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temporary assistance to the destitute families, and farther on by neglect and suffering, which might be mitigated by the means now existing for insuring life against accident. The practice will not be general until the employers of miners introduce it among their men. Greater precaution should be enforced stringently by law. The coal in this pit was fiery in its nature. The quality was well known both to the owners and to the workers. In defiance of the dangers originating in the use of common candles, they were employed, and no doubt can be entertained that the deaths of all these men originated from that cause. The safety lamps are more expensive than open lights, but the public would cheerfully pay three or four pence, or more, for coals than the average price, to be assured that the profession of those who dig them is not rendered trebly hazardous.

THE HAPSBURGHS AND THE IRISH.

A DUBLIN newspaper, *Saunders's News-Letter*, of a recent date, has an article meant to prove the attachment of the Austrian Camp and Court to those famous Irishmen who have bled for its despotism. Ireland produces doubtful characters who accept commissions from tyrants to destroy slaves; but we see no reason to be proud of them. O'Donnell, who committed the last *coup* in Spain, is one of these Austrian Irishmen, but Ireland must be rather pleased that the connection is cut. We cannot say, indeed, that Ireland is more productive proportionately of this class of men than Scotland. We read several Scotch names among the generals in the Russian service; and though some of them declined to serve during the last war against Britain, yet others of them fought, and one was shot at the battle of Traktir. We plead not guilty, however, to any gratification from the career of these gentlemen.

The House of Hapsburgh may be served as readily by Irish pens as Irish swords, and it is grateful for a good book. Mr. W. B. McCabe, said to be well known as a journalist in London and Dublin, has written a book named "Adelaide, Queen of Italy." This book, of which we never formerly heard, describes events of the tenth century, and traces a connection between the Crown of Lombardy and the House of Hapsburgh even at that date. Mr. McCabe dedicated his volume to the Archduchess Sophia, the mother of the reigning Emperor, with permission. That lady has ordered the following letter to be transmitted to Mr. McCabe, touching "Adelaide, Queen of Italy:—"

Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to have to communicate to you that I am charged by her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Sophia of Austria to address you, Sir, the herewith annexed trifling object, consisting of a breastpin, which you will please to accept as a small token of acknowledgment for your very interesting literary work. I seize this oppor-

tunity to express to you my own feelings of high esteem, and remain, Sir, your very devoted

COUNT DE POISEN,

Grand Master of the Household to her Imperial Highness.

To William B. McCabe, Esq.

Saunders indulges in a minute description of Mr. McCabe's breast-pin, from which we gather that it is "one of the most magnificent specimens of foreign jewellery" ever seen by the writer, who, probably, was allowed to look at the Queen of Spain's jewellery in the Exhibition of 1851. The instrument wherewith the author of "Adelaide" may hereafter attach the plaits of his linen is a shamrock, consisting of diamonds of the purest water, numbering twenty-eight! From this critique on "Adelaide" by the Archduchess Sophia, we learn that the volume is an ultramontane attack upon the liberties of Italy, dug out of the ninth century, when there was scarcely a House of Hapsburgh, and very small ultramontaneism. Ruminating on the author, we can only recollect a gentleman of that name who was a pilot of the *Morning Herald* when, however partial to the House of Austria, that journal published bitter attacks on the Romanism of Ireland, sufficient to set the contending parties in the isle of shamrocks by the ears. He cannot therefore be the owner of "Adelaide," and the great shamrock; and yet *Saunders* describes a well-known journalist, but whose pledge of friendship from Vienna cannot be considered any proof of his friendship to the cause of oppressed nationalities; and therefore he is not a young Irishman, except in the John Mitchell sense of the phrase; whose unfortunate organisation permitted him to worship at the altar of liberty in Dame-street, and to cherish the desire for a plantation with three or four hundred niggers in Virginia at the same time, or shortly afterwards.

THE EX-KING OF OUDE AND HIS CHRONICLERS

THE Royal family of Oude have exhibited little activity since their arrival in this country. Their agitation for the return of their Royal privilege must proceed very quietly if a beginning has been made. In India a journal devoted to their service has been commenced, under the title of the *Central Star*. In America it would have been styled the *Low Star*, or some such imaginative title. The Occidentalists are more imaginative than the Orientalists, and the latter, therefore, content themselves with the practical *Central Star*, which shone at Cawnpore formerly, and is now transferred to Lucknow. From this journal of the East, we transcribe some sentences relating to an anonymous work that has been much quoted in this country:—

We see allusion made in the Bombay journals to the book entitled "The private life of an Eastern King," in connection with a work apparently of a similar nature, called "Edgar Bardon;" and its authorship, after having been

tributed to we know not how many different persons, is at last ascribed to one Mr. William Knighton. We have often had a mind to set the public right in this respect, but did not think it worth while. Perhaps, though, it is as well that we do so now. Well, then, that little volume was concocted by an individual of the name of Edward Cropley; who, however, being too illiterate himself, sought the services of an emendator, before passing it through the Press—hence its appearance in its present form. But whether it was the said William Knighton, or any other like person, who performed that indelicate office, we are not aware. It is as well, also, to mention who this Edward Cropley is, or rather was. He was an adventurer, who, like many others of that ilk, went to Oude, hunting for something to do. He had the luck to fall in with a man of considerable influence at the Court of Nusseer-ood-deen Hydur, and through his interposition succeeded in obtaining the appointment of Librarian to the King, on the goodly salary of 500 rupees a month. Finding he had lost favour with Nusseer-ood-deen Hydur, he returned to England; and then, as impressed on the very face of the puerile production, out of revenge, engendered by some fancied offence from His Majesty or his courtiers, published the farrago of sickening lies against his master and the very man who had befriended him. Such, then, is the author of "The private life of an Eastern King."

Our quotation is garbled or incomplete by the omission of adjectives only, from the original text, because we consider them rather strong against Messrs. Cropley and Knighton, or both. The origin of "The Private Life of an Eastern King" has not been a great mystery, because the subject is not "great" in one sense; although it is certainly a great misfortune that persons resembling the characters drawn in the book, should be kings; but, unless some important interest is to be served, "family secrets" need not be turned into money by those who have participated in the "family wealth." It is creditable to Nusseer-ood-deen-Hydr that he has a library, and that he paid 500 rupees a month, or £600 per annum, to Mr. Cropley, if that be the gentleman's name, for its oversight. Very strange it is, certainly, that Nusseer-ood-deen-Hydr's influential courtier found him a librarian at the salary, so illiterate that he could not correct his own book. That, perhaps, proves too much. We fear that an unreasonable proportion of the pensions accorded to these Indian Chiefs and expotentates, finds its way to the private purposes of "adventurers," who persuade them that they can effect impossibilities in their behalf. A strange letter appeared a few days ago in the *Times*, of which the following is a copy:—

Sir,—My attention has been called to the following paragraph, reflecting on myself, and which has been copied out of the *Bombay Times* into certain of the London journals:—

"The *Bombay Times* has obtained possession of a

singular document. It is a copy of an agreement between Meer Jaffir Ali, the Nawab of Surat, and Nusser Ali Khan, heir presumptive to the throne of Oude, in which the latter assigns to Jaffir Ali, the sole conduct of his 'case.' Should the throne of Oude be restored, Meer Jaffir is to receive a pension of three lakhs per annum. Should the Oude prince not succeed in enforcing his claims, a suit in Chancery is to be brought against the East India Company for all the sums subscribed by the Oude family to the Government loans from 1811 to 1855. If the suit succeeds, Jaffir Ali's pension is to be a lakh and a-half. If the king repudiates the contract, the heir apparent is to observe it on his father's death. The agreement was sworn to on the Koran by both parties, in the presence of a large number of witnesses, and is dated Harley-house, London, November 7, 1856."

In reply to this circumstantial statement I am able to declare that such an agreement as that described above was never entered into or contemplated; that nothing resembling it ever occurred to either of the parties mentioned, and that, in short, there is no foundation whatever for the calumny.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAFUR ALEE.

15, Warwick-road West, Paddington, Feb. 20.

The lakhs of rupees are £10,000 each, so that Jafur Alee was to be provided with an income of £15,000 to £30,000 per annum, in proportion to his Messrs. The Nawab of Surat is reduced, by some proceedings of the Company, to an honorary title, and the House of Commons having, at the close of the last session, adopted a resolution in favour of the owner's claims on the East India Company by an immense majority, abandoned his title immediately afterwards, at the instigation, chiefly, of Lord Ellenborough, and other ex-Indians. The little paragraph constructed in Bombay is no doubt false. It is easy to copy a deed that never existed. The story reminds us of another story. A Bombay journalist once upon a time agreed to enlighten the miserable intellects of this country by lectures on Indian affairs. He called upon a native claimant from the East, and offered to include his grievances in his orations, in a style that would ensure their redress, for the small charge, only to meet expenses, of fifteen hundred pounds. At that time the Oriental gentleman was fresh to home politics, and did not deem agitation necessary. Therefore, he assured his visitor that he could not afford to pay the money for being lectured upon, but he would gladly give five hundred pounds upon the condition that his case and name should not be mentioned in the applicant's prelections. One cannot say the number of tales that offer may have originated; but we may be certain that the outraged journalist has not always been silent since then.