

psychologic but his work seems more artificial, and so we turn from these to his novels of humor preferredly.

De Mille died at the prime of life, yet he produced about thirty novels, many of them very lengthy. The greatest of these, one that is truly a great novel, did not appear until after his death, and then anonymously. It is entitled "The Mysterious Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder." Both internal and external evidence make it quite certain that it was De Mille, and it shows what the novelist could do when he wrote with the purpose of doing his best. It describes the country of the Kosekin at the South Pole, where men loved darkness rather than light, death rather than life and poverty rather than wealth. It was every one's aim to reach the high estate of pauperism. We see in this, if we look beneath the surface a clever satire on modern society, showing the frailties of society now by painting it under directly opposite conditions. But this *motif* of the story is so hidden as not to hurt our appreciation of the novel as a novel. We are enchanted by the weirdness of his description of that land of iron, of "Shrieklike hags," of enduring night. He depicts things with the grim and terrible strength of Poe. The daring conception of his story appalls us, but he proves equal to the task of describing the horrors of the "nightmare land," he falls not back but holds the attention throughout. To write such a novel requires a peculiar temperament and an extraordinary skill, it requires the genius of a Poe, but De Mille accomplishes his task.

Many other talents belong to the late professor. As a poet, teacher, linguist, musician and artist he displayed much native skill. But these cannot be treated in a short article and so we speak of him as a novelist, wherein he made his greatest fame.

W. G. M. '93.

ENGLISH—ITS SOURCE AND GROWTH.

EARLY English may be said to date from the time when our piratical Saxon fore-fathers moored their roving barques in Britannia's sheltered bays. But far different is that crude speech of the fifth century from the English of to-day. Different in form, pronunciation and appearance it must be learned almost as a foreign tongue, yet the sameness of the language as well as the sameness of spirit remain to the present. With these the body of man was rooted deep into the soil of nature, and in this instance still deeper, for as civilization advances it removes man further from nature. In those lands there was no living without plenty of solid food, bad weather kept them at home and strong drink was taken to cheer them. Leaving the women and slaves at home to care for the stock, they fearlessly dashed to sea in their two-sailed ships, landed anywhere and destroyed everything