



Transcription of the *Anomaly*, a manuscript newspaper written at Bradford Academy, no month, 1855 [possibly April or May].

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The Anomaly, no month / 1855 [possibly April or May*]
"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

[Paste over]

A Spring Wreath for thee, N.N.S.

No flowers that last the summertime
Unchanged through storm and frown,
But sweet, fair buds of early spring
Shall form our woven crown.
Their breath shall tell the joys that fill
The hay time of the heart.
Their death, the fleeting hopes of youth
That come as they depart.

The snow drop first within our wreath
Its waxen cup shall lend
Child of the drifted flakes of Spring
It proves no summer friend.
And by its side the [illeg.] turned
Shall wreath its clustered flowers
And waft to us, in sweet perfume
The fragrance of loves hours.

The Violet, whose azure blue
Drops on it from the sky
Meek as the holy saints above.
We will not pass it by.
So may our thoughts while here below
To the June skies be given
And violet-taught; our souls shave down
The radiant hue of heaven.

The delicate Anemone
That sows the fields with stars
And Heartsease too, whose laughing face

Perpetual sunshine wears,
Thick strewn within our fragrant wreath
Twined side by side shall be.
The holy flowers of Innocence
With bright hued Memory.

The Lily of the Vale, whose cups
So waxen and so fair,
Seem like the matin bells that call
The fairies forth to prayer.
The Iris and the budding Rose
Bright messengers of Spring;
Hope and Simplicity, shall each
Its welcome tribute bring.

And is this all? So pure ~~and~~ so bright
Shall be our magic wreath?
No fearful Nightshade drooping there
No repas [?] flower of death?
Oh! Far too sweet the fragrant buds
For mortals brow to wear.
We'll twine the Cypress midst it all
And leave it drooping there.

Now bind the severed ends in one
Make Rose and Snow drop meet,
Simplicity and Constancy
The circle is complete
Place softly on each bended brow
The flowers our hands have wreathed
And benedictions whispered low
From every heart be breathed.

And must they die? The precious flowers?
Droop, fading one by one
Till form and beauty, from the wreath
So perfect, shall be gone?
Then let them fade the drooping leaves
Will but disclose beneath
A circlet that shall ever bloom

And know nor change nor death.

Scenes among the Waldenses

The mention of Italy's fair land and sunny skies calls up to everyone interesting and pleasant associations. Though she no longer holds the scepter of the world, and her ancient grandeur lives only in the ruins of her once powerful cities, yet the changes of passing years have fallen lightly upon her lovely valleys and quiet lakes, her majestic mountains, and wildly flowing torrents, and with them we still associate all that is grand and beautiful in nature. But amid these pleasing thoughts comes one of sadness, that with so much to call to the pure worship of nature's God, here should have arisen that Great Mystery of Iniquity: which in its floods of error, superstition and cruelty almost wholly extinguished the light of Truth, and spread gloom and terror over all Christendom. In Italy's own mountain valleys the light of Truth had been early kindled and here alone of all the world did papal Rome fail to establish its dominion, here the Christian church found noble defenders and was persevered in its purity during all those years of persecution and darkness.

The Waldenses dwelt on the borders of Italy in three beautiful and fertile valleys defended on all sides by lofty mountains; distinguished for their simplicity and devotion to truth, they desired only the peaceful possession of their mountain home, and freedom to worship God in their own simple forms of service. But their quiet and exemplary lives served only to rouse their enemies against them and Rome often sent forth her bands of cruel persecutors to invade the mountain fastnesses of this peaceful and devoted people, and as often did she find them true to their faith. When unable to defend themselves, they submitted to torture, or fled to the cold regions of the mountains to perish amid Alpine snows rather than deny their faith and embrace error. Often the Romish priests came among them in the disguise of friends, and failing to turn them from the truth, would betray them to their enemies and thus spread terror and death through their peaceful and happy homes. Sometimes "the sword of persecution was sheathed" and these noble men of the valleys rejoiced in the hope of peace and religious freedom, but too often a season of tranquility was but the precursor of still greater suffering.

Had they trusted in man how soon would their strength have come to naught, but the God of truth sustained them amid all their perils and gave them the victory over all their enemies.

At one time during the history of the Waldenses, a season of peace was granted them which they had reason to hope would be permanent, and joy ~~and~~ peace

reigned throughout their beloved homes. But a new adversary was against them, and evil men determined their destruction. What consternation and terror seized the peaceful peasantry as they heard the fearful edict, that two days would be given them to choose between submission to the Pope and death. Resolving to suffer all things rather than deny their faith, they retreated to the most secure of their mountain fastnesses and there they awaited the coming of their terrible foe. Nobly did these few patriots defend themselves, and for a time the legions of the enemy trembled before their valor; but such an unequal contest could not be long sustained and they were at last compelled to yield to the superior strength of the invaders.

Many fell martyrs in defence [defense] of the truth, and those who survived the cruelty of their persecutors were doomed to exile from their native homes. Many times did this band of pious mountaineers, as they ascended the narrow glens and rocky steps of the mountains, cast fond and lingering looks toward those lovely valleys holding everything dear to them, and upon which they might never look again. The hardships of the way doomed many to a cold grave in unknown solitudes but the greater portion of them found a safe asylum in Switzerland, where the light of truth was shining with undimmed lustre [luster].

But kindness and sympathy could not make them forget their own native valleys and the graves of their fathers. Sadness filled their hearts, the song of joy died on their lips, and they could only pray as God's children of old, "turn again our captivity."

Several times a return to their mountain home was attempted but cruel enemies doomed them to a longer exile. The brave and generous [Henri] Arnaud, their leader and chief, could not remain inactive while his bretheren [brethren] were thus oppressed, and his noble spirit roused him to earnest effort, that he might lead them to their deserted homes, and kindle again the light of truth upon their native altars, now shrouded in Papal darkness. He found a friend in the Prince of Orange, who listened with deep emotion to the story of their sorrow, and under his protection the exile band, led on by Arnaud, directed their steps toward their beloved valley.

Many were the difficulties and dangers of their journey; their way led them up rocky steps, and over frightful precipices, through winter snow, and dreary solitudes. Often the foe came upon them in the narrow mountain passes, where destruction and death seemed their only doom, but an Almighty power delivered them from all their troubles. When disheartened by their sufferings, Arnaud cheered them by bidding them look to Him who had ever been their protector and friend, and thus they were sustained and brought to the very entrance of their native valleys. Night had overtaken them and they lay down to rest. The next day was the Sabbath. The morning sun rose in all its splendor

gilding the mountain summits with a flood of glow and shedding its glad light upon the valleys below. Arnaud was the first to awake and his heart overflowed with joy and gratitude as the scene of his own loved valleys opened before him.

Quickly he roused the slumbering band, that their emotions might mingle with his, and the whole company forgetting their past fatigues and toils, sent forth a song of praise to Heaven, ever [every] mountain and rock echoing back the chorus as if rejoicing at the wanderers' return. Descending into the valley, the [they] proceeded to the church where they had so often worshipped and where they resolved to spend the first sabbath of their return, in offering praise and prayer to their Great Deliverer. Joyfully they enter, but why is their joy so quickly changed to indignation? The proud idolator has even dared to pollute this holy temple with the symbols of his profane worship. Quickly are they torn from the sacred walls, and committed to the flames with the cry, "So perish all the enemies of God."

Then a song of praise ascends and when its echoes dies away the pious Arnaud, at once their warrior and priest, reminds them in loving tones of that glorious home in Heaven, and of the day when "the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing into Zion and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall fly away."

Female Education.

"Knowledge is by nature implanted in the female understanding." This is the creed gallantly announced in a wise book of Oriental lore. Probably it is from an extreme reliance on this inward illumination, that we have from the same quarter of the globe the valuable suggestion "Daughters should be made emulous of acquiring the virtues of their sex, but should be altogether forbidden to read or write." Yet all this is changed beneath our western star of Empire. Those who once could not with propriety learn their letters, now have their letters conferred upon them as honorary appendages, and the maidens who once must not know A. from B. may now acquire not only their A.B. but their A.M., their M.D., their F.R.S. and their A.A.S., and are still grasping for more. It must be confessed however, that most of us look with distrust upon these feminine suffixes, as grammatical innovations, and are not prepared to go much beyond the dark mazes of the alphabet. But we all go thus far. It is a point conceded that we shall be educated, which is our convenient synonym for attending school.

There never was a time when there were not highly educated ladies, according to the standard of their age. Isis and Minerva show the value set upon feminine intellect by the ancients. We forget the noble tribute of Plato to the genius of ladies in his Banquet. We forget the long line of learned and accomplished English ladies from Lady Jane Gray, to Elisabeth Barrett. We forget those wonderful people the Spanish Arabs, among whom ladies were a well of science and mountain of discretion, an ocean of learning. I think it must be conceded on the most cursory examination that the superiority of modern female tuition consists less in its high standard, than in its general diffusion. But to obtain an education without an object is but to strengthen the wings of a caged bird. Nothing can hide from me the conviction that an immortal soul needs for its sustenance something more than visiting, and gardening, and novel-reading, and the crochet needle. Yet what else constitutes the recognized material for the life of many well educated young ladies – that life so blameless and aimless. Some teach school; a few remarkable characters will strike out an independent path for themselves in spite of discouragements, a few find ready for themselves in the charge of younger brothers and sisters – a noble duty. A few have so strong a natural propensity for study that they pursue it by themselves, though without any ulterior aim.

Some are of the opinion that ladies should not be educated but who can doubt their capacity when at public examinations, contests of male and female intellect on the bloodless field of the black-board, have been carried on, which tried men's souls to watch, and delicate girls who slight fingers could scarcely grasp the huge chalk bullet with which the field was won, meet and surmount the most staggering propositions in Conic Sections which would scatter a Senior class at some colleges, as if the chalk bullet were a bombshell. A celebrated teacher now in the western part of their state in giving his report at the Jubilee of this Institution, stated that the powers of the mind had been exerted to such a degree, as to be almost painful to witness.

If such be the powers of the female mind, why has not Massachusetts erected a State University for their special benefit, as well as for the males?

The treasures and associations of Cambridge, to which so many young men have owed the impulse of their whole lives, are accessible to us, save as the casual courtesy if librarian or professor may give [allow] us a passing glance into Gore Hall. Who of us does not remember the ~~indignation~~ indignant feelings roused within us when at a public lecture Lowell Mason advanced the idea that our chief object in life, is to be married? I would not detract one iota from his popularity as a musician, but we all agree that he does not properly appreciate the female character, and that the class of ladies with whom he associates are not among those facetiously called "blue stockings." Milton advanced the same idea.

Parents and pulpit often teach the same gospel, that the object of instruction is to make [us] pleasing and ornamental. But we look to the Bible for our true estimation. The Psalmist prays not only “that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, but that our daughters may be as cornerstones polished after the similitude of a ~~dream~~ pallace [palace].”

“Go forth into the open fields and list to nature’s teachings.”

When Spring blossoms first beautify the earth, when summer’s flowers load the air with sweetest fragrance, when autumn’s glory gilds the forest and when winter’s snows mantle the hills – go forth and learn first that best and holiest lesson of a God who ruleth over all. From the eternal hills learn the unchangeableness of Him “who commanded and it stood fast;” from the billowy ocean, as its waves are lulled to rest, the Almighty power of the God who said, “Peace – be still,” from the whispering breeze the omnipresence of the Being who fills all space.

When morning breaks and earth awakes clad in radiant smiles, or when night’s curtain flows from God’s kind hand “to shade the couch where his children repose;” learn the beneficent goodness of thy heavenly Father; from the glad sunshine and the genial showers, ~~learn~~ the free mercy, the boundless love of Him who blesses us all. Then read the language of angels written on hill and dale in the flowers varied here; listen as they whisper in each tiny flower of a watchful, loving Providence.

The lilies of the field bid us look to heaven and hope, for he who clothed them in their glory will care for us; the birds of heaven tell us in their warbling of one who guided them through the desert air, and who will lead us through life’s wildernesses. These turn from earth to the calm blue of the azure heavens, emblem of the holy purity of our God. Watch the rolling spheres guided by his unerring wisdom, and in the dazzling brightness of the effulgent sun, see a faint glimmering of the glory of the King of Kings. Go forth into the open fields and list again to Nature’s teachings – listen and learn what is life, how it buds, blossoms, ripens, and withers. How hope first springs up in the heart, a faint dream of future bliss then strengthening becomes one’s pastime and constant thought, but ere it is realized is blighted by the chill of disappointment.

As the careless wanderer crushes the flowers beneath his tread, unheeding the fragrance they return him – learn to ask not, hope not too much of sympathy below, but to meekly bear the proud indifference and withering scorn of those who would crush the humble spirit. The sweetest flowers blossom and shed their fragrance around us

unseen – learn to live thus – to bless others though thou art unloved by them, with the pure fragrance of a kind and loving heart.

The dew-drop refreshes the withered flower, clothing it with new and sparkling beauty, and so may all by cheering words, and happy smiles revive the drooping spirits of life's sad and lonely ones. The dew-drop is a little thing, its mission very simple – one drop to nestle neath the folded petals – and so our words and smiles of kindness, then let these fall as freely as the pure dew of heaven, for they linger in the heart and bless it amid life's dreariest hours. The glorious splendor of the morning sun is soon eclipsed by dark shadows clouds, the crimson glory of the mist lost in gathering darkness; so quickly pass the transient joys of earth, so fleeting are her brightest hopes, a shroud of darkness veils the watchful stars from our sight, so the gloom of a tried and troubled spirit conceals even from the spirits' eye the guardian angels who watch us from above. Go forth and list to nature's teachings yet once again – listen to the hymn of praise all nature sings to her God – listen till you catch the notes, and can join the glorious hymn, and sing the praises of Him whose glory the heavens and earth declare.

A Wish.

O! Ere my heart has learned to know
The fearful depth of human woe
Ere friends I love have proved untrue
Trusted perchance for long years through
While life is glad as Springs warm breath
I'd yield it to the angel Death!

Ere I have taught my heart deceit
With words of friendlessness to meet
And schools my face to wear a smile
When my heart scorned that one the while
Oh let me die! And o'er my tomb
The flowers of love forever bloom.

I would not ~~hope~~ live to find Hope's gleam
The wild fancy of a wilder dream
I would not live to gaze upon
The cold form of each dear loved one
To live – and know myself to be
The last leaf on a dying tree.

For oh! To lay them in the tomb
With all its silence and dread gloom
Were not so hard as 'twere to meet
One whom we loved, as strangers meet
The living dead! Oh! Worse by far
Than real deaths and farewells are!

Yes, let me die ere friends grow cold!
Ere hearts that beat with mine of old
Shall lose all kindred hope or thrill
And yet doomed to be near me still!
While Life is mine, ere life knows gloom
I would lay me down in the silent tomb.

Oration to School Girls on Sitting up Straight.

In the analysis of Hogarth a curve is asserted to be the line of beauty. True as this may be for a general principle, and much as a landscape may be improved by windings and undulations, yet mathematical lines have their appropriate place, and in that place are far more beautiful than any others could be.

An increasing admiration of the curve is a characteristic of the present age. Our fathers settled the country in uprightness and everything they made was symbolic of their character. They built square houses, used strait [straight] benches, and shunned the backs of their chairs. Then it was the fashion for children to stand, till their elders were seated and to sit straight when they were permitted to take their chairs or very probably their stools. Now stools and benches have given place to rocking chairs and sofas and in the wide spread arms of luxury we have become in many respects, a crooked generation. What a look of horror would have been bestowed on a modern rocking chair, by the mother of Sir Walter Scott who is said to have manifested as strong an aversion to the back of her chair as if it had been made of red hot iron. Now maidens of ten and fifteen are seen in positions which the most rheumatic cronies of ancient times would have repudiated.

Notwithstanding the idea has gone abroad that boarding schools are places where young ladies are "laced up and laced down" and altogether restrained and tightened

and placed in a confinement similar to that of an Indian baby tied to a board, yet boarding school girls are especially noted for this deformity.

Atlases, Slates and Portfolios act as so many magnets, tending to draw down the head, and I am truly ashamed of the lazy appearances if not the real indolence of this school, when in the morning I see scores of scholars coming into the hall, looking like so many leaning towers of Pisa. My horror increases when they take their seats, some playing cup and ball with their hands and chins, others inclining their heads at angles of forty-five [forty-five] degrees and less from their desks, rather than at the proper distance of ninety.

A Professor [Professor] at West Point accustomed to reviewing cadets straight as their own guns, would be shocked at the sight. You might excuse it to him by infirmity of the flesh, or disinclination of the mind, but who ever heard of a cadet excusing an in-erect posture by reasons of headache or disinclination to stand straight?

Physiologists have said and written so much, with regard to the evil effects of this practice, that at the very mention of a crooked young lady, consumption and heart disease immediately suggest themselves.

But you are not supposed to be indifferent to personal appearance, and some of you are not of such gigantic stature that you can afford to lose one, two, or three inches in height, or if you are tall, a crooked spine is very conspicuous. More than that in a great measure we form our ideas of character by the person.

If we judge of character by such peculiarities as the handwriting or the voice, by [Isaac] Barrow's method of looking in the face, or Mrs. Stowe's idea of noticing the way in which men wear their hats, much more shall we form our opinion by their general appearance. An upright person carries with it an idea of integrity and activity as much as a crooked figure does the opposite.

Wonderful talent is sometimes contained in a gnarled and homely casket, like the English genius, who in person diminutive and stooping, was compared to an interrogation point – as being “that little crooked thing that asks questions.” But in general we associate nobleness of mind with an erect and dignified figure.

If in considerations of health and vanity there are not sufficient inducements to sit straight, find one in conscience. Sit straight as a matter of duty.

But I seem to hear you say, "There is no use in my trying to sit up straight. I have been lectured ever since I can remember and it has done me no good." If this be the case and you are still crooked, ye are indeed hardened wretches, and what hope of success can I have in attempting a reform.

Yet once more I would say make the effort. Prepare a pleasant surprise for the good mother who has admonished you so many times, and the father whose parting injunction ~~advice~~ was "be a good girl and sit straight." Think how delighted they would be to say "Our daughter has learned to sit straight."

You owe it as an improvement to yourself, as a gratification to your friends, and as a public spirited thing to improve the looks of the school.

Oh! Ye who would not make your debut as crooked young ladies, sit straight in school; ye who would not be stooping in age be straight in youth, remembering there is as much truth as poetry in the old adage, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Editorial.

While all the glad influences of Spring are around our path way, while she is whispering so much of peace and joy to every human heart it almost seems as if we might forget for a season the toil and conflict, the losing and winning in the game of life. But time and duty delay not, even though we are dallying with early flowers and listening to the sweet promises of Spring. The real goes, and we must go too.

It seems that Louis Napoleon and lady have been improving the season in a visit to the English capital. They have been feted, applauded, and caressed by the whole people. Napoleon the Little has done what Napoleon the Great could never do, has won from the court of St. James the title of Emperor. Proud England can afford to be just to her equals, but she never tolerates her superiors.

Washington Irving, dear, kind hearted, clever Washington Irving has once more appeared in the literary world. "Wolfert Roost" proves that time has no power to sour his heart, or dull his wit. Not fanciful like Hyperion, not weird and rigorous like Scarlet Letter, it yet is unrivalled in closeness of thought and elegance of style.

American Agitators and Reformers has been placed in our hands. We parody an old jest when we say the author Mr. Bartlett divides the whole world into men, women, and the Beecher family. Of the fifteen individuals he sketches, three are Beechers. The

astonishment Dickens expressed at visiting in this country so many "remarkable men" would certainly increase in reading this book. All its heroes are wonderful.

Within the last month the French Academy has lost two of its most distinguished members by death.

"What a fine life," said A.P. Willis, "is that of the Countess of Blessington." What sounded like truth then is bitter sarcasm now. The end of that "fine life" was a broken heart, a stained character, and death in a wretched Parisian garret.

London Review speaks sadly of the death of Charlotte Bronte, authoress of Jane Eyre, Shirley, and Villette. Still young she passed away. Of her intellect there is no need to speak. Her character is said to have been very lovely. While the dark angel has thus silenced the voice of genius, and hushed the beatings of the earnest heart, he has staid for a moment in our midst. He has folded his wings over one home, and when he vanished, he bore away the light of the dwelling and now a shadow rests where the loved form was wont to repose, and friends speak of the ~~light~~ life that was blighted ere its sun had reached the meridian, and sadly remember the "turns, looks, and words of love, that may return no more."

What is thy life? A fading flower, a passing shadow, and a vanishing dream.

*Transcriber Note: How was this issue dated? Based on events listed in the Editorial:

Louis Napoleon and wife visited London April 1855

Charlotte Bronte died March 1855