



**Transcription of the *Anomaly*, a manuscript newspaper written at Bradford Academy, January 24, 1855.**

This handwritten newspaper is in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society (Catalog Record #614693).

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, Jan. 24, 1855, v.1 no. 7  
"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

Among the post-humous publications of 1854, we find the following "Song of the Old Year."

On a deep sea wave like a Viking brave  
In my regal pomp I ride  
And I curb the speed of my foaming steed  
As he sweeps to the ocean side.  
On the sanded shore all peopled o'er  
My chariot wheels have pressed  
And many a song of the twelve months long  
Is written on my breast.

And one is a chime of the bright spring time,  
When the sun felt soft and free  
And a little child in the sun beams mild  
Was singing by the sea.  
I watched him there so sweet and fair  
As my steed the shore drew near  
And I hushed the beat of his noisy feet  
That the pure child might not fear.

With a heap of shells from the sea's deep dells  
I mounted up the strand  
And I cast the pearls 'mongst his glowing curls  
And into his outstretched hand.  
And the fair young child in his wonder smiled  
At my gifts so rich and rare  
As the sprinkled dew, and the sea pearls too  
He shook from his flowing hair.

In the holy power of the twilight hour  
Weeping and sad and lone  
A mother stood and gazed on the flood

As I ceaselessly journeyed on  
And I answered the prayer that she offered there  
With her dead babe on her breast.  
For my chariot wave, was the mother's grave  
And I gave to her spirit rest.

Ah, manys the strain of joy and of pain  
That my twelve months course might tell  
For I've bathed the crown of the king on his throne  
And the peasant low as well.  
From my holy baptism, some have risen  
To life, and joy, and pain  
And some have slept where my chariot swept  
And never awoke again.

I have snatched the gold that the miser old  
Had worshipped as his god.  
And flung it out with a noisy shout  
Where the young and fair have trod  
And when sorrows smart has [have] pierced the heart  
And strong hopes have been riven  
I have turned the eye to the stars on high  
And told how sweet is heaven.

And now I am old, and my heart is cold  
And on earth I'll ride no more  
For my steed is dead and, in his stead,  
Sweeps another up the shore.  
But on through the air in my downy chair  
Shall my journeys henceforth be  
And I'll still sweep past while time shall last  
In the chords of your memory.

---

The Hermit. A True Tale (Continued)

The game was nearly finished and as usual the hermit was the winner. A fresh log was thrown upon the fire, the milkweed stem called in requisition, another log put in the place of a footstool and Sarah and I very comfortably seated while the hermit and Mr. Caswell [transcriber note: character name switches to Creswell later in the narrative,

retained as Caswell for consistency] conversed on various subjects. "Does it seem a long or a very short time since you were the age of these young people?" inquired Mr. Caswell. "Oh, it seems a very great while, I great while," answered the hermit, "and yet to take another view of it, it seems short." "And how does it seem to look forward?" asked Mr. C. "Ah," said the old man, "I think there is no danger of our receiving worse than we deserve." Some conversation then followed during which he brought out his bible about half a century old, but as the fineness of the print was leading him to neglect its perusal, Mr. Caswell promised to send him a copy better suited to his eye sight – a promise which was faithfully fulfilled. The old man referred to this fact that his advanced age rendered it improbable that he should long continue in this world and said that the time of our death being unknown to us many considered it wrong to engage in such amusement as checkers, for it was not the employment we should select for our last. But then "everything is in the motive," said he. "Good actions with bad motives and bad actions with good, now if I thought we had played with bad motives, I would never play with you again. Let us cast lots and see. You have it our motives were bad, I, that they were good." So down went the lucky box and the hermit for a moment found it difficult to decide whose corn was nearest the centre [center], but finally gave the preference to Mr. Caswell and told him that beside concluding never to play with him again, he had nearly determined to give up the game altogether.

Finding we were about to take our departure the hermit expressed much pleasure in seeing us. Mr. Caswell told him we wished to be no inconvenience, but if we were none, we enjoyed visiting him. "I don't know as you are any trouble," said the hermit, "I guess you haven't made me any today – I don't think you have." The **form** [?] being deposited in the sleigh and everything arranged for our comfort on the ride, we bade the hermit farewell and left Joseph Plummer in his solitude un-enlivened by even the presence of a four-footed animal.

A few years since one of the hermit's relations died and a meeting of the heirs being held, he left his solitude and attended the convention. Here he delivered quite an oration but failing to convince his audience of the wisdom of his plan, he told them he wanted none of the property and returned to his home. He is however in the possession of considerable wealth and at one time made a will in which he bequeathed it to the person who should first discover his death. There seem to have been a variety of circumstances which influenced the hermit in his determination on this mode of life. The whole family are very peculiar, distinguished for the freeness of their words, their penetration and for never forgetting what they once learn, and by some they are said to be of Indian descent.

But something more than mere oddity I imagine influenced the hermit to retire from among men. In his youthful days single blessedness did not possess the charm which in his advanced years he seems to have discovered in it, and he found his hopes of happiness centered around the remaining sister of his brother's wives. So one summer's evening attired in his best suit of uncolored lamb's wool, he proceeded towards her dwelling, but ere he had entered it, the innocent creature, milk pail in hand, flitted before him in all her loveliness. Taking his seat within the mansion, he awaited her entrance, but when she came so astonished was she to find someone where she had left no one and with all a creature so uncouth that she was very much frightened and ran away. This was the hermit's last attempt, however he seems to enjoy his hermitage. He decides many questions by lot – determining whether he should spend the day abroad or at home, by his lucky box and often, I presume, queries of a more important nature. We arrived at home just in time for tea, having enjoyed the excursion exceedingly, but all positive in the decision that our temperaments were not at all fitted to enjoy three score years in a hermitage.

Before leaving home we had examined quite a number of articles, which we thought might prove acceptable gifts to the hermit, but finally had selected only an interesting book and new almanac. He said he had formerly read newspapers, but as they did not tell the truth and his eyesight failed, he has lately neglected it. The neat gilding of the volume contrasted strangely with the time-worn covers of the works in the book-case, but the hermit seemed quite pleased with it, and inquired if he could give it away if after reading should he feel disposed to do so. We assented of course, and Mr. Caswell produced the almanac which was just in time, the hermit not having calculated the eclipses for the new year.

He examined it closely and soon drew down from the foot of his bed a bundle of what I could not imagine but had nearly concluded it was some addition to the repast he had provided, when he unwound a string and displayed two long leathern purses. One of these contained silver, the other held copper, "For" said the old man, "it does them no good to be kept to-gether." He then enquired the price current of almanacs and remarked that he "had been accustomed to give about five cents." Mr. Caswell replied that "he neither wished nor expected payment but had merely brought it thinking he might be unprovided. The hermit however persisted and finally proposed to decide the matter by the casting of lots so a little splinter was taken from the large wood pile occupying the middle of the floor, and being duly divided into longer and shorter the hermit declared the rules for the drawing, and pronounced the long stick in the right hand. So it proved, and Mr. Caswell received the money. Knowing him to be skilled in the manufacture of such articles, Mr. C. inquired if he had any stripped brooms suitable for sweeping a green-house. The hermit produced a poor miserable article, and to

display its merits began sweeping the floor. As he required an exorbitant price, a reduction was proposed, and this also he said should be decided by lots "but this time," said he, Let us try the lucky box." So saying he took from the shelf a tin box resembling a tumbler in size and form, which had a wooden cover. Inside the cover was marked a circle and a dot in the centre [center], two kernels of corn, one red and one yellow were placed in the box and after shaking it was turned down upon the cover. The person whose corn came nearest the dot in the centre [center] was the winner and this time also it was the hermit. Soon after our arrival the old man had handed Mr. Caswell a board rudely marked off in squares ~~and~~ observing that he believed it was the old checker board but said he felt too old to play much now a days. Mr. Caswell, though perhaps not feeling remarkable aged, was yet disinclined to a game but since the bargains had been concluded the hermit had seemed to renew his years, and brought forward a little wooden box containing kernels of red and yellow corn intended for checker men. Mr. Caswell was at first unwilling to play but finally consented and Sarah and I climbed through the little door in search of interest without.

There were hills on every side and far and wide might be seen the noble trees of the hermit's woodland but not a human dwelling was visible. Directly opposite the door and separated from it only by a narrow path was a shed and thither we bent our steps. We found it literally filled with goods, chains boxes and baskets. I noticed a most ingenious contrivance for making cider consisting of a tub and a large club, one end of which was rounded into a ball, and shaven and smoothed till the unpainted wood almost shone. To the left of this house was a little mound, the sides bricked and the top covered with earth. A piece of board with a stick inserted for a handle filled an opening in one side of what was in reality the hermit's oven. His manner of living being rather peculiar, subsisting for a time on one article of food entirely, and then taking another, rendered perhaps his culinary duties less arduous, especially as in the winter he prepares most of his dishes by his parlor fire. As we turned once more to enter this singular abode it seemed more like a Gipsy camp than a dwelling in New England. The dark hut, lighted by the flickering fire, its inmates seated almost within the capacious fire-place, and the great variety of articles stowed away without care or order made a very picturesque scene.

The Present and Ultimate Decisions of Mankind.

The volume of historic accord is rich with moral and philosophic instruction. There is much chronicled in its pages which we may study with pleasure and profit. A theme of no inconsiderable interest is the difference which exists between the present and the final opinions entertained of men and measures.

Its' recorded facts teach that when national or political wrongs have been committed, the actors have been influenced by prejudice or excitement, and that when posterity has come to examine without bias the actions themselves apart from any modified influence, it has meted out justice impartially and corrected theoretically if not practically these errors. Take for instance the retributive voice of justice which today condemns the power that once plotted Poland's name from the list of nations. Look back for a moment upon the world's history when the mighty ruler of Christendom, the papal church, held at its own command the thrones of monarchs and the lives of men. Mark the contrast afforded by the judgement of a later day which recognizes only the shadow of power in the imbecile pope of Rome. Though this antagonism of earlier and subsequent opinions prevails so as to become the general rule, yet it is not always thus.

There are exceptions, when in great emergencies the people under leaders who seem almost inspired of heaven, produce mighty revelations whose results succeeding generations approve and whose authors they revere. Such was the American revolution. We remember with pride and exaltation that period of English history when she threw aside the insignia of royalty and stood forth to the world as the English Commonwealth. And Oliver Cromwell, the master spirit the ruling genius of her republican days, we honor as her noble son. Yet our opinion strongly conflicts with that man who after his death disinterred him and hanged him on a gibbet. Such are some of the historic contrasts between the earlier and subsequent opinions of men.

Without presumption we may safely predict that the unrighteous acts of oppression committed in our country today will be stamped by posterity as sins of equal enormity with those of the past which we now abhor. From the fact of the difference between the present and final decisions of men, useful lessons may be drawn. We may learn to avoid a low, hasty judgment of the character of our fellowmen. In the emergencies by which a man is continually surrounded and which require to act, it is proper that he should decide in his own mind which is the right side and then battle manfully for it. Though he may sometimes err, yet he must not shrink from meeting with boldness and firmness the dangers which may arise. But when decisive action is not required as in forming an opinion of those about us let us beware lest we hastily condemn the characters of those whose life might be a pattern for our own. The history of no one's life should be written till long after the funeral ceremonies have been performed. A friendly hand may portray his virtues in too brilliant colors and hide his failings in a friendly silence or an enemy may shade his true character behind his exaggerated faults. Beautifully was this sentiment expressed by the dying patriot when he said, "Let no one write my epitaph. Let me repose in obscurity and peace and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times when other men can do justice to my memory, then and not till then, let my

epitaph be written." In the correction by posterity of the too hasty judgements of those who have gone before, we behold a type of great and final judgements.

To that final judgement, transcending far in sublimity and accuracy any mere human tribunal we must all one day come. With what care then does it become us to consider the character of our own actions, for these are to be judged not by the men of our own day merely not even by those of a later period, but by Him who will award to every one according to his deeds.

---

A little child tripped merrily  
A-down a city street  
And greeted every passer by  
With childish smile and sweet.  
She carried in her tiny hand  
A lily pure and white  
And wreathed within her golden curls  
Were many roses bright.  
And as she tripped a-down the street  
She dropped her lily there  
And yest she cared not for it much  
But shook her golden hair  
And quietly unto herself  
With childish grace did say,  
"I have another one at home  
And that will do to-day."

The noisy crowd they hurried on  
The child she went her way.  
The little flower was withering fast  
Beneath the noon-tide ray.  
At last another child came by  
But not with pleasant smile  
And with no merry song that child  
Did her lone way beguile.

She tarried when she saw the flower  
And wonderingly looked down  
She thought it was a precious gem



Dropped from some monarch's crown.  
She bore it with her to her home  
Within an alley drear  
And as she gazed upon it there  
Quickly let fall a tear.

"It makes me think of Heaven," said she,  
"And of my Mother fair  
It makes me think of quiet bowers,  
And angels walking there.  
The stranger said it was 'a flower,'  
But not from whence it came,  
He said not there were any more,  
I'm glad I know its name.

For I can ask the angels now  
If there are such in Heaven  
And if there are I'll surely ask  
To me, they may be given."  
That night the angels crowned her brow  
With never fading flowers,  
And well we know in that bright land  
She never sighs for ours.

---

It is said of Wm. Wilberforce, "Perhaps if one sentence could more fully express him than another, it would be *incomparable readiness to give pleasure and to be pleased.*" [Rev. William Jay, Autobiography]

---

Him who can do what he will, we call a lucky man. But he is the wise and great one who will do what he can.

---

The sand in the hour-glass reminds us not only of the swift flight of time, but also of the dust into which we are one day to crumble.

---

They tell us to wait, time will bring what we want. Friends, time will ripen the corn, but will not plow the field.

---

Some-one suggested the following as an appropriate epitaph for Hume:

“Beneath this round idea  
Vulgarity called a tomb,  
The ideas and impressions lie  
Which constituted Hume.”

---

“A rolling stone gathers no moss.” What of it. Who wants to be an old mossy stone, away in some dark corner where sunshine and fresh air never come? Who would not rather be a smooth stone rolling along the ~~rough~~ stream of life, knocking off the rough corners and revealing the fine internal structure. It is this continued action which shows what a man is “made of.” The sand stone is ground down to sand and mud, but the firm rock retains its form, and is selected for the towering fortress.

---

#### A Chapter on Novels

A wise man has said “of the making of books, there is no end.” And something of a prophetic [prophetic] meaning time has shown belongs to the words, so admirably do they apply to the present age. Every one [everyone] now is writing a book and Yankee economy is displaying itself upon a large scale when every man is himself the author of his family library. Books meet us at every turn, they dart upon us from every corner and with thin countenances of conscious merit and thin numberless recommendation posted on their backs, it becomes seriously a difficult matter to distinguish hypocrites from honest ones, and to prevent not a few impositions from “the wolves in sheepskins!” There is a great variety of grades in this dumb class of human nature. Aristocracy and democracy have their representatives, as well displayed here as in the circuit of every city. First, there are the white-kids of literature, the Beacon and Wall Street denizens. These of course stand at the head of the book shelves and boast a long line of distinguished ancestry, and thin long rows of family portraits such as [these are such as, inserted in graphite] presuming upon their commanding position, make bold assertions, and hold to independent opinions, and appear wonderfully at their ease, in garments of gold, and velvet, and jewels.

And none dare dispute their position, for who would think of being on an equality with the distinguished descendant, who can at a breath count up a long line of ancestors commencing at “My Novel” and passing up through “Pelham” “Harold,” “The Last Days of Pompeii,” &c., &c., till the range becomes almost countless? ~~They~~ These are the titled lawyers and judges of the community, whose name alone seems a welcome

reception among the nobility, and who having retired from all business, live handsomely upon their incomes and with great complacency and comfort walk down to immortality.

The second class are the busy laboring ones, and as everywhere else they constitute the stamina of the community. With talent not ancestry to recommend them, they depend upon their own merits for success, and with no ambitious longings, for the first shelf of society industriously in their substantial garb of calf and sheep-skin, work their way into reputation. With many homely truths and much noble principle, this class of novel literature (more of fact than of fiction however in their composition) are destined to have a ruling influence among men, and to give higher and truer and purer impulses to society. There may be much among them that denotes enthusiasm, and much that appears over wrought, and even unnatural, but time and experience will soften all such incongruities, and given them the praise their genius well merits.

The third class constitutes the lowest and by far the most numerous in the large community of novel literature.

Here we find the mushroom aristocracy, full of affection and high-sounding phrases of extravagant descriptions and vulgar minuteness in dress, and forms of society. These are such as with a great deal of reverence dedicate themselves to the Hon. Judge Somebody, of their brother author Dickens or Thackeray.

Here too is the well filled quarter of the yellow-covered literature, the refuse and scum of society. They are the genteel thieves of the community, who while they profess to stand by you as gentlemen, are picking your pockets. They are the smiling bar-keepers and the owners of gambling saloons and billiard rooms in the literary world, enticing in the unwary to their utter ruin.

There is a great deal that can be said upon this novel community. The strict notions that once existed with regard to them, have at the present time lost much of their severity and now the descendents [descendants] of grandmothers who would have turned in horror from the sight of a novel, go to the opposite extreme in toleration.

The evil consequences of such indiscriminate reading can hardly be estimated. To excite the fancy by over drawn scenes, and unnatural characters, is too frequently the aim of novels, rather than to instill high and noble moral principles and when the mind is filled with romantic scenes and ideal extravagances, it finds a sad distance for the truths of daily life. One cannot be too careful in his choice of reading. More than anything else does it mould [mold] the character, and influence our views of life. It has truly been

said that if the floods of tears, the imaginary scenes of distress in Uncle Tom, or Ida May have called forth from sentimental damsels, had been caused by real distress that exists all about us, there would be a vast discrimination in the suffering of our community. But too often those whose sympathies are the readiest excited by fancied miseries, are the last to go forth and alleviate those of a neighbor or brother in want.

Yet there is very much good that may result from a casual reading of worthy works of fiction. They indulge and exercise the imagination one of the most delightful and powerful of the faculties we possess, they divert the mind from its daily routine of cares and monotonous duties, and refresh it by glimpses into the fair ideal of life.

We gather new views of the beauty and poetry yet lingering in the world, by dreaming now and then over some pure fancy tale. The shadows of the ideal world are needed to soften and enrich the mere glaring light of the real, to hide its many angles and give it smoothness and beauty. A happy combination of the real and the ideal constitutes life's perfection, and he who lives in either uncombined knows not what life means.

The novelist weilds [wields] a powerful pen, and only firm and strict moral principle can safely trust itself within his influence. Such the facinations [fascinations] of romance can never injure, for never indulged in to excess, they strengthen the imagination by scenes of pure morality and religion. But when they come to have such a power over us, as to create a distaste for deeper or more instructive reading, or when they lead us to false and unusual notions of life and human nature, then is time firmly and decidedly to given them up. Better a thousand times never to glance into a work of fiction than to suffer them to exert such an influence over the heart and life.

### My First Attempt at Housekeeping

My first attempt at house keeping was destructive to my peace then and is afflictive to my memory now. Therefore, would I whisper a word of warning to you who are enthusiasts in anticipation of becoming one of the "powers that be" as lady of a manse.

I had considered it the quintessence of dignity to be the matron of my own mansion. I imagined it would be a paramount pleasure to do just as I pleased in fact to be the bright particular star in the little world I called my home, instead of the inferior planet I had been in my first home.

There too I could furnish my own table with concoctions of my own choosing. I could make it an epicuris [epicurean] board or the humble frugal repast of a lonely johnny cake. I reached the climax of my hopes. I commenced housekeeping with neither maid

nor servant. I can scarcely recollect the bill of fare of my first meal, but the substance of it was nonentity.

I have a distinct remembrance that when the clock struck twelve and Mr. Cushing (for that was the name of my spouse) appeared, I went tripping gaily along distending my olfactories to discover the nature of the dinner. When lo', there was naught but a table for a meal. Despair took possession of me. I had forgotten I was cook and maid. Of course I was consoled with the assurance that we are all liable to have treacherous memories and if I did once forget that I was Mrs. Cushing and director of the house it was no heinous offence.

This first embarrassing failure was too much for my natural sensitiveness to bear. I fainted falling upon my sylph like table which was crushed by my weight and both fell to the floor. I had broken none of my own limbs but had broken one belonging to the table and I hardly knew which I prized [prized] the highest. Mr. Cushing with no mere annoyance to me declared he could obtain his own meal which must have been a scanty one.

Amid my other cares such as the arrangement of my toilet, the careful selection of dress and collar I had really forgotten that a meal was needed or that it devolved upon me to fill the closet as well as the heart. I arrayed myself in my richest silk and accompanying knick knacks, an array only for a bride. However after such a tension of Mr. C's appetite – and while it was distinctly impressed upon me that I was housekeeping and had not a morsel of food, I hastened into the kitchen and made preparations for my first bread making. I had been taught that in making bread rolling pin, board, flour, water, and saleratus were required. I was in total ignorance as the manner in which these ingredients were to be mingled. Suffice to say my instinct led me to think it would be palatable without rolling pin and board so I mingled flour, water and saleratus together indiscriminately. Suddenly I remembered that fire was indispensable to bread baking. Alas in my ignorance this had been forgotten. Immediately I commenced loading my silk dress with chips and after some failures succeeded in making a fire. By this time my silk dress was completely spoiled but then was no time to care for this. I was just preparing the table for our first cup of tea when Mr. C. came in all ready for tea. Out of breath I hurried my bread from the oven to the table. Consternation, a flood of tears and a host of bewildering feelings rushed in upon me, when Mr. C. declared he had found a cup of saleratus but no bread. Strange it is to tell but "still tis true" my bread was only a circlet of paste around the saleratus cup. In my confusion, I had mingled cup and all. Alas! This was but one of a series of blunders which continued through the year.

My pies satisfied neither myself nor others so often did I forget that a filling was a grand essential. My cake was distasteful and could call for no better name than diluted butter. I had received hints as to rare beef steak and therefore I placed my slices only within heating distance of the stove door hoping I might claim some better name than dried bits of animal nature as it had been styled. My biscuits were called pelted wafers and all my nice confections were nothings. Thus I passed through the year (and it was a fiery ordeal) improving upon each mistake till, as you may imagine, I became a perfect housekeeper. Heed then the note of warning and learn to wise as a housewife.

---

### Principle and Opinion.

How many do we see in the course of life who are governed by the opinions of others; whose first thought when contemplating the performance of any deed is not "is it right?" but "what will people say?" "What will the world think?" Such people seldom accomplish much, for unfortunately the opinions of other people differ so much that if a person once begins to be guided by them, it is ten chances to one either that nothing is done or if done, it is not executed in the best manner. On the contrary, people who act from principle having once assured themselves that they are right, go steadily to work and soon their task is completed, much to the amazement of the good people who prophesied [prophesized] defeat. If Columbus had been guided by the opinions of others he certainly would not have discovered America. If Galileo had listened to the voice of the people, the noble science of Astronomy would not have been so enriched and perfected. If Fulton had been shaken in his plans by the predictions of the president, I very much doubt whether the Mississippi would have been filled with its thousands of steamboats, or the broad Atlantic be made the busy thoroughfare, which brings Europe to our very doors. If Howard had listened to the many objections of his friends the blessed result of his labors would never have been experienced. In short, all the greatest benefactors of mankind whether in religion, philanthropy, politics, science, literature or art, have been, and still are, those who act in opposition to the sagely expressed opinions of the croakers of the time, and pressed boldly on in the execution of their great design.

---

### Editorial

The world is so busy now-a-days we can hardly keep it in sight. Any attempt to chronicle its movements we find almost futile. All we can promise therefore are a few fragments which we have collected and endeavoured [endeavored] to arrange. The intelligence from the allied armies is too fearful to write or even think of. Pestilence shrouds the camps, with its black mantle, and cold and famine reckon thin victims by the thousands.

Dreadful as the battles have been they have not been half as terrible as the scenes which followed them. Mourning and wailing saddens the pleasant homes of England and the vine-clad hills of France.

Noble and peasant weep alike [for] their gallant dead. It is estimated that every village in England has lost at least one man and every noble family has recorded another name on its ancient vault. The Duchess of Southerland whose name is now so familiar has lost her oldest son. The Queen does what she can to mitigate these sufferings by her sympathy, and aid, but she can do but little. The Duchess has received an autograph letter from her since the death of Lord Frederick. The Czar of Russia has commended the nation to make every sacrifice in its power to raise money and troops. Enormous taxes have been laid on salt, and the exportation of several articles forbidden. Tennyson has written, according to the papers, a most brilliant ode, on the charge of the Light Guards at Inkerman [Heights]. If eccentricity is brilliancy then the ode is transcendently brilliant. One critic says the two last lines of every verse are very striking:

“Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six-hundred.”

We should be willing to endorse his opinion. In earnest Alfred Tennyson was not made to write odes for state occasions. The winged horse will not be harnessed even to the chariot of a queen. His ode on the Death of Wellington, and the one cited above, prove the truth of the statement. Scotland mourns the death of one of her finest writers John Gibson Lockhart, the friend, biographer, and son in law of Sir Walter [Scott]. Edinburgh is fast losing her stars. In our own country newspapers, and books are being multiplied. Napoleon has been buried. We are afraid *Harpers* will go down unless an effort is made to keep up the interest. Alexander or even Nero might be canonized with profit (this is thrown out as a suggestion). As for the “Anomaly” as we have already filled our extra sheet, there is no room for criticisms there on.

---

“The Anomaly.” No. 7<sup>th</sup> Vol. 1<sup>st</sup>. Jan 24<sup>th</sup>. Index

Original Poetry The Song of the Old Year

Prose: The Hermit concluded.

Preset and Ultimate Decisions of Mankind. Chapter on Novels, First Attempt at Housekeeping. Principle and Opinion, &c, &c.

---

