A World of Stories in Colonial Periodicals

Katherine Bode
and Carol Hetherington

Australian National University
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2. Processes
3. Framework and initial findings
4. Next steps
IES IN INDIA FOR MY SHOW. CHAPTER XLVI.—THE CA[?] OF FLAMES.
Try number: 1
206509 of 5000 -- THE YOUNG FOLKS. MY PLUCKY BOY TOM; OR, SEARCHING FOR CURIOUSIT
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(Australian Rights Secured and Reserved.) | CHAPTER II.
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ANNE HEREFORD.

By the Author of "Lady Levee"

Chapter 7... (Continued)

Finally, let me tell you briefly of the circumstances preceding the event of interest. Miss Delmas had been staying in the house for some time. She was a frequent visitor, and the residents were all aware of her presence. Miss Delmas, a woman of refined taste and elegance, had been a close friend of the formidable Miss Barley. It was she who introduced Miss Delmas to the family, and it was she who helped to keep the peace in the household.

Miss Delmas was a woman of many talents. She was a skilled musician, a gifted painter, and an accomplished writer. She was also a keen observer of human nature, and she was able to read people like a book. It was this talent that led her to become a successful flapper, and she was able to use her influence to help her friends.

Miss Delmas was also a woman of great beauty. She had a delicate face, a sweet expression, and a pair of eyes that always seemed to be full of life. She was tall and slim, with a graceful figure, and she always wore the latest fashion. Miss Delmas was a woman who knew how to make a good impression, and she was always the center of attention.

But Miss Delmas was not all beauty and grace. She was also a woman of great intelligence and strength. She was a woman who knew how to get what she wanted, and she was willing to do whatever it took to achieve her goals. Miss Delmas was a woman who was not afraid to stand up for herself, and she was never afraid to speak her mind.

It was this combination of beauty and strength that made Miss Delmas such a formidable woman. She was a woman who was not afraid to take on any challenge, and she was always ready to face any obstacle. Miss Delmas was a woman who was not afraid to be herself, and she was never afraid to be strong.

Miss Delmas was a woman who was not afraid to be different, and she was always ready to try new things. She was a woman who was not afraid to think for herself, and she was never afraid to be creative. Miss Delmas was a woman who was not afraid to be true to herself, and she was never afraid to be genuine.

It was this combination of beauty and strength, intelligence and creativity, that made Miss Delmas such a fascinating woman. She was a woman who was not afraid to be herself, and she was never afraid to be strong. She was a woman who was not afraid to be different, and she was always ready to try new things.

And so, it was with great sadness that we learned of Miss Delmas' passing. She had been a beloved member of our family for many years, and we will miss her greatly. But we will also remember her for the beauty and strength, the intelligence and creativity, that she brought to our lives.

And so, we say goodbye to Miss Delmas, but we know that she will always be with us, in our hearts and in our memories. For she was a woman who was not afraid to be different, and she was always ready to try new things. She was a woman who was not afraid to be strong, and she was never afraid to be genuine. She was a woman who was not afraid to be herself, and she will always be with us, in our hearts and in our memories.
THE NOVELLIST.
AN AUSTRALIAN SQUIRE.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SQUATTER'S DREAM," &c.]

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

The brother and sister left home in the family dog-cart next morning, after an early breakfast, and drove quietly over to the small, but well managed station, upon which, after quitting the navy, Lieutenant Snowden had settled. The distance was nearly twenty miles, the road indifferent. It was mid-day before they drew up before the neat cottage which had been their home for so many years.

Wilfred had prepared his sister for the event, so that when Mrs. Snowden appeared in the verandah with the settled rayless expression which those who have asked their heart—

Say what remains when hopeless dead,
Size answer, endless waving,
there was no shock of sudden affright.

Her eyes were dry, there was no appearance of passionate grief in the calm features. Yet both spectators felt that never had they looked on a more pitiful expression of genuine sorrow.

"He is gone, poor fellow," she said, as Rosamond took both her hands in hers, and kissed her with womanly tenderness. "We shall never have any more quarrels. I cannot weep for him as some wives do. But I wish—how I wish—that he was telling you this story and I was lying cold where he is."

"Hush!" said Rosamond, "you must not speak of yourself so hardly. You will grieve as a wife should when you realise your loss. But oh! how dreadful suddenly. We only saw him last week—

have been by no means desperate with any of our pioneers, there had been any favourable hope of the early or the latter rain. When the wide pastures of Australia are fame-scored, so that the earth is utterly denuded of all herbs and every green thing, and a grim pall of ashes spread on the dead-like form of the Great Mother, it is known to the experienced that, immediately after the fall of the first shower, millions of timothy leaflets spring all fresh and vigorous from the unharmful roots, while the deep buried dessicated seed-velts send forth their quota of plastic in rejoicing abundance. But that moisture must be supplied. Since the blackened Tufts remain grim, unnatural, lifeless, for months and seasons, awaiting the touch of Nature's kind Enchanter, Rain.

The cattle fared not so badly, allowed to wander at will. They roamed through the distant ranges. They climbed steep rarely-trdden gorges, where the wild horse and kangaroo fed undisturbed together; they broke down the tender shoots of the emu, the myrtle, and the angophora, and continued for a time so to supplement their restricted supply of grass. Water was plentiful, the warm air was favorable to their physical needs. All might come right yet, if there was rain any time during the winter season."

"That's all very well," said Wilfred, "but that won't do, Dick," said Wilfred, impatiently. "It will be no consolation to us if other folk's cattle die, and we are all ruined together. I don't intend to sit down and be starved, like people in Sydney at prices which will leave the smallest margin of profit. But you come in and dine with me this evening. I've got a bottle of claret left, in spite of the hard times. And keep up your spirits, my boy. We shall get out of this stony, as we've done through others."

TOWN AND COUNTRY JOURNAL.
The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser (NSW : 1803 - 1842) · Page 4 · Saturday, 10 March 1838

The leisured youth contrived without any additional reading, to set out two card-tables; the one for Pope Joan, and the other for whist. The white-players were Mr. Pickwick and the old lady; Mr. Miller and the fat gentleman. The round game comprised the rest of the company.

"...and then, the lady who has been playing with the clock, and who is the daughter of the postman,..."

Mr. Pickwick and his friends upon their entrance, and during the performance of the ceremony of introduction, with all due formalities. Mr. Pickwick had leisure to observe the appearance, and calculate upon the characters and pursuits, of the persons by whom he was surrounded; a habit in which he, in common with many other great men, delighted to indulge.

A very old lady, in a lofty cap and plumed silk gown, no less a personage than Mr. Wardle's mother, occupied the post of honour on the right hand of the chairman; and various certificates of her having been brought up in the way she should go when young, and of her not having departed from it when old, formed the ornament of a room, occupied by the people of the room. Mr. Pickwick had leisure to observe the appearance, and calculate upon the characters and pursuits, of the persons by whom he was surrounded; a habit in which he, in common with many other great men, delighted to indulge.

...and the lady who has been playing with the clock, and who is the daughter of the postman, and who is..."
A SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE MISTY MONITOR.

"My bosom is the purest retreat
For purest love alone;
As yet her heart had never beat
Pasquin? diabolic too.
Laws doth within its circle free
From fiery thoughts like those;
Nursed like a little deity,
At blossoms scented by breeze,
Before it throw's its haven apart
And kindles in the gmourning heart.'

From the afternoon of the broken wedding day, when the two bridesmaids, that never remained at their own homes, the troubles of Little Mammon increased.

Her bosom was now three years of age,
In snood, chafing, ruffled, and ruffled,
And seven years of age,
And child of creatures of every description,
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LITERATURE.

A MANCHESTER MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A MEDICAL ODYSSEY.

Elizabeth would have been scarcely human if her interest in Miss Halstead had been so intense as to exceed all other thoughts and sentiments save those appropriate to the death-bed of a frail creature who had sinned and who had been punished.

The woman had wronged her deeply; and now that, the restoration to her rights was at hand, she could not altogether repress the sense of exultation. She could not help, as she was being driven along in the brougham, bringing back on the soft seat, and experiencing a warm glow of satisfaction at the thought that in a few days this vehicle would be at her command, with every luxury her heart could desire. It was a dazzling prospect to one who, although acquainted with positive want, had been compelled to let many little wishes go ungratified, and who had been compelled to learn the lesson of self-denial—\textit{it was a dazzling prospect for her, that in which pleasuring and calculation would be wholly unnecessary when she would only have to wish to possess.}
A LOST LIFE.

I can see those three palm trees, said the major, a grey-haired, grey-eyed, ranker, who supported a wife and family of six in West Kensington, end of his pay.

And the best part of the regiment under his command were winding their way along the desert through thick thorny scrub, between stretches looking low parallel ranges.

"I can't make out those palm trees, said the major, Lieut. Lovett, about the guide at the first sign of his playing false."

Lieut. Lovett and the two files of men never came back, and the major said no more, for a valley from the ridge stretched him lifeless.

On the other hand, the guide had been waiting for them like vultures for a lion to die, and swallowed out the corpse with spear and knife to make smooches.

most of the Cornish castles, was quite close to the sea. On the ordnance map it was marked Carbis Castle, but for generations and generations Cornishmen had called it the Castle of Doom, for its owners had always met with some horrible fate. Not one Earl of Morvah, not one Baron de Carbis before him, had died in the natural course, and the Jockey Newman kept on the brow of a hill above the valley. The waves roasting in the galleries they had honeycombed beneath, seemed itself ominous. And now the long line of Morvah had vanished from the sea.

"I can't make out those palm trees, said the major, Lieut. Lovett, about the guide at the first sign of his playing false."

Lieut. Lovett and the two files of men never came back, and the major said no more, for a valley from the ridge stretched him lifeless.

Office after office, sergeant after sergeant, fell, marked out by their uniforms as distinctly as if they had been branded. The Arabs evidently had some revenge among them well up in English uniforms.

Still the column fought its way on doggedly. At last there was only one commissioned officer left, a smooth-faced youth, fresh from school, just washed through Sandhurst. But still the magic of discipline had never left him. And then he, too, was picked off by the sharpshooter. The man was only a little boy. He had been shot in the head, and the bullet had knocked him down.

The Arabs had been waiting for them like vultures for a lion to die, and swallowed out the corpse with spear and knife to make smooches.

On the other hand, the guide had been waiting for them like vultures for a lion to die, and swallowed out the corpse with spear and knife to make smooches.
AGATHA.

By JAMES DONALD.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

"I HAVE called," says a man of about thirty, elatedly arrayed in walking costume of the West fashion, to another man apparently five or six years older, who, enveloped in a rich dressing gown, is lounging at breakfast before a roaring fire. "I have called to arrange matters for to-morrow night. The game is in our own hands, but you must trust yourself a little. Your sang-froid is not exactly suited to the part you are taking. You are a new arrival, you must not recoil. You have been in California, Australia, and heaven knows where. You are the prophetic son of a millimene. Money is a burden to you, ha, ha. Your only anxiety being to get rid of it."

"When have I got it?" interrupts the other with a coarse smile—beepers in his singleness a certain nausea consequent upon over indulgence the previous night.

"Exactly. To get it, however, a little ingenuity must at times be exercised. Sympathy is the secret weapon in every case. Profess to a pigeon to be a pigeon; to a sharper to be a sharper. Duplicity, my dear fellow, is bad policy. In either case it puts the victim on his guard. Place yourself in direct opposition to a man either by announcing yourself superior or inferior and you may as well give him points at once. Excellent, a false feeling and you will both be satisfied—your with your winnings, he is the

"Ah, ha, my boy, but I have kept the plum for the last!" he grins, with distasteful familiarity. "Who think you is to appear on the distinguished stage of London Society to-night after an absence of twenty years and more?"

"How in the deuce should I know?"

"Ah, but guess."

Mr. Marlay, like most men whose heads are splitting, has little inclination for conscientiousness. He sweeps his cup and saucer over the table with his arm, and stretching himself at full length upon the couch regards his faithful friend with an expression of contemptuous irascibility. "Do you take me for a baby with your riddle me fiddle me?" he asks with a peevish snarl, that certainly would not go far to prove anything in the contrary."

Mr. Fimbler is hurt. He only meant to amuse his friend.

"Do you amuse me then," retorts his friend, "and if your information is so mighty precious you may reserve it for someone else whose interest it would not appear to be.

This would appear to close the matter. As far as Mr. Fimpan is concerned, it has done so. But Mr. Marlay, with a curiosity belonging to linnilies, does not let it pass.

"Who is it?" he asks in a restless tone, after he has frowned the fire out of existence and comes over.

"Do you want to know then?" exclaims Mr. Plump in delighted surprise. "An old well-dressed fellow of Munchen's—Sir Arnold Auswell."

"Mean it?"

"Sir Arnold greets her with a kindly smile. Instead of the antiquated curiosity which many had expected, they see a man of fifty, a hundred, and though somewhat shrunken, yet erect and grave looking. In place of the mounting looked forward to at his expense, they come interest and envy. The interest of those who are sensible enough to discern and appreciate or envy a brave nature that has braved, turned out of shape by misfortune."
Frameworks and Approaches

Modelling

Transnationalism

Bibliometric Analysis

Reading History

Textual Analysis
Overview

Search for ‘chapter’ in records prior to 1880:

• 7128 records – 818 titles (657 unique) – by 308 authors (200 ‘unknown’)

Excluding titles completed in a single issue:

• 639 titles (511 unique) – by 249 authors (136 ‘unknown’)

• 90 periodicals
Serial Fiction Titles in Australian Periodicals, 1830 to 1879

Number of titles (including republications)

Year of publication (five year totals)

- 1830-4
- 1835-9
- 1840-4
- 1845-9
- 1850-4
- 1855-9
- 1860-4
- 1865-9
- 1870-4
- 1875-9
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Gender of Authors of Serial Fiction in Australian Periodicals, 1830 to 1879

- Female
- Male
- Unknown

Year of publication (five year totals)

Percentage of titles

- 1830-4
- 1835-9
- 1840-4
- 1845-9
- 1850-4
- 1855-9
- 1860-4
- 1865-9
- 1870-4
- 1875-9
Nationality of Authors of Serial Fiction in Australian Periodicals, 1830 to 1879

- British
- Australian
- Other
- American
- Unknown

Year of publication (five year totals)
Frameworks and Approaches

- Modelling
- Transnationalism
- Bibliometric Analysis
- Reading History
- Textual Analysis