

ure to his unbending integrity. I am safe in saying that not a single charge can be brought against him that would in any way reflect on his private or public character, or on his management of Provincial affairs. In this respect he is the "double" of the Hon. Oliver Mowat, whom he resembles in more ways than one. His past is pure, and his honesty and sincerity unquestioned and unquestionable. A long experience in journalistic work has made his mind a crowded storehouse of facts and data bearing on local politics, which gives him a very noticeable advantage over a majority of the other members in the House. In dealing with public questions he displays a large-minded liberalism, always tempered with a spirit of moderation and fairness. He is not apt to be carried away by a passionate partyism, although he is, it is true, a thorough advocate of Liberal principles, and never allows an opponent to attack those principles without bringing him up at a sharp curve. As a public speaker Mr. Fielding labours under the disadvantages of a feeble voice and smallness of stature. His remarkable fluency, however, largely atones for these defects. His oratory is practical and business-like. He treats a question from a matter-of-fact standpoint. His style is destitute of tawdry ornament. He indulges in no gorgeous word-painting. He makes no attempt at rhetorical display. Notwithstanding his remarkable fluency he is seldom redundant. He is never found entrenching himself behind meaningless phrases. What he has to say he says quickly and always to the point. Whatever the emergency he is always ready to meet it and he rarely, if ever, disappoints the expectations of his audience.

In debate Mr. Fielding is quick to see a weak point in the argument of an opponent. He has never been known to hesitate an instant for a word, but talks away with a freedom and rapidity that is at once surprising and convincing. Reporters regard him as by far the most rapid speaker in the House, and he is, accordingly, a constant terror to the stenographic fraternity. Indeed it is questionable if any man now in Canadian public life can talk with the same unerring rapidity, and with the same accuracy of fact and expression. Some of his speeches would do credit to far more pretentious politicians, for the simple reason that they breathe that spirit of high-minded patriotism, which is ever the animating principle of an upright statesman. One of his admirers said of him recently: "He is walking in the footsteps of Howe," a compliment that Nova Scotians are fully capable of appreciating. What may be the direction of Mr. Fielding's future I shall not attempt to predict. It is quite certain however, that he will not remain forever in the comparative obscurity of Provincial politics. The field in Nova Scotia is entirely too narrow for a man of his rare gifts and powers. Should he enter Dominion politics he would not be long in attaining a foremost position.

C. P. McLENNAN.

THE ETRUSCAN QUESTION.*

THE meaning of the Etruscan inscriptions has been a standing puzzle to scholars for more than half a century. Niebuhr, Ottfried Müller, Mommsen, and Deecke, not to speak of English, French, Italian, and Swedish scholars have one after the other tried to decipher them, and have failed. It would therefore have been quite a triumph for Canadian scholarship if Professor Campbell had really "solved the Etruscan problem," as he claimed to have done in his *Etruria Capta*, a paper which he read before the Canadian Institute a year ago. But, if we are to believe Professor Ferguson, so far from throwing any light upon the meaning of the inscriptions, he shows unpardonable ignorance of the very rudiments of philology. Ignoring the labours of the eminent scholars who have preceded him, Professor Campbell has adopted an hypothesis, suggested fifty years ago by Sir Wm. Bethran, and revived in our own day by the late Mr. Robinson Ellis. That hypothesis is that Etruscan is the ancient form of Basque! The manner in which Professor Campbell seeks to bolster up his hypothesis is, according to his critic, even more preposterous than the hypothesis itself.

The eminent scholars already mentioned have not been able to decipher the Etruscan inscriptions, but they have at least been able to fix the value and power of the letters. It remained for Professor Campbell to suggest that Etruscan was written *syllabically*. For, if he is correct, the only clue to the decipherment of the inscription is lost, and the labours of a long line of scholars count for nothing. Many of the inscriptions are bilingual, Latin and Etruscan, and it has always been held that the one is a literal translation or reproduction of the other. But if Etruscan is syllabic, this is all a mistake. Professor Ferguson, on the other hand, contends that Etruscan was not syllabic. If it was, how does it come that there are only twenty signs in Etruscan? Professor Campbell simply makes each sign mean anything he pleases. Nor is he even consistent with himself; for he assumes that the very same words, when they occur in Greek and Latin authors are literal, and when they appear in the inscriptions are syllabic! A very convenient method no doubt, but hardly scientific. The value of Professor Campbell's labours may be judged from the fact that he actually supposes that syllabic writing is a peculiarity of the Turanian family of languages, being evidently unaware that syllabism is a *stage* in the development of written speech, and that any language, Aryan, Semite, or Turanian, may have been written syllabically.

The attempt to show that Etruscan is the ancient form of Basque proceeds upon a principle that every philologist knows to be false, the principle that the affinity of two languages may be based upon mere similarity of sound. This method reminds one of the humorous derivation of the Scotch "sark" (a shirt), from *sarx* (flesh), because a shirt is next the flesh.

* *The Etruscan Question*. By Professor G. D. Ferguson, Queen's University, Kingston. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

His method is, in fact, philology run mad. None of the Etruscan inscriptions are later than the second century B.C.; while the earliest examples of Basque literature belong to the fifteenth century of our era. And Basque has changed so much in the last three centuries that, in the words of M. Blabé, "it is very difficult, when it is not impossible, to translate the early texts." Imagine, therefore, what changes must have taken place in seventeen centuries. Yet Professor Campbell seeks to connect Basque with Etruscan simply on the basis of similarity of sound! Nor does he take note of the fact that no language has been so largely affected by foreign influence. He even seeks to prove his case by citing words as genuine Basque which begin with the letter R, although it is a commonplace with Basque scholars that no word in that language begins with R. We fear that the charge of being an "unscientific people," which a great living philologist made against Canadians, has not been refuted by *Etruria Capta*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD. By James A. Payn. Toronto: William Bryce.

Mr. Payn has almost always among the *dramatis personæ* of his novels a young and lovely heiress, and, very often, a cruel and unscrupulous guardian. In this one we have both, and a very plucky and persevering lover; and, as usual, the course of true love is anything but smooth. To retain his control of her fortune and to separate her effectually from her lover, the guardian determines to take his ward (and niece) with him to India. The voyage is disastrous to all, and fatal to him and others. The vessel encounters a terrific tempest on the Indian Ocean, and is ultimately driven, a total wreck, on the shore of an uninhabited island. On this island the survivors of the passengers and crew make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit. The "Prince of the Blood" is the son and heir of the native chief of a neighbouring island. This very admirable young man falls madly in love with the heroine, who, thinking her English lover has perished at sea, likes the Prince enough to promise to marry him. The story tells how she escaped the splendid misery of being queen of a Malay island.

THE ISLES OF THE PRINCES, OR THE PLEASURES OF PRINKIPO. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

During the summer of 1886 the author, then United States Minister at Constantinople, resided with his family at Prinkipo, one of the Princes Islands, a little group of nine in the Sea of Marmora, attractive for the beauty of their scenery and interesting for their historical and poetical associations. In this volume, which has a map and a number of illustrations, Mr. Cox very graphically describes the scenery and climate of the islands, their people and products, their ruins and antiquities and their historical and other associations. It may not be quite so full of humour as one might expect from Mr. Cox's reputation, but it is nevertheless a very pleasantly written and entertaining book.

SADDLE AND SABRE. By Hawley Smart. Toronto: William Bryce.

Those who have read *From Post to Finish* and *Bad to Beat* will need no words of commendation to induce them to open the pages of *Saddle and Sabre*. There is much about races and "favourites," and turf tricks and turf disasters, about garrison dissipations and usurers' exactions, and some interesting chapters descriptive of hard work and hard fighting in India. Though there is much in the book suggestive of its predecessors, it is full of fresh and sometimes exciting incidents. Those who have been reading it in the *Graphic* will be glad to get the complete story in the neat form in which Mr. Bryce has brought out the Canadian edition.

MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S. By Hon. Emily Lawless. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Major Lawrence is not a brilliant novel, but it would be perhaps unjust to describe it as a dull one. At the start one is almost led to suppose that the story is to be one of life in India; but the incidents are all in England and France and Italy, where the Major spends a few brief furloughs. Old Lady Mordaunt is a bright character and the best in the book. Lady Adelaide is more picturesque as a child than as a wife and mother; and the Major—well, the Major is another "Dobbin," but without Dobbin's personal ungainliness.

KALLOOLAH. By W. S. Mayo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The great popularity of stories of adventure has doubtless caused the publishers to bring out this new and handsomely illustrated edition of *Kaloolah*. It is, as every one knows, a very sensational romance, and as full of marvellous incident and thrilling adventure as any lover of this sort of literature could desire. It was first published some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and the fact that this really fine edition is the "thirtieth thousand" is sufficient evidence of the wide and continued popularity of the book.

ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS. By David Christie Murray and H. Hermann. Toronto: William Bryce.

We cannot conceive what induced the publisher to bring out a Canadian edition of this very worthless story. Any possible merit it may