

for girls, and at last, but not least, Claremont. The Catawba River is only three miles away, and on its banks the girls go hunting chinquapins, a sport that takes the place of chestnut-walks. Much rain has fallen of late, but this last week the weather has been like that of our Northern June. The sun is hot, indeed, but the air is always tempered by the mountain breezes into a softness that seems to have crept into the tongues of the people and tangled them to slow music. The soil is white clay, with a sub-stratum of a glaring brick red, that is forever staring you in the face, and making your eyes ache for New England rocks. This subsoil is almost impervious to rain, and when it is thoroughly wet forms a doughy mud that a mule has been known to decline with thanks. Speaking of mules, one of the striking features of street scenes here is the frequent mule, "all saddled, all bridled," and tied to the limb of a tree. On Saturday these ridiculous animals ornament the scattered hitching posts adown the business street, and are grouped on the tree-shadowed square, or more properly triangle, at its head. There are no sidewalks, correctly speaking, though people generally walk on the edges of the highways, and you step directly from the street into the store or shop. Once inside, however, you will forget all discomforts. The courtesy and attention bestowed so lavishly and impartially in one half-hour here would supply a Northern clerk with good manners for a week. And courtesy is not confined to the clerk or merchant, who might be supposed to cultivate politeness for the sake of his pocket, not by any means. A gentleman *doffs* his hat; he does not give it a hasty twitch sideways, nor an indifferent double-jam over the eyes. He takes off his hat and *bows* with an easy elegance as impossible to imitate as it is to describe. Hickory is a summer resort, a kind of half-way house between the mountains and the low country, and candor compels me to add that visitors would come oftener and stay longer if the accommodations were better. A good hotel with an enterprising proprietor would be a great advantage to the place, which would give a pleasant home and generous patronage in return. Hickory lies on a plateau, and from the College windows on the tower you look away over broken stretches of forest to the far, blue horizon line, where the mountains sleep in eternal repose, curtained with pale mists, and bathed in the warm splendor of the Southern sun. There have been no frosts yet, and the woods wear the livery of June; only here and there a leaf, flushed crimson with the sun's hot kisses, flaunts autumn's colors in the summer air. The Blue Ridge is visible, forty miles away, Mt. Mitchell, and nearer, Baker's Mountain, Blowing Rock and Grandfather, lying on his back, with upturned face, another Prometheus chained to his mountain top.—*Correspondence of the Transcript.*

THE sophomores of the University of Pennsylvania held their cremation of Ahn's "German Grammar" and Arnold's "Greek Prose Composition" last night, and made a grand success of their undertaking. Before eight o'clock the vicinity of the Mint was thronged with an eager crowd of '86 men, eagerly waited by their upper-classmen friends, the juniors and seniors, and the inevitable contingent of street urchins and other curiosity-seeking spectators. The freshmen, with their torches, assembled near Spruce and Juniper streets, and between their rendezvous and the gathering place of the sophomore braves there every now and then marched in battalion style a gang of small boys, each bearing a white painted picket which he had stolen from some fence in the suburban districts, and lustily yelling a clever imitation of the University cry: "Hoorah—Hoorah—Hoorah—Pennsyl—van—i—ah—Eighty—Six." The college men laughed at the mimicry of the gamins, and replied with "Bingo" and "Here's to '86, drink it down." Soon the hearse was seen. The boys began to light their torches, the line was formed, the band began to play and the line of march wakened up. First came a platoon of Mayor King's stalwarts, then a division of sophomores, each bearing a torch and clad in the regular University mortar-board cap and the classic, time-honoured gown. The Great Western band followed, playing in good style a mournful dirge, and leading the way for the catafalque, which was improvised for the occasion out of a large lumber wagon,

with a high framework covered with a black tarpaulin, on top of which were placed the two coffins of the departed Ahn and Arnold. Then came another division of sophomores preceded by a bearer of a transparency, on which was painted a picture of a noble Greek, clad in the simple chiton, standing on academic steps and handing down to an humble freshman the standard manual of Greek prose composition. Policemen followed the sophomore procession, and then came the freshmen, 140 strong, a band playing lively airs in front, and a wagon with a powerful calcium light in the rear. They carried torches and wore high hats of the fashion of two decades ago. The procession passed down Broad to Chestnut, to Seventeenth, to Spruce, to Twenty-first, to Walnut, to Twentieth, to Chestnut and thence to the campus. Crowds stood on the sidewalks and apparently enjoyed the spectacle hugely. Some did not know what it meant. "It's the Salvation Army," exclaimed an innocent-looking lady, while others imagined it was a big scheme to advertise some new medicine or fresh book when they read the freshmen transparencies, "Chew Jackson's Best" and "Read Jokes Made Easy," by J. G. R. McElroy; "Little, but Oh, My!" And the gamins laughed gleefully as they shouted, "Look at the dudes! Shoot the hats." When Provost Pepper's house, on Spruce street, was reached a loud cheer was given, and the same honour was paid Professor McElroy on Twentieth street, and the many ladies' seminaries along the route. Red fire glowed all along the streets, the crowd of "medics," and dentists, and juniors and seniors on the sidewalk sang and cheered and jostled about in rough rushes, and the two lower classes trudged along in the mud. At last the campus of the University was reached. Thousands of people were already there, and the windows of the buildings were filled with ladies. The two classes gathered around the pyre, which, when lighted, illuminated the college grounds in a strangely weird fashion. While the two coffins on the pyre were being slowly consumed the exercises went on. H. A. Roby, as president, made a brief and witty speech, followed by W. C. Posey, who delivered the "Laudatio Arnoldi" in a dolefully humorous style. A hymn to the air of "Last Cigar" was sung; E. Thompson recited a poem, another hymn followed to the air of "Ladueger Homotus" and then the last address, the "Laudatio Ahni" was given by G. A. E. Kohler. The "Doxologia" was then rendered to the air of "Bingo," the class yell was given and replied to by the freshmen with their cry. Then came a din of tin horns with bass and treble notes, groans for the faculty, and yells of derision by both "sophs" and "fresh" against each other. The crowd seemed loth to disperse, but the song "Down to Otto's we will go; let the lager freely flow," rose from the hoarse throats of the mob of collegians, and a break was then made for Darby Road. But "Otto's" was closed, and the rumor spread, "the faculty hired him to close." The street was packed. Men in gowns, and men without, jostled against each other, and in turn were elbowed about by the crowds of medical students from the University and Jefferson. Then began a row. Who began it was a question, but soon every one was in it. The place was on Darby Road, opposite the University buildings. A rush was made by a gang of "Medics" upon the Freshmen, who made a good stand in solid phalanx, with their lighted torches thrust right before the checks of their assailants. Several faces were burned. A score of men were trampled to the ground, and lamp sticks and tin cans and clubs were thrown about in a very promiscuous and highly dangerous manner. Still the rush kept on, and the surging mass of excited students rolled in one body, now up and now down the street. But a squad of bluecoats with clubs uplifted soon appeared, and, dashing upon the crowd, succeeded in scattering the opposing forces. Threatened with arrest the boys ceased their rough encounter, but not before one of their number was severely hurt on the head by a blow from a club and two others captured by the police and taken to the Twenty-first District Station House, on Woodland Avenue. The injured man was Douglas Hall, of the Freshman class. He was taken to Monaghan's saloon nearby, and then given medical treatment, after which he was taken home. For a long while he was stunned by the blow, and it was feared that his skull