



Transcription of the *Anomaly*, a manuscript newspaper written at Bradford Academy, November 20, 1854.

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Transcription created in 2023 as part of the Historic Children's Voices project, supported by funding from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Users of this transcription should note its use in the credit line in any citations of the transcribed source.

Cite the original newspaper as: Bradford Academy, 1854-1855, Mss Boxes Amateur 010, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester MA.

The Anomaly Monday, Nov. 20, 1854, v.1 no. 4
"To airy nothing a local habitation and a name"

The *Anomaly* is published at Bradford, Ms. [MA] Semi-monthly

Editors: Mary Green, Sarah Kimball, Anne M. Sawyer, Anne M. Chase

Foreign Correspondence, Oct. 21st.

Dear Editors of the *Anomaly*,

My last letter was dated from the Mediterranean; at present I find myself delightfully situated in the suburbs of Florence. It may be that this letter will be able to tell you no new history of this city, yet it is a place of much interest, and perhaps despite all previous correspondents I may be welcomed by you. This city is not remarkable for beauty; its chief attractions lie in the environs rather than in itself. It is situated in the valley of the Arno in the centre [center] of [a] ~~an elevated plain or greatly depressed valley~~, but the surface in the immediate neighborhood rises and swells in the most picturesque manner, and the Appenines [Apennines] on the north and west, interpose their broken and wooded crests.

There is very much to interest here. Who does not turn with longing eyes to Italy, the land of soft sunshine, of poetry and art? And Florence is Italy in all its richness and beauty. Venice may surpass it in some respects; it cannot equal it in natural scenery. Rome cannot surpass it. Nature has shown no chary hand in her gifts to Florence. It is called by its inhabitants "Firenze la bella" – Florence the beautiful, and it well merits the appellation. But though the scenery around it is very beautiful, the city itself by no means corresponds with it. The streets are narrow, the fronts of the churches in many cases unfinished, and the prevalent architecture gloomy, massive and frowning. The palaces carry the mind back to the time when each man's house was necessarily his castle, always defended. There are no graceful porticoes, no projecting oriels, no colonades [colonnades], nothing to interrupt the lights, and distribute the shadows, but on the other [hand] there are no incongruous decorations. The houses are severely simple but not too uniform, and the deep cornices, the size of which is well proportioned to the buildings give an air of character and beauty to the whole. If not distinguished by architectural beauty, Florence is filled with other matters of interest. It is the seat of the finest sculptures in Italy. ~~Munich and Vienna~~, Venice and Bologna are rich in pictures yet in sculpture there is very little till we come down to Florence. A long list of painters and sculptors, conspicuous among them the names of Raphael and Michael Angelo have left here noble mementoes of their genius and in the galleries and

corridors of the public buildings we comprehend for the first time what is meant by the antique and see the Greek and Roman mind as it expressed itself in marble. Powers and Greenough both had in Florence their studios [studios]: the Greek slave of the one and the historical group of the other will immortalize these men of genius. One of the most interesting objects in this city is the Casa Buonarrotti, the residence of Michael Angelo, still existing as nearly in the state in which he left it as possible. The walls are hung with drawings from his hand, and his furniture, his sword, and some other memorials of him are sacredly preserved. Adjoining the Pitti Palace, one of the most elegant palaces in Florence, is the Museum of natural history, a noble institution containing collections in minerology, geology, and ornithology. But to the casual observer the most striking part of the collection are the models in wax first devised it is said by Zumbo, a Sicilian who came to Florence by the invitation of one of the family of the Medicis.

Not far from this edifice stands that containing the Laurentinian [Laurentian] Library, devised by Michael Angelo, and so rich and stately it seems hardly respectful to entrust anything smaller than a folio to its keeping. Here is the world renowned copy of the Pandicts [Pandectarum Codex] said to have been discovered at Almalfi [Amalfi] in the 12th century. Here also is a manuscript of Virgil of the 5th century in perfect preservation. In Florence also stands the tower which was used by the great astronomer Galileo as an observatory, and near the tower is a villa where the illustrious philosopher resided, and where it is said, Milton in the bloom of his manly youth untouched by care or disappointment, or suffering or blindness, visited him, a meeting that imagination loves to dwell upon, picturing to itself the unrecorded scenes of that interior between the earth worn philosopher and the enthusiastic, hopeful man of genius. I have spent many happy days in this delightful city. Full of associations every step carries me back to the far past, and wakes to life forms that long have slumbered in the dust. They have rested from their labors, but in their works that follow them do they live and breathe once more. I would gladly linger longer in this city for their [there] is a wonderous fascination for me here – the warm skies and mellow light, the dreamy quiet and repose, such as belong to Italy alone, seem to chain me here. But though willing fetters, they must soon be broken.

The dead and the lost from this continent; who were they?

Regrets are often heard that the Indians who greeted our fathers upon these shores nearly 300 years ago, those who possessed so many manly virtues and noble traits of character have gone to their last sleep, or are wasting away with note to tell their story. A few centuries hence and all that shall speak of their existence will be a few legends

and scraps of poetry. This is melancholy, a whole race will have perished, not a single survivor will remain to their fishing and hunting grounds. Even their graves will be plowed over and the harvest will wave where the tomahawk and arrow were laid by the side of the warrior. But their fate is not strange; who came before them? What was their character? Why have they gone to the land of silence and dreams? Shall we not pass away in the same manner? We call the Indians the aborigines, but every day brings facts showing that they were not. There is proof that American was once inhabited by a people advanced in civilization of whom no history speaks. The Spanish adventures in Peru and Mexico found natives here who had a knowledge of manufactures, architecture, and many arts and sciences. In Central America are found hieroglyphics as distinct as those of Egypt though different from them. But these people are dead, their history of dead. Westward are found the skeletons of beasts unlike those of which we have any knowledge, of giant men bearing no resemblance to the Indians; with them are found vessels of stone and metal showing finished workmanship; none can read the inscriptions upon them nor account for what is seen. Farther westward, east of the Rocky mountains, are still more wonderful discoveries. There are ruined cities whose streets are yest to be traversed as those of Italy have been; on the western side are monuments and pyramids whose origin is unknown. Coln. Walker says that the region from the Rio Grande to the Colorado is filled with ruined cities. Near the Red River he discovered a citadel surrounded by the ruins of a city a mile in diameter; the outline of the building is distinct even part of the walls are now standing. The houses were built of straw and have the appearance of having been exposed to some intense heat. He says the traces of a tremendous fire are visible through the whole basin. It is his opinion that the barren trench was once a densely inhabited country, that its present state was produced by the fire from some volcano long since extinguished. Other travellers [travelers] in the western country have given descriptions of ruined cities, forts, bridges, etc. In one of those forts were found balls of clay, the smallest the size of bullets. Between the Seirra [Sierra] Nevada Mountains and the Colorado river were found the ruins of a bridge partly buried with sand. There is no river within many miles of the spot, but the position of the houses about it favors the conclusion that a large stream once flowed here. Nearer home we have abundant proof of the existence of some nation before those we usually term the aborigines. In N.E. there is found in solid stone the record of a nation (existing before even Massasoit) but which is now lost in the oldest translation. There are enduring hieroglyphics on the granite rock upon the shores of Maine. There is the table rock in Taunton River the inscriptions on which will probably never be deciphered. Who then shall we say who the ancient inhabitants of American were? When they loved or whence they came? How can we know how many nations have lived and passed away as the Indians are now doing?

There is a strangely terrible meaning in that one word alone! Do you never think how alone we are in the world, after all? We think, we suffer, we live and breathe alone. Each ray of light we feel left the sun for us alone! The flower we gather, the fruit we taste was ordained, and grew from eternity for us alone. Distinct and separate as the farthest star of heaven, we each tread in that path marked out by Destiny, that stretches from earth to eternity for us alone. Friends may be near us, they are not ourselves. The acts we do are ours alone, the valley and the shadow of death we pass alone, and in the day when we stand before Him from whose face the heavens and Earth shall flee away, we must stand all alone.

When Danl. Webster was away at school he was as fond of making a racket as anyone else. One day being unusually boisterous his matron came to the foot of the stairs and called out, "What's to pay, Daniel?" He answers, "Nothing at all Madam. You are entirely welcome."

~~Why are certain small fowls called "Bantams?" Because they were first introduced here from Bantam in the Isle of Java, in the year 1683.~~

Education.

With the gift of life, three other valuable gifts are entrusted to each member of the family of man, a physical, intellectual and moral nature, which he has been commanded to improve and perfect in the school of this world and thus be fitted when the term time of life shall have closed for a higher and nobler sphere of existence. These gifts when first bestowed, are imperfect, and but ill promise to repay any care or pains to develop them. Who can see anything in the feebleness of infancy betokening the future strength and glory of manhood? Yet only a few years are spent in the great school of life and what a change do we mark! Instead of the weakness and dependance of infancy, we see the frame strengthened and able to support and guide itself, while the whole countenance is radiant with the light of intellect that is kindled within. Abundant means are provided in the world around us for educating the physical nature and who can doubt when observing the body so curiously and wonderfully made that one great part of our duty is to preserve its beauty and develop its powers. Surely a gift upon which is displayed such infinite skill and wisdom was not given us to neglect or abuse. Upon it are written the laws which should govern it, and nature is the great teacher whose instructions ever prompt us to obey them; and just so far as these are followed

will this important part of our education be attained. How much more health and beauty might be met with in [within] the human family and how much sickness and deformity avoided if these laws were not so constantly broken. We disregard and even recklessly disobey the laws of nature in the free indulgence of our desires, forgetful that in this way our physical nature is perverted and ceases to be the source of pleasure it was designed to be, and too often becomes the occasion of much misery. It is not that we do not bestow sufficient attention upon the body life but that it is not rightly directed. We are often careful to provide for it the most beautiful outward adornings, being all the while quite unmindful to examine and carefully select the threads we daily weave in the garment of habit, and when at last its imperfections appear, how difficult, how almost impossible it is to remove them.

How important then to adopt those habits and follow that course of life which will preserve this gift as perfect as when bestowed, and best fit it for the high purposes of our being.

One great and principal motive that should incite us to special care in the education of our physical system is that by its aid we may better perfect the more valuable gifts accompanying it, and to which it is wholly subservient. Of what value would a beautiful and finely developed person be to us without the mind; yet upon a casket containing so priceless a jewel too much care and skill could not be bestowed. It is but too true that many are so charmed with the beauty of the casket that they quite forget to notice or value that which gives it true and lasting beauty, and this but poorly answer one important purpose for which life was given. The culture and development of the mind should at least keep pace with that of the body, that while the less is cared for the higher and nobler may not be neglected.

No effort is more richly rewarded than that put forth to expand or strengthen the mind by acquirement of knowledge, and the pleasure arising from it is one of the purest, noblest, and most enduring that can be enjoyed and should even incite us to do this part of our great life-work faithfully and well. The success which attends us in the culture of the intellect depends greatly on the manner we enter upon the accomplishment of our purpose. If in childhood and youth we improve every means afforded us to discipline the mind thus easily (easily) acquiring a love for knowledge, we shall ever desire to make higher attainments and find an increasing delight in intellectual acquirements. The true object of school discipline has not been accomplished if study has always been looked upon as a task, and ~~the hours and~~ the hours spent in the schoolroom as wearisome. One whose school days have passed in this manner is but poorly fitted to enter the great school of the world and learn the lessons there taught. He alone is prepared who has learned well the lessons of youth, who has become acquainted with

the powers and capacities of the mind, and acquired habits of diligent thought, which shall fit him to enter with delight upon wider fields of knowledge, regarding what he now possesses as but the first step, while infinite progress lies before him. Life is not long enough to exhaust the sources of knowledge this world affords but the more frequently we apply to them, the more abundantly do they yield. It is only when each day adds something to our store of knowledge and better fits us to receive these new powers with which we shall be endowed in a higher state of existance [existence] that we rightly improve the gift of the mind entrusted to us. Yet education, the great life-work of man, is but partly and poorly accomplished if in the culture of the intellect, the heart is neglected. Our words, our acts, our thoughts improve or pervert our moral nature. If we are careful to watch over these, and follow the teachings of the faithful monitor placed within us, we are daily fulfilling the highest end of our being, and educating ourselves for a world where virtue unsullied may be attained by all. But if through out negligence evil thoughts and wicked passions spring up in the heart, and daily increase in strength, when life shall have closed, how shall we be overwhelmed to find that the most important lesson has been neglected and thus life has been a mighty failure.

Why is a loin of beef called sirloin? Because Chas. 2nd once dining upon a loin of beef was so pleased with his fare that he said it should be knighted and the joint was called "Sir Loin."

Why is the right of property like the present graduating class? Both are said to be "exclusive."

Why is the same class not likely to ravel out? Because there is a Nott in the end of it.

Why is the Academy chimney likely to fall? Because every day a Gale sweeps by it.

It is said that it never rains gold, nevertheless to the lumbermen of Maine the late storm is worth thousands of dollars.

A London print seller advertised "A Head of Chas. 1st capitally executed."

Fashion.

There is nothing in the world more pitiable than an old fashion. So generally is this acknowledged that it has passed into a proverb and “foolish as an old fashion” meets us everywhere. How ridiculous seems the dress of our grandmothers. What more entertaining occupation than to ransack the old chest in the garret which was placed there. Arrayed in the high heeled shoes, the short waisted dresses and stiff wide ruffs we fancy that our friends of a hundred years ago, looked as oddly as we do. But it was not so; a belle of 1754 imagined herself the embodiment of grace and elegance, much as her sister of 1854.

The study of fashion has yet to be acquired. It would open an extensive field to the patient student and would throw much light upon past ages. As we look around us when we walk through the busy streets of our large cities we find ourselves dreamily asking “Will our customs appear thus absent and unreal to our children?” As the graceful form flits by us robed with exquisite taste, we answer, “it cannot be.” Yet it does not satisfy, for upon a little reflection we find our style to be not altogether perfect. True our grandmothers’ dresses were short, but ours are long, very long. If our fair ladies consider it as an evidence of superior refinement, to dust and even sweep, our not particularly clean sidewalks, it is certain that this refinement will be understood by their descendants. These ladies of quality are generous undoubtedly to allow their rich silks to do the office of the street sweeper, and it is to be hoped their generosity will be appreciated. What if past away bonnets did answer the purpose of umbrellas? Surely they were not many degrees more amusing than those which require so large an amount of imagination to discover them. Sleeves too have passed “from the sublime to the ridiculous” in sleevedom, many times, since Henry’s unfortunate queen first drew them down over her hand.

Narrow and wide, long and short all flit before us and warn us of the futility of our attempt. And if we have retired from the field of sleeves, dare we show our faces on that of head drapes? “Presumptuous” comes faintly from those remnants of former glory. But we will not be defeated again. Time was when one of the courtliest monarchs of a most courtly nation, ordered the doors of his palace to be elevated in order that fair maidens might enter without injury to their hair. Another sovereign amid a profusion of apologies, gently intimated that no head dress should be higher than a certain number of feet, as when ladies went to the play, the spectators behind them could not see the stage. So much attention was given to the subject, that a small pamphlet giving directions for the management of the hair, sold for eight dollars. Fourteen yards of gauze [gauze] were once erected into a tower upon the head of poor Maria Antoinette. Priest and poet wrote bitter satires against this most absurd notion, but all in vain, until the queen lost her hair, when down when the towering piles like castles in the clouds.

Then St. Pierre effected another change by means of his "Paul and Virginia" when the heroine was arrayed in simple curls and a straw hat. Almost as if by magic, every lady looked bewitching in a straw hat without ornaments. Not satisfied with forms, the ladies must have names, so they christened them by all sorts of absurd titles. There was one at last called the "anonymous." The signification is rather doubtful. Now the hair is worn quite reasonably for ladies. Very lately however there has been a disposition on the part of our sisters to do away with it altogether, at least to have just as little as they can.

These fashions appear frivolous and with reason; they prove how changeful is human nature. No sooner do we begin to admire and even love a beautiful custom than society possessed by a mighty demon of unrest throws it aside, and dons a dress only remarkable for its novelty and exceeding ugliness. These customs point with unerring hand to the tendency of the age in which they prevailed. These cast off customs are not simply to be laughed at, they are for instruction as well. They tell us how poor a thing is earthly grandeur; how perishing the hopes of man when even these frailer vestments outlive the memory of their proud possessor.

Clouds like too many of earth's joys, seen at a distance are radiant and beautiful, but when at length they come upon us – they are only tears!

Not many nights since pen and paper in hand
Sat I, wearily bending my head o'er my stand.
The lamp that before me burned dimly and blue
Told the many long hours it had lighted me through.
And the page that unsullied, beside me still lay
Told as truly how vain had the hours passed away.

While thus I sat, wondering, with head on my hand,
Of what use were brains, if not at command
The loud pealing clock with its echoing stroke
Rang close on my ear and my reverie broke.
"One, two, twelve o'clock!" I said with a sigh
As I walked to the window, my paper laid by,
And forcing away all my sadness and doubt,
Gazed dreamily forth on the pure world without;
The moon was just risen and its mellow light
Illumed all the east with a radiance bright

It silvered the hills with a glittering crest
As they lay, sleeping calm, in their holy rest.
And more it revealed; as its radiance grew
A wondrous procession appeared to my view.

Up over the hills this army stole on
Distinctly revealed when the moonlight gleamed down,
And I knew by the leader's wearisome climb
That I saw the procession of Old Father Time.
His step was solemn and stately and slow
As old ocean's tide with its ceaseless flow.
His long gleaming locks waved out on the air
And his brow was shaded yet seemed it once fair.
No staff in his hand he carried to aid
And I saw a huge pack on his shoulders was laid.
While his dress in the fashion of ages gone
Fluttered loosely about his tall gaunt form.

So stood Father Time, in the moonlight pure
A strangely uncouth looking object sure;
But more strange and more curiously varied still
Was his membership bad that now rose from the hill.
Following close on the steps of their leader they came
But their dress or their features t'were useless to name.
A more motely assembly in form or in mien
As they crowded along never since has been seen.
No order or shape to their march did belong
But all pushing and jostling they hurried them on.
All eager to snatch something out of the pack
That poor Father Time carried snug on his back.

And Time though quite portly and bulky in size
Seemed quite to have lost the use of his eyes.
So while for each man from his bundle he drew
The gift that belonged to him, forth to his view.
By some sly manner ne'er attempted in vain
Much more than his portion each pilferer would gain.
But though 'twere obtained it always turned out
To be more than the thief could well carry about.

One, pallid and thin, Time gave a huge book
While three more from his pack the pale student took
Till his spare form was bent with the burden he bore
And his pale face and **thxx**[illeg?] grew more pale than before.
One a casket called Pleasure attempted to snatch
That proved with the gift of his leader to match.
And haggard and wan with the portion for two.
He hurried away and was lost to my view
At right and at left, far as eye could scan
In running and pushing they filled up the view.
Till Time as each comer hurried him more
Could poorly maintain his position before
Poor old Time! He seemed in a pitiful plight
As the beams of the moon brought him forth to my sight
So stooping and bent, so dirty and wan
 He looked like a very, very old fashioned man!

I saw him look down at his old tattered clothes,
And up to the army that close round him rose
And I wept as I saw how sorrow and care
Had thinned the long locks of his glistening hair.
Poor old Time! He seemed sadly out of his place
The world had outwitted his wits in the race
And the sigh his lips through the air to me bore
I knew was for glory ah! His no more!

What could old Time do, when one man in his stride
Would go quite round the world and come back to his side
When in half of one step the electric flame
Could from North Pole to South his old fashion proclaim?
When pushed and pinched by a countless throng
Turned this way and that as they swayed him along,
Sneered at and scorned by a mutinous band
Who deemed that they him were made to command?

Ah, naught could he do, but longing look back
To the days of his youth, that well-beaten track
Where obedient troops his steps watched about
And the rear stepped in where the ran stepped out!

One long look he cast, saw the graves thick strewn
And the long grass round the head stones grown
One tear let fall, his first and his last
Then on through the valley dejectedly passed.
I turned me away for the army was gone
And the hillsides were warm with the blushes of dawn.
Old Time with his army had passed from my view
But the vision, dear reader, I surrender to you.

Willow Hall.

No lover of the antiquated and memorable could pass uninterested that school-house of thousands Willow Hall. For myself, I have ever longed to know its entire story and wished that like Knickerbocker, who when he would write a history of Manhattan chanced on the saddle bags containing it, so I might be directed to the annals of this old building. But o such kind fortune has attended me, and therefore I have been compelled to gather laboriously my information and note it down item by item in my scrap book. With the hope of entertaining others, I am induced to write out my memoranda, miscellaneous and disjointed as they must of necessity be. And first of the structure itself which is going back to the olden time we do well to call "the academy" for Willow Hall is a name of modern application, and when bestowed was but prophetic [prophetic] of the two willows fortunately now of sufficient size to justify the appellation.

The proposition for erecting this building was made in 1803 and hardly had it been accepted when the foundations were commenced and the walls rose with a rapidity precedent when the ancient city of Messina was built in eighty five days. Altered as it has been, the high windows, the pulpit like desk, and the straight backed benches built in the days when a curve was not practically the line of beauty remain at first, while the mended floor at every step reminds us that we tread the same boards with Mrs. Judson and Harriett Newell, a fact of which visitors from their time to the present have not failed to admonish us. Had we but a key to decipher the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the desks we might learn much of those who as one of them has said, "knowing little else than how to carve their names" were fond of doing that; as it is we read much of idleness and mischief when raising the well carved lids we see holes whittled through the desk bottom, apertures through which no doubt the interdicted apple was secretly passed. And there is poor Crowninshield's desk, is there anything in the fact that it has a new cover now? And further on in the back row Ann Haseltine's. From the old block in its corner bits of wood were taken since by Mr. Burtram, the Scotch Missionary of St.

Helena, to carry as mementoes to that island for said he these chips will be far more revered there than anything we could send you from Napoleon's tomb.

Closely connected with the history of the building must be that of its faithful keeper and bell ringer, Black Joel, whose name is yet remembered in Bradford, and whose virtues were once made the theme of an examination poem. Thereafter a graphic description of his house and grounds, situated in Joel's woods, and a minute account of the furniture in the one room which, being all they have "they keep for cooking, eating and to sleep" and where the pictures hang "though far from life of General Washington and wife."

We are told that "over the fireplace hangs a key
Emblem of trust, and such is he.
The church, and hearse engross his care
the 'Cademy a larger share.
And once so honored in condition
'Tis said he held a high commission.
To sum the whole for one short view
He's bellman, sexton, colonel, too."

For interesting reminiscences of school I have appealed to many old pupils. One lady whose name is in the Catalogue for 1823 and who has long had family cares and joys of her own tells me that even now her slumbers are often broken by vision of distress in Bradford school. Sad indeed must have been an experience that would color one's dreams after a lapse of more than thirty years! Another says it was a real Puritanic institution. "My most vivid recollection is of the duty of weeping at the close of every term. The first time I ever was in Bradford, I attended an examination – all the declamations were sermons and good ones too, and the separation was Bochim. No one had independence enough to want to go home but each seemed interested in each one's welfare and "one and all" was the order of the day." We learn also that thirty years ago, as now, the scholars were required to repeat the Sabbath sermon, but then as not now, the village clergyman was noted for the exceeding length of his discourse and the number of their heads. A prolixity in fact so great as quite to defy the strength of common memories. Young Ira Pearly, than a Bradford youth but since a Judge of the Supreme Court of N.H. was then a member of school, and he it was who saved the young ladies from the dilemma to which their inattention and forgetfulness would have brought them for having a wonderful memory he treasured up the long sermons heads and all, and t him each Monday morning some school girl was regularly dispatched for an account of them, and she as regularly returned successful, to supply the deficiency of her friends. But like the aged in life this old building has given place to another for we are told that in 1841

“Backward the ancient seat of learning rolled,
While the old bell its tearful requiem tolled.

But superseded as it has been, associations cluster around it which will ever render it an interesting place, and could the voice of its former students be heard they would unanimously insist on its careful preservation.

Editorial.

Although the nations of Europe are waging fierce conflict together, although vice and pestilence walk hand in hand through many portions of this land, in the quiet monotony of our daily life we have realized little of it. Life has seemed to us a pleasant reality and we hope that our subscribers have participated in the same pleasure. The intelligence from the Crimea is not very definite. The allies are still dallying before Sebastopol. The English papers have at last published a list of the killed and wounded. The list is sadly long, though the number of those who have died since the skirmish is not yet ascertained. But in the midst of scenes like these, ere the tears of the widow and orphan are dried, the English are performing grand pageants where with to welcome Louis Napoleon and his beautiful empress. They were expected the first of the present month. The Russians in order to secure the Austrian aid have proposed to restore the nationality of Poland and place an Austrian prince on the throne. From the East the intelligence is most satisfactory. Turkey appears to be waking up from the sleep of ages and rubbing her eyes acknowledges that her neighbors are far ahead of her. The government are listening seemingly with favor to the request of the English minister that the Georgian and Circassian slave trade may be abolished. Should he succeed the condition of woman will be vastly bettered. We hear but little from Rome. The Pope has recalled all his bishops who were stationed in this country, and we conclude he is meditating a secret if not important undertaking.

The monthlies have come to hand bright and pleasant as usual. Putnam stands at the head of magazine literature in our own country and he does not manifest any desire to give up his place. A very interesting article on verbs and substantives is written with much power. An article on Russia is spoken of very highly by the press. Harper, gay and cheery, contains its usual store of pleasant anecdotes and stories. We think however that it has rather too many sketches for the amount of valuable reading it contains. Mr. Abbott's Napoleon appears to be growing more and more glorious as his end is approaching. Mr. Abbott has almost lost his identity in his illustrious hero. If he is sincere we are afraid he has in a measure lost his mind. Last week Appleton and Co. published a Catalogue of their immense establishment. The list contained 8,291

different books; the largest is Boydell's Shakespeare, thirty by twenty-nine; the smallest the thumb Bible, two by two.

There has been another edition of J. Frost's work on Agriculture. It will leave its impress [impression] on the land.

As for ourselves the times have changed since the days spoken of by the contributor of Willow Hall. At least we now have attained sufficient independance [independence] to want to go home, and the parting is a very cheerful Bochim.

The Governors have been considerate in their appointments for Thanksgiving, and we wish to all a happy vacation. At the same time we would announce that if any on their return are suspected of home sickness they will be kept in quarantine and fed with lotus berries till they have recovered.

As Editors we must say farewell for it is probably before the next issue the Anomaly will have passed into other hands. As scholars we speak in the words of Sir Walter Scott when he parted from Miss Edgeworth: "We'll not say 'Good bye' that is not a pleasant work, but we'll say 'Come again.'"

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