



Transcription of the *Anomaly*, a manuscript newspaper written at Bradford Academy, February 14, 1855.

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The Anomaly Monday, Feb. 14th, 1855, v.1 no. 8
"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

Life's Dreamer.

A dreamer stood by a rushing stream
And sad and still was he,
Watching the flow of the waters clear
Catching the tunes that fell on his ear
As it crept away to the sea.

"Tell me, "he cried, "what is my life?
I feel afraid to live,
So dark and dim are the shadows there
That my heart sinks full of wild despair
Oh! Rest to the dreamer give."

And the stream as it crashes hurried along,
Breathed louder the meanings of its song
But its tunes fell dead to the dreamer's ear,
For his heart was cold, and it could not hear.

On a mountain top in a moonlight eve
That shed its dews abroad,
The dreamer stood with an upturned eye
Watching the stars that shone on high
The silent hymns of God.

And he questioned the stars with pleadings wild,
"Take the dimmers from my eye
Oh, let the mystery of life
What mean its dreams, what mean its strife,
And what is Eternity?"

And the as stars they shone through the moonlight air

Gazed sadly down on the dreamer there
But the words they spoke so pure and clear
Were an unknown tongue to the dreamer's ear.

Pale on his couch at the midnight hour
Death's dimmers in his eye
Once more the care worn dreamer lay
Life's shore had almost crept away
He had reached Eternity.

And then while the struggling soul burst free
Was the holy answer given.
With the ebbing tide of the dreamer's heart
Did the mists and the shadows all depart
And Life be one with heaven.

And the soul new-winged at its second birth
Learned the truths too deep to be learned on earth
And mounting up to the star gemmed sky
Found Life, and God, and Eternity.

Naples, bright beautiful Naples, never looked brighter or more beautiful than it did on [an] autumn morning of 1330. The streets were decorated with the gay banners, and arches formed of lovely flowers. Troops of gallant knights mounted on gayly caparisoned horses thronged the wide thoroughfares. Loud peals of martial music reverberated through the long aisles of the lofty cathedral. Group after group entered it and took their assigned places. Noble cavaliers and lovely maidens graced its sides. It seemed indeed that all the chivalry of Europe were present, and well they might be for it was a chivalrous occasion that assembled them there. No knight of the fair kingdom of Naples but would have broken his lance to defend the beautiful being whose coronation they were about to witness. A louder show without and a more triumphant burst of music within and as if moved by one impulse the vase assemblage [blank space]

A procession darkened the church door, swept up the nave, and waited before the altar. Then suddenly turning it disappeared and left exposed to view an old man and a smiling infant. Very old was Robert, King of Naples, but years had never planted all the furrows on his brow, or bent so much his manly form. Sorrow, and trouble had done this work, full well, and now he stood up before his people a broken-hearted old man

waiting only for death. But gazing on the infant we wonder not at the enthusiastic shouts of admiration, so long and loud. The charming simplicity of the baby face lost nothing by its contrast with as face so world worn as that of Robert. Her lip quivered as in fear and she turned and hid her face in the bosom of her grandfather. Then holding her high in his arms and in a voice tremulous with age King Robert said, "My nobles, nobles of Piedmont, of Provence, and Naples, behold your Queen!" And the people fascinated by that strange spectacle shouted "Our Queen! Long live our Queen Joanna of Naples." And the high cardinal of the most holy church placed the massive crown of Naples on that innocent brow. As he placed it then a shadow (the first shadow) darkened the face. Was it the light falling from the painted window? Or was it a dim vision of the misery that crown would bring? And the old king said half to himself, "God help her, for men cannot." The rite was done. Joanna went back to her cradle. The shouting ceased and only its echo haunted the old cathedral.

Naples, proud Naples, lies low under a terrible affliction. A dreadful plague walks through her streets, counting its victims not by hundreds but by thousands. All able to flee have deserted the city and God help the dying for their fellow men have left them. And where is Joanna? Has she left the people to battle the dread pestilence alone? Ask the sufferer tossing restlessly on his bed of anguish and he will tell you of an angel who watched the long hours of the night away with him.

Years have passed; the unconscious infant has become the strong-minded earnest feeling woman. One night she heard of the dreadful illness of one who had most cruelly wronged her – he was dying alone, unblessed, and unshriven. "Will none go to him? Then will I," and the promise was fulfilled. Through the night she watched him, and when the death damps moistened his brow, said, "God forgive him as I have done." She had proved herself a queen when she led her armies to battle, she had proved her intellect when she unraveled the intricacies of her council, but now we know she was a true woman. As she left the room a halo was round her face, but she knew it not.

A dungeon and a chain. Friends and council, crown and throne all vanished – like the fantasies of power or the dreams of sleep. Sounds of triumph came faintly to her ear, but she heeds them not now. What is it to that lone prisoner that her gallant husband marched for only a few seconds too late? Again, comes the shout of triumphant applause, for the conqueror, and he whom she had so much cherished, so fondly loved, to deceive her thus – and in agony of despair Joanna threw herself on the cold floor of her dungeon and wept. But she was a queen yet, and stilling her throbbing heart, arose. An hour afterwards Charles of Durazzo, her treacherous nephew, waited upon her and commanded her to remove her right to the throne. Right royally did she receive him, scorning to reproach, but firmly refusing to grant what he claimed. He left her in bitter

anger. Sunshine and shadow played on the wall of her dungeon, and she lingered on. At midnight assassins entered her apartment and told her of her doom. "A moment for prayer, and then will I show you how a Christian queen can die." And the morning that broke for those hard-hearted men, and their still harder-hearted sovereign, had for her no night.

We hear from the Post office Records the startling fact that nearly four million letters, amounting to about one twenty-fifth part of all that are mailed, mis-carry and go to the dead-letter office. This is over and above all the loss by robbery, fire, sinking of mail vessels and every other casualty that destroys letters.

He who knows the world will not be too bashful, he who knows himself will never be impudent.

"A curse is like a stone thrown up towards heaven, and most likely to return on the head of him that sent it." (Walter Scott)

"When a man owns himself to be in error, he does but tell you in other words that he is wiser than he was."

A sketch of the life of Campbell says his favorite composition was 'Gertrude.' "I never like to see my name before The Pleasure of Hope, why I cannot tell you, unless it was that when I was young, I was always greeted as Mr. Campbell author of the Pleasures of Hope. Good morning to you Mr. Campbell author of the Pleasures of Hope. When I was married, I was married as the author of the Pleasures of Hope. My son was the son of the author of the Pleasures of Hope." A kind of grim smile, ill subdued we are afraid, stole over our features when standing beside the poet's grave we read the inscription on his coffin:

"Thomas Campbell L.L.D.
Author of the Pleasures of Hope."

The poet's dislike occurred to our memory – there was no getting the better of the thought.

Life's Sad Ones, Life's Earnest Ones.

There are mourners in our world o'er whose heart strings sorrow plays her saddest lays, to whom the sunshine is but bitter mockery and for whom the flowers diffuse no sweetness. Life's fairy dreams of bliss have faded away, their cherished hopes have quickly withered, their idols have been borne from them one by one, and they have found life's loneliest pathways lead but to the tomb.

They see no beauty in the world. Shadows from the past dim life's fairest skies, around them hang clouds too heavy for the sun beams to pierce and even when all around is joyous, they turn away in sadness for there is no joy within. The sighing of the wind seems a plaintive echo of voices to be heard no more, the spring blossoms so full of fragrance decay, sad emblems of their buds of promise blighted, their ~~buds of promise~~ loved ones gone.

"To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot."

But there is true joy even for the saddest, if they will overcome life's earnest ones. Gentle zephyrs will not always waft them over the ocean of life. They cannot dream life away on flowery beds of ease, the path of sorrow leads to the world where no sorrow is. They must burst the chains by which grief has bound them, resist the insinuating powerful influence of melancholy, rouse them from their dreams, and become heroes in life. Is it right to be ever sad? To be bearing sad visions with us? Oh no, it cannot be, duties lie in every path. "Life is real, Life is earnest." And we should "Be up and doing [blank space] with a heart for any fate." Not in seclusion in dim dreams of duty is duty done. It is easy in dreams to be earnest, in imagination to act, to sacrifice our daily hourly happiness for others. But that is not all of life. Thoughts must become actions, resolves be executed, onward and upward must be the watch word; self-denial, true earnestness, the rule of conduct, pure, high principles the motive governing power, hope our guiding star, faith our constant companion, and heaven the prize we would win. Life's earnest ones are her noble ones; they are the true, the faithful. If there no sunny side, they look heroically on the shady side. When sad visions of the past arise, and the present seems dark, they look forward to a bright future behind the clouds they see the sun still shining, when the future is shrouded in darkness, they turn from it to gaze on the "pleasant pictures hung on memory's wall."

From the recorded ages of the past, they read life's lessons in the hopes of the future, they gather strength for the present from the actions of to-day, they learn wisdom ~~from~~ for the morrow. They do not idly fold their hands, hoping to be borne calmly down life's troubled stream, with a strong heart they stem the tide, with iron will they break the chains of ~~impossible~~ obstacles, and the fetters of despair are powerless before them.

They seek not Lethe's dark stream; they would not drink of the fountain of oblivion and thus be brave and earnest; they would suffer and be strong; unshrinkingly they would learn life's sternest lessons. Not for glory, not for fame, do they thus fight; principle not impulse is their motive power. To do good to bless man, is their great life work. Grand is that life work, glorious shall be its reward.

The following beautiful lines entitled "An Angel in the House" were written by Leigh Hunt.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At coming in our rooms, and bend on ours
His glorious eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed – as we shall know forever.
Alas! We think not what we daily see
About our hearths – angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air.
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, binding its future wings.

It is good to commit the beginning of a great actions ~~first~~ to Argus with an [a] hundred eyes; their ends to Briareus, with an [a] hundred hands, first to watch, then to speed.

The Martyr.

Maiden with the hair of golden
As thou readest the story olden
Why do tears thy bright eyes dim?

Looking back into the ages
Scanning all his tonic pages
Is not ment [meant] for such as thee.

Musing maiden answer give me

Is the picture bright you see
Scene of love, of gayetie [gaiety]?

Its no scene of love or beauty
But so stern a view of duty
That I tremble to behold.

With the faggots all around him
Will not his firm faith desert him
Said I to the maiden there.

Well, I know he's not yet altered
That his faith has not yet faltered
Will his master help him now?

Then she answered quickly, gladly
Speak not thou to me so sadly
For that death is joy to him.

Then in tender tones I asked her
Could she die, as died the martyr
Calm and quiet e'en as he?
But she could not answer give me
Only said in tones so meekly
"God make me do his will."

But I knew by the cheek flushing
Telling of the quick blood rushing
In the young heart throbbing fast

By the life of calm endeavor
To do ~~the~~ right, and never waver
That she would have died like him.

Life.

"Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers" are the beautiful and no less truthful words of an English Poet. Others compare it to a passing shadow which grows

fainter and at last vanisheth [vanishes] away, and the Scriptures tell us that life is short, that we are here today but tomorrow we are gone, and the places which know us shall know us no more.

We too when we see around us the dead and the dying, when we see our own bright hopes unrealized, are ready to exclaim with the others,

“That the hopes we fondly cherish
Like flowers which blossom but to die
Seem only soon to perish.”

See yonder happy youth? In the spring-time of life he enters into this busy, active world immersed as it were in its time-consuming enjoyments. A future clothed with brightness seems spread out before him and the rainbow of hopes sketches in pictures of beauty the untrodden path of his future life.

Too often does he look with careless indifference beyond the passing moment, and the difficulties which may impede his progress seem to him as nothing.

How truthfully can we say that the days of our youth, the spring-time of our life, are like “the uncertain glories of an April day.”

Again, we see him, but he has advanced into manhood, when the delusion which had so clouded his vision is removed from his eyes and he looks upon life as it is.

Imagination, which before had clothed his future in robes of brightness, now gives place to sober reality and he lives but to wake from his dream of happiness and taste the mingled cup of joy and sorrow.

He goes forth to life’s duties with a sadder but wiser heart; for experience has taught him that lesson which we all must learn. The lesson of life.

Once more we behold him ere he passes away, but how changed! He is no longer the happy youth or the strong man, for his strength has given way to the weakness of declining years. We see him now in the winter of life, an aged Pilgrim weary and wishing to depart.

Many years have mingled their flight into the dark abyss of the past, since the light of childhood bade him be glad at heart.

Go sit beside that aged traveler and listened to the words of wisdom and instruction that fall in trembling accents from his lips. He will tell you more than you know of life, its

cares and trials, and charms which bind the youthful heart, the man of sorrows, and the aged pilgrim to the world. Ye will learn of him a high and useful lesson.

A few short days and his spirit has fled from its casket, and with a slow and solemn tread let us follow him to the church yard and there we shall see all that remains of him which is mortal and as ye lower the coffin into the deep dark enclosure, sorrow not that a Christian hath departed.

Such is life: In the morning it flourisheth [flourishes] and groweth [grows] up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth [withers].

“It was but little at the first but mighty at the last.”

About twenty-five years ago there stood in a little village [Hanover] in New Hampshire a substantial farm house.

It boasted no peculiar appearance and the merry group of children playing at its door differed not much from the children around. Their mother was a pale intellectual looking woman with deep earnest eyes and high thoughtful brow. Her duties were many and onerous, yet she had ever a loving word for the erring and a helping hand for the needy.

Sometimes she sighed for a wider field of usefulness, and despondency would dim her eye as she felt her bright dreams of accomplishing some great good would prove only dreams.

Yet nobly, though all silently and all unconsciously, she was doing her life's work. One summer when her health – never firm – was rendered less so than usual by uncommon exertion, she determined to employ a domestic. But it was difficult to obtain even temporary assistance in that sparsely settled district. At last, one her neighbors said to her, “Mrs. Brown, you may have the girl I have, she is not worth much and if you do not like her, I shall send her to the poor house.” Mrs. Brown looked rather discouraged but said finally she would take her. And so, the little maid came and a sorry specimen of humanity Mrs. Brown thought her she was when she presented herself.

Mary Stearns as she called herself was about fourteen years of age, tall and extremely awkward. She was exceedingly sensitive, a harsh or even a quick word would bring the tear to her eye and so confuse her that she could do nothing. Mrs. Brown thought her not entirely stupid and determined to see if she could teach her to read.

Mary's dull eye brightened when the proposal was made to her and her mistress carried the design into execution. It seemed a little thing to speak of and yet it was not trifling to either of the parties concerned. It was a sacrifice to Mrs. Brown, when wearied out, mind and body, she robbed herself of an hour's sleep to teach her hand maid. And for Mary it was a bright gleam on her rough way.

She remained with the family two years progressing in intellect every day. And the heart was not forgotten. Mrs. Brown told her of Christ and before she left the family, Mary deemed herself a Christian. She left and soon after they received a cheerful letter informing them that she had united with the church in a city not far distant.

Years went by and time silvered the raven locks of good Mrs. Brown and bowed down her slender form.

Most of her children had made new homes for themselves and she was lonely. Life's discipline had only unfolded and ripened her Christian graces, clipped away all the angles and left the polished and rounded character. She had almost forgotten the deed of kindness she had done to her youthful servant in years now past. One day as she sat musing before her fire a carriage drew up to the door. A gentleman and lady alighted and entered the house.

The face of the latter seemed familiar to Mrs. Brown, but she stood up half bewildered unable to call her name. The lady appeared disappointed and said, "Do you not remember me?" "Mary Stearns?" said Mrs. Brown.

Before the lady could answer, the gentleman said, "Not Mary Stearns but Mary Howard now." If Mrs. Brown's eyes were dimmed with age before, tears completely blinded them now, but she drew them to a seat, and Mary told her story. Mrs. Brown's words of encouragement and assistance had incited her on in the path of truth. She had toiled and obtained for herself a good education, and now by the side of her husband was ready for work. That night ~~Mrs. Brown~~ as they knelt to pray, Mrs. Brown felt she had not lived entirely in vain. The next morning, Mary, and her husband started for a distant missionary station. Her life was eminently useful and holy.

She frequently said that Mrs. Brown had made her all that she was. Mrs. Brown died peacefully and they placed upon her headstone in the old church yard those words of holy writ,

“She hath done what she could.” (All True)

At a meeting of the nations, it was decided that a prize should be awarded to that country which had produced the greatest Woman. Proud England boasted her merciful Phillippa [Philippa] and her good Queen Bess. American with great impudence considering her youth, interrupted her mother England and began to plead the merits of her Mrs. Dustan, the “Women of the Revolution,” her Mrs. Bloomer, and her Harriet Beecher Stowe. The two last would have evidently detracted from the merits of the former, England looked with some complacency on Mrs. Stowe, as she joined with her in condemning her country for an institution which England had forced upon her. France spoke with gay assurance of their pious Clotilda, and her brave Joan of Arc. Italy boasted her three Cornelias, and her chaste Lucretia. Spain was strongly commended for her liberal Isabella, but was not sufficiently distinguished to receive the prize. The Women of Turkey had been kept in such seclusion as never to become celebrated, while the thoughts of the most noble women in China were chiefly confined to pinching their feet, watching goldfish, and making tea. No reports arrived from Greenland, Africa, and some portions of Asia, and after all the prize was rewarded to the women of ancient Palestine; they were true women; women of prayer and good works, neither Amazons nor butterflies.

Editorial.

~~Three~~ Four weeks now of our term have passed away, and impossible as it seems [time has] brought us almost to the end of winter. Judging by the quiet monotony of our daily life we should think that a lady would never distinguish herself. The papers from abroad however come filled with notices of women and their deeds. The noble ladies of England are employed in making lint for the wounds of soldiers in the Crimea.

The beloved Miss Mitford it seems is dead. It is said her stories were written late at night, under the influence of opium, after having exhausted herself through the day with the care of a sick father.

Nearer home, ~~an~~ a society of ladies has been formed for the purchase of Mt. Vernon. As Mr. Washington the present occupant, refuses to dispose of it to any private association, these ladies propose to furnish the necessary purchase money to the Virginian government. Among the officers are Mrs. John Tyler, Mrs. W.C. Rives, and other

distinguished ladies. Mrs. W. F. Ritchie (formerly Mrs. Mowatt) is secretary. All success to an enterprise which will preserve/rescue Mt. Vernon from the hands of speculators.

Some excitement has been caused by the news that Miss [Delia] Bacon, a sister of Revd. D. Bacon of New Haven, is soon expected home from England, having attracted some notice abroad as the author of a new theory of Shakespeare – She does not believe that he did or could have written the plays that bear his name, but attributes them chiefly to Lord Bacon, with a few by Sir Walter Raleigh and others. She is said to have framed an ingenious theory but we may almost question our personal identity if we can come to speak of Lord Bacon's "Merchant of Venice," and Raleigh's "Macbeth."

Hardships have wonderfully thinned the ranks of the allies, and the Russians say, they may leave fighting for "Generals Jan. Feb. and March are doing their work for them."

Congress has been in session two months but we hear so little of its debates and decision, that we are reminded of the anecdote of Queen Elizabeth, who when asked what had passed in parliament, answered, "seven weeks."

A writer from Washington says "Sam Houston tells me his mind is continually troubled with the idea of predestination."

As for the Anomaly, there are no symptoms of decay. With its articles on Life, Life's Dreams, Life's Earnest and Life's Sad Ones, and Life's Martyrs, it seems in the very prime of its existence.