

of that great city are therefore turned out of the Foundling Hospitals, where they had been deposited by their mothers almost as soon as born. They never knew their parents, and their own children become Foundlings as they themselves did. They are thrust forth upon the world, men and women in about equal numbers, absolutely penniless and friendless, with everything to stimulate their passions, and nothing but the strong hand of power to restrain them. They constitute a reckless and fearful element of turbulence, always ready for insubordination, always ready to rise against order in the hope of bettering their condition. Such a thing as duty or virtuous principle, they never rise to understand.

These facts bring into question the expediency of Foundling Hospitals. Is it wise in government to relieve people of personal responsibility for their children? Does it not necessarily destroy parental tenderness, and *invite* to sin?

XXVII.

DAY DREAM.

Sir James Mackintosh says (Life, Vol. I, Page 5.) "About the same time, I read the old translation (called Dryden's) of Plutarch's Lives, and Echarde's Roman History. I well remember that the perusal of the last led me into a ridiculous habit, from which I shall never be totally free. I used to fancy myself Emperor of Constantinople. I distributed offices and provinces among my schoolfellows. I loaded my favorites with dignity and power, and I often made the objects of my dislike feel the weight of my imperial resentment. I carried on the series of political events in solitude for several hours: I resumed them, and continued them from day to day for several months. Ever since I have been more prone to building castles in the air than most others. My castle building has always been of a singular kind. It was not the anticipation of a sanguine disposition, expecting extraordinary success in its pursuits, and as little to be expected, as the crown of Constantinople at the school of Fortrose. These fancies, indeed, have never amounted to conviction; or, in other words they have never influenced my actions; but I must confess they have often been as steady, and of as regular recurrence, as conviction itself, and that they have sometimes created a little faint expectation,—a state of mind in which my wonder that they should be realized would not be so great as it rationally ought to be. The indulgence of this dreaming propensity produces good and bad consequences. It produces indolence, improvidence, cheerfulness; a study is its favorite science; and I have no doubt that many a man, surrounded by piles of folios, and apparently engaged in the most profound researches, is in reality often employed in distributing the offices and provinces of the empire of Constantinople."

John Randolph, as is well known, spent his early life in dreaming of Baronial Halls and splendor; and doubtless the most of us have pet dreams, the "confusions of a wasted youth," to which we fly from pain, and the weariness of existence. Real pleasure and magnificence are the lot of few; but Providence has given another world for us to live in, save that of practical facts, namely, the world of fancy, and in that we idle many an hour. Nevertheless, day-dreams ought never to create "a faint expectation"—very far from it.

I take it that if every man of a really powerful mind would disclose himself,

and especially if his temperament be emotional, he would have to confess himself ashamed of some of the fictive flimsies that give him occasional delight.

XXVIII.

THE VERB TO GET.

Of all the abused words of the English language, probably no other is twisted to such ill offices as the verb *get*. It is applied as follows: "He's got the tooth-ache." "He's going to get married." "He got a word in." "He got up a game." "He got ready." "He got to be seen." "He got well." "Get out!" "Make him git!" "He's getting along fairly." etc., etc.

In the conversation of ninety-nine persons out of every hundred, some form of the verb *get* will be found to do constant and conspicuous duty. Its perpetual use is slangy, and indicates either lack of cultivation, or poverty of language.

XXIX.

IS WAR DYING OUT?

When, a few years ago, Mr. Buckle wrote his History of Civilization in England, he said "If we compare one century with another, we shall find that for a very long period, wars have been becoming less frequent." And again he says "If we turn to the human intellect, in the narrowest sense of the term, we shall find that every great increase in its activity has been a heavy blow to the warlike spirit." And he claims that there is an irreconcilable antagonism between the intellectual class and the military.

Will these propositions bear daylight? Let us see! As for the first, that wars are dying out, what is the record of this century? There were the Napoleonic wars up to 1814; and as soon as Europe had recovered from the exhaustion thereon consequent, war broke out in the revolutionary movements of 1848, and between Austria and Sardinia, between England allied with France and Russia (The Crimean war,) between France allied with Sardinia and Austria, between Germany and Denmark, between Austria and Prussia, between France and Germany, between England and India, between England and Abyssinia, between England and Ashantee, and there have been the civil wars of Italy, and Spain, the aggressive movements of Russia in Asia, and everybody in Europe is getting ready for another war of the grandest proportions.

In America, we have had the war of 1812, Indian wars, the Mexican war for conquest, the Great Civil War, and we have shown our teeth at San Juan, and in the waters of Paraguay, and Cuba. The most civilized nations are all armed, and as warlike as ever. We may not wage so many little wars as antiquity, but centralization makes modern wars inevitably grand and murderous.

As for the second proposition, that the intellectual, rather than the moral classes are hostile to war, what shall be said for the Germans, where almost every man, every student and scholar is a soldier, and ready to fight for the aggrandizement of his nation? what for France, where the intellectual class creates and heads every revolution and every war? what for England, where the clergy denounce war, but the secular press and the statesman of mere intellect, like Palmerston, bring it about?

Politicians are always the first to disturb the peace; and are politicians usually the representatives of the morality, or not rather of the intellect, the craft, and the fierceness of a nation?

It is astonishing how the sweeping assertions of modern philosophers, like Buckle, fade out into the semblance of unmitigated bunkum, the moment they are closely examined. But so it is.

O. C. D.

(For the Hesperian Student.)

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Prof. Orsamus Charles Dake.

Early in the morning of the 18th inst., at his home, Prof. Dake was prostrated by a paralytic stroke, and soon after mid-day breathed his last, departing as painlessly as a child sinks to sleep.

Possessing apparently sound health, and enjoying the day before unusual exuberance of spirits, without warning he was taken from the active labors of life. No recent event in our city has produced a profounder sensation, both on account of its suddenness and from the consciousness of the great loss which this community has sustained. Although the best medical skill labored actively through all the morning hours to ward off the fatal attack, it proved utterly unavailing. He passed quietly away, surrounded by his family and sympathizing friends.

Prof. Dake was born in Portage, Livingston county, New York, Jan. 19th, 1832; was graduated at Hamilton College N. Y., in the class of 1849; and from the first turned his attention to teaching. Having passed through the various experiences of teacher, editor and preacher, he was elected in 1871, the Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Nebraska, which position he was holding at the time of his death. In connection with his ministry in the Episcopal church, he opened in 1863, Brownell Hall, a seminary of learning for young ladies, in Omaha, which remains as a monument to his educational zeal, as well as of his devotion to the interests of his church.

In stature the Professor was below the medium height, but of compact and rather sturdy form, giving promise of comparatively long life; and the more, because the tireless activity of his moral and intellectual faculties tended to keep up to its best working condition the physical constitution with which he was endowed.

The intellectual gifts of the Professor were of no common order, and super-added to his natural powers, careful culture, in some lines of literary work, gave him a facility and power which but few possess. His mind in its original bent was intuitive and imaginative in its operations, rather than discursive or logical. He preferred open vision rather than to be trammelled by the rigorous exactions of logical processes. Possessed of keen and warm sensibilities, and with such a cast of mind, his was of necessity eminently a poetic temperament, and in the field of poetry he achieved an enviable success.

In 1871 he published a small volume of poems, entitled "Nebraska Legends" and other poems. The aroma of the prairies and of frontier life flavors almost every page of this dainty volume. The writer is thoroughly cognizant of his great ambition to celebrate worthily the peculiar characteristics, natural and social, of these new lands of the West. He was the poet of Nebraska. His "Praise of New Lands" and his various loving tributes to Nebraska, evince how deeply he was attached to the State, chosen as his home; and had his life been spared, there is little doubt, but in the increasing vigor of poetic powers, and in the maturity of his

poetic gifts, he would have given to the State a legacy of song, to which she would point with pride. But too soon for his earthly fame, has he realized the wish expressed in one of his beautiful odes to Nebraska, closing as follows:

"Oh! there's a spot made holy,
Deep in thy sheltering breast—
A spot of calm seclusion
Where loved ones are at rest;
And there, when wanderings o'er,
And gone life's little day,
May I with them be lying,
And mingle clay with clay."

In the summer of 1873 he brought out another volume entitled "Midland Poems" of nearly three hundred pages, containing the literary work done as relaxations from his professional labor. The poetry of this volume is chiefly didactic in its purpose, on which account it is less suited to display the poetic fervor of the author.

In these poems he handles some of the social questions, that stir the thoughts of men to-day, in the hope, perhaps, of alluring some minds to consider these themes, from which they would be repelled by a more formal treatment of them. Such subjects are, however, less suited to poetic treatment than are those which appeal powerfully to the imagination, which as "it bodies forth,

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name."

Besides these published works, he has written many fugitive pieces of merit, and was a constant contributor to the secular press on all questions involving, as he thought, the welfare or honor of the community in which he lived, and thus his literary talents were always tributary to his best convictions of duty.

With respect to his moral qualities there can be but one opinion among those who knew him. His convictions of duty were clear and strong, and with a moral courage, that was quite heroic, he was instant in season to avow and maintain them. It is rare, in this time-serving age, to find a true man, true to his convictions of right, true in private relations, in business and in all the offices of life. Such an one, however, was our departed friend, and if at any time a little brusqueness of manner or abruptness of speech came to the surface, it was only on the surface and never struck in. They were the epidermis that covered sensibilities the most refined, and purposes singularly free from every intent to wound or injure others.

Associated with his poetic temperament was his religious faith, both strong and steadfast. He clung to the hope of the gospel with a fervor of faith, and unflinching trust, which proved an anchor to his soul in the perplexities of his eventful life. The writer has ample reason to know how full was his confidence in the religion of Christ, so that it could not be disturbed by the suggestions of scepticism or eclipsed by the dark cloud of unbelief. His moral, religious and æsthetic nature found its full fruition, its supreme satisfaction in him, on whom he leaned with unflinching trust.

His professional labors in connection with the University have now extended over four years, in which time he has evinced an ardor of zeal in the discharge of his duties to the students and to the State deserving of honorable mention and of praise. During his whole connection with the University, he has been a diligent student, seeking to master the subjects which it was his special province to teach, and doing his work with little ostentation but with zeal and effectiveness. Naturally reserved and shunning publicity, his quiet and somewhat secluded labors, have robbed him, in a measure, of that public appreciation which a greater degree of self-assertion would have won for him.

But who may say that his chosen course was not best for him, and equally beneficial to those for whose interest he has been providentially called to labor.

We would, in this brief and imperfect tribute, dear friend and comrade in the great campaign of life, recall your virtues and seek the inspiration that comes from the contemplation of a pure and lofty ideal of life, to which, as the cynosure of your eyes, you were ever turning, and which we now trust stands unveiled to you in all its glorious perfectness in the immediate presence of our common Creator and Lord.

A. R. BENTON.