

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is in Egypt hunting material for her new book.

Emily Dorothy Eliza Nerette Southworth says that her family were too poor to give her anything but a name.

Robert J. Burdette, the humorist, has gone into the editorial harness again. With the opening of this year he became a salaried editor on the staff of the *Ladies Home Journal*, and will conduct a regular department in each issue of that periodical.

The grandson of Patrick Henry has described and compiled in two volumes, the life, correspondence, and speeches of that distinguished figure in our earliest national annals. The biography is written in a clear, sympathetic, and graphic style; and as the writer had access to the private manuscripts of his grandfather, it will be conceded a place among standard works of its class.

The congressional library ranks as the sixth greatest library in the world. It contains about 700,000 bound volumes and 200,000 pamphlets. This library was started in 1800, when congress made an appropriation of \$3,000 with which to purchase books of reference for the members. At present it contains copies of every book that has been copyrighted and published in the United States. The student is allowed the use of the books in the rooms, but under no condition does the librarian permit them to be taken away.

The *Chicago Times* says that good fortune and hard work are doing wonders for the new university, and if President Harper continues as he has begun, by next fall the university of Chicago will have a faculty which will equal, in every department, that of any other institution in the country. Probably their greatest success has been in securing Dr. H. E. Von Holst of the university of Friedburg, Germany. Students of history will generally concede that the doctor is at present the best authority on American constitutional history.

Tennyson has written his last poem in the capacity of poet laureate of England. He has held that position for nearly forty-two years, which has probably brought him more distinction than any of his predecessors received from it. His average performances on royal births, deaths, and marriages are generally better than the most successful writings of his poetical ancestors, while his ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington ranks among the few great poems of the language and is certainly the best of this century.

We give below his last laureate ode:

#### THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVODALE.

The bridal garland falls upon the bier,  
The shadow of a crown, that o'er him hung,  
Has vanished in the shadow cast by death.  
So princely, tender, truthful, reverent, pure—  
Mourn! That a world-wide empire mourns with you,  
That all the thrones are clouded by your loss,  
Were slender sojace. Yet be comforted;  
For if this earth be ruled by perfect love,  
Then, after his brief range of blameless days,  
The toll of funeral in an angel ear  
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage-bell.  
The face of death is toward the sun of life,  
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name  
Is "Onward," no discordance in the roll  
And march of that eternal harmony  
When to the world's beat time, though faintly heard  
Until the great hereafter. Mourn in hope!

#### ALUMNI AND FORMER STUDENTS.

Editor Alumni Department, HESPERIAN.

Your kind request to send something for this department of the *Hesperian* comes at a time when my school work is

occupying my time very fully; but as I do not like to disregard a request made by an editor of the college-paper of my *alma mater*, I will send you a few descriptions transcribed from the note book I carried on my trip to my recently adopted state, and will send you something concerning my experiences in sunny California later.

We reached the Grand canon of the Arkansas about 4 p. m., Oct. 30. "Grand canon! A good view of it on the platform! Buy a pair of glasses to protect your eyes. Cinders will fly at the rate of forty knots an hour!"

These are the cries of the thoughtful, disinterested news-agent. We crowd upon the platform, and soon see ahead the narrow opening of the Grand canon of the Arkansas river—one of the creator's masterpieces, the wonder of the tourist. Here the Arkansas after winding and tumbling for 175 miles from its source high up in the Rockies, seeking a place of exit, comes bounding forth into the open plains, seeming to heave a sigh of relief as it escapes from the mountain gorges. We stand upon the platform fifteen minutes beholding the grandeur of the scenery about us. Hardly a word is spoken. An occasional nod of the head or movement of the hand expresses our emotion as some especially striking point is passed. The sight is truly sublime. For, if a tortuous passage between precipitous cliffs of sombre-hued granite, nearly one-half mile in height part of the distance, some overhanging the way, some seeming nearly to meet above, with the roar of the madly rushing Arkansas heard above the rattle and thunder of the flying train;—if this is not a sublime sight, then what could be? At places huge boulders seem to threaten to come crashing down and shatter our train into fragments. At the narrowest part, called the "Royal George," a bridge is suspended between the perpendicular walls. We look ahead frequently, and wonder where the train will find a passage. It darts now to the right, now to left, seeming every moment to be about to crash into the side of the gorge. We almost hold our breath, feeling that we are in the presence of the Divine Architect, and our lives beyond our own control. We are where the rays of the sun seldom penetrate; no birds ever sing; few plants care to struggle for an existence. All is gloomy and chilly, but grand and sublime. After winding about for seven miles, suddenly we came out into the sunlight, and again the snow-capped peaks greet our vision, and the ordinary wild mountain scenery returns. We take a deep-drawn breath of relief, and our hearts begin to beat normally again. We feel glad that we have had such an experience, grateful that our passage has been a safe one.

At 9:30 of the same evening I wrote: Have been riding for two hours upon the platform (my only companions being a young Englishman, who kept exclaiming, "Why! why! we have nothing like this in our country") and am chilled quite through. The moon is shining with remarkable brightness, lighting up the surrounding scenery beautifully. We have just made the ascent and descent of Marshall pass, and the sight was a grand one, which the beholder can never forget. In the Grand canons the cliffs were above us; here we were above the cliffs, part of the time skirting their very edges. From an elevation of 7,000 feet at the entrance of the pass, the road winds up to an elevation of nearly 11,000, and then winds down to about its former level, going eighty miles to get thirty in a direct line. At the entrance our train was divided into two parts, two engines pulling one part and one the other. Two freight trains were just ahead of us, and whether we looked before or behind we could see a train moving in the opposite direction, one above us and the other below. Up, up, we go, among mountain pines and cedars; then past the timber limit, up among and above the snow