

The writings on these pages - are evidently the beginning of a school paper or magazine - The writing resembles that of 'Eva Dawson's' - Some interesting remarks are in the articles.

S.W.S. 1970

### Editorial.

In presenting the first number of our magazine to the public, we think it well to mention some of the motives which induce us to begin our arduous, but pleasant task. Our first object is to develop the latent talent of Canadian girls which too often for want of such an incentive to higher aims, wastes its fragrance in frivolity and ball-rooming.

Another aim is to furnish for our country-women instruction and amusing reading for their spare moments.

As soon as we raised our literary standard, many contributors kindly hastened to support us, and it was with extreme difficulty that we limited the "Maple Leaf" to its present dimensions, refusing members of papers which would have been highly interesting.

If our magazine prospers, as we hope it will, our next number, which we intend issuing in June, may be increased in size.

We now beg for it in its present form, the favorable notice of the literary public.

Carl & Floy - Editors.

## A Tale of School Life.

By Alice.

About a mile from the town of C\_\_\_\_, there stood, a little apart from the road, a large plain stone building; on the west side a smooth lawn extended down to the lake-shore, the rest of the house was surrounded by a garden, full of delightful nooks and corners, where friends liked to go and have long confidential chats, for this beautiful spot was no other than that busy little world, a girl's boarding-school.

The Principal, Mrs. Lloyd, was well calculated for the post she occupied; she was wise but kind, gentle but firm, and possessed the universal love & respect of all who had the happiness to live under her roof.

Toward the close of a beautiful September day, just before the classes were dismissed, Mrs. Lloyd told her pupils that she expected a new one would arrive that evening, and expressed her hope that she would be kindly & cordially welcomed by them all. The rest of the day was at their own disposal, & some groups & pairs might be seen scattered through the grounds. That one walked alone in an unfrequented garden path, separated from the lawn by a tall hawthorn hedge; she was a tall, slight, pale girl, with beautiful grey eyes, & massive braids of rich black hair wound round the small well-formed head. Her features were small and delicate, yet she could not be called exactly beautiful, her forehead was rather too fully developed to be perfectly symmetrical, although it contrasted with the sweet, yet resolute, lips. She usually wore rather a sad, dreary expression, but to-day it was exchanged for a look of glad delight, as she paced up & down the path, eagerly perusing the closely-written letter she held in her hand.

After a few turns she replaced it in the envelope, and stood by the hedge happily listening. See the excitement these girls had been advancing over the fence, they seated themselves by the hedge, and began to talk busily; they soon unconsciously raised their voices.

"Yes, indeed" said one, energetically, "I do hope she will be jolly."

"Yes, indeed" echoed others, and the first-speaker, who was called Carrie Hart, continued,

"I do hope she will not be like Asenath Branden. I was never so disappointed in anyone in my life. Cousin Charles had met her at the Springs, and prepared me for something quite extraordinary. He was perfectly charmed with her, and really talked of nothing else for a week, but she is one of those girls who do not think it worth their while to be agreeable to anyone but a young handsome man. You cannot imagine what a stupid room-sheater she is, and you all know how she walks about alone so much with that sad, melancholy face, she quite exasperates me." A wild, rather sentimental-looking girl rejoined, "She is so cold and unympathizing, I am sure what Mrs Lloyd said to us to-day about loving was meant for her."

"Heeb! heeb!" exclaimed Carrie, "don't you see Mademoiselle? I am afraid she heard you."

The French teacher approached and desired them to return to the house as the dew was falling, and the three walked away, little thinking that the subject of their discussion had unwillingly been compelled to listen to every word.

Asenath's pleasant meditation was not destined to last long, she was roused from her reverie by the sound of voices on the other side of the hedge; she attempted to walk away, but found, to her dismay, that her long, flowing muslin dress was caught in many places by the thorns; she tried in vain to extricate herself, but only became more and more embarrassed. Her confusion was increased by hearing her own name

uttered, and the words which followed soon made her forget, in the anger and excitement of the moment, that she was faint-dropping; but she soon regained her presence of mind, and with a great deal of trouble succeeded in freeing herself.

Asewatta could have spoken, and in an instant, disproved the assertions of her ungenerous room-mate, but her pride prevented her. She might have told them that the young lady, who had the previous summer made so favourable an impression on Carrie's Cousin, was no other than her aunt, her father's youngest sister who was very near her own age, but here the resemblance ceased.

Unfortunately, perhaps, Asewatta did not possess that vivacity and gaiety of manner which render a girl popular with a certain class. The many noble and estimable qualities she possessed were entirely disregarded and unappreciated by several light-headed, giddy girls who, led by Carrie Hart, were the mischievous-leaders of the school.

Early in the evening the new-comer arrived, and met with a kind and hearty reception; subsequent-comparisons of opinions were uniformly favourable, and the new girl, who was called Amy Earle, soon found herself a universal favourite. Her quickness of apprehension and diligence in her studies gained the approbation of her teachers, and her bright, happy face, and frank, engaging manners won every heart. She at last even succeeded in breaking through Asewatta's proud reserve, and before many weeks had passed, Amy was wondered at by many, and envied by a few for having gained Asewatta's friendship for a friend; her friendship was valuable, as it was rare, and Amy felt proud and happy in the possession of it.

These two had a work to do for each other, which they both unconsciously effected. Asewatta, who had rather prided herself on her "exclusiveness," was gradually led to regard it

## A Tale of School Life.

(Continued.)

as selfish, she soon found the blessedness of loving, for the love she gave was restored to her fourfold.

Amy, who was apt to be a little trivial and frivolous, gained a great deal from the companionship of Asecatte, who reminded her with much of her own thoughtfulness and earnest nature. A year passed happily and profitably to both our friends; Asecatte, whose early life had been a sad one, was often heard to remark afterwards, that it was the brightest year in her life.

After a sorrowful parting with their teachers and companions, they separated to go to their respective homes; although these lay far apart, Asecatte and Amy's friendship did not end with their school-days; they kept up a correspondence for several years and exchanged visits, where Asecatte, to Amy's great joy, became the bride of her brother Edmund Earle.

# Garibaldi.

## My Medicine.

Under the sunny sky of Italy, and on the fertile soil of that lovely land, which realizes all its poets' dreams, whose children have ever been the gifted of the earth, and whose painters seem to have caught from the warm rays of the sun that glowing inspiration which characterizes their works. In this bright land was born on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of July 1807, one of the brightest ornaments of his country, Giuseppe Garibaldi, and it is a singular coincidence that he was born in the same chamber in which Massieu's first saw the light. It seems as if the shades of ancient Rome had lingered round the cradles of two infants - had infused a warrior spirit - had made the one know what he was, the other what he is.

Garibaldi's father, a sailor by profession, seems to have been a commonplace sort of man, remembered by his son with affection indeed, but nothing more. His mother was of a different mould. Revered by her son, and loved with a species of adoration, she was what all good and great men's mothers have ever been. In Giuseppe's boyhood there is little to remark; he passed a part of it on the sea. In 1833, the blood of many a noble Italian patriot was shed, and it was then Garibaldi, twenty-six years old at the time, took a solemn oath that he would throw himself into the cause of liberty, heart and soul, to conquer or to die.

It would take volumes to relate the incidents of such a life of adventure, and I can but lightly touch upon them. In 1834, the fatal affair of St. Julian obliged Garibaldi to fly from his country. After numerous adventures, he sailed in the same year for South America, where he entered the service of the republic of Rio Grande. There he remained for several years, but he yearned for Italy, and

The 27<sup>th</sup> of March, 1848, he left Montevideo, to return to the land of his nativity. He arrived in sight of Nice on the 24<sup>th</sup> of June, and although still under sentence of death, determined to land; he did so, and received a welcome of the warmest character from the populace. A year after, he was obliged to discontinue his splendid defence of Rome, and vacate that city; he then proceeded to the provinces, accompanied by four thousand foot, and nine hundred horse. For thirteen long years the war was maintained, until March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1862, when his brilliant efforts were crowned with as brilliant success. Upon that day, Victor Emmanuel was placed on the throne and Italy was free. Oh! while we thank God for her liberty, shall we not call down a thousand blessings upon the head of her noble, generous liberator? Long may he live, though the force be weak, worn, and aged, that contains that matchless soul.

Of Garibaldi's domestic relations I have said little, because we are accustomed to think so much of his public life, that we scarcely consider him in any other light than as a man of the people. His warm, affectionate heart, however, rendered him peculiarly kinder with his nearest and dearest. His first wife was a noble woman worthy of her husband, who deserves more than the passing notice I am able to give her. In the roar of battle, the thunder of the cannonade, the hurried flight - in castle - in prison - in death itself, she ever felt her place to be at her husband's side. Well as she loved him, however, her presence in battle and danger was not inspired by conjugal love alone - it was patriotism, as pure & bright as ever beamed in mortal bosom, that caused her to forget her woman's form, and in many instances she remained, not merely "spectator of the fight", but engaged in it - raised the drooping courage of the soldiers when hope had almost fled. Yet it was with all a woman's gentleness that after the battle was over,

## Garibaldi.

(Continued.)

she nursed the sick and wounded. She died, and the warrior mourned for the mother of his sons - the wife of his youth, - with a grief too deep for words.

Garibaldi continued to reside in the island of Caprera; he has refused all recompense for his active services, but he has his reward in the grateful affection of his Countrymen, and the reverence of all the Nations of the World. At present he occupies much of his time in gardening and in other quiet pursuits, and here we will leave him in his island home, surrounded by the beautiful scenes of nature, and in the enjoyment of that peace which we trust may continue to bless his declining years.

## Home Correspondence.

Canada, March 20<sup>th</sup> 1867.

My dear Editor,

I am happy to think that though in a different part of Canada, with many miles between us, we can both speak of it as home. In your letter of last week you told me of your intention of becoming editor to a newspaper, and begged me to contribute an article to it. The subject most likely to interest all is an account of what is going on in our own provinces.

The Government has long been contemplating a union of the provinces of Upper & Lower Canada with Nova Scotia & New Brunswick. Last year delegates from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia visited Canada, returning the visit of our Commissioners made to them the



previous year. Last October delegates from these four provinces went to England to endeavour to pass the Bill for Confederation.

It is reported that they have succeeded and that the four provinces will be united into a kingdom under the name of Canada. Should this be the case, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will retain their present names, Lower Canada will be called Quebec, and Upper Canada, Ontario. If these changes take place, Toronto will be the capital of Ontario, Quebec of Quebec, Halifax of Nova Scotia, and St. John's of New Brunswick. A lieutenant-governor will be appointed by the governor general, to reside at each of these places.

Last year, about this time, great excitement was caused by the threatened French invasion of Canada. After one attempt, they were obliged to give up the scheme as hopeless. There was a report that they might again rise this St. Patrick's Day, but everything remains quiet.

During the last year great improvements have taken place in the means of communication between the Old and New World in consequence of the electric telegraph.

Yours truly  
Trillium.

Foreign Correspondence.

Ireland.

Dear Editor,

As I think some facts about this rarely visited island may be interesting to Canadian readers, I send this humble contribution to your Magazine. I have spent eleven months on these

workmen sleep, dwelling in a native hut composed of square blocks of lava, the interstices filled with moss, the rafters composed of whale's ribs, covered with bushes and turf; the latter is not only useful in roofing, but furnishes hay, which is carefully cut in the proper season. The interior, lighted by a square hole cut in the roof, covered with skins. It is close and neatly furnished, but many a pleasant hour have I spent with the really intelligent natives in conversation.

The Icelandic scenery is strange and wild almost beyond description. The sea coast is bounded by beetling black rocks, which rear their heads in lofty pillars and huge isolated blocks, which distorted and fantastic mountains force the back ground; the interior of the island is mostly desert and covered with the Iceland moss, so essential a part of the sustenance of the natives.

The long summer day I spent in visiting the geysers and the volcanoes, but so much has been written of these phenomena that it is almost unnecessary to mention them.

The great geyser was wonderfully grand, even more so than I had anticipated; its mighty volume and its resistless force made me thoroughly realize the smallness of man, and the greatness of God, who conceals such marvellous power in the quiet earth for which we so securely tread in our forgetfulness.

As the autumn came, and the sun just appeared for a moment above the horizon and then retired, I watched impatiently, for I longed to see the far-famed six month's night. I had fancied it would cast a rather melancholy feeling over my spirits, and that the darkness would press (space) like a weight upon me. But oh, the glorious surprise! the soft moon indeed, which shone for the first part of the time was familiar to me, but

When it disappeared, when, after a few hours of starlight, which I spent in sleep, I awoke, I found my room illuminated with a strange, flitting, unearthly light. I almost fancied myself a disembodied spirit. I rose, and rushed to the window, and what a sight met my eyes! The whole sky shimmering with the flitting light of the Aurora, the whole country almost as bright as day; the sky was spanned by two brilliant arches round which played a thousand wild, ever-varying lights of crimson, the snow-throw with a rosy hue, the world was immersed in "couleur de rose". I gazed entranced, and would have continued gazing till the bitter cold benumbed me, ere my soul had been satisfied with the beauty I beheld, had not my benevolent host resisted me dragging me in, to clothe myself warmly, at the same time asking me if the spirits of the dead in my country did not in winter sport in the sky. This was his idea of the Aurora, and it was a fancy the beauty of which I fully appreciated, as on many subsequent occasions I watched the northern lights unearthly motions, and strange hues, for I have seen not only the purple crimson, but also green and yellow lights; another very curious effect of this electric phenomenon, is a distortion of the landscape; huge rocks sometimes seem suspended in air, and the naturally wild scenery becomes doubly fantastic by a sort of mirage.

Another beautiful spectacle I witnessed was a luminous snow-storm; the sky shone with a misty light, and the air was filled with the brilliant flakes coming down with the peculiar feathery motion of snow, which irresistibly made me feel dreary & half-disposed to be angry with the natives, who were rushing round trying to calm the frightened cattle. However, I stood off, till the light was lost to view, & I could see nothing but the falling brilliancy. In a few moments I, too

141  
Foreign Correspondence.  
(Continued.)

was numerous, and I examined myself with almost childish curiosity, and held out my hand to receive the flakes as they fell. I felt myself soothed, I seemed to be surrounded by innumerable Air-Spirits. All the enjoyment of a life-time seemed briefly concentrated in that moment; poets rave of Italy, the land of burning sun & orange shade, but oh, it cannot be compared with the fairy, weird, wonderful Iceland, the home of the ice-king we read of in fairy lore.

In the Spring, the men go to the Coast to barter their home produce for foreign wares, and the women with one or two men to guard them, advance to the desert in the interior, to gather the Iceland Moss. It is a time looked forward to with great glee by all.

I accompanied a caravan of the ladies, and a very very agreeable time I had of it. I assure you, among such a number of the fair sex all of whom were delighted to have a foreign gentleman to talk to, and many of whom are very pretty, and with whom I flatter myself I was a favourite on account of my dark hair and eyes, — a distinction which procured me many an angry scowl from the Iceland Swells.

With this piece of private and confidential information, I will conclude my already too lengthy epistle, wishing well to Canada & all Canadians, & signing myself

Yours etc.  
Lucy Leachman. Ohol

Translated from William Tell  
By Hartsease.

### Melchthal's Lament.

Arnold von Melchthal, a Swiss peasant, having incurred by a trivial fault, the displeasure of Gessler, was sentenced to death; but when the day of execution arrived, the prisoner was missing. His father refused to give him up into the Tyrant's hands, and was consequently forced to submit to the loss of both eyes. The news of this reached Melchthal while he was concealed in the house of a friend, and in the following lines he gives vent to his sorrow and indignation.

Never, never again to see!  
O a noble gift of Heaven is  
The light of the eyes — all beings live  
See the light — every joyful creature —  
The plants wave their joyfully to the sun  
And must be lit-groping in night;  
The eternal darkness! — The green meadow  
Of the meadows shall refresh him no more  
Neither the bloom of the flowers, nor the  
Rosey glaciers shall be again behold —  
To die is nothing — but to live and not see,  
That is a misfortune — why do you look at me  
So sorrowfully? I have two bright eyes  
And can give my blind old father voice,  
Not a glimmer from the sea of light  
That shines so brightly, can I to him impart.  
Nothing is left — but his staff to the sightless old man!  
Robbed of everything, even of the light of the sun,  
The universal gift of the poorest — do not  
Press me to remain any longer here  
What a wretch I am!

Fear - I can think of my own safety,  
And not of mine, O my Father! that I can  
Leave thy well-beloved head a pledge in the tyrant's hands  
Away with cowardly precautions - Of nothing  
But bloody revenge, will I think.  
Fonder will I go - Nothing shall hold me -  
I will demand my father's eyes from the tyrant  
Among all his horrors -  
Will I look him - Nothing will remain to me in life  
When I have cooled in his blood  
This deep and burning anguish.

Dialogue illustrative of modern hyperbole and  
Grammar as practised in school.

Helena } Meet in the schoolroom before the door of  
Mary } 9 A. M.  
Maria }

Helena } Mary, do you know your Grammar lesson.  
It's awfully hard. I learned it last night till I was  
half dead, but I don't know a word of it!

Mary } (Sarcasitically) Awfully hard! I call it awfully  
easy! I forgot to bring my book home last night, and  
haven't looked at it till now, but I'll bet I'll get  
Specials.

Maria (looking at the book.) Yes! Miss G-'s horrid  
mean to give us so many rules. Will we learn them?  
I'll get 'em out of lines. She don't let us off easy.

Mary I'm awfully tired of lessons! Won't it be jolly  
when the summer holidays come? Will someone lend  
me their knife to cut this pencil. Thanks! There

## Dialogue Continued.

Miss - That a splendid point! (She holds it up -  
Maria breaks it.) You hasty, mean thing now.  
I haven't time to point it again.

( Silence is called. )

## The Metamorphoses of Insects.

The wonderful changes in the insect world, which are continually going on before our eyes, and yet are, perhaps because of their extreme abundance and the uninteresting of their objects, seldom observed, may furnish material for a few words of explanation and description.

Insects pass through four stages of existence viz - the egg, the larva, the pupa, and the imago.

When they emerge from the egg, they are without wings, and scarcely distinguishable from worms; in this state they are called larvae. They eat voraciously, and cast their skins several times. Some insects live thus for a few days or weeks, others for several months or years. At the end of this period, and fix themselves in a safe place, the skin then separates, and underneath is an oblong body, which constitutes the third stage, in which they are called pupae. Most insects when in this form, eat no food, are unable to move, and when opened, appear to be filled with a fluid, and destitute of organs.

silken thread, contracting its body, forms either  
a web or a case around it, & after remaining,  
a shapeless mass, in a state of torpor, for several  
months, the insect bursts its covering, & emerges,  
a full-grown butterfly.

The pupa was once an inhabitant of a stagnant  
pool, and more like a fish than an insect.  
In its original condition, it would have perished  
had it been removed from the water, but in its  
present state, the air is the only element in  
which it can exist. Instead of breathing through  
its tail, it now carries on that all-important  
operation through openings in its sides, and its  
shapeless head is transformed into one orna-  
-mented with feathery antennae, and having an  
ingeniously-constructed machine, for both  
stirring & drawing up the flowing blood which  
is its sustenance.

Pupa being the almost miraculous trans-  
formation of insects, we can, with some show  
of reason, assert that the ancient doctrine of  
the transfiguration of souls, arose from witness-  
ing the revivification of the apparently dead chry-  
salis, & its seeming change into a scythe or butter-  
fly. This, of course, to ignorant or inexperienced  
eyes, would prove a plausible error of judgment in  
favour of that strange & wild doctrine.

---



## The Storm

Juno having invoked the aid of Aeolus in  
destroying the Trojan ships, that God called  
forth his winds & messengers only for better  
interposition of Neptune. Greeks & his followers  
would have perished before their fierce  
wrath.

Translated from Virgil. Book I. line 81-91.  
By N. A.

With utterance thus, he strikes with all his strength  
Against the mount his spear's inverted length  
Forth rish the winds just like a hostile train  
And bend their blasts with fierceness o'er the main.  
Where'er the vent is given they boisterous sweep  
The foaming waters of the briny deep.  
Gale, Sleet, & Squall with resolute roar  
Hurl the vast waves upon the rugged shore.  
Loud cries of sailors mixed with creaking masts  
Are heard in unison with the ocean's blast.  
The lowering clouds snatch from the Trojan eyes  
The sky & day. Darkness before them lies.  
The poles, their thunder with fierce lightning darts  
Menace with instant death the stoutest hearts.

The cold storm rages battling with the world  
Full faint the sail in adverse course breaks forth  
High towards the skies the raging billows soar.  
Roused whirls the prow, stands futile every oar.  
On rolls the sea, in cragged mountain form  
Hurl's the ships side, defenceless to the storm.  
Some on the top of mountain waves are being  
Others in depths of yawning gulfs are flung.  
The bubbling tide rolls mixed with yellow sand  
And fierce commotion boils upon the strand.

Dialogue continued  
this pencil.

'Thanks! There isn't that a splendid point!' (She holds it up - Maria breaks it)  
You, really, ruin things now. I haven't time to point it again!

(Silence is called)

### The Metamorphoses of Insects.

By Fly.

The wonderful changes in the insect-world, which are continually going on before our eyes, & yet are perhaps because of their extreme abundance, and the minuteness of their objects, seldom observed, may furnish material for a few words of explanation and description.

Insects pass through four stages of existence, viz - the egg, the larva, the pupa, & the insect.

When they emerge from the egg, they are without wings, and scarcely distinguishable from worms, in this state they are called larvae they eat voraciously & cast their skins several times. Some insects live thus for a few days or weeks, others for several months or years. At the end of this period they cease eating & fix themselves in a safe place; the skin then separates, and underneath is an oblong body, which constitutes the third stage, in which they are called pupae. Most insects, when in this form, eat no food, are unable to move, and when opened, appear to be filled with a fluid, and destitute of organs.

The pupae of the beetle & bee tribes are enveloped in a membranous skin, the external organs such as the antennae, legs & wings, being enclosed in separate cases. Butterflies & moths in this form are covered with a similar skin, but the wings, legs, & antennae are folded closely over the breast and sides and the whole body wrapped in a case of horny consistence.

After remaining for different periods of time in the pupa state, the insect becomes mature, bursts its case, & enters upon the fourth and last stage of its existence. It is now a perfect representation or image of its species, and was called *imago* for this reason.

The butterfly, fluttering gaily, in the warm rays of the sun, with its brilliantly-tinted, gaily wings, was once a caterpillar, one of those "wasty, horrid, crawling things," as our young ladies call them. The change is certainly wonderful in the highest degree.

Of the caterpillar's sixteen legs, only six remain, and these six wholly unlike their predecessors; its jaws are represented by a curled up proboscis suited admirably to its business of extracting honey from the flowers. The shape of the head is also quite different - two long, curved, delicate antennae or feelers project from its upper surface & instead of twelve invisible eyes, the butterfly possesses only two composed of at least sixteen thousand convex lenses, each supposed by eminent entomologists to be one distinct & effective eye! Internally, the change is as great.

The transformation is gradual. The caterpillar attaching itself to some object, by a

151