The English Language.
The English language, 'tis by moderns said,
Was at its source, in infancy, well fed
By sturdy matrons from the Saxon shore;
Daughters of men who from wild Tartary bore
The Gothic stem of Babel's wide spread tree,
And sought from chains of science to be free.

The first purgation from the Dane was brought,
But as purgation, it oblivion sought.
The Celtic nations named for us the ware
Which English swells do sport with so much care.
In course of time our language became ill,
And Norman doctors ran to show their skill,
Who said that Saxon meat was coarse and rude;
Unfit to be a gentle Briton's food;
So Norman sweetness with the Saxon mixed,
A little Latin and some Greek betwixt—
The dish completed; but the Briton thought
This varied mixture by the Norman brought
Was good in its own way, but not the best;
Hence with desired beauty to invest
His native tongue, each language of the earth
Was taxed to give its richest treasures forth.
As maidens take but fairest flowers to frame
A perfect garland, Britons did the same,
And of our language formed a tongue so fair
With ancient Sanscrit, it may well compare.

F. Guthrie.
solitary walks of an unexplored continent afford few opportunities for making those notes and records which, as time advances, become precious to the seeker after historical truths; and, as a general thing, the explorers and settlers of our Great West have been men little accustomed to literary pursuits and less devoted to literary honors. Besides, the arduous labors and engrossing duties of pioneer life leave little room or opportunity for that quiet and leisure indispensable to scholarly habits. Thus it is, that a considerable portion of the interesting events of our first settlements, and of the discovery of the country itself, have faded from the memory of man or are only handed down as traditions, distorted by the uncertain medium or mystified by the lapse of time. True, occasionally men of learning and taste have wandered into the very heart of the continent and, with fertile pens, have recorded what they did, and saw and suffered. Especially is this true of those adventurous French explorers who first penetrated the unbroken forests and traversed the almost boundless prairies of the West; yet, even they left much for doubt and more for conjecture. Their relations are frequently little more than skeletons around which the busy imaginations of subsequent writers have moulded forms to suit their purposes or to please their fancies. It is not, therefore, strange that the time of the discovery and the identity of the discoverer of the river and valley which form the subject of this brief sketch are matters of dispute. To be sure, this may be said to be a circumstance of not much practical importance, but it is a great source of regret to the enterprising investigator. The French explorer LaSalle has generally been accredited the honor of this discovery. The Griffin, a vessel of sixty tons, was launched by him on the river near Niles, Michigan, in 1679, he came to the St. Joseph, which he then called the Miamis, in 1679, he came to the St. Joseph, which he then called the Miamis, and was the first voyager upon it for seventy miles towards its source. 

In 1673, Frontenac and Talon, the governor and intendant of Canada, resolved to send an expedition, under Louis Joliet, to explore the direction and mouth of the Mississippi. Father Marquette was directed to accompany the party as missionary. During this expedition, and probably in the latter part of the summer of 1673, it is said Marquette passed up the Illinois and Kanekake rivers, and over the portage to the St. Joseph of the lakes. The site of his fort is still pointed out at St. Joseph. He crossed lakes Erie and St. Clair and arrived at Green Bay, September second. The Griffin was the first vessel which ever navigated these lakes. She was wrecked on her return trip. 

Coasting along the east shore of Lake Michigan, with Hennepin, Tongi and some thirty followers, on the first day of November, 1679, he came to the St. Joseph, which he then called the Miamis, or the "River of the Miamis," from the name of an Indian tribe living upon it. Here he built a fort. A recent writer professing to draw his facts from reputable sources supposes that the site of this fort to have been Chicago, and the Miami the Chicago river, a most preposterous supposition when all authentic accounts agree that from this fort LaSalle started on the third of December with twenty-three men and came up the St. Joseph to the portage near South Bend, and passing over to the Tii-ti-kii-kii or Kanekake, went down that river to the Illinois. The site of his fort is still pointed out at St. Joseph; and the remains of another built by him on the river near Niles, Michigan, still to be seen. There is no doubt but LaSalle discovered the mouth of the river, and was the first voyager upon it for seventy miles towards its source.

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The valley at the time of its discovery, was occupied by Indians, mostly of the Potawatomi tribe, interspersed by a few Miamis and Chippewas. It was a favorite resort for those "red men of the forest," and remains of some of their villages and cornfields are said to be found at the present time. Some of these settlements were as follows: Chebass', Casson's and Toppenbee villages, near Niles, Muscongus, Weesaw, Pokagon, Mishawaka and Mongonkian. In 1825, Gen. Lewis Cass, then Territorial Governor of the State of Michigan, made a treaty at the Mission near Niles, by which the Indians ceded to the United States all their lands in the valley with the exception of some small reservations. A few years afterwards these reservations were also ceded to the Government, and in 1840 about two thousand of the aborigines under the conduct of Alexis Couillard, left for their new home west of the Mississippi. In 1843, Mr. Couillard removed all the remaining Indians, leaving the white man in full and undisputed possession of their territory. The removal was entirely voluntary on the part of the Indians. They had the option presented to go in peace or by the gentle persuasion of the bayonet. Deeply sensible of the law of necessity which applied to their case, by an extraordinary effort of free will, they voluntarily departed!
Stapleton, Anna Tarrant, Ellen Lindsay, Christina Thomson, Clara Castetter, L. Bicknell, Rose Gittings, Julia Gittings, Mary Rooney, H. Cameron, Anna Boyles, Julia Walker.

Second Intermediate Class.—Miss M. Walker.

First Junior Class.—Misses A. Metzger, M. O'Meara, Mary Clark.

Third Junior Class.—Little Mary Reynolds.

COMPETITION IN READING.

Third Senior Class.—Saturday, Nov. 2d, an exciting competition took place in the Third Senior Reading Class. The leaders were Miss R. Rettig and Miss Clara Foote.

Officers of Miss Rettig’s party:
1st. Miss K. Jarvis.
2d. “ Anna Bryson.

Officers of Miss Foote’s party:
1st. Miss M. McCarthy.
2d. “ Jane Ketring.

At the close of the hour their standing was as follows:
Miss Rettig gained 4; Miss Foote 2.

ST. TERESA’S LITERARY SOCIETY.

Wednesday, Nov. 6th, 1867.—After the ordinary reading of minutes, etc., Miss Mary Tripp read a very entertaining criticism of the Countess of Shrewsbury, or Bess Hardwicke, which would not have flattered that belligerent dame had she listened to it in the days of her “pride and power.” After the reading, the Society was divided into two parties, the first comprising the young ladies of the Graduating and Third Senior Classes, the second uniting the First and Second Senior Classes. A member from each division is to be appointed every week to recapitulate and remark upon the reading matter of the succeeding meeting. One of the opposite division is appointed to criticise the efforts of the other. Each division is to make common cause with the chosen writer, and to aid her by suggestions and by every legitimate means in her power. At the next meeting the two sides are to adopt appropriate names according to their choice.

After the business transactions, the Life of Margaret Tudor, (sister of Henry the Eighth) by Agnes Strickland, was read.

NUTTING EXCITATIONS.

A premium for the greatest quantity of nuts gathered by any one young lady, was offered to the pupils of St. Mary’s on Sunday evening last, by Very Rev. Father Provincial. If the squirrels will suffer this infringement of their time-honored prerogative of gathering nuts to lay up for winter, there is a probability that many candidates for the prize will present themselves when the time comes for it to be awarded.

COMPOSITIONS.

The compositions read on Sunday evening, at the distribution of points, were as follows: “Life,” by Miss M. Ryan; “It is a pleasure,” by Miss P. North; both of the Second Senior Class, and “Echoes,” by Miss L. Plipton, of the Graduating Class.

ST. JOSEPH’S ACADEMY, 
SOUTH BEND, Ind., Oct. 30, 1867.

Mr. Editor: I must apologize to you, and to the young ladies of St. Joseph’s Academy, for not sending you, in due time, an account of the celebration of St. Edward’s Day.

It is now so many days “after the fair” that perhaps you have forgotten that we did celebrate the Feast; but had you been present you would, I am sure, still remember the stirring Entrance March played by the Misses Duey and Baker, and the fine choruses executed by the young ladies; and your ears would have been no less pleased by the addresses read.

Miss L. Deming spoke for the Senior Class in good, sound English, Miss A. Massey in sonorous German, Miss S. Archambau in lively French, and Miss L. Defrees took up the strain again in English, as the representative of the Juniors.

I must put it on record that several Clergymen, among others, Rev. Father Cooney, Pastor of St. Patrick’s, were present, besides many of the citizens of South Bend, who, by their presence, manifested their respect for Very Rev. Father Provincial, and their lively interest in the success of St. Joseph’s Academy.

Next time I shall be more punctual.

S.

We had been anxiously waiting for a detailed account of the celebration of St. Edward’s Day, and would have, in fact, given one ourself had we not, unfortunately, been deprived of the pleasure of being there to see.

ST. JOSEPH’S ACADEMY, 
SOUTH BEND, Ind., Nov. 7, 1867.

The following are the names of the pupils deserving of mention in the several classes:

Third Senior—Misses M. Hooper and C. Rockstroh.

First Intermediate—Misses M. Brown and M. Norris.


First Junior—Misses E. Elbel and K. Gwynn.

Second Junior—Misses C. Wilkeson and B. Sennit.


Minim Department—Misses E. Mezel, C. Beetner, M. Yinson and E. Toucy.


Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, near Fort Wayne.

Mr. Editor: Though but an humble school girl, I take the liberty of drawing your attention to our new and beautiful Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, which you seem to have entirely overlooked.

St. Mary’s, I have no doubt, is proud of her sister establishment, and in our presumption we think she has not only a right to be proud of us, but at the same time, she would have reason to envy us the many privileges we enjoy here, if envy could enter into an academy. I trust I will not weary you by naming a few of our advantages. The short distance between here and Fort Wayne, makes it comparatively easy for our Right Rev. Bishop to pay us a visit, whenever his many duties allow him time. His presence here last Sunday made quite a stir in our congregation. The church was crowded, not only by members of the Church, but also by persons of other denominations. He delivered an eloquent sermon, which was listened to with breathless attention. He alluded, in a most touching manner, to the zeal and devotedness of Rev. Father Adam, who built the church, and Presbytery. In the evening, he paid us a visit, which we enjoyed exceedingly. I almost forgot to tell you that the Very Rev. Vicar General, was honored by a visit from some of the clergymen of Fort Wayne.

I am told, Mr. Editor, that you are a great admirer of the beauties of nature. Would that I possessed the talent necessary to describe the surrounding scenery, which consists mostly of graceful forest trees, clothed at present in their Full dress, which leads us so forcibly to think that we too like the leaves will wither and fade; another attraction is a beautiful stream which winds its way from the entrance gate across the grounds in front. By the way, we young ladies intend to show our skill and agility in skating on said stream this winter. I almost forgot to tell you that your bell at Notre Dame was called, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Yours respectfully,

IDA ADAMS.

We are glad to hear from the Academy of the Sacred Heart. We hope that in her next, our correspondent will not be prevented by timidity, from giving us a full description of those natural beauties to which she alludes in her present interesting letter.

St. Angela’s Academy, Morris, Illinois.

The young ladies of this institution gave a nice entertainment, in Streeter’s Hall, on the evening of the 5th inst. The singing was much praise, as was also the drama—“The Jewess”—in which Miss Venesse and the other young ladies performed their parts to perfection. The Chinese Dance, by the Minims, caused much amusement.

There are thirty-four boarders now in the Academy and fifty select day pupils.

Miss Ella Flanagan, of Ottumwa, Iowa, arrived on the 2d inst.

Sodality of the Holy Childhood.

This Sodality, aggregated to the Society of the same name designed for the redemption of infant children by the aid of Catholic children, was reorganized October 3d, 1867. The following are the officers for the present year:

Director—Bro. Albert.
President—G. Lyons.
Vice-President—T. Selby.
Secretary—Charles P. Toll.
Treasurer—James Murphy.
Librarian—E. Lyons.
Assistant Librarian—Jarvis Dennis.
Censor—George Tobin.
Thirty-six members.

CHARLES P. TOLL, Secretary.
Mr. Editor: The Philodemic had their eighth regular debate last Tuesday evening, the subject of discussion being: whether the public school system is preferable to any other. The debaters were Messrs. W. McClain and H. C. Allen on the affirmative, and Messrs. M. J. Horgan and J. O. Dolan on the negative.

At the close of the discussion the President gave his decision in favor of the negative. According to custom a mock court was held in the Hall of the Philodemic Society, on Wednesday morning, at eight o'clock. An imaginary case was tried, and, after a lengthy and very interesting prosecution and defence, the prisoner was acquitted. The business, as carried on in this trial, was the same as that transacted in any Circuit Court.

The following deserve honorable mention in Rhetoric:
John Rogers, Denis Clark, James Edwards, Frank Guthrie, John Fitzharris and Geo. Dixon.
Rev. Father Lemonnier, the Director of Studies, has given us to understand, that he will obtain from all the Professors the names of those students who deserve honorable mention.

Foot-ball is a very good and exciting game, and can be hugely enjoyed by any one in heavy boots if he is not afraid of his shins, and if he could sleep next morning later than half-past five o'clock, to rest himself and to "dream his battles o'er again."

Last Wednesday, the 6th of November, about sixty or seventy boys of the Junior Department, accompanied by Bro. Florentius, proceeded to a fallow field to have some fun kicking the ball, and, occasionally, each other's shins. Arrived at the appointed place, Masters Raggio and Skelly were called upon to choose up, the latter getting first choice. After all the boys present had been chosen, the ball was "bucked," as the term is, by Raggio, and then began a desperate struggle. No blood was shed, but many a poor fellow was to be seen picking himself up and vowing vengeance against the one that tripped him up and down; but when the ball came around he would pitch in, utterly forgetting who it was that had "brought him low." It was amusing to a mere looker-on to observe the fluctuations of the game; at one time he would observe the whole seventy in one conglomerated muddle, with the ball in the middle, all kicking with as much earnestness and nervousness as so many horses in fly-time. Suddenly, some one succeeding in giving the ball a well-directed kick, would send it flying across the field with the crowd of boys after it, and as another kick sent the ball in an opposite direction, the kicking, struggling, panting mass of juvenility and energy would sway around and follow with unabated ardor. At times some peculiarly-favored player would chance to get the ball by himself, and while preparing to give "that ball" a truly tremendous kick, another would slyly get at it unawares, and send it beyond the kicking range of the first, to his intense disgust, and to the unalloyed satisfaction of all the others.

Although the weather was very cold and disagreeable, all the boys had their coats off and were even dripping with perspiration. Those who distinguished themselves were: J. J. Raggio, John Skelly, George Warren, W. Small, J. Broderick, J. Duly, A. Mitchell, C. Marantette, M. Brannock and J. Sutherland. We cannot tell which was the strongest side, as neither won the game; although we played from half-past one o'clock until half-past five o'clock, when we had to return to the college.

One day in the month of September, the weather being fine, and a cool breeze stirring, the Two Penny Club resolved to take a short promenade in the vicinity of Notre Dame, to notice the beauties of Nature and enjoy the refreshing exercise.

The club appointed a committee of one to procure the permit necessary to the execution of the designed perambulation which, with little difficulty was obtained. Then the club, four abreast, started from the back of the college towards the St. Joseph lake. An orchard intervenes between the University and the lake; the trees are old and have something of a venerable aspect, especially at that time of the year, when the leaves were gradually falling from their branches.
The lake being gained, we stood upon a slightly inclined bank, some rods from the water, and gazed upon the serene glassy surface, the waves of which sparkled like diamonds in the brilliant rays of the sun. Two ducks were swimming around in the middle of the lake, and it afforded us a great deal of pleasure to observe their diving propensities; they would remain under the water for a considerable period, and then appear again where we least expected to see them rise.

After we had continued our walk for a short distance, we turned to take a view of the college, which, from the Missionaries' Home, presents a sight grand indeed. The statue of the Mother of God, upon the dome, added greatly to its appearance, and we never before more heartily appreciated the words of the poet, "Distance lends enchantment to the view;" our feelings, at least in this case, were more exuberant from contemplating the building from where we then stood, than they generally are when viewing the immense edifice from the college yard. The play ground, in fact, is so confined that we cannot obtain a fair view of the building; we also appreciated the sight we then had, somewhat from the fact that we had not the extreme pleasure of being startled by "admonitory echoes." After mature deliberation we concluded to proceed in a north-westly direction, that we might pass through the magnificent wood presenting itself a short distance to the front.

After having crossed a field, covered with a somewhat miscellaneous vegetation, and climbed a fence nineteen rails high, doubled staked, with riders, we arrived at a towering hickory-sapling, two feet in diameter. We then appointed a committee of one to elevate itself into the tree's topmost branches and shower down the delicious nuts upon the heads of the expectant members. We, who had remained below, having been sufficiently pelted, the committee descended and put on its boots. The Club then continued the exploration, but, changing their original designs, bore towards the Valley of the St. Joseph River. The natural scenery between the place of our refreshment and the river was rather dull until we came in sight of the river banks. The stream, in its present stage, is but a few feet below the Valley of St. Joseph. It was higher than usual when we gazed upon it. The appearance of the water is precisely that of the Mississippi—muddy white—and in its current it also resembles the above-mentioned river, constantly boiling and eddying in restless turbulence. Upon the shore, among the boulders with which it was thickly strewn, we obtained some fine specimens of dark, compact limestone, containing well-defined fossils—Cyathophyllum and Streptelasma. After this important Lithological discovery, which caused the scientifically disposed members of the Club to go into ecstasies, we "slowly and sadly" departed from the beautiful stream, casting back many a wistful glance, and wondering how long it would take us to arrive at Lake Michigan at the "present rate of current." As we observed by the appearance of the clouds that in a short time it would rain, we unanimously resolved that it was expedient to start for college, and we selected the shortest possible route, without being influenced in our choice of paths by the desire to behold beautiful scenery. But the rain was upon us before we could reach college, and our pleasant walk ended in a rapid and disgraceful "skedaddle." We must have been a melancholy spectacle to contemplate, individually, and collectively, as we ran with all possible speed, and in unison splashed, with our high-heeled boots, the mud in divers directions. When we reached the college, and stood sheltered in the hall door, watching the storm, an involuntary sigh of thanksgiving came from our breasts that we had escaped with no greater injury than a slight ducking.

Two-Penny Club.

The following curious enigma was sent to us by an esteemed friend: We call the attention of all the students of Geography to the piece, and invite them to send a solution of the enigma:

"I was awakened one morning by a city in China, which was perched on a fence under my window. From an adjoining room, I heard a division of Great Britain; and I called a river of South America to make a fire, as I felt a division of South America. On going down stairs, I found that one of the Lakes of North America had spilled a division of Europe on my highly prized city of Belgium, while putting on the table my breakfast, consisting of a division of Asia, seasoned with a city of South America, also a Cape of Massachusetts, an island of Ocean, a city of France stopped with a city of Ireland, and a basket containing a river of Africa, and other fruits. I paid a division of Africa for my breakfast, and then asked one of the Islands of Ocean for some sugar to feed an Island of Africa, that was hanging in my chamber."
The Scholastic Year,

A PERIODICAL

DEVOTED TO THE LOCAL INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME AND ST. MARY'S,

IS published every Saturday, at Notre Dame, Indiana, from the AVE MARIA Press. It contains matter under the following heads:
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3d. Promotions.
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