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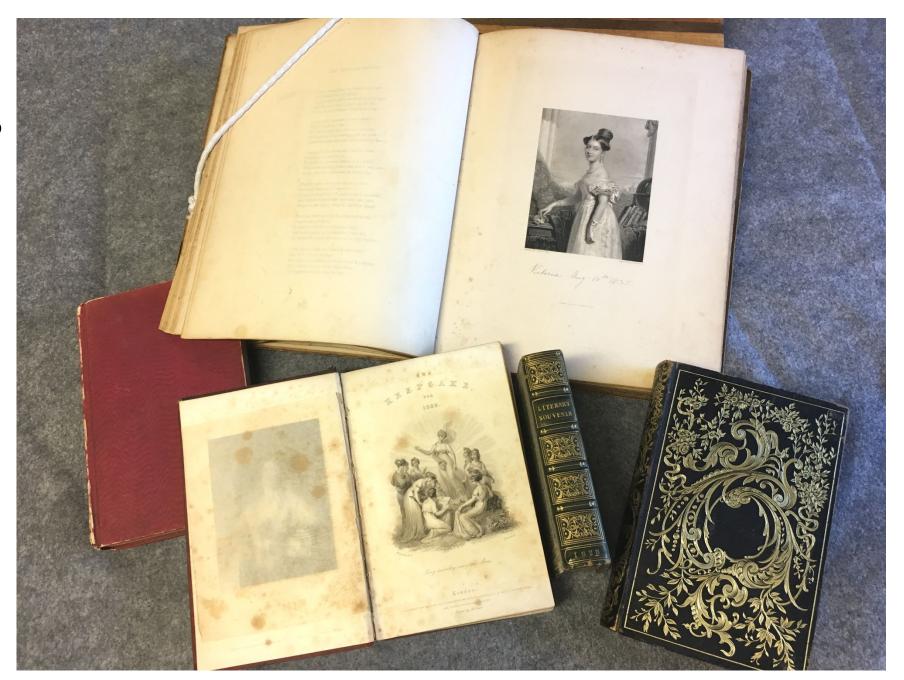
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# Literary Annuals



*The Drawing Room Scrap-Book* (1837) Edited by L.E.L. (Letitia Elizabeth Landon)

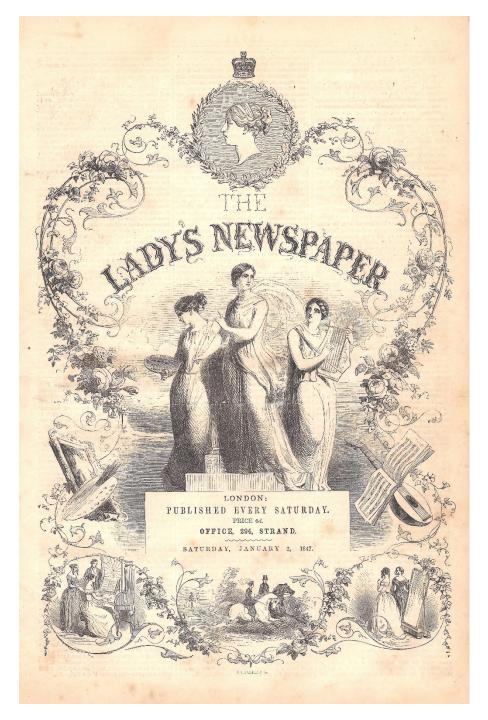


# *Finden's Tableaux* (1840) Edited by Mary Russell Mitford



# Using Periodicals in Creative Research and Teaching

- Pay attention to your questions
- Question your assumptions
- Learn how to turn the page
- Learn how to read the page
- Download periodicals on Google Books
- Shop for and buy periodicals everywhere you go
- Examine original artifacts
- Make connections
- Look for empty spaces
- Go out on a limb



# The Lady's Newspaper

Title page from the first issue (2 January 1847)

## **Questions:**

How do the activities depicted in each cameo feature reflect expectations for women?

How was a newspaper different than other women's periodicals in 1847?

What was appropriate news for women?

What are working-class women reading?

Why is this women's periodical edited by a man, Charles Dance?

Would the periodical be different if edited by a woman?

What women were working as editors in 1847? How much control did they have over content?



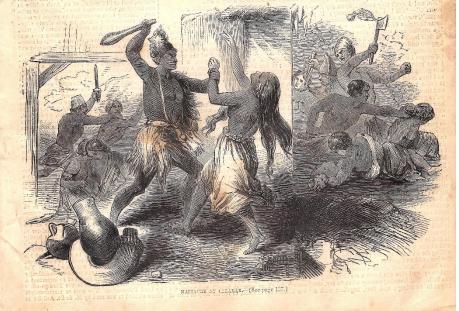
### SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1847.

## BY CHARLES DANCE, ESQ.

The letters we receive from our fair correin noticing them, to show ourselves as indeed, I must confess, I am inclined to think that

all events, flattery from our sex to yours is so complete a reversal of the usual order of things, that I shall take leave to dispense with it. I don't mean to insimuate that your journal is not ably conducted; "Sig.—I am ware that it is usual in addressing well in its way; but when we find it in our own ourself to the editor of a newspaper to sweetna way it ceases to be so, and I must say that I conduct with some housed words, such as you way it ceases to be so, and I must say that I conduct with some housed words, such as you way it ceases to be so, and I must say that I conduct with this a subject very much beyond a joke. I had once, as all single women have, a heart at my

signed with a name, or even with initials, because, such an appeal, we should hold ourselves less



# The Lady's Newspaper (6 February 1847)

## **Questions:**

What is going on in this illustration?

Why is the lead story titled "Hearts versus Clubs," and how does it relate to the violent illustration beneath it?

Was this appropriate news for the "lady" reader in 1847? Did any of them complain?

How does the price of the *Lady's Newspaper* (6d.) compare with other periodicals?

How does a women's newspaper compare with other newspapers, such as the London *Times*?

# Hand-colored fashion plate from the New Monthly Belle Assemblée (January 1838)



## Poetry in the New Monthly Belle Assemblée (October 1848)

The Sleepers.

Of the horn, muffled by the 'bowering boughs, Swells floatingly from the green upland slope, Mingled with distant shouts—to his surprise That she, the absent, can find aught of joy In lore-she answers, mild: " I wisse their sport Is but a shade to that I find in this." Good folk, they ne'er knew what true pleasure

And then I dream of how vain men, by aims All selfish led, like the Egyptian queen, Crush'd this pure pearl to make their cup more

With converse then, of lofty thoughts and hopes, Held we our way, where the sedged river runs Along the vale, oft list'ning to the whirr Of the last Summer gnats, or watching, still, The silver tenants pass from brink to brink Of the clear tide, that croon'd so wearily : The owl's sad whoop, and the low, fitful wail Of the departing swallow, mingled sad With falling, or wind-stirred, or trampled leaves. So through the deepened shadow of the woods We gained a tower, the village home of graves Amidst; the moon was up, as yet frame-like As a white tear upon a shaded cheek Waiting a beam of light to give it form; And the gate clicked behind. The memory Of the boy's shout, when homeward bent we turned, Breaketh this Autumn thought

FREDERICK ENOCH.

### THE SLEEPERS.

In the soft twilight coldly grey, Each in the other's arms they lay: The cheek of the one was purely pale As the Naiad-like lily of the vale; The other's wore the tint that glows
Upon the breast of the opening rose:
Their hair had burst from comb and band, And each round arm and blue-veined hand Gleam'd forth from mingling curl and tress.

Around them blossom'd ev'ry flower That loves the fragrant summer-hour. The star-like Jessamine was there, The Tube-rose sweet, Syringa fair, And Indian nurselings, whose dewy bells Seem'd rare as the tale-fam'd Asphodels. The one was wrapp'd in slumber so deep, It scarcely resembled a living sleep; By the other's bland smiles and rapturous sighs, You might guess she was dreaming of Paradise.

A tremulous and glitt'ring tear, Like dew on the white rose's bier, Linger'd with melancholy grace On the pale sleeper's upturn'd face And the flowers amidst her raven hair Had each a blight in its bosom fair; While the bright head resting on her breast And its golden curls, were gently press'd By radiant blossoms of varied hue Forming bright clusters of crimson and bly

In forgetfulness and dreams of delight Each slumber'd on till calm midnight; Then came a blight upon the air, Withering every flow'ret fair: And a sound like descending wings Mix'd with the wind's low murmurings. The bright dreamer felt a dim sense of ill, As the breast she reclin'd on grew strangely chill Some startled words from her red lips came; They were answer'd not, and she slept again.

But waking things shrank as in dread, For a shadowy form approach'd the bed; Around him hover'd a dusky cloud, His mantle was a tear-stain'd shroud; Stealthily he sought their side, And the pale sleeper's blue orbs open'd wide

By the quiver, the fatal shafts he bore, She felt she should greet the bright morn no more; By the awe which her labouring bosom swell'd, She knew it was Azrael\* she beheld.

He laid his cold hand on her heart, She felt life's current thence depart; While swiftly through each azure vein Shot a keen pang of mortal pain. Trembling, she essay'd to pray For some belov'd one far away. Then came a start—a shuddering quive And that fair form grew still for ever;

Yet the angels who watch'd o'er those sleepers Her lot was the happiest—the best.

Ramsgate, 17th June, 1848.

### PRINCE JOHN OF AUSTRIA

(Translated from a German Weekly Publication.)

Perhaps the romance in the life of Prince John of Austria, whom united Germany recently created Regent, is not generally known; his marriage, as it came to pass in 1845, for instance; and which was one step towards making him so popular with the peasantry-a very

In a remote and quiet little country town where no stirring events ever took place, and at a time when all hands were in the hav-field. with the exception of the old stable-man, who walked on two legs, one of which was broken; and whilst mine host of the post-house, decrepid from age and rheumatism, sat dreaming over his pipe, a carriage-and-four suddenly swept up and "Relays!" cried the postilion, with stentorian lungs. The landlord got on his feet as fast as his infirmities would allow him, and tottering into the little room where his beautiful daughter, with her glossy braids, and delicately-tinted cheeks, sat busily knitting, exclaimed in a voice of agony—"Prince John, my child! Prince John is at the door, and not a boy in the place to take him on!" "Prince John must not wait, father! get the horses put to-I will

## **Questions:**

Why was poetry a necessity in women's periodicals?

What does poetry have to do with femininity and fashion?

What do the NMBA volumes have in common with their predecessors and competitors, literary annuals?

Who paints these watercolor illustrations and what are their working conditions?

Who is A. T----\*?

Where are the sales figures and publishing archives for this title? Who is its editor?

# Readers and Women's Periodicals: Correspondence, competitions, columns

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S CONVERSAZIONE

letters will be the shorter?" Really it is a valuable hint. There is a capital recipe for a letter somewhere: "Say what you have to say, and stop!" How few people know when to go away! About letters: What is the use of a "Complete Letter-Writer?" Who ever with the six he had been the support of a "Mo with the six had been the six had been a support of the six had are all efforts to make people write according to a pattern! and, if the effort were successful, how miserable the result! Best let every writer have her or his own manner. Never offer to help her over a style. There is something genuine when we speak or write regardless of all art; then it is all heart—even its little i with a dot comes "hopping" to find us well! And the letters that reach us are to find us well! And the letters that reach us are most of them of a good honest type, few of them evolving boungues of artificial lower-fancies, but something. They press into their service the crooked little things that ask questions—and some of them are inexpressibly touching. The needy girl seeking a means of livelihood, the child of parents who have adorned ther with secemplishments by which she seeks in vain for bread; they pour out their poor souls on paper, as though poetry ever scared away—instead of too often inviting the hunger fiend. Will their poems be thought worthy a place in our columns? Will these rhymes live registered in printer's ink? May we hope for shillings a-week by stringing such lines as We can hold out but very little encouragement. Our desire is to help; but to publish the unreadable would render no help. Think us not hard that we require so much. There are some noems that steel the heart, there are some letters poems that seed is no neart, acre are some revers
accompanying said poems that make Pharashot of
us; they affront us with a magnificent sway, they
expect admission, they have no sense of the
sancity of an Editorial presence—away with them.
True, love rhymes with dove; true, Cupid rhymes

Woman's love is like Scotch snuff. with stupid. Shall we read your verses and print them, because you have made these discoveries? Oh, nibbler at Parnassus' foot-but we forbear, and the waste-paper basket is overflowing. There are a few poems too good to throw away, but of which, for various reasons, we cannot avail ourselves There's a bit about Byron, not bad; there are some lines on a baby born at sea-

## "Johnnie, Johnnie, little Johnnie, Wi' your bright curves of sunny hair."

There's a good-bye song—a "God be with you," prettily sung; there's a "Forsaken One," and "The Procession of the Seasons." The writers of have to satisfy in our subscribers-terribly critical. entremets, and vote the lighter parts heavy-they would sympathise. Let them sit in this uneasy easy chair, and—but enough of scrawled MSS.

NAMES.—Five correspondents want to know, and to know immediately, the meaning of the names which they append to their letters. Mildred, an old Saxon name, meaning mild-spoken; Rachel,

reat responsibility resting on God-parents. What is your name? Ursula (a she-bear). Be careful in mame-giving. There was a man who had two laughters, and the name of the one was Something, and the name of the other was Nothing. Better off were the unhappy pair immortalised by Mr. Collins, who had No Name.

"I am in a little fever Lest the name that I should give her Should disgrace her or defame her: I will leave papa to name her."

wrote poor Mary, sister of Charles Lamb

large number of our fair friends, namely, the re-moval of superfluous hair. Really, there is nothing for it but plucking the hair out by the roots. Shave close, and what is the result? The hair grows thicker. Employ a depliatory, and you injure the skin and do not destroy the root of the hair. atience and pluck, this is the only safe recipe.

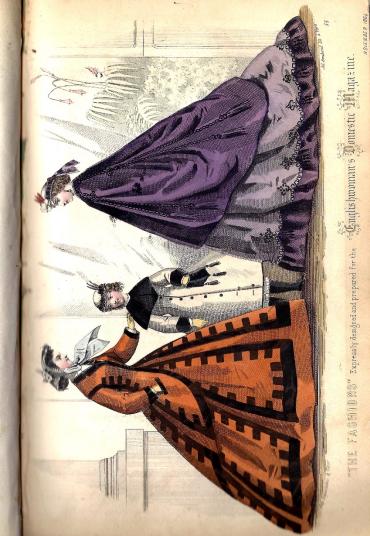
Here are a few recipes for those who need hem: \_\_COLUMBINE may dye her white gloves er hands with brown Windsor soap and eau de ologne; a little diluted sulphuric acid will whiten ne nails. Martha may increase the strength and

A few correspondents—a few? well, never mind he number—are curious about their handwriting. lone very good, except Esther's; none very bad, aphs. What better than Jack Cade's question

Lastly, solemnly, a correspondent wants to know what a first is. Virgin innocence! You know well enough what a flirt is. Did you not—not intentionlly of course, certainly not-make Alpha, Beta

"Woman's love is like Scotch snuff, You get one pinch, and that's enough?"

And this must be enough for the present. John



"The Englishwoman's Conversazione" The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine (November, 1864)

## **Questions:**

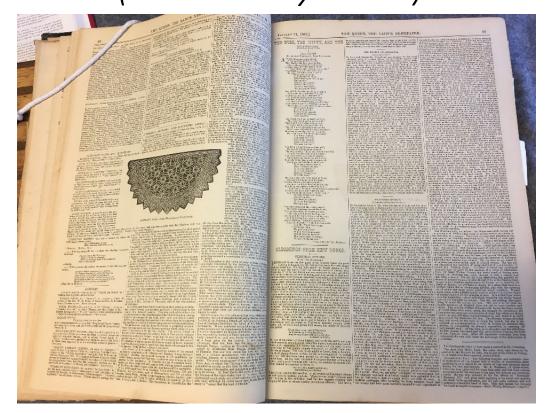
What topics are being discussed and how do they relate to current events or customs?

How do we know the feature was a success with readers?

Who wrote the columns?

Were letters to editors and contributors to prize competitions really written by readers, or were they written by others as a marketing ploy?

# "The Victim" by Alfred, Lord Tennyson The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper (11 January 1868)



Q: Why is Tennyson publishing in a women's periodical? What were his terms? Did he have discussions with the editor about where the poem would be placed?

d Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, who are they who have raised the agiot

JANUARY 11, 1868.

## THE QUEEN, THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER

## THE WISE, THE WITTY, AND THE

THE VICTIM. By Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. A PLAGUE upon the people fell, A famine after laid them low,

A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpo and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried,
"The gods are moved against the land."
The Priest noted in the land."
To Thor and the land."
They are the land of the land. "They are the land."
They are the land of the land. "They are the land."
They are the land. "They are the land."
They are the land."
They are the land. "They are the land."
They are the land. "They are the land."
They are the land. "They are they are the land."
They are the land. "They are they ar

And plague and strife! What would you have of us

ill at last it seem'd that an answer came Take you his nearest, Take you his dearest, Give us a life." The Priest went out by heath and hill, The King was hunting in the wild; They found the mother sitting still; She cast her arms about the child.

We give you his life. We give you his life.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in nir, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way.
Or down in a furrow scattled with fame.
And ever and age the Priesthed annewer cam

public collections in Bayaria a Belgium to 510,000 volumes.

She cast her arms about the darked.

His beauty still with his years increased His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,

He seem'd a victim due to the Priest.

The Priest exulted,

And cried with joy, vill be increased to 20,000 lire a dry

The King return'd from out the wild, He bore but little game in hand; The mother said, "They have taken the child, To spill his blood and heal the land: land is sick, the people diseased And blight and famine on all the lea The holy Gods, they must be appeased So I pray you tell the truth to me. They have taken our son, Is he your dearest? (Answer, O answer! Or I, the wife?"

The King bent low, with hand on brow, He stay'd his arms upon his knee; "O wife, what use to answer now?

Far now the Priest has judged for me."

The King was shaken with holy fear;

His only son!

The rites prepared, the victim bared, The knife uprising toward the blow To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, me, not him my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake the wife, And shricking "I am his dearest, I—I am his dearest!" rush'd on the l And the Priest was happy. We give you a life

## (From The Broadway.)

PERHAPS there are few parts of the country where the great valle log is dragged into the hall on Christmas Eve with songs and acclamation the big Yule candle no longer stands on the lable to light the guests; but the churches are still decked with

however, were always more of the country than of the town; and in the disputes about the very origin of the word earol, those who held that it was derived from the old Saxon churl, because it was a rustio song or chant, ecen to have had a good deal on their side.

### THE PEOPLE OF ABYSSINIA.

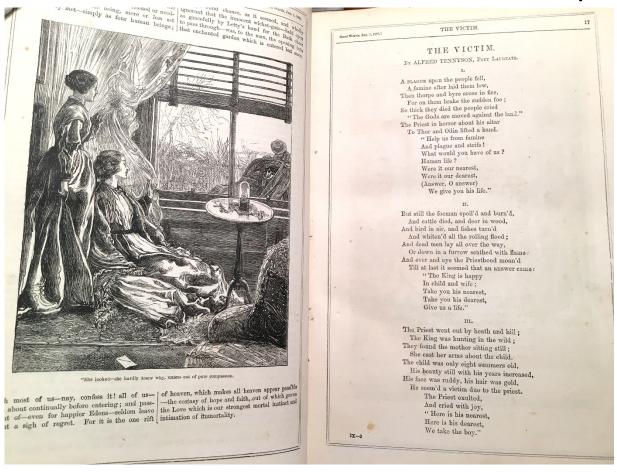
advanced tribes of Central Arriva. Or the amount of the converse of the conver the hair is allowed to fail mad domestic servants sis shoulders; while country women and domestic servants sis their superabundant looks into a tangled mass; but all el-besmear their heads with about the plaint from becoming to y restless movements during sleep, ladies of rank rest: at might in a wort of the standard plaint from becoming when leaving the superable should be superable to the superable should be superable to the superable should be superable shou broidered in front and on the cutts." In admitted to a mass accostume, a shoma, or toga, with a smart slik border, is on eer occasions wrapped round the form in graceful folds, or a ge closk of European manufacture is thrown over the should In the humbler grades of society, however, women content the

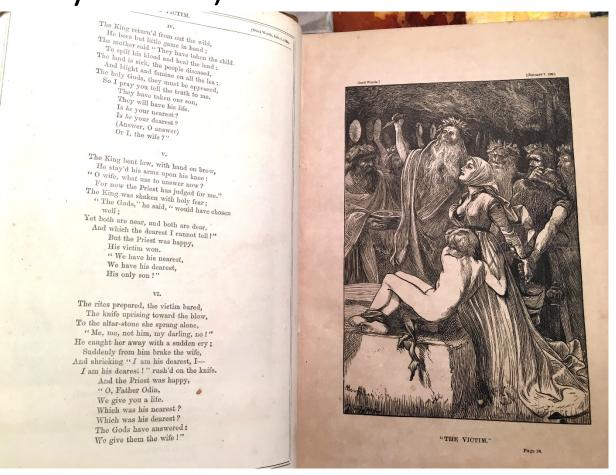
### PLATONIC WOMAN. (From the Saturday Review.)

In the wearier hours of life, when the season is over, and the boredom of country visits is beginning to tell on the hardy constitutions
that have weathered out crush and bell room, there is usually a
moment when the heroine of twenty summers bemoans the hardships
are the season of the season Mudie's box is exhanated, the surreer possibly goes tattine, rises into eloquent revolt against the decorums of life. The indeed, one career left to woman, but a general looseness of Emar, and a conscious insecurity in the matter of spelling, attaining the way of literary expression of the burning thoughts within All she can do is to moan over he lot and to take refuge it works of Miss Hominy. There she learns the great theory amality of the access the advancement of woman and better and the stress the same than the contract of woman and the stress of the same than the stress that the contract of woman and the stress. severe dialectician of the Academy at the femin

# "The Victim"

Good Words (January 1868)





Q: What is the effect of the thematically unrelated illustration on the left on my reading of the poem? How does the poem's designated illustration (on the right) enhance or detract from meaning in the poem? How is meaning in the poem different when published within a volume, without the image? Or when published in the *Queen*?

# Title page of the *Ladies' Treasury* (1858)

THE LADIES' TREASURY.

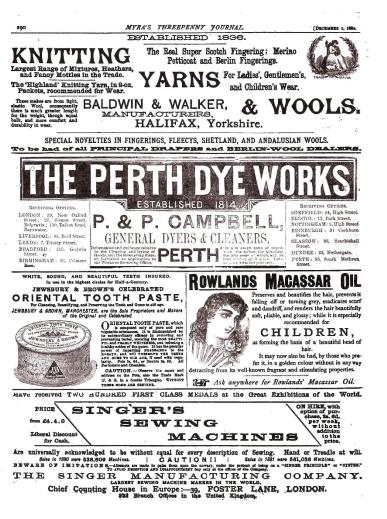


THE DROPPED STITCH. FROM A PAINTING BY MEYERHEIN,

Ser page

Q: How do periodicals demonstrate communities of women?

# Advertising needlework products in *Myra's Threepenny Journal* (1882)



Q: Why was needlework work so important to 19c women? Did advertising reflect or create desire for needlework products?

Color lithograph of quilt pattern From the *Girls' Own Paper* (1880)



Q: When did patchwork quilting become a leisurely pastime for girls?

When did girls have their own periodicals?



# 1840 to 1890

## **Questions:**

Why did sizes vary?

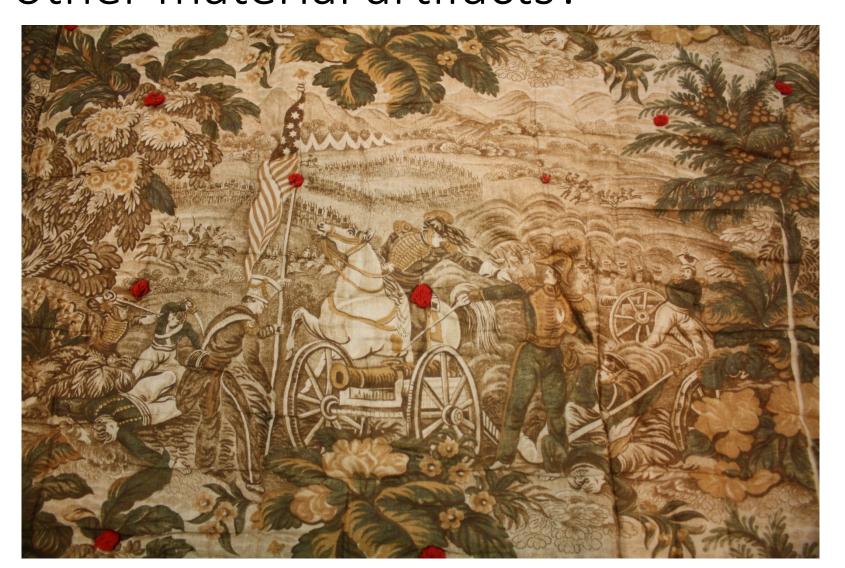
What is left out when the issues are bound?

What is the benefit of bound volumes?

How did the physical format of women's periodicals change from the *Ladies' Cabinet* (1840) to *The Women's Penny Paper* (1890)?

How do the contents change, and what changes can we observe about women's lives?

# Q: What relationship do periodicals have with other material artifacts?



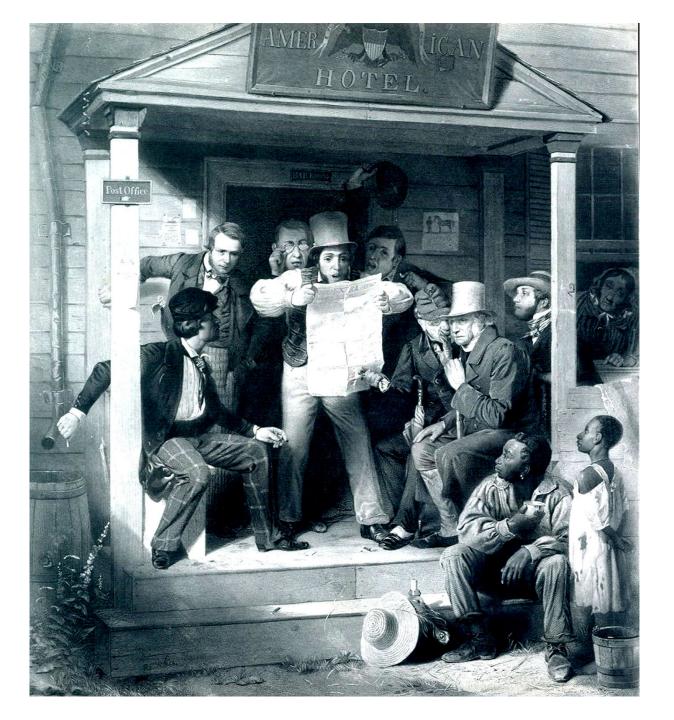
Focus scene on the textile of a comforter made during the Mexican War in the United States (1846-1848).

The Dolph Briscoe Center for American
History at the University of Texas at Austin.

# General Ulysses S. Grant:

"The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma [May 8-9, 1846] seemed to us engaged, as pretty important affairs; but we had only a faint conception of their magnitude until they were fought over in the North by the Press and the reports came back to us" (Grant Memoirs 46)

Q: What does this have to do with the comforter?



# "War News from Mexico"

Lithograph after painting by Richard Caton Woodville. Library of Congress, OC-DIG-pga-03891.

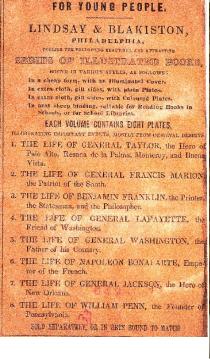
Tracing the chain of texts from newspaper reportage to lithograph to domestic artifact





Lindsay & Blakiston include a wood engraved copy of the lithograph in a history of the war and repurpose it in a series of books for "young people." The lithographed image also migrates to an upholstery textile, which eventually gets repurposed as a comforter.





POPULAR ILLUSTRATED BOOKS



The cycle is complete as the textile gets inscribed with a patriotic message that responds to newspaper reportage.



THE CAPTURE OF SEPERAL VECA.

Southe act of discharging a cannen; by the gallant Capt. May, of the U.S. Army, during the engagment of the 9th of May.



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