

of them, probably, being of Portuguese origin, in the early days of the great trading companies, while others presumably belong to the "Pigeon" or commercial English, of the Chinese ports. The terms, *calico*, *chintz*, and *gingham*, which long ago found lodgment in English lexicons, are unquestionably, in the case of the first two, at any rate, East Indian: the same may be said of *arrack*, *mango*, *sugar*, *shampoo*, *punch*, *toddy*, *banyan*, and *mulligatawny*. It is news for us, however, to learn that our "candy-sugar" is wholly Sanskrit, our author tracing it to *khandā*, "broken," a word applied in various compounds to granulated and candied sugar.

Chicane and *chicanery* are words which, though they come to us immediately from the French, are not generally supposed to be of Oriental origin. Brachet, in his Etymological French Grammar, we know, derives *chicane* remotely from a Byzantine word, meaning, in its original signification, "the game of the mall." This term, in process of time, came to be applied, first, to a dispute about the game, and, later on, to *sharp practice* in law suits, and to the meaning it now has with us. It has been reserved to Colonel Yule, however, to settle the origin of the word almost beyond question. There can be little doubt, he says, that the words *chicane* and *chicanery* are Asiatic in their origin, and are really traceable to the game of *chaugān*, or horse-golf—better known on this side the Atlantic under the name of "polo." The author adds that the recent introduction of the game under its Oriental name is its second importation into Western Europe; "for in the Middle Ages," he remarks, "it came from Persia to Byzantium, where it was popular under a modification of its Persian name, and from Byzantium it passed as a pedestrian game to Languedoc, where it was called by a further modification *chicane*." The analogy of certain heated periods of the game of golf suggests, he adds, how the figurative meaning of *chicaner* might arise in taking advantage of the petty accidents between the players.

Demijohn is another Anglicised word which has come to us immediately from the French, under its Gallic form of *dame-jeanne*, "lady Jane." This word Colonel Yule claims to be an Oriental one, probably derived from *Dannaghān*, in Persia. Though this suggested origin, we are told, is doubted by Mr. Marsh, in his Notes on Wedgwood's Dictionary, Niebuhr, nevertheless, uses the word as an Oriental one; and Colonel Yule quotes a number of learned authorities, Lane (in his "Modern Egyptians") among the number, in support of his contention that the word is of Persian origin, and that it is undoubtedly known in modern Arabic. Of Persian, rather than of Turkish, origin also, is the word *turban*, which, according to Colonel Yule, is incorrectly supposed to be a corruption of the Hindustani-Persian word *sirband* (head-wrap). The proper word, our author inclines to think, was *dulband*, which Persian dictionaries define as "a cloth of fine, white muslin; a wrapper for the head." This origin and the forms which the word assumes in passing through the Turkish into European languages, we may say, are already noted by English lexicographers.

A reviewer of Colonel Yule's interesting volume, in the last *Quarterly*, refers to another class of words treated of, in the names of native or Anglo-Indian residences, or parts thereof, such as *compound*, *balcony*, *pagoda*, and *bungalow*. *Compound*, this writer remarks, "is the enclosed ground, whether garden or waste, which surrounds an Anglo-Indian house." Whether the term, which appears to have been introduced into India from the English factories, or depôts of commerce, in the Malaysian Archipelago, was derived from the Malay word, *kampung*, meaning an enclosed ground, or borrowed from the Portuguese *campo*, is, we are told, a matter of doubt. But *Balcony* our modern English dictionaries derive from the Persian; but Colonel Yule apparently hesitates to endorse this Oriental etymology. Of the accepted origin of *pagoda* and *bungalow* there seems, however, to be no doubt. The "Glossary" also endorses the accepted derivation of the Asiatic substantive *chop*, "a stamp or brand," a permit or license; also, a chest (as of tea)—definitions in use in the *lingua franca* of traders in Chinese waters, and are now incorporated in our later English dictionaries. Colonel Yule, though he finds illustrations in support of these several meanings of the word in the trade jargon of the East, thinks it not unlikely, however, that the word may have its true origin in the Portuguese term *chapa*, "a thin plate of metal," which, as a seal, stamp, or brand, may have been made use of in commerce.

Other classes of words associated with the East, which have come into use through military and official intercourse with the people, are interestingly dealt with by Colonel Yule, together with much lighter and amusing matter—the chaff of British wit in coining slang equivalents for native words and phrases, or the corruptions which words undergo in being picked up by the uneducated foreign ear, or by the army of "batmen," valets, and other personal attendants of Anglo-Indian officials. Into these words space will not permit us now to enter, and we must refer the reader of this brief paper, who desires to know more of this interesting and instructive Anglo-Indian Glossary, to the book itself. The student of philology may not learn from the work a great deal that is new to him of the origin of Eastern words introduced into the language, but he will find much curious illustrative matter that incidentally throws light upon the subject, which, if it fails to profit, will, at any rate, amuse. In a future article the present writer hopes to take up for brief consideration the subject of French-Canadian words that have become corrupted, or have undergone many and fanciful changes—the basis of the paper being a native Glossary, which, to many students of the language, it is to be feared, is an unknown book.

G. M. A.

THE DEEP TIDE.

UPON the deep tide of my tenderness,
As in a dream I feel your spirit drift;
The little waves pulse eagerly, and swift
From heaven falls the wind's divine caress;
Anear the brink a white and wavering press
Of water lilies, like shy thoughts, uplift
Their glances to the sky. Above a rift
Of clouds the stars their answering thought confess.

Ah, love! the tide flows deep, the tide flows deep!
The petty storms that trouble shallow streams
Cannot come nigh us while the lilies keep
Their gaze upon the sky, and answering gleams
Of countless starry eyes attend your sleep.
Sweet rest be yours, dear love, and blessed dreams!

Fenwick.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

TILL now, no one very clearly knew why that model ambassador from Austria to France—the Comte de Beust—was recalled. He is a native of Saxony, yet it is to him reverts the honour of saving in 1867 Austria—that conglomeration of eleven colonies or nationalities—from dislocation. The Comte is now eighty years of age, and lives in the vicinity of Vienna—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot." He is still juvenile and elastic. It is over forty-six years since he first visited France, as an attaché of the Saxon embassy. The day after his arrival in Paris, eager to commence lionizing, he was unexpectedly caught at the Porte St. Denis, between the cross fire of the insurgents led by Barbes, and where M. Grévy, then a law student, figured, and the troops. The combatants seemed to have sprung up from the boulevard by enchantment.

Comte de Beust was an inveterate purchaser of curios while here. It is thus he picked up a precious copy of Gobelin's tapestry, dating from the reign of Louis XIII.; subject, the "Pains of Hell." This hangs in the ante-chamber to his study, the fittest decoration, he considers, for a diplomatist's residence. The four walls of his study are covered with engravings, photos, extracts from the picture journals, and caricatures, all contemporary with his public career. One side of the room is dedicated to the Eastern question—on the solution of which solutionless problem hangs the fate of Austria, the other walls are appropriated to London, Vienna, and Paris. Many of the portraits and photos are souvenirs with dedications by their illustrious subjects.

The Comte attributes the abrupt termination of his public career to the intrigues of the court of Vienna, which accused him of supplying to his intimate friend, Madame Adam, editress and proprietress of the *Nouvelle Revue*, the materials for her sketches of Vienna Imperial Life, published under the mask of Comte de Vasili. It is above all Prince Bismarck he accuses, because, in an inaugural address he delivered in this city before the International Literary Society, he avowed his "heart was French." He states the reason why the alliance between France and Austria in 1870 fell through was owing to the refusal of Napoleon to bind himself to a common programme. Austria suspected Napoleon would act as he did at Villafranca towards Italy; fight a battle or two, then leave Austria at the mercy of Germany to pay the expenses of the war. When the French were beaten at Spicheren Napoleon condescended to remember the projected alliance. "Oh! what about that alliance?" asked his Majesty. "Sire, is it that one makes alliance with the conquered?" was the crushing and fatal response received.

RUSSIA is the nursery ground of Sects. The latest is a *Sauve-qui-peut moral*, which the intellectual classes of that empire now indulge in, as the outcome of the writings of the romancier, Comte Tolstoi. His novel, "Anna Karénine," is the missal of the new dogmas applied to questions of the day. The purely theological aspect of his ideas was treated in his "Religion" and "Confession"; these the Greek Church put at once in its Index. But the works none the less circulated to the number of millions in the auto and lithograph form among the masses. The Comte Tolstoi even dramatized his doctrines—like Dumas's son—and had the plays interpreted at the Crummes class of theatres in St. Petersburg.

Comte Tolstoi is immensely rich, and of noble descent; he has not renounced his social position, as is reported. He splits wood—Mr. Gladstone fells trees; he makes boots—Louis XVI. made locks; and the Kronprinz of Germany sets type, merely as hygienic exercises. The Count's panacea for helping your neighbour is, Give no money, aid him in his work with your own hands. But how do so in the case, say, of frozen-out gardeners, when they "have got no work to do?" He ranks intellectual labour as an iniquity and inutility. "Scientific science," for him is the antipodes of common sense. Ignorance is bliss; only manual labour is righteous. In one of his "Tracts for the Times," which he publishes for the masses, a king of the scientists is sent to board and lodge with swine. In a second allegory Hades swallows up the intellectual worker. The author urges that the wicked should be allowed to always have their own way.

Comte Tolstoi asks the Russian peasants, "why desire land, when at any moment they may die?" They should only seek for seven feet of soil, just the length of a grave. Suppose Lord Salisbury tried this new gospel of Holy Russia with the Irish?

THE Pope has canonised the Roman Catholic martyrs of the reign of Henry VIII., Fisher and More. We have not the slightest objection. Only let the victims of the Marian persecution be canonised at the same time. Liberal Protestantism does both.