the right to send him no sensible person will deny. But was it wise to do so under the circumstances? The reciprocity treaty has again become a subject of discussion in the American press, in consequence of the immense traffic in smuggled goods from Canada and the British Provinces; and it is not impossible that out of this evil good may come. Some arrangement must be made, or mischief will ensue.

## A TRIP TO DUBLIN,

HAVING the good fortune to know an Irish landlord of a farm of forty acres, and having time to cross over to Dublin, I preferred doing so, to joining the good ship *Belgian* at Liverpool, in order that I might pay a visit to my Irish friend, not knowing whether the Fenians may have had a pop at him or not. Fortunately I found him quite hearty, which will always be a satisfaction; for had I not seen him, and he had been popped off, I should always have experienced a melancholy. Again, I wished to satisfy myself with the memorials and the things of fame that do renown the ancient city of Dublin. The city of Cork I am familiar with; the groves of Blarney I have spent many happy hours in, and once that happiness received its climax, when a good lass named Kate, seeing me hesitate whether I would or not be hung over the parapet of the old castle for the purpose of kissing the stone, exclaimed, "Sure, if you don't kiss the stone, you won't be allowed to kiss the girls." My rejoinder was: "Faith, I will; here's the stone first and you afterwards." "With all my heart" was the reply, and we both melted. For many years she has been the "Sweet Kate" of my consolation, and the said landlord has been my brother-in-law during the same term. Not having seen him for many years, he met me at the steamboat wharf, when we were accosted.

"Ca-ar, your honour want a ca-ar, Sir?" shouted out the proprietor of a very dilapidated conveyance.

"And d'ye call that a ca-ar—faith, its only the carcass of one d'ye think the jittleman would ride in such a thing as that, an' he going direct to the Castle?" "Here ye are, Sir," says a rival Jehu—"thoroughbred, your honour, and no mistake, will take ye to His Excellencies in ten minutes: the d—! can't bato him."

But as my brother-in-law's motto, was, "First come, first served," and as he had hailed the carcass, upon the carcass we rode safely to "our inn."

I am not going to give a description of Dublin. In these times, when people are perpetually run-

ning to and fro on the earth, and every one appears to be everywhere else but at home—moreover when we all have our Murray and other "Tourist guides" at our fingers' ends, it would be stupid and superfluous in one to endeavour to describe the Irish capital.

Suffice it to say I was fortunate in having an excellent cicerone,—though why, every loquacious hireling who shews strangers about the picture galleries, palaces and ruins of Italy should be called after Cicero I stop not to enquire,—and that I saw everything that was worth seeing.

I think few could visit Dublin without pronouncing it a very fine city: I should esteem but lightly the judgment of any man who would express a contrary opinion. Its spacious streets and squares, handsome public buildings and noble park, all constructed on a scale of metropolitan magnificence, cannot, I should say, fail to strike those who see them for the first time, as they did me with admiration. But for the jaunting cars—an "institution" peculiar to Ireland—and which dashing rapidly along, nearly run over you at every corner, you may readily suppose yourself to be strolling in the west end of London; whilst viewed from some points—standing on one of the principal bridges for instance—the city presents quite a Parisian aspect, and with a trifling sketch of the imagination, you may easily fancy yourself looking down on the waters of the Seine—I say then, as poor Maginn sang:

"Shure Dublin is a splendid city."

But whilst owing to this, one is also constrained to admit that it is a city in which pomp and poverty are strangely intermingled. Other places have their particular aristocratic districts, their best ends, where the splendour of Dives may shine forth undiminished by the chilling clouds of Lazarus. But it is not so here. Close to any of its wide and spacious streets, adjoining its handsome and commanding squares, and in the familiar proximity to viceregalty itself, you come upon narrow ill ventilated courts and alleys, the haunts of poverty, wretchedness and vice.

The inhabitants of these grimy regions, however, appear to bear their lot philosophically—Mrs. O'Brien, with shawl slung over her head, sits on a door step, nursing the last little addition to the household of Mr. O'B., and gossiping cozily with her fellow lodger Mrs. Maloney, whilst the juveniles of both houses—the O'B.'s, and the M.'s—sprawl, scream and scramble in the adjoining gutter. The tattered condition of their habiliments indisputably shew that neither of their respective mammas are particularly partial to needlework. No—they evidently prefer an hour's active chat, to an hour's silent sewing; so the little O'B.'s and M.'s present an appearance scarcely presentable.

Nor is the worthy paterfamilias of the O'Brien household a whit better off. There he is at yonder corner, evidently a character, worthy of a few moments' quiet study. An itinerant vendor of books has spread out a score or two of his wares on the ground hoping to obtain a few customers; and Mr. O'Brien, with "spectacles on nose," is kneeling down scanning a volume with the eye of a critic. Like his celebrated countryman, Brian O'Lyn, Mr. O'Brien has scarcely any "breeches to wear." Certainly those he has on are well ventilated, and that, too, on the most primitive principles. Moreover his coat covered with streaks, of lunc, proclaiming Mr. O'Brien to be a mason's assistant or hod man, is minus a tail—not a freemason's entered apprentice or an odd fellow; these secret societies, he dare not enter—in fact, he is a mere thing of "shreds and patches," but no, we do Mrs. O'Brien an injus-