

Whom on account of his indifference to his personal appearance, Douglas Jerrold used to dub "Filthy Lucre") were the three editors. In 1842 Bradbury and Evans were called in to save the paper's life, and Lemon was installed as sole editor with Mayhew as suggestor-in-chief—Coyne having retired. Mayhew always felt that Lemon had dispossessed him disloyally of his birthright, for it was he and not Lemon who had imparted to the paper its distinctive character, and it was his ideas that had secured public approval of its healthy tone and original humour—his the conception which had brought a force hitherto unthought of into the world of satirical and humorous, yet seriously-intentioned, journalism—his the idea that a comic journal might be a journal of responsibility. Lemon, however, bore the reflection of disloyalty with his usually radiant good nature, and took Mayhew and the rest of the "boys" to his bosom; fixing himself firmly in the chair, he continued to occupy until his death, which took place on May 23rd, 1870—just a fortnight before his immortal friend, Charles Dickens, followed him to his eternal rest. Aided by the genial personality (which, according to Mr. Spielman, constituted Mark Lemon's chief eligibility to the editorship of "Punch"), Mark Lemon piloted "Punch" to success. Under him "Punch" aimed at leading public opinion, and not merely at the illustrating and criticising of it which has become its later vogue. He enlisted the able pens of Jerrold, Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, and others, and the pencils of Leech, Newman, Doyle and Tenniel, were struck more forcibly into the body politic of the Government of that day than in these politer and less strenuous days. "It was Lemon's hand, though mainly at Mayhew's dictation, that had indited the original prospectus of "Punch"—when the intention was to call it "The Funny Dog"—but it was Lemon's rule that gave its direction, albeit the policy was in great measure imposed by Jerrold just as its cast of fun was imagined by Mayhew. Powerful and talented as were his staff, yet Lemon ruled them with a kindness that was only equalled by firmness." He might not be the most brilliant or the most masterful at the Wednesday Dinner, but as he presided at the Table, he made all feel that the business of the meeting was in his hands." With unflinching good humour, yet with a strict consciousness of knowing what he did, he declined G. A. Sala's sketches and Dickens's unique offering on the metropolitan water supply entitled "Dreadful Hardships Endured by the shipwrecked crew of the London." Here I sit (he exclaimed to Mr. F. J. Ellis, who was made to feel that in rejecting his work he had laid him under an obligation to Lemon by the charming way he had rejected it) like a great ogre, eating up other people's little hopes. But what am I to do?" "Look here"—and he showed him the waste-paper basket full of imbecility, graphic and literary, that the morning post had brought. And yet his own "songs for the sentimental" with their bathetic last line at the end of each stanza, his pointed paragraphs, his mild jokes, his cleverish epigrams, and the like, comprised the major part of his literary performances. But he was a genius at suggesting the subject for the cartoons. From 1845 to 1847, that is to say, while the paper was winning its high position, not only as "premier comic," but as a real political power, Lemon proposed thirty-five subjects, Henry Mayhew twenty, Horace Mayhew fifteen, Jerrold sixteen, Thackeray four and the rest fewer still. Later on, when Leech asserted his fuller powers, the other members of the staff became aides and critics rather than prime suggestors. The paper, fully launched and successful, Mark Lemon laboured on, almost infallible in judgment, wise in administration and organisation, firm in his determination to keep the paper clean, honest, and fearless (not that anyone on the staff would have had it otherwise), level-headed in times of crisis, and courageous in the defence of the prerogatives, the rights and the privileges of the editorial chair when he thought the actions of the proprietors were making a covert attack upon them, and in which he was supported by his entire staff, who, in their turn, were wont, at times, to jib a bit, or, in summer-time to shirk their work. But whatever happened, "Uncle Mark" would literally "come up smiling," laughing down incipient revolt, and ignoring the occasional derogatory sneer of anyone of them who felt his own intellectual superiority to that of the man whose

fat, caressing palm soothingly pressed him back into his place in the team. In short, Mark Lemon, though lacking the higher intellectual graces, possessed to an eminent degree those diplomatic qualities and the strategy that is invaluable in the handling of artistic and literary genius, and which, for reasons that should be obvious, is so apt to get out of hand, and he was recognised as a consummate editor who had never slipped and rarely blundered during all the nine and twenty years that he grasped the helm. No wonder that when Mr. Gladstone awarded Mark Lemon's widow a pension from the Civil List, he took occasion to declare that Mark Lemon had "raised the level of comic journalism to its present standard," and that Shirley Brooks, speaking for the staff in the pages of "Punch," bore "the fullest and most willing testimony that the high and noble spirit of Mark Lemon ever prompted generous championship, ever made unworthy onslaught or irreverent jest impossible to the pens of those who were honoured by being coadjutors with him." This is a high thought, a just tribute, coming as it did from the man who Lemon had long before declared wielded the most graceful pen in London. We have not nearly exhausted the article Mr. Spielman has so admirably written, but we have skimmed the thickest of its cream. If

fishman who has died and left her with somewhat straightened means to bring up a robust and highly turbulent family whose tastes run from operatic music, to marked unconventionalism, tolerance of free love, and anarchy, as personified in one Deminski, Krem-ski and Marie Petersen, the latter's mistress, who, penniless, trade upon the good nature of Mrs. Severin, a weak, kindly hearted, slipshod woman of the type of femininity that lies in bed one half of the day, and potters about in deshabille the other half. At the time this story opens the tradespeople have refused to supply Mrs. Severin with any more goods unless they receive something substantial on account. At this juncture, Michael, Mrs. Severin's eldest son, who has been brought up and educated since his father's death by a well-to-do uncle, and has for some time been holding a good position in a flourishing mercantile firm in India, writes to say that he is returning to England and home, and Mrs. Severin, so used is she to disaster, concludes that Michael has lost his situation, and is to constitute another to the many burdens that she has already sunk under. But she manages, in spite of this conviction, to persuade the butcher that the leg of mutton she has ordered, and the back account also, will be paid for by this eldest son of hers, and it is accordingly sent. This cannot be freely circu-

so frequent or as spontaneous as those which usually characterise this breezy author's works. In the dozen samples of Sailor's Knots demonstrated, we single out "Matrimonial Openings" as being most original, "Peter's Pence" as being most cute, and "Head of the Family" as best illustrating the true Jacobean humour, and the proper spirit that has so endeared Mr. Jacobs to the hearts of thousands upon thousands of readers. The title is felicitous, each knot being tied and untied with the expert nautical knowledge and skill that has made this author's name on the title page of a book a guarantee of its inner excellence. Our copy has been received through the courtesy of Wildman and Arey.

Northern Lights: Gilbert Parker. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

In "Northern Lights," Sir Gilbert Parker has returned to the fields of former conquest, and has given us stirring, pathetic and powerfully vital pictures of the primitive, yet strenuous, life of the far west. Of the seventeen tales that comprise the book five are reminiscent of "harder days and deeds"—of days before the great railway was built which changed a waste into a fertile field of civilization. The remaining stories cover the



Solicitous Mother: "Them 'ome lessons is a bit 'ard, 'Enery. Can't me nor father give you a 'and with your grammar or somethink?"

there is a fault to find with it, it is that Mr. Spielman has written with somewhat contemptuous bias about that very quality which constituted Mark Lemon, not only the consummate editor he was, but demonstrates his exceeding fitness for the position he so worthily and inimitably occupied. Great literary qualities are far from uncommon in editors, but to our way of thinking the qualities that Mark Lemon possessed to such a marked degree, are of infinitely more importance in an editor than that of high literary gift. That he had high literary and artistic appreciation is clear, that his faculties of suggestion topped those of the intellectual members of his staff is shown, and that he was an ideal leader and organiser, and a generous, and a genial, and a properly modest, and an infinitely tactful, and a feeling and a just man, and a sufficiently moral man has been testified to. What more, then, can Mr Spielman desire? Mr. Spielman's article is splendidly illustrated, and an added interest is a facsimile of a page from "Punch" (Vol. 1, No. 4, August 7, 1841).

REVIEWS.

The Severins: Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

This is an exceedingly entertaining story of a modern Bohemian family, written with both practical and sympathetic insight. Mrs. Severin, of German extraction, is the widow of an Eng-

lated, and humourously discussed over the meal at which the afore-said leg of mutton forms the piece de resistance. Bob Severin, the youngest hope of the Severin family, orders a bicycle on the same basis, and, as showing the perennial faith of London tradesmen, gets it also. Into this, not to put too fine a point upon it, disreputable family, came Michael Severin, who, though as kindly in temperament as his mother, is the very antipodes of his family in character and conduct. But the reader is advised to buy the book and learn how Michael who had just been made a junior partner in the flourishing firm on account of his trustworthiness and splendid business qualities, assumes his position as eldest son of the house, and reduces chaos to order and decency, eventually winning both the hearts and intellects of his highly clever family, who, though Bohemian by drift and circumstance, are sound enough at heart. Michael's two love affairs too, are out of the ordinary, and repay perusal. Mrs. Sidgwick is to be highly complimented on her judicious handling of an out-of-hand set of dramatic personae as ever figured in the pages of a novel. We are indebted to Wildman and Arey for our copy of "The Severins," which to read is to thoroughly enjoy.

Sailor's Knots: W. W. Jacobs. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

It may be that our mood is to blame, but it seems to us that the flashes of humour in "Sailor's Knots" are not quite

period passed since the royal north-west mounted poker and the Pullman car first startled the early pioneer, and sent him into the land of the farther north, or drew him into the quiet circle of civic routine and humdrum occupation. Of the former epoch we best like the tale entitled, "A Lodge in the Wilderness," which we take it, strongly advocates the white man remaining true, once espoused, to the red woman. We are no advocate of mixed marriages, but when once the white man has crossed "the forbidden boundary" every law, both human, moral, and politic, should see to it that he stays there. Much has been said and written as to the rapidity with which the white man travels the road to Avernus once the "forbidden boundary" is crossed. But we are of opinion that, though the road travelled might be different, the same goal would be reached somehow, and sometime, by the white man that could not keep faith with the coloured.

"In "The Stroke of the Hour," and "Buckmaster's Boy," we think the sentiment over-strained. "The Stake and the Plumline," we have made acquaintance with before, and strongly approve of. "A Man, a Famine, and a Heathen Boy," is an exceedingly splendid argument in favour of muscular Christianity, as against theoretic. Indeed, all the stories are worthy of the reputation of the author of "When Valmond came to Pontiac," and we strongly recommend them as a whole to lovers of the wholesome, the natural, the primitive, and the strenuous in literature. We are indebted to Wildman and Arey for our copy.