



nineteenth-century serials edition



## ***ncse and the Production of Victorian Text in the Digital Age***

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ncse [[www.ncse.kcl.ac.uk](http://www.ncse.kcl.ac.uk)]

# ncse nineteenth-century serials edition



**ncse** is a digital edition of six nineteenth-century serials, in complete a form as possible, with advanced indexing and critical and contextual materials.



The Tomahawk (1857-1870), The Northern Star (1837-1852)  
The Leader (1850-1860), The Publishers' Circular (1890-1890)  
Monthly Repository (1806-1838), English Woman's Journal (1858-1864)

- ▶ **ncse** is available free and online from 2008.
- ▶ **ncse** is an edition that foregrounds both the form of the serial and the interconnected nature of nineteenth-century print culture.
- ▶ **ncse** is a diagnostic project that explores how to design, implement, and deliver large digital corpora of nineteenth-century serials.
- ▶ **ncse** is intended to be a critical edition of nineteenth-century serials that will also appeal to a broader audience.

**ncse** is primarily sourced from the British Library, but has supplemented these holdings with material from Bodleian Library, National Archives, National Portrait Gallery, Women's Library and private collections.

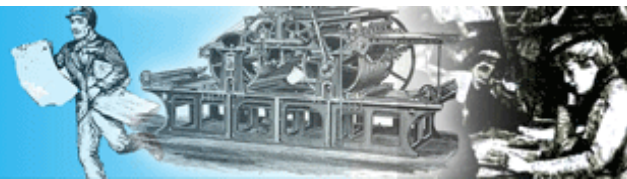
**ncse** is an AHRC funded collaborative partnership of Birkbeck College, Centre for Computing in the Humanities, King's College London, Olive Software and the British Library.



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## TO THE IMPERIAL CHARTISTS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—In a leader in last week's *Star*, the Editor, in speaking of my joining the Repeal Association, says that he is glad that got a "rap on the knuckles" for my over zeal. It is not the first I have had; nor, I fear, will it be the last. I however entirely agree with the Editor that it was merited; while I think a majority will pity those who gave it more than him who received it.

I am now going to write about OUR OWN AFFAIRS; and I have the consolation to know that when I write for men engaged in a honest struggle for liberty, instead of "a rap on the knuckles," receive correction in the mildest form in which sound reason and good feeling can administer it.

WE MUST NOW RE-ORGANIZE! We must sit down from that point where we were stopped!

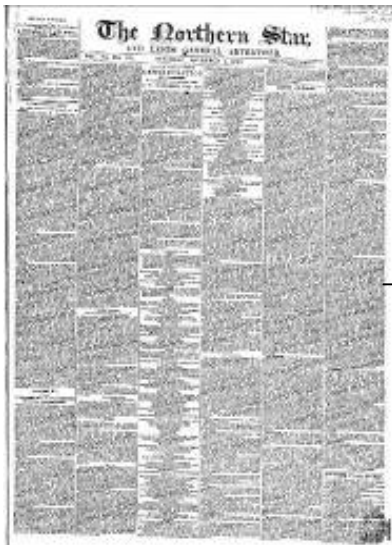
The preliminary step which I propose is the appointment of a General Secretary, *pro tem*; whose nominations shall be sent preparatory to the election of an Executive; and as we must place confidence somewhere; and as Mr. Wheeler has already filled that office during the absence of the late Secretary; and as he was elected on his own order, and discharged the duties to the satisfaction; I propose that he shall be the man and that when the votes are to be taken for the Executive that a delegate shall be appointed from each Chartist district in London, to aid and assist him in making his return.

## Chartist Intelligence.

**SUNDERLAND.**—Mr. Beesley delivered an excellent lecture here on Monday night last, the subject of which was, "the evils arising from an Established Church." Mr. B. handled the question in a masterly style, and gave general satisfaction.

**SOUTH SHIELDS.**—Mr. Beesley lectured here on Tuesday evening, in the Market-place, Mr. Giffillan in the chair. The subject was the Repeal of the Corn Laws, which he handled in grand style, and showed the fallacies of the humbugging League in their true light. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. B. and the Chairman, after which the meeting separated.

**NEWCASTLE.**—Mr. Samuel Kydd of South Shields lectured on the Town Moor, on Sunday afternoon (being race Sunday) to a numerous audience. He very ably showed up the pernicious effects of the present system upon the productive portion of the community; and as several limbs of the aristocracy were listening to him, he enumerated to their faces



Changes of format and paper size in the *Northern Star* over its run.





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The Reader.

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## Partfalla.

### THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LIFE.

BY J. H. CLAYTON, JUN., PUBLISHER.

OF THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LIFE.

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Edition architecture within Olive application:

**edition > title > volume > number > department > item**

e.g.

**ncse > *Leader* > 7 > *Leader*, no. 319, 3 May 1856, edition 1 > 'Review of the Week' > 'Untitled Article'.**

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MARCH 30, 1850.

**The Leader.**

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**Burttville**

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LIFE.

By G. W. LEWIS,  
MODIFIED FROM PLANTING AND STOCKING BY

## THEY SPEAK

## THE INITIATION OF FAITH

## Case 1

THE YOUNG SCIENTIST

It was a stormy night in June; the rain was driven by fierce and gusty against the windows of an old and gloomy chateau, which stood little removed from the waterside, at about a league distance from the town of Béziers, on the coast of Brittany.

Wild and domestic was the aspect of this abode. It stood below steep and bare slopes of heath on the one side, and the ramble occurred there. Travelers as they passed might be shadowed by a strange ghoulie and aal over them. The peasants dared not approach it after noon, for they looked upon it as the abode of evil spirits.

if without it, dried cherries, vitamin C, promoted a some which have effected the eye of a Bandman, and suggest the profound state of a monist. In a vast saloon, with sun the whole length of the high portion of the chimney, three persons were assembled. A big blood, the fourth, and some middle, also into the center of the room, with the most part, was swept in dark massive shadows. The single small white, beside the hearth, only served to light up a few yards of

As well as the place of the fire and the glassy glosses of the Tropics, objects to be distinguished, thereon have an aspect of hidden procedure possibly underlying to look upon. The furniture was in the style of Louis XIII., and had been bought recently. It now was an appearance between splendour the corners of luxury and of continuous plainly a sign of the tropics, which permitted the false conditions. The face of the glass, the seasons of the month, the style of the old, these very details being a ancient luxury, while their present, indeed, these state beyond all the painting, in fact, the same for every one.

Seated by their small table beside the hearth was an aged lady, whose presence revealed the age by the prominence and malice with which she cut every year. Much exceeding the ordinary station of women, scarcely bent by age, her gray hair, closely brushed over her brow, betrayed her age, which smiled upon her face, it was impossible to gaze at her cold. Feeling that someone was instinctively moved by the noblest of old age, she began to look at a window or a doorway, or a doorway. "H-

By the aid of the lamp and her apostles she was reading with delight those little books of the Gethse—the "Imitation of Jesus-Christ." It was one which had been loaned to the family for seasons of a *cent* and was now going through and resonating to her, as in her youth she used to give strength in hours of weakness, and consolation in hours of sorrow.

How cold and stunted his face as she smiled. Is it a mask? The sun  
is out, is—our line is broken—turbulent with romance. Have some-  
thing, here, passion, desire, but do not dignify the words of Christ with  
as such; do it, in his eye, smiling with repentance, and the  
then she had continued in the high-minded insistence of youth. Eighty  
more have entered; the storm and its winds of early years, in  
which were imbued with the knowledge, the hope, of youth, the  
the, the knowledge and the hope,—these have passed by their  
last, not without the smile of her face. She has lived, been

[illegible]

La Bioness de Togo has led an adventurous life, and a happy one. In spite of gallantry her heart never wandered from her husband; in spite of life's long trials her mind had never drifted to a doubt. Seeing the world as it is, far sadder than their books she taught daily, she said, "the

And for this price, *serena*, Indian woman caught for strength and consolation at "Chimankonda." Let it not seem strange. Every day was, as I have said, a day of prayer, and the prayer was for the *serena*. The children, the children, the children, still her constant companion, would whisper that she had not been a girl and high life as the night breeze told. Just as the timid girl, whispering children into her mother's ear, trailed at their assembly, so did this girl and simple creature imagine herself as much as the rest of the world.

[illegible]

The Green was an imbold. Do not suppose he looked at all like a thinking man. In fact, his appearance was heavy, somewhat stolidish. With an honest, soldier-like face, large hands covered with hair, and a voice which seemed as if he laboured under a perpetual hoarseness, he did not strike you as a brilliant disciple of Voltaire; but he made up in a steady, obstinate will.

He stood up and down the river, his figure now emerging from the darkness into the light, and then again passing into the shadows, and his heavy head falling with the regularity of a clock; while Clarkson, with a light heart, watched below the beach, wrapped with palm- and coco-nut trees, the river and the forest.

For long and man the old lady directly prayed: prayed that their lives might be spared to the Word, and that, before she passed away from this world, she might have seen the Word.

The entire evening of the worst, the making of the rain, mingled with the making of the day on the 2nd, and the regular trend of the barometer falling in and out, were the chief circumstances in this season strongly affecting the crops and ordinary life.

The man in the middle of her chapter, as he had posed in the middle of the main road, became putting up his spectacles, closed the book, and turned his eye on the forehead of her son, who stopped to receive the salute.

The boy sprang into her arms and covered her with kisses. Goodnight was there. His hand into her hand, and was pulled gently. Taking the candle, she led the way; and in half an hour the eyes of the household were closed in sleep—except those of the young Anselm, who, lying on his back, now and then turned his head to look at the girl.

The storm had passed over, and the moon was "shining with a quiet light." The rest of the huddling masses was still motionless, delighted with the sighting of the wind-poled the tower where he slept. Nature was solemnly fixed upon the boy's attention, and he was gazing at the unfathomable

The candidate was dignified. He had reached the age of fifteen without having received the slightest religious instruction, and, even having, never having received, a decidedly antagonistic and inquisitive education. He had been brought up amongst the followers of the Keresepedion, a philosophy, there also, without the coarseness and stulticity of their doctrine, pushed their doctrine to an extreme of extreme, excessive rationalism. He to give place to his place, children to whom this violence was no mystery at all was completely not to be explained by "Koster and Koster", or, in other words, disavowing the existence of their deity, and had been to the complete rejection of the

That his diffident approach, Armand found the means of potent compensation with hyperactivity; and, indeed, as the most shocking of vanity

- Issue Mar 30, 1850

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MARCH 30, 1850.]

**The Leader.**

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Partfolia.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LIFE

BY G. H. LEWES,  
AUTHOR OF "BANTHORPE," "ROSE, BLANCHE,"

FIRST EPISODE:

## THE INITIATION OF FAITH.

## CHAP. I.

## THE YOUNG SCEPTIC.

It was a stormy night in June: the rain was driven by fierce and fitful gusts against the windows of an old and gloomy chateau, which stood, a little removed from the seashore, at about a league distance from the small town of Briec, on the coast of Brittany.

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As well as the more objects to be distinguishably saddening to Louis XIII., and had a forlorn splendour, its ing of the indigence the glasses, the ornament every detail bespoke an state bespoke either pin of the regret.

Seated by that small  
appearance arrested the cy-  
ber eighty years. My  
acutely bent by age, I  
ling the serenity which animated him before, it was impossible to gaze at him  
without feeling that reverence we instinctively accord to the majesty of age.  
Old age is always hideous or grand : a sublimity or a deformity. Here it  
assumed all its grandeur.

By the aid of the lamp and her spectacles she was reading with rapt devotion that Bible of the Catholics—the "Imitation of Jesus Christ." It was a volume which had been treasured in the family for upwards of a century; and was now giving strength and consolation to her, as in her youth she had seen it give strength in hours of weakness, and consolation in hours of

had always been strong enough to walk in the ways of Him whose ways are pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace."

"And yet this pure, serene, blameless woman sought for strength and consolation in 'L'Imitation.' Let it not seem strange. Every step was, she knew, a step towards her tomb; and, although awaiting death with the calmness of faith, still her innocent conscience would whisper that she had not lived so pure and high a life as she might have lived. Just as the timid girl whispers her childish sins into her confessor's ear, terrified at their enormity, so did this pure and simple creature imagine herself as sinful as the rest of the

Opposite the lounge sat a quiet, dreamy boy, with eager eyes and thoughtful lips. He was about fifteen. His hands were folded in his lap; his eyes were fixed upon his grandmother in mingled reverence and curiosity. He was puzzled at the effect of that book upon her; and was speculating as to the cause. Occasionally he stole a glance at his uncle, who, with measured military tread, paced up and down the whole length of the saloon caressing his moustache by way of occupation, and now and then pausing to listen to the rush of rain against the windows.

The Baron de Fayol, eldest son of the old lady sitting beside the hearth, was a type of the Breton nobility in all respects save one, and that was his *infidelity*. An infidel Breton is almost a greater rarity than a Republican Breton; but the baron had adopted in his youth the philosophy then in vogue, and, adopting it more as a prejudice than as a conviction, threw into

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THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LIFE.

BY G. H. LEWES,  
AUTHOR OF "RANTHORPE," "ROSE, BLANCHE, AND VIOLET," &c.

Done

At last the clock struck ten. Without waiting to finish his promenade across the room, the baron suddenly swooped and walked up to the table. He there lighted a bed-candle, as if he had been wearily expecting the clock to strike, and, placing it beside the baronne, said,

"Good night, mother."

She paused in the middle of her chapter, as he had paused in the middle of his walk, and, leisurely putting up her spectacles, closed the book, and pressed her lips on the forehead of her son, who stooped to receive the



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16 numbers/issues found in volume #: [Volume 2](#)

- The Leader
  - Volume 1
  - Volume 2**
- Northern Star (1837-52)
- Tomahawk
- Publishers Circular
- Monthly Repository
- English Woman's Journal



### The Leader

Date: Jan 3, 1852  
Number: 93  
Editions: 2  
Price: 6d  
Page Span: 24 pages  
Format: folio



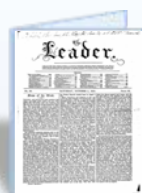
### The Leader

Date: Jan 24, 1852  
Number: 96  
Editions: 2  
Price: 6d  
Page Span: 24 pages  
Format: folio



### The Leader

Date: Jan 10, 1852  
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Editions: 2  
Price: 6d  
Page Span: 24 pages  
Format: folio



### The Leader

Date: Jan 31, 1852  
Number: 97  
Editions: 2  
Price: 6d  
Page Span: 24 pages  
Format: folio



### The Leader

Date: Jan 17, 1852  
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Price: 6d  
Page Span: 24 pages  
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### The Leader

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Volume 1

**Volume 2**

Northern Star (1837-52)

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Monthly Repository (1830 - 1890)

 English Woman's Journal  
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- ▶ [No. 94, 10 January 1852, 2 editions, 24 pages.](#)
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- ▶ [No. 98, 7 February 1852, 2 editions, 24 pages.](#)
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## The Saturday Analyst and Leader, November 3, 1860

The Leader relies extensively on other publications, especially for its local news, reports of fires and murders, and miscellaneous notes. I have recorded most references in the opening numbers of a volume, and then where editors respond directly to a title or they cite a title that seems indicative of the sweep of sources cited. The Daily News and Morning Chronicle (voice of the Foreign Office) are the most frequently cited, but they regularly cite works from South America, Europe and North America.  
<http://www.ncse.kcl.ac.uk/index.html>

- Title: Leader
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- Format: folio





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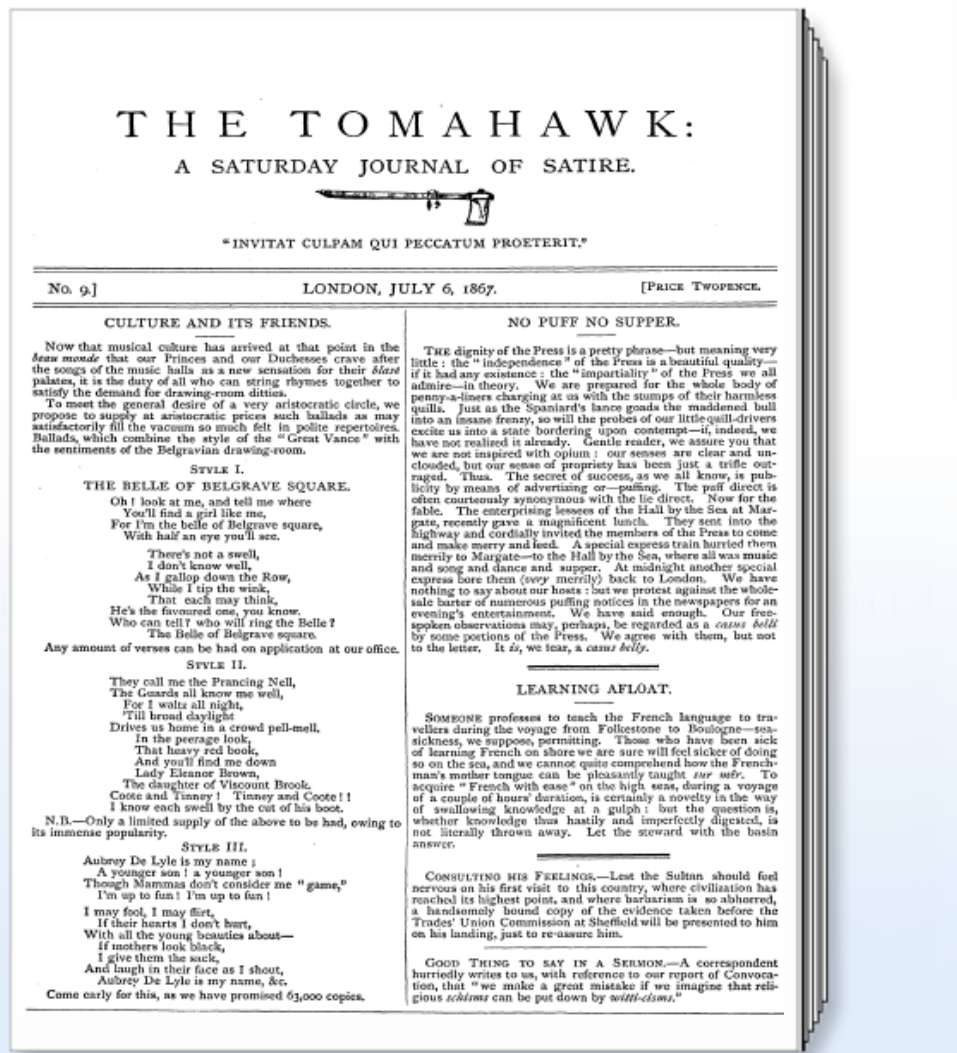
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In: Articles Images Ads

## The Tomahawk, July 6, 1867

The Tomahawk's political impact should not be underestimated: in a Parliamentary debate about the "Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill" 1870, Tomahawk is mentioned as an example of the sort of seditious material that should not be exported to Ireland: "A paper with such cartoons published in London, going over to Ireland and circulating there, would be far more mischievous than if originally printed in Dublin." The Times, Saturday 26 March 1870, p.6 col c and a Beckett's defence the following Monday 28 March 1870, p.5 col d.

- Title: Tomahawk
- Date: 6 July 1867
- Number: 9
- Editions: 1
- Pages: 24
- Price: 2d
- Format: Quarto



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CULTURE AND ITS FRIENDS.

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LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA SEINE.

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A BALL FROM THE BALLET.

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SOMETHING THEY DO BETTER IN FRANCE.

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SONGS FOR SULTANS.

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THE BELGIANS IN ENGLAND.

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ETIQUETTE AND STARVATION.

# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PROETERIT."

No. 9.]

LONDON, JULY 6, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

## CULTURE AND ITS FRIENDS.

Now that musical culture has arrived at that point in the *deau monde* that our Princes and our Duchesses crave after the songs of the music halls as a new sensation for their *déjà* palates, it is the duty of all who can string rhymes together to satisfy the demand for drawing-room ditties.

To meet the general desire of a very aristocratic circle, we propose to supply at aristocratic prices such ballads as may satisfactorily fill the vacuum so much felt in polite repertoires. Ballads, which combine the style of the "Great Vance" with the sentiments of the Belgravian drawing-room.

STYLE I.

### THE BELLE OF BELGRAVE SQUARE.

Oh I look at me, and tell me where  
You'll find a girl like me,  
For I'm the belle of Belgrave square,  
With half an eye you'll see.

There's not a swell,  
I don't know well,  
As I gallop down the Row,  
While I tip the wink,  
That each may think,

He's the favoured one, you know.  
Who can tell? who will ring the Belle?  
The Belle of Belgrave square.

Any amount of verses can be had on application at our office.

STYLE II.

They call me the Prancing Nell,  
The Guards all know me well,  
For I waltz all night,  
Till broad daylight  
Drives us home in a crowd pell-mell.

In the peerage look,  
That heavy red book,  
And you'll find me down  
Lady Eleanor Beau,  
The daughter of Viscount Brook.

Coco and Tinney! Tinney and Coco! I  
I know each swell by the cut of his boot.

N.B.—Only a limited supply of the above to be had, owing to its immense popularity.

STYLE III.

Aubrey De Lyle is my name;  
A younger son! a younger son!  
Though Mamma don't consider me "game,"  
I'm up to fun! I'm up to fun!

I may feel, I may die,  
If their hearts I don't hurt,  
With all the young beauties about—  
If mothers look black,

I give them the sack,  
And laugh in their face as I shout,  
Aubrey De Lyle is my name, &c.

Come early for this, as we have promised 63,000 copies.

## NO PUFF NO SUPPER.

THE dignity of the Press is a pretty phrase—but meaning very little: the "independence" of the Press is a beautiful quality—if it had any existence: the "impartiality" of the Press we all admire—in theory. We are prepared for the whole body of penny-liners charging at us with the stumps of their harmless quills. Just as the Spaniard's lance goads the maddened bull into an insane frenzy, so will the probes of our little quill-drivers excite us into a state bordering upon contempt—if, indeed, we have not realized it already. Gentle reader, we assure you that we are not inspired with opium: our senses are clear and unclouded, but our sense of propriety has been just a trifle outraged. Thus, the secret of success, as we all know, is publicity by means of advertising or—puffing. The puff direct is often courteously synonymous with the lie direct. Now for the fable. The enterprising lessees of the Hall by the Sea at Margate, recently gave a magnificent lunch. They sent into the highway and cordially invited the members of the Press to come and make merry and lust. A special express train hurried them merrily to Margate—to the Hall by the Sea, where all was music and song and dance and supper. At midnight another special express bore them (very merrily) back to London. We have nothing to say about our hosts: but we protest against the wholesale barter of numerous puffing notices in the newspapers for an evening's entertainment. We have said enough. Our free-spoken observations may, perhaps, be regarded as a *casus belli* by some portions of the Press. We agree with them, but not to the letter. It is, we fear, a *casus belli*.

## LEARNING AFLAOT.

SOMEONE professes to teach the French language to travellers during the voyage from Folkestone to Boulogne—sea-sickness, we suppose, permitting. Those who have been sick of learning French on shore we are sure will feel sicker of doing so on the sea, and we cannot quite comprehend how the Frenchman's mother tongue can be pleasantly taught *sur mer*. To acquire "French with ease" on the high seas, during a voyage of a couple of hours' duration, is certainly a novelty in the way of swallowing knowledge at a gulp! but the question is, whether knowledge thus hastily and imperfectly digested, is not literally thrown away. Let the steward with the basin answer.

CONSULTING HIS FEELINGS.—Lest the Sultan should feel nervous on his first visit to this country, where civilization has reached its highest point, and where barbarism is so abhorred, a handsomely bound copy of the evidence taken before the Trades' Union Commission at Sheffield will be presented to him on his landing, just to re-assure him.

GOOD THING TO SAY IN A SERMON.—A correspondent hurriedly writes to us, with reference to our report of Convocation, that "we make a great mistake if we imagine that religious *schisms* can be put down by *smith-stones*."

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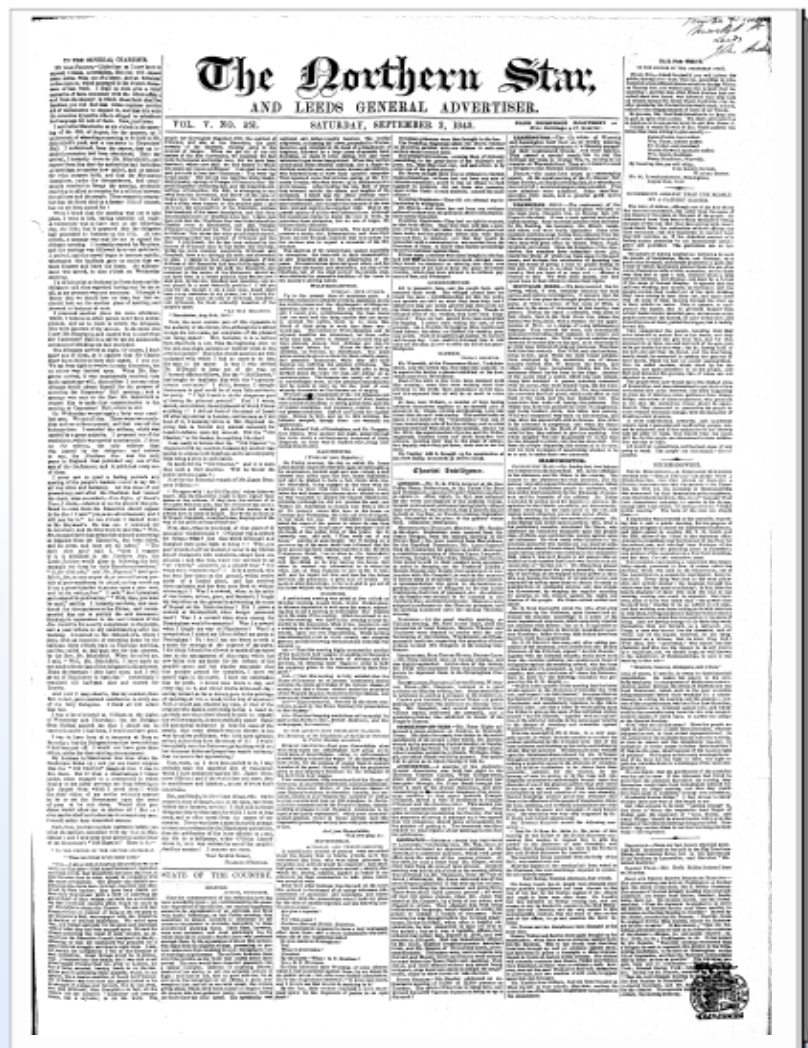
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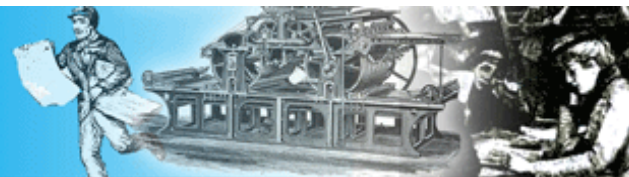


► 4












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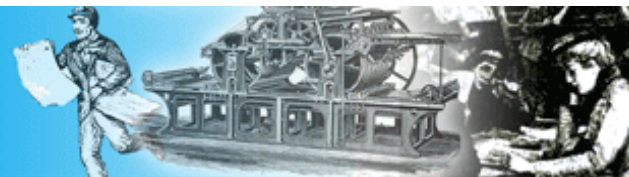
## Corpus Repository

1257211 / 1395637 known (dictionary + Waterloo); 90.08%

16995 / 1395637 known from Waterloo; 01.22%










1402 / 8074 articles acceptable; 17.36% -- accounting for 1349245 / 1395637 word tokens; 96.68%

◆ [EWJ](#) -- 90.08%



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### **Julia Goddard**

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### **Julia Kavanagh**

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### **Julia Lttarix**

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### **Julia Luard**

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### **Julia Mandeville**

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### **Juliana Berners**

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### **Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes**

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### **Miss Bessie R . Parkes**

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