

*OCCASIONAL NOTES.*

A Tinnongong—he of Johore—has arrived in England. What is a Tinnongong, and how does he take rank in the Asiatic table of precedence? Would he take the lady of the house down to dinner before or after Dhuleep Singh, or Sir Jung Bahadur, or Sir Fuzund Dilbund of Kuppoothulla, or Mr. Charles Brooke, the Tuan-Muda of Sarawak? These fond and idle inquiries we may pass by, for they are not likely to be answered to our satisfaction. But we are glad to have the opportunity of expressing our pleasure at the Malay Prince's arrival, and that on English as well as strictly Johorian grounds. Mr. John Crawford will now be kept out of mischief for some time. He is master of Malay and of every subject connected with Malayan regions. He is the guide, philosopher, and friend of yellow men, whom he knows how to rule with vigorous and kindly sway. But there is very little legitimate Malayan business provided for his idle hands in London, and therefore, like a restless and reckless veteran as he is, he has taken in an evil hour to lay down the law for white men about philology; without, perhaps, asking of himself how far he might be qualified for such legislation, much less qualifying himself for it. Hence it is that we have come to be edified by his remarkable papers about the gipsy language, and the numerals of all languages, and the two hundred words which are all that is common to Welsh and Irish—there being no such thing as the Celtic languages—and the different words for geese and ducks all over the world, and other delectable matters—papers which are much prized abroad, as showing how high a linguistic standard we English have adopted, and what our first-class philological authorities can really achieve when conducting their independent inquiries. We shall have no more challengings of Professor Max Müller, who is to Mr. Crawford as a kind of philological scarlet woman—no shoutings of defiance, such as Dr. Cumming periodically hurls at the heads of priests and cardinals and other Romish minions, provoking him to come forth on the platform, publicly defend the errors and abominations of the “Aryan theory,” and meekly recant and abjure them on the verdict being pronounced against him by the acclamation of a jury of inexperts. The Professor has the prospect of a quiet life before him for some time to come now, and should go and thank the Tinnongong for it.

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