

Inventing Poetry and Pictorialism in *Once a Week*: A Magazine of Visual Effects

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In unusually direct terms the illustrated weekly magazine that debuted on July 12, 1859, generally deemed a high point of mid-century illustration,¹ resulted from male desire. Working with Ellen Ternan on *The Frozen Deep* aroused Charles Dickens' passions and his determination to separate formally from his wife Catherine.² When Dickens announced the separation in the June 12, 1858 issue of *Household Words*, the magazine he had run in a partnership with the firm Bradbury and Evans since 1850, he expected *Punch*, another Bradbury and Evans publication, to reprint the announcement. It did not. Furious, Dickens took immediate steps to end his business relationship with the firm and found a rival publication of which he would be editor and principal proprietor. Thus was *All the Year Round* born on April 30, 1859.³ Rather than simply letting Dickens exit and take *Household Words* staff with him, William Bradbury and Frederick Evans determined to start a rival magazine. Though it, too, would be a weekly literary magazine, it would mark its bold departure from Dickens' magazine by being illustrated and employing some of the best artists and engravers available. Yet *Once a Week* would be priced at only three pennies an issue (compared to Dickens' two).

This odd intersection of Dickensian desire and print culture is also an important node in the history of Victorian illustrated poetry. *Once a Week* appeared at a crucial pivot in the publishing history of poetry and periodicals. As Lorraine Janzen Kooistra observes, the demise of literary annuals, which typically paired engravings of well-known paintings with original verses, coincided with the publication of the illustrated Moxon edition of Tennyson's poems in 1857.⁴ In the Moxon edition the practice of annuals was reversed: the poems were well known to the public, but now the art works were original. *Once a Week* offered a third alternative: it paired original poems and original woodcut engravings, offering double novelties to the magazine's purchasers.

This innovation was all the more influential because *Once a Week* was first in the field. Two rival illustrated literary periodicals, *Cornhill Magazine* and *Good Words*, would not debut until January 1860, giving *Once a Week* six months to craft its approach and secure a readership. Part of this approach

was to include a profusion of illustrated poems. In its first six months alone (July 2–December 24, 1859), *Once a Week* illustrated forty-two of its fifty-three original poems.⁵ In contrast, during their first six months (January–June 1860) *Cornhill* featured only one illustrated poem out of fifteen and *Good Words* three illustrated poems out of thirty-two.⁶ *Once a Week* thus seized the initiative in defining how original poems and illustrations might be conceptualized, presented, and read in relation to each other.

It is not surprising that a Bradbury and Evans publication played a formative role in Victorian illustrated poetry. In December 1842 the firm assumed proprietorship of the profusely illustrated *Punch*, which is best known for its political cartoons and social commentary but also first published Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt" and many of W. M. Thackeray's ballads, several of them illustrated by the author. Bradbury and Evans, moreover, were printers to the firm of Edward Moxon because of the close friendship of Frederick Evans and Moxon, begun in 1830. Thus Bradbury and Evans printed the 1857 Moxon edition of Tennyson's poems and, after Moxon's death in 1858, managed the firm for five years, including its production of the 1859 gift book edition of Tennyson's *The Princess*.⁷ Since Bradbury and Evans had so much experience pairing original illustrations and fiction as Dickens' publishers from 1844–1858 and Thackeray's from 1847–1859, the decision to illustrate original poems regularly may represent an extrapolation from fiction markets. But whereas serial fiction's monthly parts relied on full-page etchings or engravings that had to be tipped in, one at the front to adumbrate the plot's continuation, the magazine adopted wood engravings that enabled poems and drawings to be integrated into a single page.

All printed poetry involves materiality and visuality in its layout on the page.⁸ But when poems are paired with illustrations, the status of each becomes relativized. Kooistra has theorized the conflicted, complex interchange between poetry and illustration in terms of gendered bitextuality, reception, and Bakhtinian dialogism. Specifically, she defines bitextuality as a dialogue "understood as a social relationship in which various forms of power, knowledge and desire are enacted and disseminated."⁹ Brian Maidment also approaches prints and illustrations as "ideological formations"; and both Kooistra and Maidment develop taxonomies of illustration's functions relative to text.¹⁰ Applying their theoretical paradigms to *Once a Week*, I map the approaches and effects the periodical invented in its inaugural months under the oversight of Samuel Lucas, editor from 1859 to early 1865.¹¹ In pursuing a range of effects rather than author- or artist-centered analysis, I situate the work of some very minor poets alongside Christina Rossetti and George Meredith. The artists involved likewise vary from prominent figures like John Millais and John Tenniel to the little-known woman illustrator Helen Hoppner Coode. This approach allows for close readings of culturally

significant as well as ephemeral work, attention to poetry's role in popular culture, and above all discussion of what distinguishes illustrated poems in periodicals from those in books.

A principal distinction between illustrated poetry in a periodical and book—especially a gift book featuring a single poet—is that meanings proliferate in a periodical from the poem's placement amidst multiple competing texts and voices, so that text and image are in dialogue not only with each other but also with every other feature in the issue.¹² Laurel Brake rightly argues that Victorian books and serials were closely related, interactive media, but methods of illustrating poems in these print media were not identical. The editor, in contrast to a poet or (collaborating) artist, had to assemble a magazine with sufficient identity to create a market niche while also multiplying potential readers through presentation of divergent writers, artists, and letterpress forms. The aesthetic unity pursued in Allingham's *The Music-Master* or the later aesthetic experiments of William Morris was not only impossible but undesirable to a magazine editor who courted a large audience. Managing layout and ordering contents was another component of what Robert L. Patten and David Finkelstein term the "editor function."¹³ In overseeing such tasks the editor, whether of books or periodicals, left a trace element visible on the page; yet the results were often more self-evident in illustrated poems in periodicals. A broad range of registers and mixed, rather than unitary, ideological messages, then, defined a family periodical like *Once a Week*; in every sense its paired poems and images produced a magazine of effects.

Because Samuel Lucas explicitly stipulated that drawings ought to illustrate textual content, many illustrated poems in *Once a Week* exemplify what Kooistra terms "quotation": an image that largely mirrors the text but adds a "meta-critical intensification which results from such reflexivity."¹⁴ Millais' illustration for "The Plague of Elliant. (From the Breton)" by Tom Taylor, an author best known for his contributions to *Punch*, is a telling instance.¹⁵ A scholarly headnote to the poem explains the technical features of the Breton original, its historical provenance—a sixth-century plague referenced in the Book of Llandaff in Jesus College, Oxford—and the translation's source text in the *Barsaz Breiz* of M. De Villemarqué, who gathered oral recitations from Breton peasantry. In announcing its need of paratext to be understood, Taylor's poem tacitly endorses its accompanying illustration as well. The page's layout goes further, in some respects subordinating text to image. For if the headnote and monorhyme stanzas of the poem are gathered into vertical columns, Millais' illustration neatly bisects the page in an unbroken rectangular pane. Visually, letterpress functions as a frame opening onto the window of the image, in which a woman, rather than a horse, pulls a cart of covered bundles (see Figure 1).

THE PLAGUE OF ELLIANT.

(FROM THE BRETON.)

[A LARGE proportion of the ballads still sung in the gatherings of the Breton peasantry—at the “pardon” of the patron saint, the festivities of the wedding, or the consecration of the new threshing-floor—relate to historical events of remote antiquity. One of these time-worn, but deeply-stamped pieces of old bardic coinage, now come down to exclusive circulation among hard peasant-hands, but still precious for the quality of its true poetic metal, and venerable for its ancient mint-mark, is the ballad of “The Plague of Elliant,” of which the following is as literal a version, I think, as can be made from the Breton into the English. I have preserved the metre of the original, so that my version may be sung to the Breton air of the “Bosen Elliant.”]

The plague which the ballad commemorates was in Brittany in the sixth century. The Book of Hours (in Jesus College, Oxford) contains an account of the plague in an abridgment of the life of Saint Gildard made in the ninth century by Gurdestin, abbot of a convent. In this account special mention is made of the ravages of the plague in the parish of Elliant, though the country immediately round about it is said to have been preserved from the scourge by the presence of a saintly hermit named Rasian. He is mentioned in the ballad, which, like all other ballads in the collection, is from the pen of M. de Villemarqué’s “Barzaz Breiz” (from which my translation was made), was taken down from oral tradition of the Breton peasantry.]



’TWIXT Faoliet and Llangolan
There lives a bard, a holy man—
His name is Father Rasian.
On Faoliet his hest he laid :
“ Let every month a mass be said,
And bells be rung, and prayers be read.”

In Elliant the plague is o’er,
But not till it had rag’d full sore :
It slew seven thousand and five score.

Death unto Elliant hath gone down,
No living soul is in the town—
No living soul but two alone.

A crone of sixty years is one,
The other is her only son.

“ The Plague,” quoth she, “ is on our door-sill ;
’Twill enter if it be God’s will ;
But till it enter bide we still.”

’Through Elliant’s streets who wills to go,
Everywhere will find grass to mow—

Everywhere, save in two wheel-ruts bare,
Where the wheels of the dead-cart went to fare.

His heart were flint that had not wept,
’Through Elliant’s grass-grown streets who stept,

To see eighteen carts, each with its load—
Eighteen at the graveyard, eighteen on the road—
Nine children of one house there were
Whom one dead-cart to the grave did bear :
Their mother ’twixt the shafts did fare.

The father, whistling, walk’d behind,
With a careless step and a mazy mind.

The mother shriek’d and call’d on God,
Crush’d, soul and body, beneath her load.

“ God, help me bury my children nine,
And I vow thee a cord of the wax so fine :

A cord of the wax so long and fine,
To go thrice round the church and thrice round mine.”

Nine sons I had ; I bare them all ;
Now Death has ta’en them, great and small.

Hath ta’en them all from my own door-stone :
None left, e’en to give me to drink—not one.

The churchyard to the walls brims o’er,
The church is full to the steps of the door :
They must bless fields, if they ’d bury more.

There grows an oak by the churchyard wall,
From the top-bough hangs a white grave pall.

The Plague hath taken one and all !
Tox

Figure 1. Tom Taylor, “The Plague of Elliant,” illustrated by John Millais, *Once a Week*, October 15, 1859, Univ. of Delaware Library.

The immediate impression created by Millais' drawing is of overwhelming, burdensome toil. But if the illustration rests at the center of the page and most immediately commands the eye, it is not self-sufficient; the image changes (by contextualizing) the text, but the text conditions what is seeable in the image. Only after perusing the title and headnote, perhaps the poem as well, are readers likely to note the dead child's hand that hangs over the edge of the cart. What at first seem mere bundles are the covered bodies of all nine sons of the woman dragging the cart, her dazed husband walking behind. The dead hand that overflows the cart, which cannot hold all the death that is abroad from plague, is Millais' independent invention; it thus mirrors yet augments these poetic lines: "The mother shriek'd and call'd on God, / Crush'd, soul and body, beneath her load" (p. 316). Reciprocally, the text charges an image immediately suggestive of toil with psychological and emotive force, even shock and visceral sensation. And the text does what an image cannot, providing a linear story telling how the woman and her husband die soon after the moment Millais depicts. In the end death and narrative serve to depopulate Millais' arresting visual image.

Because the paired poem and image were twice reprinted, first in *Harper's Weekly* in America (November 5, 1859), then in Taylor's *Ballads and Songs of Brittany* in 1865,¹⁶ the semiotics of the *Once a Week* illustrated poem can be more precisely pinpointed. In *Harper's* the illustration was disentangled from the text and centered atop the page, where its gravity contrasts the much larger image of a raucous crowd defying Sabbath laws in New York (Figure 2). Taylor's poem appears at the far right, but the artifact of the page takes the side of the Sunday crowd insofar as it announces the superior currency of light entertainment and visual spectacle, which spatially dominates the page, relative to text that demands the slower, more persistent task of reading. The illustration and poem in Taylor's 1865 volume also alter their relationship, since Millais' drawing is given a separate page to itself, evolving from the status of illustrative wood engraving to the higher dignity of a free-standing plate. Though the image is aptly placed after the couplet at the bottom of the prior page, "Everywhere, save in two wheel-ruts bare, / Where the wheels of the dead-cart went to fare" (p. 316), its format belongs to the more up-market form of the book typically purchased only by middle-class and wealthy patrons. In 1865, the poem plus text (and the volume's twelve shilling price) telegraphs a message of luxury and book-ness. In contrast, the *Once a Week* poem and image announce the mutual embeddedness of text and illustration and above all their affordability and "magazine-ness." Relative to *Harper's Weekly*, *Once a Week* signals its classed status as an emphatically middle-class family magazine that takes reading, history, and art seriously.

"Quotation" between word and image works by alternative means in "The Palimpsest," for here periodical layout itself becomes part of the meaning.

The poem about love's transience is by Manley Hopkins (father to Gerard) signing as "Berni" and begins as an unbroken column of sestets on a recto page (Figure 3). Because the covers of individual issues featured names of artists but not the texts they illustrated,¹⁷ readers moving from page to page could not always tell when they were about to encounter illustrations. Though layout is important to book production as well, unpredictable sequences and a miscellany of articles ensure that change and surprise are themselves generic features of periodicals. "The Palimpsest" was literally unillustrated so long as the reader persisted in reading the first page of "Love's" manuscript history wherein name overwrites name to form a palimpsest: "The tale of passion's following waves, / Which found their graves, / Leaving a wrinkle on the shore, / And nothing more." The act of turning the page, however, effected another form of palimpsest as unillustrated gave way to illustrated text (Figure 4).

The status of word and image changed radically as well. One stanza was broken in two and pushed above the first image by Clara Page, a Hopkins family friend, while two concluding sestets served as a visual boundary between the first and a second image.¹⁸ This extreme breaking of text into bits on the second page subordinates text to visual spectacle. The embodied act of turning a page thus underscores (by enacting) the transience of all experience, including love, as one medium is overlaid by another. Here paired word and image also gesture toward the very medium that circulates them, for they attest to the editorial hand—momentarily visible alongside those linked to pen, pencil, and engraving tool—that placed them so tellingly within the issue.

Another print formation specific to magazines is the presentation of poetry as explicitly participating in public discursivity. Both Isobel Armstrong and E. Warwick Slinn have theorized the linguistic, semiotic, and performative means by which poetry as an aesthetic form intersects with politics.¹⁹ The pages of Victorian periodicals work within a low-theory logic of material semiotics to announce poetry as an integral part of public discourse, including national and international politics, rather than a privileged high-culture realm set apart. In the inaugural issue of *Once a Week* "Magenta," another Tom Taylor poem illustrated by Millais, exemplifies the point.²⁰

After a Shirley Brooks poem announcing the new publication's editorial policy, a science article on mammoths, and a tale drawn from Icelandic sagas (all three illustrated to underscore the value-added feature missing from Dickens' rival magazine), international politics and imperialism emerged as reference points with an unillustrated letter from Arthur Clarence in Port Natal, Africa, about hunting boa constrictors ("Snakes and Their Prey: An African Adventure"). W. Bridges Adams followed with an unillustrated article on "English Projectiles" detailing the advantages of "Brown Bess," the Enfield rifle, for long-range warfare rather than up-close encounters with bayonets, suppressing mention of the weapon's role in the recent Indian "Mutiny" as

that he left his property in the theatre to the management of his son Cuthbert, who, following the example of his father, became a partner in the building of the Globe on the Bankside; so that, first to last, the Burbages were closely mixed up with the great age of the drama from its beginning to the very topmost pinnacle of its glory. But still more curious was it that Shakespeare, who did not appear upon the scene until Burbadge, the father, had done all the rough work, and prepared the temples for the high ceremonies of our stage literature, should become mixed up, in the long run, with the very first playhouse, and should come to play and write under the shadow of its timbers. It happened in this way. Cuthbert Burbadge, finding that he could not obtain a renewal of his lease, in the expectation of which so prodigal an outlay had been incurred, determined not to leave the theatre behind him for the benefit of Goodman Allen; and, accordingly, collecting together some twenty friends, armed with swords, axes, daggers and other weapons and implements, he proceeded to take down the wood-work. Goodman Allen was by no means disposed to yield up the materials (for he professed to hold the playhouse, as a playhouse, in abhorrence) without a struggle; and he gathered his followers together to resist Burbadge and his men. A battle royal ensued. But Cuthbert won the day, and triumphantly transported to the Bankside the whole of the wood that composed the theatre in Shoreditch, and applied it to the enlargement of the Globe, where Shakespeare was writing plays and James Burbadge acting in them.

Thus came to a violent end the First Playhouse, after having run through a successful career of nearly a quarter of a century. The Curtain survived it, but gradually fell into disrepute; the current of popularity, as time advanced, setting in towards Southwark in the summer, and Blackfriars in the winter.

James Burbadge did not live to witness the demolition of "The Theatre." He died before the lease was quite expired, and, like all the Burbages, for three or four generations after, was buried in the populous churchyard of St. Leonard's, near his merry friend and neighbour, Dick Tariton, who had taken up a tenement in God's Acre about eight years before. Dick, the prince of jesters, and the most illustrious of our historical clowns, lived, as they all did, in Holywell Street (known in after times as High Street), and was not only an actor of especial merit, but one of the Earl of Leicester's servants. He was in close alliance with the Burbages, and from him, in all probability, Richard, the actor, derived his name.

The attachment of this first playhouse family to the quarter in which they originally struck root is remarkable. Their growing fortunes never tempted them to wander from their early home-stead; and even Cuthbert, whose material interest lay chiefly in the Borough, and Richard, whose celebrity might have excused a flight into more fashionable regions, continued to their deaths to reside in the old street in Shoreditch.

The widow of James Burbadge was no less steadfast than the rest. She outlived her husband

seven years, and followed him to the same churchyard which already contained the ashes of some of her children, and in which the rest of them were afterwards deposited. ROBERT BELL.

THE PALIMPSEST.

Love turn'd quite studious, grave, one day,
And left his play.

He folded close each azure wing,
And ceased to sing:
Casting from groves reverted looks,
Took to his books.

He chose a volume from his store,
And 'gan to pore
Upon a thickly-cover'd page,
Which youth or age
Had writ, and cross'd and so recross'd,
Meaning seem'd lost.

Yet Love still gazed, all open-eyed,
And almost sigh'd.
But tenderness was soon beguiled,
And so he smil'd,
As vagrant Memory, hovering near,
Whisper'd his ear.

"This manuscript," cried Love at last,
"Contains my past:
The tale of passion's following waves,
Which whold their graves,
Leaving a wrinkle on the shore,
And nothing more.

"First on the roll Aglaë's name,—
My virgin flame!
O, how I loved thee! Offering flowers
At matin hours,
When birds fill'd all the sky with mirth,
And joy the earth;

"And should have loved for aye, I ween,
Had it not been
That Dora's eyes, so nun-like, sweet,
My glance did meet,
And drew me, at each vesper bell,
To her green cell.

"I could have knelt for ever there,
But Sibyl fair
Rose, like a conquering star, and then
(We are but men)
Led me beside her chariot wheel—
(Dear! what we feel!)

"Over her name I just can trace
Thine, sweetest Grace.
Thine was the advent of the day:
The rest were play.
Ah, why should passion's perfect noon
Sink all so soon!

"Next there comes Zoë; then Lucrece
(I had no peace!)
And here's a name I can't make out,—
Much loved, no doubt;
And here's one I have clean forgot,
Or, 'tis a blot.

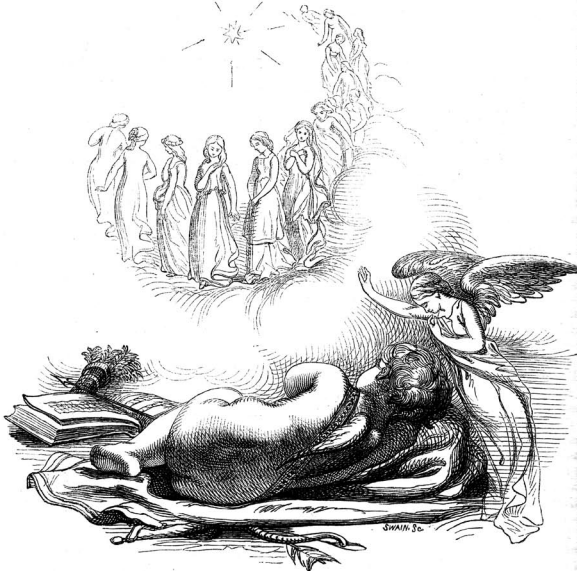
"Then Clarice, large-eyed like a fawn"
(Love 'gan to yawn),
"And thy full charms, dear Amoret,
I ne'er forget;
Nor Lettice, frank and debonnaire,
I do declare."

Figure 3. "Berni" [Manley Hopkins], "The Palimpsest," *Once a Week*, December 3, 1859, Univ. of Delaware Library.

470 ONCE A WEEK. [DECEMBER 3, 1859]

Love kept deciphering his past
Till sleep at last
Drownsd him, but show'd him in his dreams

Deauties in streams,
Whose lips still held the kiss he gave
When he was slave ;



And ears that thrill'd to whisper'd praise ;
And cheeks his gaze
Had tinged so ruddy ; all slid on,
And quick were gone,
As snowflakes that the spring earth pelt
Gleam bright and melt.

Murmur'd the lips of that quaint boy,—
“ I scatter joy.
I'm not inconstant, save in name ;
My sacred flame
Burns ever. Circumstance doth move—
Deathless is Love !




Figure 4. “Berni,” “The Palimpsest,” illustrated by Clara Lane, *Once a Week*, December 3, 1859, Univ. of Delaware Library.

if its only significance were merely technological. Then came “Magenta,” a poem intimately tied to the news cycle and to Britain’s international interests insofar as it concerned Napoleon III and his alliance with the Piedmontese to resist Austrian rule in Italy. The specter of yet another Napoleon taking troops into other countries inspired unease throughout 1859 over a potential French invasion of Britain—as well as several poems.²¹ On June 4, 1859 French forces had encountered Austrians at Magenta, Italy, and although the French “won,” 4,500 French soldiers and 5,700 Austrians were killed from fighting street by street in a small village.²²

If the African hunting adventure and detailed analysis of artillery celebrate gunfire, “Magenta” juxtaposes its human cost, first by particularizing the scene and victims of pitched gunfire battles:

I.

Under the willows; in the trampled maize;
 Midst up-torn vines, and shatter’d mulberry rows;
 In rice-fields, corn-fields, dykes by dusty ways,
 And cottage-crofts, where the gold gourd-flower blows,—
 Swathes of Death’s scythe, wielded for two long days—
 The dead lie thick and still: foes all at peace with foes.

Asserting that each of the dead “link’d many in its story” since the soldiers “were all sons or sires; husbands or brothers” (stanzas II-III), the poem concludes with a woman mourner at home:

IV.

Cry! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe
 Of that bereavement. Who takes thought of her?
 Through the illumined streets the triumphs go;
 Under her window waving banners stir,
 And shouting crowds to Notre Dame that flow.
 Hide, mourner, hide the tears which might such triumphs blur!

The poem tacitly critiques W. Bridges Adams’ celebration of Enfield rifles by exposing its omissions (“Who takes thought of her?”) and vividly registering the effects of long-range artillery: mourners in “Magenta” are “taught by arms of price, how far they strike—*how far!*” (stanza III). The poem dialogizes two preceding articles and questions the human cost of imperial militarism; yet since the magazine includes multiple responses to imperial weapons without taking or demanding a stance it also contains, and manages, dissent²³—especially when the dead soldiers are French rather than British.

The poem also manages the gendered dynamic of the inaugural issue, for if the African and Enfield rifle narratives overtly target male readers, the poem—a genre long marketed to women in annuals—tacitly argues that women

and their suffering are also part of war's meaning.²⁴ Millais' illustration goes further; his image literally foregrounds a woman, whose voluminous skirt fills the picture's center while the public world of international politics conveyed by the newspaper listing casualties and the scene beyond her window are subordinate pictorial elements. The battle's horrendous recent casualties are translated both pictorially and poetically into emotive personal registers that aim to engage audience affect.

Visually as well as ideologically the poem and illustration are remarkably balanced (see Figure 5): if the square window of the mourner's room is echoed in the square-shaped illustration, the text is also arranged in a square. Word and image are thus explicitly positioned as complementary media. Millais' picture nonetheless imports a meaning that Taylor's text cannot through Millais' "interpictoriality."²⁵ As David Skilton notes, "The pose in this illustration is itself a development of Millais' earlier illustration to 'Mariana' in the Moxon Tennyson."²⁶ By pictorially alluding in the inaugural issue to an illustrated book that paired illustrations of high artistic merit with distinguished poetry, Millais tacitly imports the symbolic capital accruing to the more expensive book to the cheap luxury of an illustrated magazine. Millais' visual cue also establishes the maddening isolation and sorrow of Tennyson's "Mariana" as a context for Taylor's poem, adding force that Taylor's language alone cannot generate. Finally, Millais' interpictoriality positions the larger realm of the aesthetic in dialogue with the public realm of battles, international politics, and publishing, announcing their central interrelatedness.²⁷

"Magenta" enforces conventional gender roles: men act and die; women suffer and mourn. Because the illustrated poem as theorized by Kooistra is itself gendered (involving "wedded" elements variously dominant or subordinate), I next turn to the intervention of illustrated poetry in gender ideology in *Once a Week*, again with particular attention to effects specific to a magazine. Masculinity as an index of national identity became a fraught point of contention in the October 29, 1859 issue. It opened with the tale of a schoolboy who pretends his father is a pirate to cloak the homely reality of a red-faced pilot working at the docks, then turned to "Young France" and the rather startling argument that the French Revolution's abolishment of primogeniture in favor of equal division of wealth means that France produces no genuine boys whose play teaches initiative and valor, only calculating machines seeking always to get ahead. After the momentary diversions of a light comic tale and poem, the issue continued with the second of three articles by Captain Sherard Osborn on "The Last Voyage of Sir John Franklin," illustrated by W. May. The voyage was manifestly a British failure: Franklin never returned from his expedition begun in 1845 to find the Northwest Passage. Worse, in 1854 Dr. John Rae speculated that surviving crew members had resorted to cannibalism. This horror was balanced by the discovery in 1859 by Captain

owing to our superior physical organisation, just as our heavy cavalry rode down the French cuirassiers at Waterloo. There is little doubt that a regiment of our grenadiers going into battle armed only with cricket bats would effectually bruise their antagonists, just as they would beat French small swords at "quarter-staff," the wooden representative of our ancient two-handed sword. While we regard a gun more as a pike than a projector, we shall not get the best result. In a charge of pikes or bayonets it is quite obvious that if one side can wield a pike three feet longer than the other, that side must destroy its opponents; and precisely in this way should English arms be brought into play, guided by English muscles. The bayonet derives its origin from the musqueteers

forming pikes of their guns by sticking their daggers into the muzzles; but a bayonet on a rifle deflects the ball in spite of all care, and a thin barrel loses its true form very commonly after being converted into a pike. It is quite clear that long range is henceforth to play a great part in our battles, and that long range is incompatible with a pike weapon. Then to solve this problem is the great question of the day, and so to solve it that our physical strength shall maintain its natural advantage; that we shall not merely make an improvement that may instantly be imitated by our neighbours, but such an improvement as we may ourselves use to the greatest advantage. As our space is limited, we shall return to the question in a future Number. W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

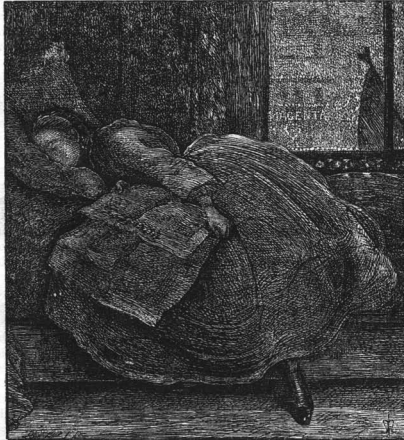
MAGENTA.

I.

Under the willows; in the trampled maize;
Midst up-torn vines, and shatter'd mulberry rows;
In rice-fields, corn-fields, dykes by dusty ways,
And cottage-crofts, where the gold gourd-flower
blows,—
Swathes of Death's scythe, wielded for two long days—
The dead lie thick and still: foes all at peace with foes.

II.

So many nameless dead! no meed of glory
For all this blood, so freely pour'd, is theirs;
Yet each life here link'd many in its story
Of hopes and loves and hates, of joys and cares.
Of these unhonour'd sleepers, grim and gory,
Who knows, out of the world how much each with him
bears!



III.

These were all sons or sires; husbands or brothers;
Bread-winners, most of them, for homes afar.
This a sick father's stay; *that* a blind mother's;
For *him* in Paris, 'neath the evening star,
A loving heart its care in labour smothered,
Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike—
how far!

IV.

Cry! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe
Of that bereavement. Who takes thought of her!
Through the illumined streets the triumphs go;
Under her window waving banners stir,
And shouting crowds to Notre Dame that flow.
Hide, mourner, hide the tears which might such
triumphs blur! TOM TAYLOR.

Figure 5. Tom Taylor, "Magenta," illustrated by John Millais, *Once a Week*, July 2, 1859, Univ. of Delaware Library.

This choice quality of unconscious characters, a genuine boyishness, was the peculiarity of both Stephensons in a remarkable degree. Even up to his last trip to Norway, Robert Stephenson was just such "a noble boy at play,"—a boy whose last fell grip of disease laid him low, and



ROBERT STEPHENSON.
(From a Photograph by Maull and Polyblank.)

startled to learn that a great man was gone from us, one who had rendered immense services to his countrymen, and whose ashes have been laid in the national mausoleum.

IN MEMORIAM.

ISAMBARD K. BRUNEL,
SEPTEMBER 15TH,
1850.

ROBERT STEPHENSON,
DIED
OCTOBER 12TH,
1850.

TOGETHER dead ! while living, separate
To outward seeming ; treading each a path
Self-chosen, onward, upward, to an end :
A common end, though crossing footsteps mark
The steep hill-side whose summit is their goal.
Men call this rivalry,—word all too mean
Utter'd of those whom earth and sea combine
To own victorious,—victors over *them*.

* * * * *
Gone from us now, as sets the summer sun,
Leaving behind the fruits of glorious day.
Hush every jarring mem'ry of the past ;
Accept the judgment of the double grave—
"These two for science travail'd, toil'd, and worn—
Apart in labours, join'd in death and fame."
G. R. TAYLOR

Figure 6. "Robert Stephenson," engraved by Joseph Swain after a photograph by Maull and Polyblank, Univ. of Delaware Library.

Leopold McClintock, who largely resolved the mystery of what had happened, of a cairn containing skeletons and messages from the Franklin party. Osborn's article (which opens with an image of Franklin's funeral) documents Franklin's achievements prior to his death and his surviving men's bravery, endurance, and suffering against hopeless odds, but he must also face Franklin's glaring technological failure—overly heavy sledges that severely limited land exploration—and the looming specter of cannibalism. At one point Osborn simply occludes text and image alike: "Brave men are suffering; we will not look upon their sore trial."²⁸

The Franklin article ends near the top of a page; immediately below is an illustration that counters the wild, hostile terrain of the arctic with a homely British scene, and Franklin's physical and technical failures with the technological prowess that confirms British greatness and normative masculinity. For the engraved woodcut of his birthplace opens a memorial essay on Robert Stephenson, the engineer who designed the London and Birmingham railway and bridge across the Menai Strait. In contrast to the alleged decadence of boyhood in France, the English Stephenson always retained a quality of "genuine boyishness" according to the essayist, who cites "The Old Men" by Richard Monckton Milnes about great British predecessors who "Went about their gravest tasks / Like noble boys at play."²⁹ Appropriately the article ends with another modern technical innovation, a photograph from London's leading studio of Maull and Polyblank engraved by Joseph Swain (Figure 6).

By the principle of what J. Hillis Miller terms "adjacency,"³⁰ the roundel also illustrates, and visually dominates, the poem immediately below. "In Memoriam," by G. R. Taylor, records the proximate deaths (September 15, October 12, 1859) of Stephenson and his friendly rival Isambard K. Brunel, engineer for the Great Western Railway and first transatlantic steamship. By editorial design the poem becomes an epitaph for the issue, which thereby culminates in a celebration of British masculine greatness:

TOGETHER dead! while living, separate
 To outward seeming; treading each a path
 Self-chosen, onward, upward, to an end:
 A common end, though crossing footsteps mark
 The steep hill-side whose summit is their goal.
 Men call this rivalry,—word all too mean
 Utter'd of those whom earth and sea combine
 To own victorious,—victors over *them*.³¹

The poem is decidedly minor, dwarfed in achievement by the deeds of men it memorializes and, on the page, by an image ultimately traceable to a machine. But its very subordination reinforces the "hard" masculine realms of technology, action, and material results to which it pays tribute.

In other issues word and image tugged against each other to destabilize gender ideology, as with the first poem contributed by George Meredith to *Once a Week*, “The Song of Courtesy.”³² The title and above all illustration bespeak the manly men and modest women of the medieval revival since an athletic, mustachioed knight in court dress supports a woman, eyes and head downcast, who stands behind him (Figure 7). But the poem does something very different, for it is drawn from the Wife of Bath’s tale in Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales* and opens with a repellent hag and a man in the ticklish position of having to embrace her in bed:

I.

WHEN Sir Gawain was led to his bridal bed,
 By Arthur’s knights in scorn God-spied:—
 How, think you, he felt?
 O the bride within
 Was yellow and dry as a snake’s old skin;
 Loathly as sin!
 Scarce faceable,
 Quite unembraceable;
 With a hag’s bristle on a hag’s chin!—
 Gentle Gawain felt as should we,
 Little of Love’s soft fire knew he:
 But he was the Knight of Courtesy.

Not from duty but from sympathetic compassion for the hag (“O, to spare her pain, / And let not his loathing her loathliness vain / Mirror too plain”), Gawain kisses her; and as in Chaucer, when a beauteous young woman suddenly appears and gives him a choice of whether she will be beautiful by day or night, he surrenders the choice to her.

Meredith’s moral departs from that of the Wife of Bath, who discerns a lesson of female supremacy (and the desirability of men who are meek, young, and “fresh abedde”). Meredith, rather, adopts obliquity, preferring a metaphor that conflates magic and economics and leaves unstated what is “basest”:

See ye not, Courtesy
 Is the true Alchemy,
 Turning to gold all it touches and tries?
 Like the true knight, may we
 Make the basest that be
 Beautiful ever by Courtesy!

Still, his ideal of “courtesy” minimally requires that men share decision-making with and consider the subjectivities even of women who diverge wildly from ideal femininity.

The thread-like weeds may, however, be drawn out of the hooks one by one until the little dandy is left perfectly bare.

I am not aware in what other localities this crab is to be found beyond those I have mentioned. I

could not hear of it either at Brighton orbourne, but I hope that this notice may induce others to prosecute some inquiry into the habits of this singular little animal.

EDWARD JESSOP

THE SONG OF COURTESY.

I.

WHEN Sir Gawain was led to his bridal bed,
By Arthur's knights in scorn God-spel :—
How, think you, he felt ?
O the bride within
Was yellow and dry as a snake's old skin ;
Loathly as sin !
Scarce to be seen,
Quite unembracable ;
With a hog's bridle on a hag's chin !—
Gentle Gawain felt as should we,
Little of Love's soft fire knew he :
But he was the Knight of Courtesy.

II.

When that evil lady he lay beside
Bade him turn to welcome his bride,
What, think you, he did ?
O, to spare her pain,
And let not his loathing her loathliness vain
Mirror too plain,
Sadly, sighingly,
Almost dyingly,
Turned he and kissed her once and again.
Like Sir Gawain, gentles, should we ?
Silent, all ! But for pattern agree
There's none like the Knight of Courtesy.



III.

Sir Gawain sprang up amid laces and curls :
Kisses are not wasted pearls :—
What clung in his arms ?
O, a maiden flower,
Burning with blushes the sweet bride-bower,
Beauty her dower !
Breathing perfumingly,
" Shall I live bloomingly,"
Said she, " by day, or the bridal hour ?"
Thereat he clasp'd her, and whisper'd he,
" Thine, rare bride, the choice shall be."
Said she, " Twice blest is Courtesy !"

IV.

Of gentle Sir Gawain they had no sport,
When it was morning in Arthur's court ;
What, think you, they cried ?
" Now, life and eyes !
This bride is the very Saint's dream of a prize,
Fresh from the skies !
See ye not, Courtesy
Is the true Alchemy,
Turning to gold all it touches and tries ?
Like the true knight, may we
Make the basest that be
Beautiful ever by Courtesy !"

GEORGE MEREDITH

Figure 7. George Meredith, "The Song of Courtesy," illustrated by John Tenniel, *Once a Week*, July 9, 1859, Univ. of Delaware Library.

The unease such a scenario could inspire may explain Tenniel's choice to pose the bridal couple looking away from rather than at each other and to harness femininity to masculine dominance. Yet the illustration does not dominate the text, as the Stephenson roundel clearly does in "In Memoriam." At all levels an editor signals importance and prestige by assigning lead positions. In many instances *Once a Week* short stories and articles cede primacy to illustrations that appear immediately below titles. In "The Song of Courtesy" the title leads into text, not a picture, and though the image occupies the poem's center, the generous symmetrical spacing of Meredith's stanzas augments poetry's presence and appeal—as does the prominence of Meredith's full signature in contrast to Tenniel's trademark monogram. The layout itself thus enters into the magazine's gender dynamics by inviting audiences to engage with markedly divergent representations of gender: women are both granted and denied agency, men at once dominate and subordinate themselves in the poem versus illustration. Such pluralism opens debate but once again the magazine advocates neither side.

The economically and ideologically strategic pluralism of a middle-class family magazine means that on occasion daring material could be included since it was sure to be countered by more conservative features elsewhere. An illustrated poem entitled "Fairy May" was perhaps the most openly feminist work of the first volume. In the same month it appeared, the *English Woman's Journal* founded by the Langham Place group reached a circulation of 700—a reminder to the editor of another readership that could with advantage be wooed to purchase *Once a Week*.³³ The lyric of C. W. Goodhart achieves its effect by playing against a title that suggests coy, childlike femininity and springtime mating:

I.
 Come hither, little Fairy May,
 My bride if you will be,
 I'll give you silks and satins bright
 Most beautiful to see;
 I'll bring you to my castle hall,
 'Mid lords and ladies gay:"
 "No thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
 Quoth little Fairy May!

Fairy May's resistance withstands the importunings of parents too, and her "No thank you" becomes a refrain in all but the third stanza, when she flatly dismisses marriage and her socially superior suitor together:

that case, the dress is less elaborate, and there is more freedom and simplicity in the practice.

It is a remarkable sight when the master is followed by ten or twenty pupils, his pole reminding one of the magnet which brings swans or fishes to the bread in a basin of water, in the old-fashioned toy which astonishes children. The second pupil has a hand on the shoulder of the first, and swims with the other three limbs; the third on the shoulder of the second; and so on—looking like a shoal of mermaids. When so thoroughly at ease as to amuse themselves for a long time in the water, the ladies sometimes grow hungry; and then is seen another remarkable sight—not quite so pretty. They rush from the bath to a confectioner's shop which opens upon it, and may be seen presently swimming with one hand, and

with the other eating their lunch, completely at ease.

After learning the art in fresh water, it is mighty easy to swim in the sea, from the depth of the water, and scarcely possible to a woman who knows how to float is safe for hours in the sea, as far as keeping on the surface is concerned. Among breakers or sharks, extreme cold, the peril is not of drowning. The simple peril of drowning might be reduced to something very small, if everybody could

These particulars of the Paris school may give some guidance as to how to set about getting men and children taught what they all so readily know; and in the hope that something may be made out of them, I offer them to the readers of ONCE A WEEK.



FAIRY MAY.

I.

Come hither, little Fairy May,
My bride if you will be,
I'll give you silks and satins bright,
Most beautiful to see;
I'll bring you to my castle hall,
Mid lords and ladies gay:
"No thank you, sir, I'd rather not!"
Quoth little Fairy May!

II.

Says mother, "He's a proper youth;
Say yes, girl, there's a dearie;"
"Say no, Miss Pride!" her father cried,
"I'd only like to hear ye!"
But still, for all that they could do,
And all that they could say,
"No thank you, sir; I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May!

III.

"Come Fairy May, your words unsay,
You silly little goosie!
You know within your heart of hearts,
You wouldn't like to lose me:
You'll never see me here again,
If once I go away:"
"Well, sir! and much I care for that!"
Quoth little Fairy May.

IV.

"Lose such a prize!" her father cries,
"Say yes—or else I'll make ye!"
Her mother scolds—"A wilful chit!
I've half a mind to shake ye!"
But still for all that they could do,
And all that they could say,
"No thank you, sir, I'd rather not,"
Quoth little Fairy May. C. W. Goodhart



Figure 8. C. W. Goodhart, "Fairy May," illustrated by Helen Hoppner Coode, *Once a Week*, November 12, 1859, Univ. of Delaware Library.

III.

“Come Fairy May, your words unsay,
 You silly little goosie!
 You know within your heart of hearts,
 You wouldn’t like to lose me:
 You’ll never see me here again,
 If once I go away:”
 Well, sir! and much I care for that!”
 Quoth little Fairy May.

This is humor with a sting in its tale, and a rare instance of unqualified female independence in the magazine.

The paired images (Figure 8) collaborate with yet—appropriately—independently pursue the lyric’s affirmation of female agency, a practice consistent with Kooistra’s category of “*impression*” involving an artist’s “amicable autonomy” (“The Artist as Critic,” p. 17). Autonomy intensifies the meaning of this paired poem and image since the poet is masculine, the artist a woman. Helen Hoppner Coode was perhaps an obvious choice since she was one of the few women illustrators for Bradbury and Evans’s *Punch*. In *Punch* her gender was obscured since like Tenniel she signed with a monogram, the same that twice appears in “Fairy May.” The index of illustrations bound into the magazine’s first volume, however, retroactively identified her as “Miss COODE.”³⁴ In *Once a Week* she may in fact sign thrice, since the large capital C that simultaneously forms the first letter of the poem and acts as an imprisoning barrier to the aristocratic wooer is also the illustrator’s initial. Coode draws the skeptical, resistant Fairy May larger than either her mother or suitor, as if to suggest that “Fairy May” is a name imposed on her at odds with her subjectivity. Her positioning on the page, moreover, pushes both the wooing lord and text to the side while she stands firmly vertical where the poem’s first word might otherwise occur. The tailpiece illustration, centered beneath the poem’s concluding stanzas, appropriates even more agency for the woman artist, for if her illustration and the text wed in the capital C at the top of the page, at the bottom she creates an independent image and caps the poem with words of her own. Here Fairy May—now diminutive indeed—touches her finger to her lips (possibly smirking) and holds a protective shield before her labeled “Fancy Free” while her suitor shoots a deflected cupid’s arrow at her and her parents, armed with gun and hammer, are equally impotent to coerce their willful daughter. If this image expresses a woman’s autonomy and resistance to class or romance narratives, the shield’s words also announce the artist’s independence, her “fancy” that is free to invent at will. Together (yet autonomously) the image and text of “Fairy May” comically rehearse central tenets of feminism to create a democratic *jeu d’esprit*. The combination was

sufficiently memorable to inspire transatlantic musical settings of “Fairy May” in 1860 and 1863.³⁵

More seriously and overtly than in “Fairy May,” the contest between verbal and visual media becomes thematized in Christina Rossetti’s “Maude Clare” and its illustration by John Millais.³⁶ The contestation also involves several strategies noted earlier, including the effects of adjacent imagery and editorial layout. The first page of the poem (Figure 9) squeezes two of Rossetti’s quatrains below the conclusion and tailpiece of a travel essay, “An American Apple Frolic.” The infantilized figures drawn by H. G. Hine—a little boy cherub peeling apples while two little girls string them before an upended apple basket—suggest a fairy-tale context for the beginning of Rossetti’s poem:

The fields were white with lily-buds,
 White gleamed the liliated beck;
 Each mated pigeon plumed the pomp
 Of his metallic neck.

She follow’d his bride into the church,
 With a lofty step and mien:
 His bride was like a village maid,
 Maude Clare was like a queen.

Like “Magenta” or “In Memoriam,” “Maude Clare” is positioned as part of a sequence probing national identity and gender. More than a travel piece, “An American Apple Frolic” constructs British national identity by detrimentally comparing Americans’ relentless practicality and indifference to aesthetic beauty to superior British civility and taste. Though pretty women and flirtatious gaiety figure in the account of New England youths gathered to process an apple crop, the lingering impression is of crude table manners when a young man declines a glass of water: “‘You darned fool,’ he gasps, thanklessly, ‘if I had room left for water, do you suppose I would not have eaten more pig?’” (p. 381). The beautiful colors and scents of harvested apples are likewise lost on the Americans, who use the apples only as food for pigs. In immediately succeeding this skeptical account of American manners with a British poem, the editor juxtaposes American aesthetic crudity with British refinement, American rawness with British tradition, American republicanism with a British woman who walks like a queen.³⁷

Turning the page, however, brings another “editor-effect” surprise: a poem that modulates from its utilitarian (i.e., “American”) function as filler on the first page to columns printed with ample white space and embellished by a half-page illustration that, as in “The Plague of Elliant,” opens onto an unbroken rectangular pane (Figure 10). Not only does British poetry succeed American crudity, but its richly detailed, adult-centered illustration counters

Candles have long been lighted super-
 fluously, for the blaze of the fire has thrown
 long shadows on our proceedings, leaving those
 prominent shadows that favoured an accidental
 meeting of hands, nay, even of a stolen kiss per-
 mitted. The tables reinstated, preparations are
 made to recruit our weariness. Fat Jedediah
 sits at the seat of whose soul must be his
 strength, who had peeped into the larder,
 and found us early in the evening, in an unctuous
 mood, of the various good things he had seen
 in meditation on which doubtless he has
 indulged hitherto; his little eyes now twinkle
 with gladness as he sees the rustic delicacies
 laid upon the festive board: cold roast pig—
 a blossom, but a matured flower in all its
 beauty and fragrance—flanked by roast
 ham, grouse; baked beans, apple sauce,
 bread, apple pies, delicate cakes of various
 kinds filling up the intervals. Cider sparkles in
 jugs, with coffee for those who prefer it.
 He acts as croupier to Miss Sprague, who
 has the young folks to seat themselves on the
 benches on either hand. Some tact is needed
 to prevent the damsels as they would wish, without
 giving them to state their preferences more
 than befits a maidenly reserve. We are
 next to those bewildering blue eyes, that
 however, provokingly directed to her plate—
 angel, what an excellent appetite she has!—
 she is not singular; exercise, the cold weather,
 a good conscience renders us all valiant
 men and women: our friend Jedediah's
 head fairly start from his head in consequence of
 her exertions; he is never gallant at meal times—
 too busy. Fearing that he is unwell, from
 the distress he manifests toward the close of the
 poem, we sympathisingly suggest a glass of
 wine. "You darned fool," he gasps, thank-
 ingly, "if I had room left for water, do you sup-
 pose I would not have eaten more pig?" What
 can be replied to such an argument?
 His length, appetite being appeased, the guests
 at the tables again emigrate, and old Abijah
 takes that celebrated violin, at the sound of

veller" with the blue-eyed charmer. But joys
 must have an end. We go out to the stables,
 for it is eleven o'clock, and harness up our
 teams; the damsels vanish to their secret retreat,
 shortly to reappear equipped for travel. Fresh
 kissing (among the ladies), hands shaken, fare-
 wells said, expressions of delight in having spent
 so pleasant an evening. The hospitable hostess
 makes her appearance with a prodigious jug,
 whence she presents the parting guest with a glass
 of some rich ambrosia, termed egg-nogg, designed,
 as she says in a motherly way, as a preventive to
 the cold night-air.

We enter our respective sleighs, departing in
 various directions. Again our gallant steeds
 breast the keen air, dashing homeward over the
 white plain beneath the glittering stars. Another
 sleigh going in the same direction, naturally a race
 ensues. The girls, dear creatures! becoming
 excited, urge on our too willing charioteer, the
 consequence of which is, that in the earnest-
 ness of the struggle, he runs us against a stump
 emergent from the snow, and with a sudden jar
 we are thrown out on the ground. But such an
 occurrence is devoid of danger, the snow yields to
 our weight, being soft as a feather bed. Arising
 thence laughingly, and shaking their ruffled
 plumage to free it from any adhering crystals, the
 damsels permit us to replace them, rather enjoy-
 ing the occurrence than otherwise. The night is
 musical with their ringing laughter and soft
 voices, and Phaeton beguiles the road by waking
 the astonished "night owl with a catch." Towards
 the close of the journey, however, they mostly
 relapse into musing silence—for even joy wearies—
 whence they are aroused only by the reappearance
 of the old familiar scenes. At length we desery the
 light in the happy home where love is waking;
 the watch-dog rushes out at the clangour of the
 approaching bells to welcome us with exultant look.
 We reach the door, the revellers enter, the horses
 retreat to their warm bed, a murmur of glad voices
 arises, with questionings and replies, succeeded by
 a temporary silence; then the voice of prayer and
 praise ascends for the safe family reunion; the house-

hold separate
 to their respec-
 tive dormitories;
 lights flit from
 room to room, but
 shortly are extin-
 guished, and the
 house slumbers
 in darkness be-
 neath the watch-
 ful stars, haunted
 perchance by
 dreams of the
 past gladness of
 the Apple-frolic.

Francis Morton.



MAUDE CLARE.

The fields were white with lily-buds,
 White gleamed the lilled beck;
 Each mated pigeon plumed the pomp
 Of his metallic neck.

She follow'd his bride into the church,
 With a lofty step and mien:
 His bride was like a village maid,
 Maude Clare was like a queen.

Figure 9. Opening stanzas of "Maude Clare," by Christina Rossetti, *Once a Week*, November 5, 1859, Univ. of Delaware Library.

The minstrels made loud marriage din ;
 Each guest sat in his place,
 To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
 To do the wedding grace ;

To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
 To sing, and laugh, and jest :
 One only neither ate nor drank,
 Nor clapp'd her hands, nor bless'd.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
 With smiles, almost with tears,
 "May Nell and you but live as true
 As we have done for years ;

"Your father, thirty years ago,
 Had just your tale to tell ;
 But he was not so pale as you,
 Nor I so pale as Nell."



My lord was pale with inward strife,
 And Nell was pale with pride ;
 My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
 Or ever he kiss'd the bride.

No eyes were fix'd upon the bride,
 Or on the bridegroom more,
 All eyes were fix'd on grand Maude Clare,
 While she look'd straight before.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
 Have brought my gift," she said—
 To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
 To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
 You wore about your neck,
 That day we waded ankle-deep
 For lilies in the beck :

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
 We pluck'd from budding bough,
 With feet amongst the lily-leaves,—
 The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn.

He falter'd in his place :
 "Lady," he said,— "Maude Clare," he said,
 "Maude Clare,"—and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell : "My Lady Nell,
 I have a gift for you,
 Tho', were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
 Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
 Mine of a paltry love :
 Take it, or leave it, as you will,
 I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take.
 And what you spurn I'll wear,
 For he's my lord for better and worse,
 And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
 More wise, and much more fair ;
 I'll love him till he loves me best—
 Me best of all, Maude Clare !"

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Figure 10. Christina Rossetti, "Maude Clare," illustrated by John Millais, *Once a Week*, November 5, 1859, Univ. of Delaware Library.

the childlike tailpiece that tropes young American culture. The turned page also signals a new set of competing claims, now between language and visual spectacle, which remain conflicted and unresolved. Because the illustration is intended to draw attention first, Millais' drawing doubles what it also depicts, an act of compelled gazing upon the richly dressed, beauteous Maude Clare by onlookers. A courtly youth looks at Maude Clare in frank appraisal, but the peasants gaze with wonder and delight—as perhaps the first audience of *Once a Week* did in encountering the surprise of Millais' drawing when they turned the page.

Those who subsequently read the text discovered a ballad of female rivalry in which Rossetti complicates what victory or power between rivals might mean. Maude Clare's glamour and status eclipse the bride as center of attention, and even the bridegroom cannot take his eyes off Maude Clare:

My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kiss'd the bride.

No eyes were fix'd upon the bride,
Or on the bridegroom more,
All eyes were fix'd on grand Maude Clare,
While she look'd straight before.

Maude Clare also triumphs over the bridegroom linguistically. When she speaks to return her half of the treasures he shared with her, he fails in his answer and buries his face in his hands.

The contest between Maude Clare and Nell, like that between text and illustration, is less easily deciphered. Though a "Lady," Nell looks no better than "a village maid" in contrast to the queenly Maude Clare. Millais' drawing ratifies Nell's visual insignificance and Maude Clare's superiority since Nell is nowhere seen in his illustration. Maude Clare, in contrast, is the cynosure of all gazes—just as some magazine consumers were doubtless content to look at Millais' picture and skip Rossetti's poem, thereby remaining as unaware of Nell as the wedding bystanders. That the poem ends with the name "Maude Clare" further enforces, like the title and Millais' image, Maude Clare's dominance.

Yet the poem also suggests that visual glamour can be superseded by the power of language. The concluding name is uttered by Nell, who becomes aligned with the poet insofar as she demonstrates language's performative force, just as Maude Clare's spectacular surface is aligned with visual art. Not only, as Helena Michie points out, does Nell wrest creative agency over language to transform Maude Clare's name into a refrain,³⁸ but Nell also does things with words by claiming ownership of the bridegroom who is now legally hers by right of the wedding ceremony she echoes:

“And what you leave,” said Nell, “I’ll take,
 And what you spurn I’ll wear,
 For he’s my lord for better and worse,
 And him I love, Maude Clare.

“Yea, though you’re taller by the head,
 More wise, and much more fair;
 I’ll love him till he loves me best—
 Me best of all, Maude Clare!”

Maude Clare may be fairest but Nell’s words, like the poem itself, point out that she is left husbandless and alone. Maude Clare is forced to relinquish female desire while Nell affirms it and seeks to transform the weak groom’s love as she has the meaning of Maude Clare’s name.

In these ways poetic language comes to the fore. Yet Millais’ drawing introduces interpretive complications of its own. By the very act of excluding Nell Millais highlights art’s exclusions, a self-consuming gesture that brings pictoriality into question.³⁹ Simultaneously he represents what the poem does not and cannot: the homely crowd, whose humble guise more closely approximates Nell and may thereby metonymically allude to her. As well, Millais adds a snakelike braid to Maude Clare’s gown that calls her moral worth into question relative to the aesthetically inferior yet warmly human crowd. The noble dog walking at Maude Clare’s side, another added visual detail not in the poem, likely derives from iconography specific to painting, within which the dog represents fidelity—as with the little dog in the Jan van Eyck Arnolfini portrait in the National Gallery admired by the Pre-Raphaelites.⁴⁰ Maude Clare holds the dog on a leash, yet her voluminous dress partly occludes it, possibly symbolizing her attempts to compel the bridegroom versus his straying allegiance. To the degree that Millais imports elements of traditional iconography, he elevates his drawing’s expressive and cultural value; insofar as he suggests that riveting beautiful surfaces may be morally questionable, Millais subordinates the drawing to a poem dramatizing this possibility through words alone.

Rossetti excised the stanza about the crowd’s ignoring the bride and bridegroom to look on Maude Clare when she revised the poem for publication. This alteration may indicate a desire to elevate Nell, who in the revised version is no longer visually eclipsed by her rival; indeed, in all versions the poem suggests that both women are pale and proud (an effect virtually impossible to capture in a black and white drawing). Given the strong link between the excised stanza and Millais’ illustration, Rossetti’s textual revision suggests that she was reacting to the effects Millais’ image created when paired with her poem—a link she then deliberately expunged. In the magazine version of “Maude Clare,” however, neither word nor image is allowed to triumph

unambiguously any more than the rival women do over each other. Yet relative to the preceding article on America, in "Maude Clare" word and image collaborate equally to mark off British aesthetic nuance from American aesthetic obtuseness.

I conclude with a poem in which textuality and language clearly assume precedence over pictoriality, the unillustrated "Autumn Even-Song" by George Meredith. To argue that unillustrated poems in *Once a Week*, as in books or anthologies, endorse textual self-sufficiency might seem tautological. But unillustrated poems in a magazine featuring illustrated verse always indicate an editorial choice. Christina Rossetti's first poem in *Once a Week*, "The Round Tower of Jhansi" (misattributed to "Caroline G. Rossetti"), may have been left unillustrated in keeping with Lucas' disapproval of "sensationalism" (Savory, p. 288). By the time he had competed for five months against Dickens' serialized *A Tale of Two Cities* and the early parts of Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White* in *All the Year Round*, Lucas relaxed his policy and actually allowed an illustration of a husband committing suicide in front of his wife (his blood splashing onto her skirts) in a December 19, 1859 short story.⁴¹ Early in his editorship, in contrast, Lucas may have deemed Rossetti's Indian Mutiny poem in which a British soldier kills his wife, then himself while a mob of "swarming, howling wretches" approach too volatile to be illustrated.⁴²

Lucas' deliberate placement of Meredith's unillustrated "Autumn Even-Song," created an "editor effect" signaling poetry's superior aesthetic power relative to visual spectacle. Every lead item in *Once a Week* was illustrated (including four poems in the first volume). Lucas did not lead with Meredith's poem but placed it immediately after the lead feature. In this way he indicated the poem's importance through its proximity to the lead position and simultaneously marked its self-sufficient textuality.

For the lead story is about the fakery of modern appearances and spectacle. "Savernake and Forty-Five" by Shirley Brooks, with illustrations by John Leech, anticipates the tales of rampant materialism and charlatanism in Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-1865) or Trollope's *The Way We Live Now* (1874-1875). A vignette of a loudly dressed youth being kicked down stairs tops the first column in the issue. The blow is to the protagonist's son and adumbrates the youth's criminal future, which ends in his being "kicked" out of England via transportation. His father Savernake, an affluent lender and bill collector, maintains a public appearance of high respectability but is a cruel despot at home. Furious when he scents a courtship between his pretty daughter Flora and a journalist, he bans clandestine contact between her and the penniless writer. To prove her innocence she summons the journalist and announces her return of his unsolicited letter while her father ignominiously hides behind the sofa (the subject of a second illustration).

But the image fools both the father and magazine readers. As the story

reveals on a succeeding page, Flora is outwitting her father: the letter she throws to the ground is not a returned letter but one she has written to the journalist, and they elope the next day. The story then reverts to the father who, having seen the house at No. 45 Atherton Street for sale, buys and furnishes it, gathers a group around him for a lavish housewarming dinner meant to impress all with his wealth, and rises “in full swagger” at the dinner to extol his love for this, his boyhood home from which his father unfairly expelled him. Empty platitudes mount until an elderly guest, a former rate collector for the neighborhood, points out that this was No. 57 until quite recently, when all the houses were renumbered. Rather than visual displays and bombast, memory and true verbal testimony carry the day.

“Autumn Even-Song” immediately follows, its four sestets placed directly across from Savernake’s glozing clichés on the unillustrated page. The lyric is brief enough to be quoted in full:

The long cloud edged with streaming gray,
 Soars from the west;
 The red leaf mounts with it away,
 Showing the nest
 A blot among the branches bare:
 There is a cry of outcasts in the air.

Swift little breezes, darting chill,
 Pant down the lake;
 A crow flies from the yellow hill,
 And in its wake
 A baffled line of labouring rooks:
 A purple bow the shadowless river looks.

Pale on the panes of the old hall
 Gleams the lone space
 Between the sunset and the squall;
 And on its face
 Mournfully glimmers to the last:
 Great oaks grow mighty minstrels in the blast.

Pale the rain-rutted roadways shine
 In the green light
 Behind the cedar and the pine:
 Come, thundering night!
 Blacken broad earth with hoards of storm:
 For me yon valley-cottage beckons warm.⁴³

Insofar as it relays an easily grasped scene in language that is clear and accessible, the poem is suited to magazine publication. Yet the poem’s dic-

tion and movement, in contrast to Savernake's prefabricated phrases (and several lesser poems in *Once a Week*), are fresh and unpredictable. Clouds in a broad sky are swiftly succeeded by the microscopic detail of a single red leaf, which itself mounts toward the sky but draws attention downward to an abandoned nest left in a tree. The stanza then culminates in acoustic effects that position sound itself as a metaphor of bird twitters and rustling leaves no longer heard. Such effects attracted many serious readers of poetry including William Sharp, who commented forty years later, "'The Lark Ascending,' 'The South-West Wind,' 'Autumn Even-song,' 'The Woods of Westermain,' and a score other matchless lyrics and longer poems, are their names not familiar to all who love beautiful verse?'"⁴⁴ Coming after "Savernake and Forty-Five," the poem functions as an antidote to its sleaze and hints at a cleansing of social and linguistic detritus. In its periodical setting the integrity of Meredith's language is part of the poem's (and the editor's) message, just as Meredith's vivid imagery testifies to an immediacy and mobility that even skillful drawing cannot achieve.

In July-December 1859, then, Samuel Lucas and the firm of Bradbury and Evans not only made illustrated poems a central feature of *Once a Week* but in the process also invented a range of effects generated by paired poems and images in a magazine context. While such work is clearly indebted to the precedents of William Allingham's *The Music-Master*, the Moxon Tennyson edition, and illustrated serial fiction,⁴⁵ *Once a Week* multiplied strategies that could be adopted in subsequent gift books and periodicals. If the magazine lacks the unity of effect possible to collaborations between poets and artists in deliberately designed books, its very miscellany underscores and exposes the features specific to poetry in Victorian literary magazines. Such magazines are sites of rich entrepreneurial creativity, generating one possibility after another. Simultaneously, the need to appeal widely entails a neutral politics that absorbs and occludes any specific political or aesthetic advocacy. Every feature in *Once a Week* is in this sense "Fancy-Free" because indifferent to political or social commitment—a far cry from some of the most notable illustrated volumes associated with aestheticism. In generating a magazine of visual effects, *Once a Week* is a vital link in the history of Victorian illustrated poetry and a metonym of the capitalist democracy that generated its genre and allowed the journal to flourish in its inaugural months.

Notes

I wish to thank Lorraine Janzen Kooistra for her comments, suggestions, and receptiveness throughout the composition process of this essay. My thanks as well to Laurel Brake, Lacey Imbert, Mark Samuels Lasner, and April Pelt. Images from *Once a Week* are reproduced from the collection at the University of Delaware Library. The image from *Harper's Weekly* is reproduced by permission of the Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth.

- 1 Forrest Reid, *Illustrators of the Eighteen Sixties: An Illustrated Survey of the Work of 58 British Artists* (1928; repr. New York: Dover, 1975), p. 44; Paul Goldman, *Victorian Illustration: The Pre-Raphaelites, the Idyllic School and the High Victorians* (Aldershot, Hants: Scolar Press, 1996), p. 4; Gregory R. Suriano, *The British Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators: A History of Their Published Prints*, 2nd ed. (New Castle, Delaware: Oak Knoll Press, 2005), p. 38.
- 2 Edgar Johnson, *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*, 2 vols. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1952), 2:877-878, 916-920; Peter Ackroyd, *Dickens* (New York: HarperCollins, 1990), pp. 792-793, 811-812.
- 3 Ella Ann Oppenlander, *Dickens' All the Year Round: Descriptive Index and Contributor List* (Troy, New York: Whitston Publishing Company, 1984), pp. 4-6, 9.
- 4 Lorraine Janzen Kooistra, "Poetry and Illustration," *A Companion to Victorian Poetry*, ed. Richard Cronin, Alison Chapman, and Anthony Harrison (Oxford: Blackwell, 2002), pp. 398-399. She adds that William Allingham's *The Music-Master, a Love Story; And Two Series of Day and Night Songs* (New York: Routledge, 1855), illustrated with nine wood engravings after drawings by Arthur Hughes, D. G. Rossetti, and John Millais, is credited with launching the wood engraving revival. More important, this work marked the real beginning of a new relation between poetry and illustration since Allingham envisioned it as a unified whole in which the pictures and poems would form a dialogue (Kooistra, p. 404). The Allingham volume, like Tennyson's, featured poems that were largely reprinted or revised.
- 5 I include original translations in this number, given the importance to Victorian poetry of Edward FitzGerald's loose translation of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* and William Morris' reworkings of Icelandic saga. Tom Taylor's *Once a Week* translations of medieval Breton verse featured material little known to the public and were collected into a book in 1865. Since paired poems and images in annuals had attracted a wide audience of women readers earlier in the century, it is perhaps unsurprising that an 1859 letter from journalist and contributor Alexander A. Knox to Frederick Evans indicates that *Once a Week* sold principally to women. See Alexander A. Knox to Frederick Evans, 1859 (marked "Private"), Bodleian Library, Ms.Eng.lett.d.397/1, folios 36-37.
- 6 In its second six months *Good Words* illustrated thirteen poems, an intensification that may indicate response to the competitive pressure *Once a Week* was exerting.
- 7 June Steffensen Hagen, *Tennyson and His Publishers* (University Park: Pennsylvania State Univ. Press, 1979), pp. 22, 107-109; Kooistra, "Poetry in the Victorian Marketplace: The Illustrated Princess as a Christmas Gift Book," *VP* 45, no. 1 (Spring 2007): 49-50. Kooistra's chapter on the Dalziel Brothers in her forthcoming book on Victorian illustrated gift books demonstrates that the engravers' role in producing illustrated letterpress was likewise crucial. They executed wood engravings for illustrated books and for periodicals ranging from Bradbury and Evans titles to the *Illustrated London News*; they also served as editors and publishers of Christmas gift books and illustrated poetry anthologies.
- 8 John Hollander, *Vision and Resonance: Two Senses of Poetic Form* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1975), p. 3.
- 9 Lorraine Janzen Kooistra, *The Artist as Critic: Bitextuality in Fin-de-Siècle Illustrated Books* (Aldershot, Hants: Scolar Press, 1995), p. 5ff.
- 10 Kooistra, *Artist as Critic*, pp. 15-21; Brian Maidment, *Reading Popular Prints 1790-1870* (Manchester: Manchester Univ. Press, 1996), pp. 5, 11. Kooistra's taxonomy includes

- imitation, quotation, aesthetic impression, parody, and answering text. Maidment includes among his list of functions “explanatory, expository . . . , satirical . . . , topical . . . , or topographical” (p. 5).
- 11 Illustrated poetry was a cornerstone of Lucas’ editorial policy; if his immediate successor Edward Walford continued it (featuring rather more minor poets and fewer illustrations), illustrated poetry disappeared once E. S. Dallas became editor (January 1868–July 1869). See Stephen Elwell, “Editors and Social Change: A Case Study of *Once a Week* (1859-80),” *Innovators and Preachers: The Role of the Editor in Victorian England*, ed. Joel H. Wiener (Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1985), pp. 25-28; and Jerold J. Savory, “*Once a Week*,” *British Literary Magazines: The Victorian and Edwardian Age, 1837-1913*, ed. Alvin Sullivan (Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1984), p. 291.
 - 12 As Kathryn Ledbetter remarks in *Tennyson and Victorian Periodicals: Commodities in Context* (Aldershot, Hants: Ashgate, 2007), “When we read a Tennyson poem on a periodical page, meaning must be recognized in Bakhtinian dialogue with the specific periodical and its editor; its random or planned placement on the page; historical and cultural events (within the periodical or outside); literary ancestors of the poem; and our own readerly prejudices produced by criticism of the poet and his other work” (p. 45). She also emphasizes the visual rhetoric of periodical poems, illustrated or not. She discusses Tennyson’s “The Grandmother’s Apology,” illustrated by Millais, in *Once a Week* (pp. 53-55), which I accordingly omit.
 - 13 Laurel Brake, *Print in Transition, 1850-1910: Studies in Media and Book History* (Houndmills, Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2001); Robert L. Patten and David Finkelstein, “Editing *Blackwood’s*; or, What Do Editors Do?,” *Print Culture and the Blackwood Tradition, 1805-1930* (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 2006), pp. 147-148.
 - 14 Kooistra, *Artist as Critic*, p. 16; William E. Buckler, “*Once a Week* under Samuel Lucas, 1859-1865,” *PMLA* 67, no. 7 (December 1952): 933.
 - 15 “The Plague of Elliant. (From the Breton),” by Tom Taylor, illustrated by John Millais, *Once a Week* (October 15, 1859): 316.
 - 16 *Harper’s Weekly*, November 5, 1859: 708; *Ballads and Songs of Brittany, Translated from the “Barsaz-Breiz” of Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué* (London, 1865), pp. 61-66, available at <http://books.google.com/books?id=j08CAAAAQAAJ&pg=PA93&dq=breton+jauiouz#PPA64,M1>.
 - 17 This point is extrapolated from covers of monthly (not the standard weekly) issues of *Once a Week* in the British Library. Laurel Brake kindly examined these and reported on them. It was common for weekly magazines like *Once a Week* and *All the Year Round* to be offered in monthly as well as weekly formats.
 - 18 “The Palimpsest,” by “Berni” [Manley Hopkins], illustrated by Clara Lane, *Once a Week* (December 3, 1859): 469-470; Catherine Phillips, *Gerard Manley Hopkins and the Victorian Visual World* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2007), p. 8.
 - 19 For Armstrong the linguistic and formal struggle between alternative meanings exposes and opens to critical investigation the contested political and ideological forces that shape and are interrogated by poetic language and form. Drawing upon speech-act theory, Slinn argues that poetic reference to realities beyond the text, in tandem with self-conscious form that differentiates poetry from the surrounding world, announces the poem’s performativity and enables the text to open a process of investigation and critique. See Isobel Armstrong, *Victorian Poetry: Poetry, Poetics and Politics* (London:

- Routledge, 1993), pp. 11-18; E. Warwick Slinn, *Victorian Poetry as Cultural Critique: The Politics of Performative Language* (Charlottesville: Univ. of Virginia Press, 2003), pp. 25-28.
- 20 Tom Taylor, "Magenta," illustrated by John Millais, *Once a Week* (July 2, 1859): 10.
- 21 See Elizabeth Woodworth, "Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Coventry Patmore, and Alfred Tennyson on Napoleon III: The Hero-Poet and Carlylean Poetics," *VP* 44, no. 4 (2006): 543-560.
- 22 Andrew Uffindell, "Soldiers' Victory at Magenta," *Military History* 16 (June 1999): 68.
- 23 Herbert Tucker makes a similar point about expressing and therefore managing conflict in his discussion of Tennyson's *The Princess* and Arthur Hugh Clough's *The Bothie, in Epic: Britain's Heroic Muse 1790-1910* (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 2008), p. 335.
- 24 I see a much more concerted effort to attract male readers than does Andrew Maunder in "The Effects of Context: Christina Rossetti, 'Maude Clare,' and *Once a Week* in 1859," which approaches the magazine as being explicitly gendered female (*JPRS* 8 [Spring 1999]: 36ff.). For accounts of family magazines' (specifically *Cornhill's*) efforts to include male readers despite avoiding overt political advocacy or controversy, see Mark Turner, *Trollope and the Magazines* (Houndmills, Basingstoke: Macmillan, 2000), pp. 13-41; and Lindsey Lawrence, "Gender Play 'At our social table': The New Domesticity in the *Cornhill* and Elizabeth Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters*," *Gaskell Society Journal* 22 (2008): 22-41.
- 25 Several scholars have recently adopted this term, apparently independently; see, e.g., Julia Thomas, "Reflections on Illustration: The Database of Mid-Victorian Wood-Engraved Illustration (DMVI)," *Journal of Illustration Studies* (December 2007), <http://www.jois.cf.ac.uk/articles.php?article=37> (downloaded February 24, 2009); and Mary Elizabeth Leighton and Lisa SurrIDGE, "The Plot Thickens: Towards a Narratology of Illustrated Serial Fiction in the 1860s," *VS* 51, no. 1 (Autumn 2008): 67.
- 26 David Skilton, "The Centrality of Literary Illustration in Victorian Visual Culture: The Example of Millais and Trollope from 1860 to 1864," *Journal of Illustration Studies* (December 2007), <http://www.jois.cf.ac.uk/articles.php?article=30> (downloaded February 24, 2009). As Skilton adds, Millais would recycle the pose yet again for the illustration to *Framley Parsonage* entitled "Was It Not a Lie?" in the June 1860 issue of *Cornhill Magazine*.
- 27 Millais again managed inter pictoriality in dialogue with poetry, France, and international politics in his illustration of "St. Bartholomew," a poem signed only H.E.E.M., in the December 17, 1859 issue. The subject matter—the massacre of Protestant Huguenots, including women and children, by French Catholics in 1572—tacitly alludes to one of Millais' early successes in painting, *The Huguenot, on the Eve of the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre* (1852). At the same time, the representation of French fanaticism in the poem ("O mothers of heretic babes! / Go fold them once more in your arms"; "the soldiers of Jesus arise, / And rush to the slaughter with hate / In their hearts, and with lust in their eyes") plays off contemporary fears of French invasion. In the prior issue (December 10) "How to Improvise a Rifle-Gallery" provided ideas for making marksmanship practice available to those men being organized into volunteer rifle corps throughout England to defend against French attack (*Once a Week* [December 10, 1859]: 501-502). Millais' illustration to the poem features a mother torn from her bed and killed while embracing her two murdered children. The scene may also be designed to recall the killing of British women and children at Cawnpore in 1857.

- 28 Captain Sherard Osborn, "The Last Voyage of Sir John Franklin (Part II)," illustrated by W. May, *Once a Week* (October 29, 1859): 366.
- 29 Q, "Robert Stephenson," illustrated by W. R. Woods (with an additional engraving by Joseph Swain of a Maull and Polyblank photograph), *Once a Week* (October 29, 1859): 371-372. Milnes's "The Men of Old" first appeared in *Poems of Many Years* (London, 1838).
- 30 J. Hillis Miller, *Illustration* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1992), p. 9.
- 31 G. R. Taylor, "In Memoriam," *Once a Week* (October 29, 1859): 372.
- 32 George Meredith, "The Song of Courtesy," illustrated by John Tenniel, *Once a Week* (July 9, 1859): 30.
- 33 C. W. Goodhart, "Fairy May," illustrated by Helen Hoppner Coode, *Once a Week* (November 12, 1859): 404; Emily Crawford, *The Women's Suffrage Movement: A Reference Guide, 1866-1928* (London: UCL Press, 2001), p. 528.
- 34 Simon Houfe, "COODE, Miss Helen Hoppner fl. 1859-1882," *The Dictionary of British Book Illustrators and Caricaturists 1800-1914*, rev. ed. (Woodbridge, Suffolk: Antique Collectors' Club, 1981), p. 265. The list of women prize winners in Pamela Gerrish Nunn's *Victorian Women Artists* (London: The Women's Press, 1987) includes an 1867 prize won by Helen Coode at a Royal Academy exhibition (p. 116). The bound, indexed issues of *Once a Week* approximated a book and its table of contents. Whether purchasers of the November 12 issue knew the illustrator was a woman depends on what designation (if any) the paper cover adopted. I have been unable to locate an unbound version to verify the matter.
- 35 *No Thank You, Sir, or, A Sprightly Fairy May. Song with Chorus*, lyric by C. W. Goodhart, music by Henry Tucker (New York, 1860); *Fairy May: A Ballad*, words by C. W. Goodhart, music by A. M. Pares (London, 1862). The brief review of the latter publication in the November 28, 1863 *Orchestra* noted the ballad's origin in *Once a Week* (p. 137).
- 36 Christina Rossetti, "Maude Clare," illustrated by John Millais, *Once a Week* (November 5, 1859): 381-382. The *Once a Week* version of "Maude Clare" is an intermediate stage between an earlier manuscript version and the streamlined poem in *Goblin Market and Other Poems* (1862). See also Kooistra, *Christina Rossetti and Illustration* (Athens: Ohio Univ. Press, 2002), p. 44.
- 37 As Maunder notes, "Maude Clare" was itself immediately followed by "The Search for Sir John Franklin" (the last of three parts), which focuses on Lady Franklin's sacrifice of all her property to fund an expedition composed largely of volunteers who were to discover the remains of Franklin's ship and crew. Maunder, who does not discuss the illustration of "Maude Clare," emphasizes Lady Franklin as an ideologically appropriate model of femininity (pp. 44-46). The Lady Franklin episode, I suggest, also serves to transform failed British masculinity into heroic achievement and selfless British duty.
- 38 Helena Michie, "The Battle for Sisterhood: Christina Rossetti's Strategies for Control in Her Sister Poems," *JPRS* 3, no. 2 (May 1983): 49.
- 39 Kate Flint discusses concepts of the superiority of the unseen and the limits of vision in *The Victorians and the Visual Imagination* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 2000), pp. 66, 82.
- 40 Tim Barringer, *Reading the Pre-Raphaelites* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1998), p. 37.

- 41 I., "Rachel," illustrated by John Leech, *Once a Week* (December 10, 1859): 494-501; the illustrated suicide occurs on 499.
- 42 "Caroline" G. Rossetti, "The Round Tower at Jhansi.—June 8, 1857," *Once a Week* (August 13, 1859): 140. Rossetti's magazine poem had too little pictoriality, hence the *Sunday Times*' complaint that the verses were nothing more than "miserable twaddle" ([September 4, 1859], p. 2). In revising this poem for her 1862 volume, Rossetti added a stanza that completed an imagined scene:
- Close his arm about her now,
Close her cheek to his,
Close the pistol to her brow—
God forgive them this! (ll. 9-12)
- 43 Shirley Brooks, "Savernake and Forty-Five," illustrated by John Leech, *Once a Week* (December 3, 1859): 461-464; George Meredith, "Autumn Even-Song," *Once a Week* (December 3, 1859): 464.
- 44 William Sharp, "Mr. George Meredith," *Good Words* 40 (December 1899): 481.
- 45 For a recent discussion of serial fiction and visuality in *Once a Week*, including the multiplied effects and meanings resulting from Lucas' editorial choices and layout, see Leighton and Surridge (pp. 69-82) and Laurie Garrison, "The Seduction of Seeing in M. E. Braddon's *Eleanor's Victory*: Visual Technology, Sexuality, and the Evocative Publishing Context of *Once a Week*," *VLC* 36., no. 1 (March 2008): 111-130. Garrison notes the interactive effects of Braddon's serial novel with two poems published alongside it in the 1863 issues of the journal.

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